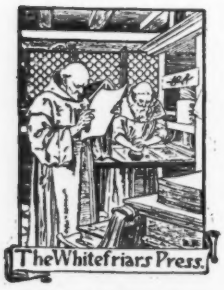
Punch



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LONDON, E.C.

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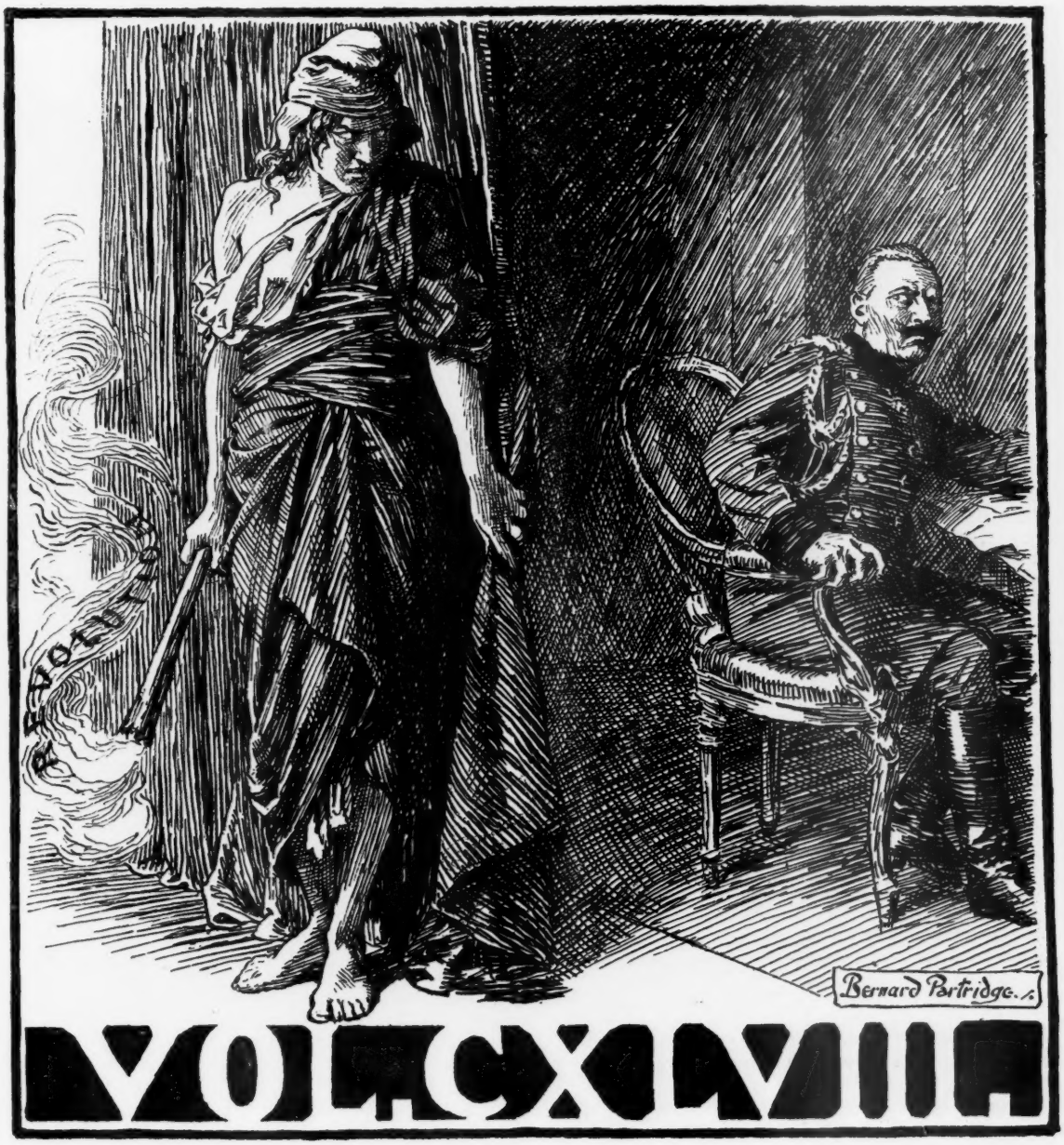
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NOTES ON NEWS.

By a Cynic.

THE news that fills our daily files
From special correspondents—miles
Behind the Front—perchance beguiles
The simple, but the sceptic riles.

The news from Rott- or Amst-erdam
Has German powder in its jam.

The news from Petrograd, when fine
And large, 'tis wiser to decline
Without the GRAND DUKE'S countersign.

The Russian news that comes from Rome
Is as romantic as a pome.

The news that comes from Austrian sources
MÜNCHHAUSEN'S shade alone endorses.

The news from Nish upon Vienna
Acts somewhat like the tea of senna.

News from Vienna wakes in Nish
The exclamation "Tush!" or "Pish!"

On Turkish telegrams, *qua* fiction,
We may bestow our benediction;

They match (their humour is so tireless)
The exploits of the German Wireless.

In fine, the cautious type eschews,
As wholly prejudicial
To his enlightenment, all news
Save the Allies' official.

"The National Gallery had an unwonted experience. Quite a number of people, among them a church dignitary in garters, were inspecting its masterpieces."—*Evening News.*

No mention is made of ourselves—a
Press dignitary in sock-suspenders.

FROM THE NEUTRAL NATIONS.

[The recent boom in the export of copper from America to the neutral nations is very significant. If the enemy's supplies of this article—an essential in the manufacture of cartridges, etc.—were cut off, the war would come to a speedy end. The figures for September and October, 1914, show an increase of nearly 400 per cent. over the corresponding figures for 1913.]

O BRITAIN, guardian of the seas,
Whose gallant ships (may Heaven speed 'em)
Defend the wide world's liberties
Against the common foe of Freedom;
Doubt not where our true feelings lie;
We would not have you come a cropper,
Although it suits us to supply
That common foe with copper.

Dear Land of Hope, in which we trust,
Beneath whose ample wings we snuggle,
Safe from the KAISER'S culture-lust
And free to live and smile—and smuggle;
Devoted to the peaceful arts,
We keep our conduct strictly proper,
Yet all the time you have our hearts
(And Germany our copper).

Although the crown is theirs alone
Who crush the tyrant's bold ambitions,
Peace hath her profits, all her own,
Derived from contraband munitions;
And you who fight for Freedom's aims
Will surely shrink to put a stopper
Upon our bagmen's righteous claims
And burst the boom in copper.

Once more we swear our hearts are true
And, like the tar's connubial token,
"It doesn't matter what we do"
If we but keep that pledge unbroken;
So while we pray for Prussia's fall,
And look to your stout arm to whop her,
We mean to answer every call
She makes on us for copper. O. S.

THE KAISER'S LOST CHANCE.

I FOUND him gazing intently at the framed Bill of Fare by the main door of the Restaurant Furioso, where I had often lunched at his table.

"Hullo, Fritz!" I exclaimed. "What are you doing out here? Have you been sacked?"

"Ach, Mein Herr," he answered, "there has of the German waiters what you call an up-round been. I prove myself Swiss; I invoke the memory of WILHELM TELL and the Alpine Club, but the proprietor say that he take no risk, and out I go. But no matter. I myself was myself to have sacked, but he spoke too quick."

I said I was sorry and asked whether he meant to go back to Switzerland. Fritz winked and tapped his breast pocket.

"Perhaps," he said. "I am rich, I have money. But first I buy new clothes and then I lunch at my own table at the Furioso."

"Come where you can tell me all about it," said I, scenting a story, and he led me to a quiet tavern in a back street.

"Beer," was his answer to my first question. "English beer. I have done with Germany."

"I thought you said you were Swiss," I remarked.

"That is so," he replied; "but I have served Germany, and, ach! she have the thankless tooth of the serpent's child. I have read your SHAKSPEARE. But you shall know all," he went on. "Already the police know all, and they laugh in my face. They call me fool, but I have money, and the KAISER has missed his chance.

"Listen, Mein Herr! I have been one of STEINHAUER'S spies. He is the Master Spy and came over to England with the KAISER, and he stayed, I am told, at Buckingham Palace. But STEINHAUER is a fool, and I tell him so in my last letter. One day, a month ago, a gentleman dine at my table: he speak good English and wear London clothes, but I suspect him German, and when I see him eat I know. Some English officers also dine in the room, and he look at them—ach! as there were sour apples in his stomach. So I speak in German to Hans at the next table, and, when I give the bill, the gentleman point out a too-much charge for the butter he have not; I bend my head to read, and he whisper in my ear in German."

"Ah!" I said. "I can guess the next part about the secret meeting and the false name and so on. But tell me how the KAISER missed his chance."

"Well," he resumed, "I become a spy. My duty was to listen to English officers who dine at the Furioso, and to send reports to STEINHAUER through a cutter of hairs in Soho, who call himself Ephraim Smiley, but his right name is Johann Schnitzelbrod. One night three young officers dine at my table and talk much about the British Army. One say the Arsenal is weak, another that the Rangers cannot shoot for nuts, and the third that the Palace is sure to go down next Saturday. 'Aha!' I say to myself, 'the Army is bad, and they fear Zeppelins or revolution.' STEINHAUER will know which, and I shall get the five-pound note. So I send my report; but STEINHAUER is stupid and the five-pound note come not, and I say, 'Better luck on the following occasion.'

"A week later a cavalry officer dine at my table alone, and he talk to me for company. He ask me if I follow horses, and I say, 'Yes, formerly, when they drew the bus.' Then he laugh, and ask whether I ever have what he call a flutter on a dead snip. I scratch my head, but Hans interpret, and so, as you English say, I tumble. I tell him I would like, but for me the dead snip have not yet deceased. He say, 'Put all your tips on Mutton Chop for the Cookingham Stakes,' and he give me a shilling. Presently Hans tell me that Mutton Chop is not an English food, but a horse. He say he know of what he call a bookie who is not a Welshman, and if Mutton Chop win, I multiply my savings one hundert times.

"So I write to STEINHAUER in haste: he must advise the KAISER to put one hundred million marks on Mutton Chop, and the war will be paid for and something left over for poor Fritz. Then I take my savings from the bank and pawn my clothes, and much money goes to the bookie to back Mutton Chop. Well, the good Mutton Chop roll home—that is what Hans call it, and he is a racing-instructed; he has been waiter at Ascot, and once he go to see the City and South London. The same day come a letter from STEINHAUER that I am a *Schweinkopf*, and he shall advise the KAISER no such thing; and he dismiss me with notting.

But I go to the bookie, who laugh and pay me one tausend pound. He did not care; he make ten tausend from the many fools who back German Sausage. So I write one last letter to STEINHAUER and say, '*Schweinkopf* yourself! Stew in your own *Sauerkraut*!' He get another spy to denounce me, but I find the police have opened all my letters, and they laugh in my face. But the superintendent say, 'Much obliged, Herr Fritz! Thanks to you, I also make my *bitchen* on Mutton Chop. When you get another dead snip, pass it on.'"

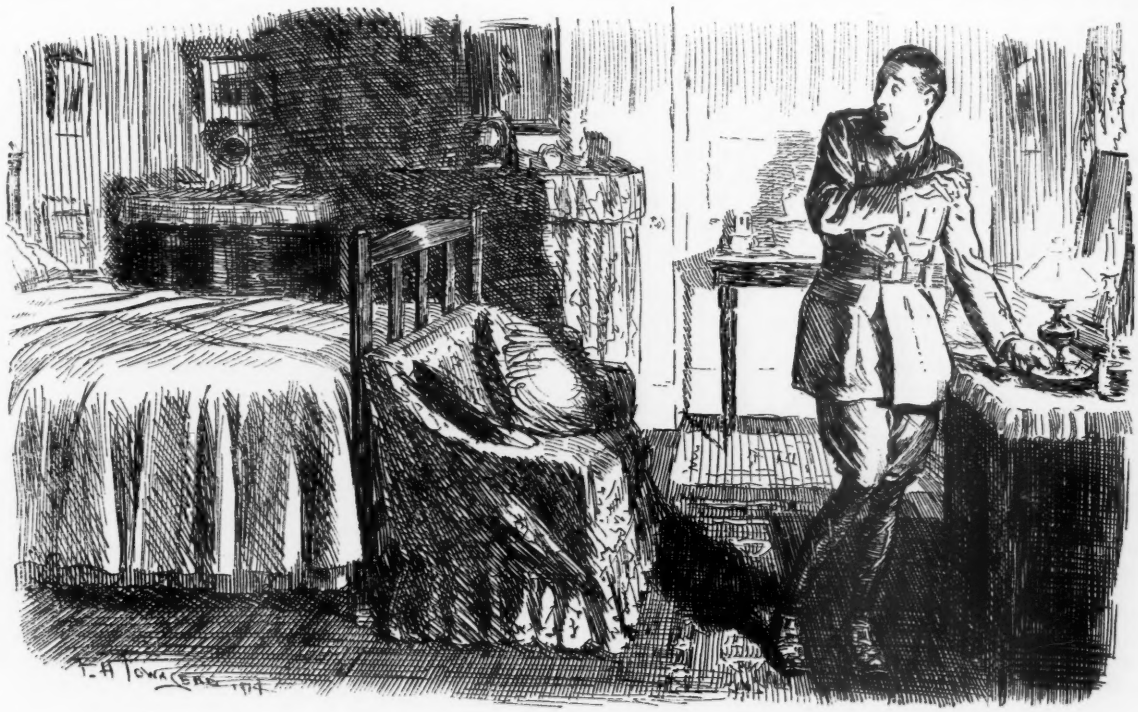
Then I ordered Fritz another English beer, and gave him an introduction to my own tailor.



THE GOD IN THE CART.

(An Unrehearsed Effect.)

TURKEY. "I'M GETTING A BIT FED UP WITH THIS. I SHALL KICK SOON."
AUSTRIA. "WELL, I WAS THINKING OF LYING DOWN."



THE HARDSHIPS OF HOME.

Young Officer (back from the trenches, on ninety-six hours' leave). "UGH! THIS IS HORRIBLE—HAVING TO TAKE ALL YOUR CLOTHES OFF AND GET BETWEEN COLD SHEETS!"

CHARIVARIA.

GERMANY, it is stated, has promised to pay Turkey a fifth of the war indemnity, when she gets it. This looks as if she didn't expect to win.

* * *

At last, we hear, the enemy has found a song which is becoming as popular as "It's a long way to Tipperary." We refer to "Stop your nibbling, JOFFRE."

* * *

The Sultan of TURKEY is reported to be suffering from a severe heart attack, and the KAISER, it is said, has written to him telling him not to be nervous, and pointing out how soon he himself recovered after his heart had bled for Louvain.

* * *

"There is no room in Germany to-day for soft-hearted humanitarians," says *Die Post*. We had not suspected that the Fatherland was inconveniently crowded with this type.

* * *

The production of *King Albert's Book* is said to have caused many pangs of jealousy to the KAISER. He must, however, have patience. His army's achievements in Belgium are now being investigated, and *Kaiser Wilhelm's Book* will appear in due course, and should also cause a sensation.

* * *

The Turkish Army despatched "to deliver Egypt" has begun its march to the Suez Canal, but the Egyptians remain calm, being convinced that there is no real danger of their being delivered.

* * *

Discontent with their Government's inaction increases among the Italians day by day, and the Tiber has risen.

* * *

The report that the EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH is seriously ill is denied. As a matter of fact our information is to the effect that His Majesty has not yet been told about the War, as it was feared that it might worry the old gentleman.

* * *

On Christmas Eve a bomb was planted by an enemy aeroplane in a Dover garden. This must be a case of intensive culture.

* * *

The Crown Prince of GERMANY is reported to have sent a special emissary to this country in order to report whether *The New Clown* at the New Theatre is, as he suspects, a disrespectful attack on His Royal Highness.

* * *

"The English," says the unspeakable Dr. KARL PETERS in the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, "believe our natural kindness to be mere weakness." Certainly we have never looked upon kindness as being their strong point.

* * *

It is announced from Berlin that the Government intends to issue a new set of stamps for use in Belgium. Germany is evidently trying to attach to herself the sympathy of philatelists—a class of men well known for their adhesive propensities.

* * *

"TRADE WITH THE ENEMY FINE."
Daily Mail.

We think it a mistake, not to say unpatriotic, to praise illegal transactions in this way.

* * *

In describing the wonderful escape of the Newcastle express the other day when the engine left the rails, *The Evening Standard* reported that "The passengers contained many soldiers returning home on leave." While we have realised that there might be a danger of some of our heroes being

killed by kindness, this news frankly shocks us, and we are sorry that it should have been passed by the Censor.

* * *

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING entered his fiftieth year last week. He did it quietly, without an ode from the POET LAUREATE.

* * *

The *Vorwärts* reports that there is a shortage of braces among the German soldiers at the Front. Ostend, evidently, is not "so bracing" after all.

* * *

The Sultan of TURKEY has issued a rescript announcing that the Sultan of EGYPT will be tried by a court-martial of the 4th Army Corps, which is now operating against Egypt. They were wrong who alleged that the Turks are wanting in humour.

* * *

The French Government has prohibited the exportation of butter. Curiously enough the day after the prohibition our provision merchant informed us that he was quite unable to supply us with our "real Devonshire butter" as usual.

* * *

The latest recruiting poster at Hastings runs:—

"FALL IN! SOUTHDOWNS."

But this does not necessarily mean cheaper mutton.

* * *

"Reuter's New York correspondent wires that Mr. Eugene Zimmerman, whose death was announced the other day, was the railway magnate, and not the noted caricaturist popularly known as 'Zim.'" This news, when conveyed to the latter, was very well received.

* * *

"NEW YEAR'S HONOURS.

P.C. FOR LABOUR LEADER."

At first we hoped that the police had come for KEIR HARDIE.

"CAPTURING THE ENEMY'S TRADE.

From Craven House, Northumberland street, W.C., there has been issued a pamphlet entitled 'British Trade with Russia,' compiled from consular reports, by Mr. Malcolm Burr, M.A., D.Sc., etc., the object of the work, which is published at sixpence, being to indicate the colossal potentialities of the Russian market, and to supply some data to the British merchant or manufacturer who contemplates entering it."—*Kentish Mercury.*

We have no fault to find with the above, except that it is placed under the general heading "Literature and Art," being actually neither.

PAYING GUESTS.

I CAME across Crawshaw in the road unexpectedly. I would rather meet a rate-collector than Crawshaw. He is the most dangerous beggar in England. He could induce a blind crossing-sweeper to guarantee half-a-crown a week to a Belgian Relief Fund. If only he were Chancellor of the Exchequer people would almost like paying income-tax.

"Good morning, old man," I said, trying to dash past him.

"Just the man I was looking for," said Crawshaw. "I want you."



"PORTER, PORTER! STOP THE TRAIN! I'VE LEFT MY WOOL IN IT!"

"My dear fellow," I began, "I can't possibly afford——"

"I don't want your money," interrupted Crawshaw.

"Well, you've got all my spare blankets, underclothing and old novels."

"I want you to come to a little dinner I'm giving on Monday. Just a bachelor festival."

I looked at him suspiciously. "You intend to entice me into your house and produce a subscription list."

"My dear fellow, I'll do nothing of the sort. It's just that I want a few of my friends to have a good time. Look in about 7.30. You'll come? That's good."

I found a genial company assembled when I arrived.

"Now we're all here," said Crawshaw. "Come in to dinner, you men."

Two or three guests confided to me on the way that Crawshaw owed us a good dinner after all he had got out of us. We seated ourselves at the table, and then I noticed an empty bowl in the middle. It bore this inscription, "Any one desiring to make a remark about the War will drop a shilling in for the Soldiers' Comforts Fund."

"My idea," said our smiling host. "We want a nice convivial dinner with an evening off from The Subject. We shall return to it to-morrow with fresh intelligence and enthusiasm after a brief relaxation."

I turned to my neighbour, Spoor, and carefully selecting a safe topic began on the weather. "Bit windy, isn't it, to-night?"

"Good anti-Zeppelin weather, I call it," said the incautious Spoor.

"A shilling, please, Spoor," remarked Crawshaw.

Rogers was across the table. I could see him fiddling with knives and salt-cellars. All at once he broke out: "In our platoon to-day there was a man missing, and in consequence a blank file. Now in such a case——"

"You pay a shilling," interposed Crawshaw.

For a moment an awful silence prevailed. I could think of nothing except the War. All at once Williams threw a five-shilling piece into the bowl.

"I met an officer on leave from the Front to-day," he began, "and he was telling me just what JOFFRE is up to."

Now Chapman is nothing if not a strategist. He listened with impatience to the exposition of JOFFRE'S idea, and then, hurling half-a-sovereign into the bowl, proved conclusively that Williams' informant was absolutely in the wrong.

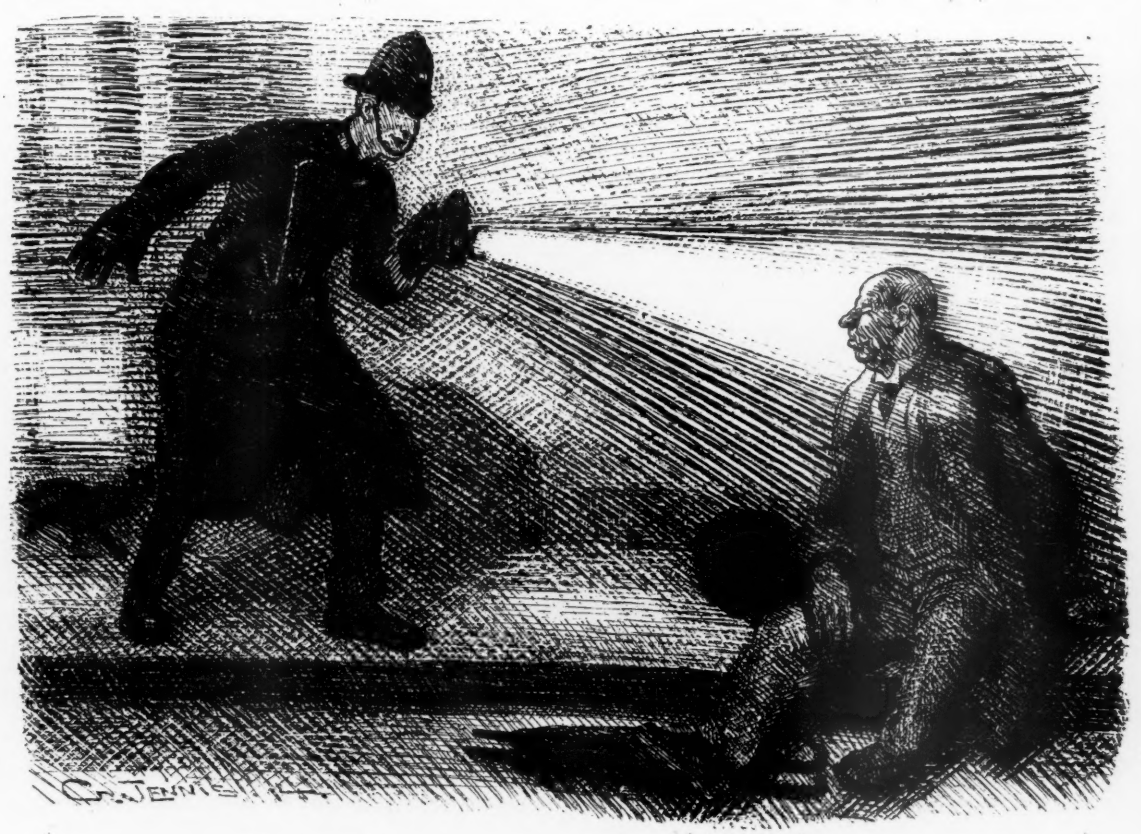
It was at this point that I remembered an interesting fact I had just heard about Italy's mobilisation. I could not keep it back. "Crawshaw," I appealed, "will you compromise? A sovereign each for the dinner?"

"Done," said Crawshaw.

"Good. I always mistrusted you. I came without a penny. Lend me a sovereign."

"I'm not in this compromise," cried Chapman. "I've said all I've got to say. You'll run me in for nothing more."

It was at the end of the meal that Crawshaw rose. "Thanks awfully, you fellows. There's twelve pounds twelve in the bowl. Eleven of us have given



Belated Reveller. "HERE, SWITCH OFF, GOV'NOR. I'M NOT A ZELLERPIN!"

a sovereign and Chapman there, bless his generous heart, thirty-two shillings."

"Crawshaw," grumbled Chapman, "I know you've a family. I know you're too old. I know you're physically disqualified. But you ought to go to the Front. Not only would it raise the spirits of the poor people you leave behind here, but your very presence in the trench with a subscription list would make the enemy run."

THE REASON.

HE was a saturnine-looking man with a distinctly anti-social suggestion; but after a while he began to talk. We discussed one thing and another, and casually he remarked that he was connected with the motor industry—as indeed all men whom one cannot immediately place now are.

He did not build cars, he said, or design them, or sell them. What then did he do?

"My task is a peculiar one," he said, "and you might never guess it. It is wholly concerned with taxi-cabs. I am an inspector of taxi-cab windows."

He looked at me as with a challenge.

"It is your duty," I inquired, with a horrible feeling that I could not congratulate him on his efficiency, "to inspect the windows and see that they are in good order?"

"To inspect the windows—yes," he replied; "but not for the purpose you name."

"Then why inspect them?" I asked warmly. "What is wanted is some one to see that the wretched things can be manipulated. I would bet that out of every ten cabs I am in not more than two have windows that will work."

"Two!" he mused. "That's a very high percentage. I must see to that."

"High!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, high," he repeated. "You see, my duty is to visit the garages all over London before the cabs go out and see that the windows won't work. If they do work I disarrange them. That's my job."

"But why?" I gasped.

"Haven't you noticed how much worse they have been lately, and that, when you take a cab off the rank, the windows are always down when you get in, however bad the weather?"

"Yes," I said. "Everyone must have noticed it."

"Well," he continued, "that's my doing. That's my job."

"But why?" I repeated.

"Just a part of the general scheme of getting the War into people's minds," he said. "The darkening of London, the closing of the public-houses, the defective cab windows—they're all of a piece. Only the cab-window trick is the most useful."

"How?" I asked.

"Well, it hardens you," he said. "It accustoms you to cold and wet, and that's all to the good."

So now I know.

"Around Souraine there have been violet combats . . . We have made considerable progress in the region."—French communiqué, as reported in *The Western Evening Herald*.

We know that Battles of Flowers are a speciality of our comrades of France, and we are not surprised to hear that the enemy was beaten at this exchange of gallantries.

ELEVEN SECONDS.

THE word "schedule" always bothers me; when I see it on an income-tax paper I lose my head. In my confusion I sign my name lavishly. I confess to profits from trades, professions, employments *and* vocations; I reveal the presence of unsuspected gas-works, quarries, salt-springs, alum mines, streams of water, ferries, cemeteries and "other concerns of the like nature within the United Kingdom"; no secret is made of my colonial and foreign possessions. Wherever I see an inviting gap I slip in a few figures . . . Then the assessor looks at my paper and tells me what I ought to give him.

This year things went worse than ever. I got some noughts in the wrong place; a whole lot of gaps headed "Claim for Relief in Respect of Earned Income," which I had supplied with particular liberality, went by the board, all because I hadn't noticed in the preambulation some foolish date "before which any claim must be preferred." Those two accidents practically doubled my little tax . . . and then LLOYD GEORGE went and doubled it again. It began to look as if it would be cheaper to pay income on my income-tax instead of the other way round.

"Celia," I said, "we 're ruined. Cancel any orders for potted salmon; we shall have to live simply in future." And I told her just what the tax-gatherer had asked for.

"But why do we have to pay so much?" she asked.

"Partly because of the KAISER, and partly because of me. History will apportion the blame.'

Celia seemed prepared to anticipate History.

"Don't forget," I went on hastily, "that the money will be well spent. If I had to make a fool of myself, I would sooner have done it this year than any other. It is a privilege to pay for a war like this."

Celia looked thoughtful.

"How much does the war cost England?" she asked.

"Oh, lots. I think it mentioned the exact figures in *The Times* this morning. They 'll be only too glad of my little contribution."

She retired in search of *The Times*.

* * * * *

The stars denote Celia at work. I can imagine her with her head on one side and the tip of her tongue just peering out to see how she is getting on, the paper in front of her a mass of figures. The ink is creeping up her pen; her forefinger is nervous and bids her hurry.

She has finished, and she comes into the room, trying to look grave. My letter to the Assessor, "Sir and Friend,—By the beard (if any) of your ancestor, I beseech you——" is abandoned, and I turn to her.

"Well?"

"I 've worked it out," she said. "Do you know how long you 'll be paying for the war?"

"Oh, quite a long time."

"Eleven seconds."

It was a little disappointing.

"Eleven seconds," repeated Celia. "One-two-three-four——"

"That 's too fast. Begin again."

"One——two——three——"

"That 's better."

She counted eleven. It seemed much longer now. One——two——three——four . . . .

And all the time my brave army was fighting in Flanders, my navy was sweeping the North Sea, my million recruits were growing into soldiers. In Yorkshire my looms were busy, ARMSTRONG'S were turning out my guns, Northampton was giving my gallant boys their boots. Did an aeroplane shoot up into the sky, did a submarine dive into the deep, mine was the supporting hand. Was I not a god among men?

"Ten," said Celia—"eleven. What are you thinking about?"

I pitched my letter to the Assessor in the fire.

"I 've been thinking about my war," I said. "Every shot that was fired while you were counting I paid for; I paid for the food of every soldier and sailor; for the separation allowances of their wives; for hospitals and ambulances and doctors."

"How lovely it sounds. I hadn't thought of it like that. It makes eleven seconds seem an age."

"It is an age. For eleven seconds FRENCH and JELLICOE were my men."

"Then I think you might have warned me," said Celia reproachfully, "so that we could have shared them."

"I 'm sorry," I said. Then I had an idea. "It 's all right," I said. "I made a mistake. Those weren't our eleven seconds at all; CARNEGIE or somebody paid for those. We 'll have ours together later on."

"Well, let 's see that they are good ones . . . when we 're having a victory. We might tell people that the last eleven seconds off the Falkland Islands were ours."

"But I hadn't paid then. Anyway, I don't think they begin to use my money till April 5th . . . I say, Celia, let 's do our eleven seconds in style. Let 's make an occasion of it."

"Oh, do let 's." She looked at her diary. "What about April 15th? I 'm not doing anything then."

"But why the 15th?"

"I thought perhaps the KING might like the first few days for himself. Or doesn't he pay income-tax? Anyhow, the 15th is a Thursday, which is a nice day."

So we have decided on Thursday, April 15th. Starting at 1.30 (because we want to pay for as much bully beef and jam as possible), for eleven seconds we shall support alone the British Empire . . . And, when those fateful moments are over, then we shall raise a glass in gratitude to the men who have served us so well.

Oh, you lucky millionaires, who may be gods, perhaps, for half-an-hour—have you filled in your income-tax forms? If not, fill them in properly this time. Leave out no quarry, no alum mine, no stream of water. Who knows? That salt spring which you were forgetting may well be the deciding second of the war. A. A. M.

DÎNER DU KAISER.

LE MENU.

Consommé Chiffon de Papier.
Purée Barbare.

Anguilles de la Marne.

Bulletins Variés.
Sauce Crème de Menteur.
Petites Vérités à la Dentiste.

MOI en Dégringolade.
Ôtages Fusillés à la Croix d'Enfer.
Langue de Boche à la Kultur.

Suprême de Dégoût Américain.
Incendies à l'Amour de Dieu.

Bombe Visée à la Cathédrale.
Saucissons Cent Soucis.
Amendes en Milliards.

DÎNER DU GÉNÉRAL JOFFRE.

LE MENU.

Consommé aux Gueux Pochés.
Purée de Renforts.

Filets de Sol Natal.
Sauce Balayage.

Petites Tranchées à la Baïonnette.
Soixante-Quinze en Surprise.

Aloyau Français à la Loyauté.
Concours Anglais à la French.

Timbales de Progrès à la Rongeur.
Obus en Autobus.

Silences Assortis de Journalistes en Bandeau.
Piou-Pious en Bonbonnière.
Accueil de Glace aux Correspondants.



NASAL SCOUTING.

THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL IS REPORTED TO HAVE SENT HALF A TON OF PEPPERMINT DROPS TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT AT THE FRONT AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT. THE ENEMY IS HERE SEEN ADAPTING HIMSELF TO THESE NOVEL CONDITIONS.

FROM THE BACK OF THE FRONT.

Somewhere in ——.

ACTIVE service is like oratory in that one of its biggest ideas is action. Being ostensibly on active service ourselves we felt we ought to see a little before going home; and now we have. We make no boast about it. Like the simple English soldiers we are we merely state the fact for what it is worth.

You ask, you who lead the sheltered life, what we felt like under fire; how you swim from one trench to another; what we ate and drank; and what a bayonet charge is really like. Let me answer your questions one by one.

(1) We were such a long way under fire that some doubt existed as to whether the Germans were merely trying to frighten us, or were engaged in testing new rifles and fired high and in no particular direction for fear of hitting somebody. We only had one casualty and he wanted to walk across to the German trenches and insist on an apology and a new pair of boots, the right heel being practically torn off. But we convinced him that it was futile for an Englishman to argue with Germans, especially when ignorant of their language. If a German has made up his mind to be careless nothing will stop him. To return to the question, we didn't feel under fire at all.

(2) You aren't allowed to leave a trench; and a man who was allowed to and then went to another shouldn't be allowed out at all.

(3) The soldier is not particular about his "tack"—as he calls his food. Bacon and eggs, sausages, chicken, washed down with hot coffee, are good enough for him to fight on. Failing even such humble comestibles he will, when pressed by hunger, open a tin of bully beef and decide he is not hungry after all.

(4) Bayonet charges are getting rather cheap, so we didn't have one.

We were opposed to the flower of the German army, the KAISER'S beloved Prussians. This we were told on our arrival. Next day we learned that a prisoner taken turned out to be one of the KAISER'S beloved Bavarians. We subsequently discovered—well, to save time you might just take a map of the German Empire and pick where you like.

If anyone tells you that our heroes live in trenches like tessellated boudoirs in an atmosphere of sybaritic luxury you might just put him right. Our Edward had got hold of some such idea from diagrams in the illustrated papers. When we reached the crumbling ruins we were to defend, an officer was so impressed by Edward's air of woebegone disgust that he observed brusquely that, in the trenches, comfort was a matter of minor importance.

This assurance pulled Edward together for the moment; and he had just settled down to a placid expectation of the evening meal when we learned that our commissariat had stuck in the mud some miles back. However, as a second officer cheerfully observed, in the trenches food is a matter of minor importance. Edward, who had pinned all his faith on the commissariat, relapsed into a resigned melancholy.

Just as he was making his poor but ingenious preparations for slumber in a dug-out that looked like a badly drained pond a third officer came along. A digging fatigue was wanted for the



Newly-made Lance-Corporal. "ON THE COMMAND 'FIX' YOU DON'T FIX. BUT WHEN I SEZ 'BAYNIT' YOU GRAB UN BY THE 'AND, WHIPS UN OUT, AN' WOPS UN ON—AN' THERE YOU LETS UN BIDE AWHILE."

night. We were it. Edward moaned, not mutinously, you understand, but expressively. The third officer turned on him sharply. "In the trenches," he observed epigrammatically, "sleep is a matter of minor importance."

Edward and I returned at 3 A.M. As he flopped wearily down I heard him murmur judicially: "In the trenches soldiers are matters of minor importance."

Edward never got really fond of the trenches.

A FIELD SERVICE POSTCARD.

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—Hurrah! I am so excited and my paw shakes so that I have to use my teeth to keep the pen steady. My mistress has received a letter from my master at the Front—at least it isn't a letter but a postcard. I know it 's from him because she gave it to me to smell, and I nearly swallowed it in my anxiety to make quite sure. I should have got a beating for my foolish behaviour, but luckily my mistress was crying at the time and could not see what I was doing. When we were both calmer she told me what was on the card; and there was nothing whatever about me! My master merely said that he was quite well. I kept my ears cocked for some time waiting for more, but that was all.

I need hardly tell you, *Mr. Punch*, how disappointed I felt. It is true there was nothing about my mistress either, but she was so happy she didn't seem to mind. I could not understand it. And then I suddenly remembered something I had heard from a dog who had actually been out at the Front taking care of his regiment. He told me that Lord KITCHENER had invented a special postcard for the use of soldiers out there. They are not allowed to write anything on these cards except their names, but there are several sentences printed on them and the sentences that are not suitable are struck out by the soldiers. My master had evidently found them all unsuitable except the one that said he was quite well.

Now I readily admit that these postcards are an excellent idea of Lord KITCHENER's, but I do not think that he has carried out the scheme as thoroughly as he should. Where would be the harm in putting at the end of the card, "Give my love and a bone to ——"? It would only take up one line and would mean such a lot to us. I expect the truth is Lord KITCHENER has not got a dog of his own, so the point did not occur to him, and it merely needs a hint from you, *Mr. Punch*, to get the matter put right. I only hope he won't be annoyed when he finds what a slip he has made.

Yours expectantly,
A SAD DOG.

P.S.—Perhaps you had better not publish this as it rather shows him up, and I should not like to think that I had made people lose confidence in him.

We take this breathless story of adventure from a Suez Cinema synopsis:—

"This play is historian & so touching. It is Containing 3rd classes. Its length is 1200 metres. Its subject that was John General, the engineer in a small village the was a simple labour the became very skilful in makingironships. Therefore he became a rich man the had a wife, called Ima. Her conduct was extremely good. When he found himself very rich, the left his wife at all. One day he accompagned his wife & rode a motor car while they were walking, he saw a womens, called baron Nellie Dow. At last this man was mending an iron ship. It was broken out, the became blind. Baron Nellie Doow. left him at once. But his life came in as an assistant doctor. She was observing him untel he was cured. He found her by him. He know that his wife well & was very sorry about the bad entreatment, that he bad done with her."



AS BETWEEN FRIENDS.

BRITISH LION. "PLEASE DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, SAM. *YOU'RE* NOT THE EAGLE I'M UP AGAINST."



THE INCORRIGIBLES AGAIN.

"WHAT-HO, CHARLIE! BIT SHOWERY, AIN'T IT?"

THE DEFENCE OF AMBERRY PARVA.

AMBERRY PARVA certainly existed before SHAKSPEARE'S time, but I doubt if SHAKSPEARE ever saw it. For which he was so much the poorer, seeing that Amberry is a faithful microcosm of much of England.

Thomas Fallow, Aaron West and George Hangar are all friends of mine. Though still comparative youthful, they are the shining lights of the Amberry Rural Council, self-trained to face a crisis or an emergency with calm and steady bearing. When I came upon them last week they were seated about the bench outside the door of "The Three Cups." A fourth man—a small hairy stranger—was addressing them.

Thomas Fallow motioned me to halt.

"We're consultin'," he explained, "with Mr. Chittenden as keeps the baccy-shop in Wream."

Now Wream is a shade—the merest shade—more important (in its own esteem) than Amberry. It sits astride the same high road that the Romans carved seawards a thousand-odd years ago, and supplies us with newspapers, telegrams and gossip. While we score in the possession of two tin chapels to their one, we writhe inwardly over a Diamond Jubilee Fountain which we cannot hope to surpass.

"Mr. Chittenden," pursued Thomas, "brings noos."

"Good news?" I asked.

Mr. Chittenden, like the Eldest Oyster, shook his heavy head.

"I 'eard it from a natteralized German two days ago. It seems that they're goin' to make a fresh dash with invisible Zeppelins. Once they can *e*-vade the ships that's watchin'——"

He left the sentence unfinished.

"Consequence o' which," said George Hangar, "we've gone an' made ourselves into an Informal Committee o' Defence, same as sits night an' day in the War Office in London. An' the question before the meetin' is, what's to be done if some fine day we wakes up to find a couple o' thousand black 'elmets marchin' down the main road?"

"Ambush 'em," said Thomas Fallow definitely. "Told you so afore. Lie be'ind the 'edges an' pick 'em off. My old rook-rifle 'd roll 'em over proper. Shoot straight an' keep on shootin'."

Aaron made a scornful noise in his throat.

"An' them as did get in the village 'd punish us for them as didn't! Burnin', killin' an' worse."

"Then outflank 'em," insisted Thomas doggedly. "Let 'em 'ave their fill of advancin', same as old Joffer done, an' then ketch 'em in the side an' discriminate 'em."

"You're not agoin' to do that with the men left in Amberry," said Aaron. He was a market-gardener by trade. "'Twould be like a dozen sparrers tryin' to outflank a steam-roller. Trenchin's the thing. Dig deep, an' lay the soil loose 'long the far edge. There's a decent bit o' shelter by Whemmick's Cottages."

"The best bein' opposite Number Five," added Fallow, whereat there was a bellow of laughter, and Aaron flushed magnificently, for at Number Five lives Molly Garner, wooed by Aaron, but as yet hesitating between him and the Wream plumber.

George Hangar, who up to the present had scarcely spoken, intervened. He has a bass voice, which on Sundays makes the little roof of the United Bunyans quiver; for the other six days of the week he works at a carpenter's bench in an open-fronted shed. He has a sound knowledge of timber, and is no ignoramus concerning the values of Hepplewhite and Sheraton.

"You're wrong," he roared. "Silly-minded an' wrong! This ain't the

Aisne. What do a village do when it 's attacked? Answer me that."

No one answered; to say the wrong thing would exasperate him, to say the right would exasperate him still more.

"They puts up barrycades," continued Hangar. "An' for why? 'Cause it 's only them that can hold off horse, foot an' 'tillery. Barrycades made o' seasoned oak, same as I got stored at the back o' my shed, sunk a good two feet, with bolted cross-pieces an' spurs, an' maybe a trifle o' barbed wire in front."

"An' where 's this contraption to be set up?" demanded Mr. Chittenden with sudden suspicion.

"End o' village."

"Meanin' that the enemy may march through Wream, with nothin' to stop 'em wreckin' the Fountain? An' this was to be a meetin' for the consideration o' mutual defence!"

"The question afore the members," said Aaron hastily, "is, which place, 'as most strategetical value? Thing is to stop 'em quick an' for good."

"An' where 'll you beat a rook-rifle for doin' that?" demanded Thomas Fallow. "If I 'm willin' to take the risks——"

"'Tain't a question o' willingness, but tattics," said Mr. Chittenden, still unappeased.

"Then put the case afore the sergeant as is stayin' at the police-station," said George.

There was a moment's pause, then Aaron spoke.

"The motion is carried," he said, "an' the meetin' stands adjourned *sinny die*."

* * * * *

I did not meet any of the members for several days afterwards; then chance took me in the direction of George Hangar's workshop. I found him engrossed in the unheard-of task of arranging and packing his tools.

"Well?" I asked.

He rasped his chin pensively with a chisel.

"Did the interview with the Sergeant take place?"

"Ay; the feller 's more brains than the rest of us put together. Reckon it 's trainin'."

"What happened?"

"What 'appened? 'If you barrycades, entrenches, enfilades or outflanks 'em outside Amberry,' says 'e, 'the enemy 'll wait for reinforcements, an' then smash you with bigger guns. 'Twill be the same at Wream, Bewchester, Lydhirst, Lower Thettley, an' Capper'am.'"

"Which brings us to the sea?"

"Ezzackly."

"Where it 's the Fleet's job."

"'Twould seem so. But, as the Sergeant pointed out, the Germans is by birth an' natur' land-fighters, an' must so be met, trained man to trained man. Meaning Territorials."

"Then your plans came to nothing?"

"Only in a manner o' speakin', Sir. In fact, the resolution put afore the meetin' would 'a' been carried *nem. con.* but for the unsatisfactoriness o' Jacob Chittenden's chest-measurement. As it is, 'e 's eatin' b'iled bread an' practising three hours a day on the horizontal-bar."

I was a little bewildered.

"What resolution?"

He took a paper from his apron pocket and read as follows:—

"*That it be 'ereby decided, in the joint int'rests of Wream, Amberry Parva, Great Britain and 'is Majesty's Dominions beyond the Seas, that the undersigned, bein' between the age limits, sound in wind an' limb, an' not needed at 'ome as much as they thought they was, do 'ereby join the Territorial Army at the earliest possible date.* THOMAS FALLOW, AARON WEST, GEO. HANGAR. *Also, when 'is chest-measurement do allow of it,* JACOB CHITTENDEN."

* * * * *

Thus is the burden of the Empire borne by her sons when once they get the idea of it into their heads.

RULES FOR SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

[If a Special Constable finds himself outnumbered he may have recourse to stratagem.]



"LOOK OUT, BILL! HERE 'S A SPECIAL CONSTABLE. HE 'LL COP US WITH THE SWAG IN OUR 'ANDS."

"I DON'T MIND 'IM, 'ARRY. 'E 'S ONLY A LITTLE UN."



"BUT 'E 'S GOT A BIG UN WITH 'IM."

THE SCAPEGOAT.

"AND what do you do with yourself on your half-holidays?"

I had taken courage to address the office-boy who keeps his eye on me while I wait humbly in the vestibule of my Financial Adviser.

"Pitchers," he replied affably.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"Movin' pitchers," he explained; and I knew that the cinema had another slave.

And this too I knew, that a youth who breathed, as he did, the pure atmosphere of High Finance, would never commit a crime and blame the pitchers for it, as so many of our young criminals do. So many, in fact, that in my mind's eye I see the following reports in the papers:—

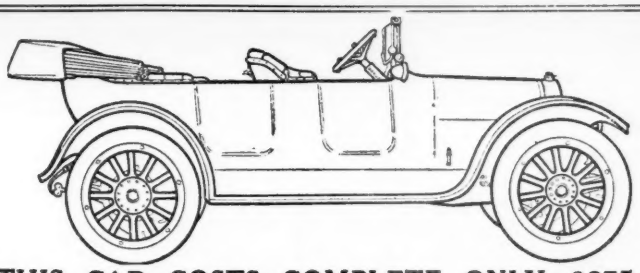
A boy of five was brought yesterday before the Darlington Bench charged with the bombardment of a street. Evidence showed that the prisoner established a machine-gun in the back garden of his father's house and systematically fired it at his neighbours' walls, doing considerable damage. The boy pleaded guilty, but explained that he had been to see some war-pictures at the cinema. The magistrate ordered the cinema to be kept under observation, and awarded the boy a shilling from the poor-box.

A girl of eight was charged at the Guildhall with causing an obstruction. Evidence was to the effect that she stood in the middle of Cheapside holding out her hands and a block resulted which disorganised the traffic for some hours. The child's excuse was that she had been witnessing the Lord Mayor's Show at the cinema.

"The pictures again!" exclaimed the magistrate. "When will this nuisance be stopped?"

Two boys of seven were charged at the Thames Police Court yesterday with kidnapping a young lady. Evidence showed that on the evening

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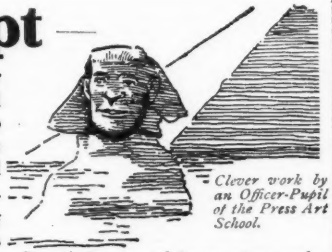
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From Egypt

I get a pupil's letter, illustrated by these two sketches. The Pupil is a Captain in the Army who expects shortly to change his location from the sun-baked Soudan to the frozen fighting line.

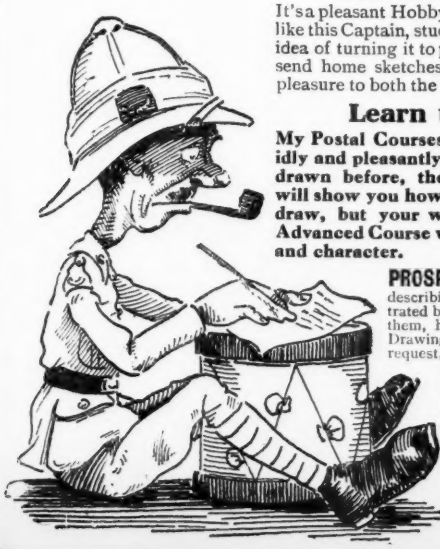


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ECONOMY.

McTavish (to convalescent soldier). "I WAS HEARIN' YE HAD A BULLET IN YE YET. ARE YE NO GAWN TA HAE IT TAEN OOT?"

Soldier. "NO THE NOO. YE SEE, I'LL BE GAWN BACK TAE THE FR-RONT IN A WEE WHILE, AN' WHEN I COME BACK I'LL JUST HAE THEM A' OOT THEGITHER!"

before, they first obtained possession of a motor car from the window of a shop in Long Acre, drove it at a great pace (one constable said forty miles an hour, and another sixty-one) to a house in Park Lane, where, while one boy remained outside, the other drew a revolver and forced the resident heiress into the car. At this point they were arrested. The boys said that they were very sorry, but that the spectacle of an abduction romance on the films had been too strong for them.

The magistrate: "What is the cinema censor about? Nothing is more deplorable than that the imaginations of young boys should be excited by these lurid dramas." The boys were discharged.

Three boys of six, seven and eight respectively were charged at Sheffield with stealing a railway train. It appears that while the driver of a Scotch excursion, which was in a siding, was oiling the wheels, the three boys sprang to the footboard and started the train. The driver pursued it, but was at once shot by one of the boys, who was armed to the teeth with pea-shooters. Asked to explain their conduct the boys said that they had seen so many train robberies on the local cinemas that they felt bound to do something in that line themselves. The magistrate said he did not wonder, and directed that the proprietors of the cinemas should have their licence cancelled.

Three men of criminal appearance, against whom previous convictions were proved, who were charged at Vine Street with pocket picking, explained that it was entirely due to the effect produced upon them by *Oliver Twist* on the cinema. The magistrate dismissed the prisoners and ordered the cinema to be closed.

From a speech reported in the *Widnes Gazette*:—

"The character of this little nation is now what it was when Julius Cesar wrote 'De tous les peuples de la Gaule les Belges sont les plus braves.'"

It was in the same spirit of compliment to the country he was invading that HANNIBAL wrote "Longa est via ad Tipperariam" as he began to slide down the Alps.

"Mrs. Francis M. Cunliffe, writes from Southport:—To the unknown person or persons that sent three body belts. I beg to thank you most sincerely for your generous gift to the 9th (Reserve) Battalion Manchester Regiment. It will add greatly to the comfort of four men, and will be much appreciated by them."—*Ashton-under-Lyne Reporter.*

With three-quarters of a body-belt apiece they should do splendidly.

A French interpreter with the Expeditionary Force sends us the following notice which he saw, he says, on the office door of the A.S.C.:—

"The waiter is not allowed to be drunk unless boiled before."

But boiling before is not really so good as a cold douche after.

The following directions for the right use of the "Snapseal Patent" are printed inside the pass-book envelopes issued by Lloyds Bank:—

"First wet the gum, then insert the tongue into lock and draw until you hear it snap."

After doing this once you may prefer to let your tongue, after it has wetted the gum, return to its usual position within the mouth.

FURTHER NOTES BY A WAR-DOG.

My name's "Scottie." I'm a collie and wear a box in which I collect contributions for the National Relief Fund. Probably you've met me—and, I hope, contributed. Not long ago, so Mabel told a friend the other day, a few of my early experiences were published in a book called *Punch*. I've had heaps more since then. I'm getting quite an old hand at the piteous "Won't-you-spare-me-something?" look. For one thing, I've learnt to let people put *anything* into my box. Once I got a penny (from a little girl) that turned out, when the box was opened, to be chocolate. A bit cocoa-y by then, but still eatable. But my best haul was during my—and Mabel's—week-end by the sea.

We went down in a corridor train, where I collected quite a lot of money. When the train stopped half-way there, I jumped out for a mouthful of air, and there, on the platform, was a black retriever wearing a collecting box like mine! I asked him what he meant by it, and, as he didn't explain himself, I went for him, and stood him upside down; and in the scrimmage half a crown fell out of his collecting box. Everybody thought that it had fallen out of mine; Mabel was *sure* it had; so it was given to me. You should have seen that retriever when I smiled at him from the carriage window.

We reached the sea at last. The Serpentine's a puddle by comparison. The very first morning I tore across the shingle with two two-shilling pieces in my box rattling like eighteen-pence in copper. Such a time I had, though my box was dreadfully heavy, being full of sand and sea water. Presently, joy! the bottom fell out. But the public later seemed quite satisfied, until a horrid nurse-girl gave the show away—and of course Mabel had it mended.

The very day we came away I met the millionaire man. It was a wild wet day, and I was draining in an alcove underneath the promenade when he appeared. He didn't look rich, and he was running and panting and glancing over his shoulder in a hunted manner. No sooner did he see me than he whispered, "Blimy, 'ere's a chance! Good dawg, then—'old yer 'ed up," and at once crammed a heap of "goblins" (Mabel's word) and lots of crackley paper into my box. He followed this up with about two yards of shiny chain and things that winked so that I had to wink as well. Then came lots of things like goblins with their middles bitten out; and hardly had he given me the last before two monstrous men in blue rushed round the corner. I don't remember exactly what happened, but the millionaire man said, Blimy, couldn't he run after his hat wot the wind blown off? and the blue men said why, yes he could, but they were sure he hadn't. Then *he* said, Blimy, they could "turn him over," straight they could, and *they* said straight they would. But they didn't. Instead they felt in all his pockets, and only found a clay pipe and some cheese wrapped up in newspaper. Then things became so uninteresting that I sauntered back to Mabel.

The day after our home-coming my box and I were marched to the committee. I've had some bad times there, but nothing quite so bad before. The way an old girl gushed about the "darlings" (whoever they were) parting with their jewellery simply wearied me. As soon as Mabel felt strong enough to walk we went home. She seemed to forget that the haul was entirely due to me. Yet she's a wonderful memory for some things. Ever since breakfast to-day she's done nothing but talk about a daring robbery at Winklebeach, and looks at me in the most extraordinary manner. I don't know what Winklebeach may be, but it's as clear as daylight that she's thinking of the six sweet biscuits that I stole behind her back at her last "At home." But how did she find out?

OUR FIRST CAPTURE.

By SPECIAL CONSTABLE XXX.

YOU must understand that the work of the Special Constable is so utterly dreary that we heave sighs of envy on seeing one of our number, an L.C.C. employee, being allowed to clean the windows of a public building. The lucky dog!

Imagine, therefore, our joy at receiving a staff order to watch out for motor-cars with hoggish headlights, and report their numbers to headquarters. We were not to arrest them—even if we could.

Within half an hour of the staff order we registered Our First Capture. Myself, I received a fleeting impression of LL—8183; my colleague took it for LS—6163. An amicable discussion ensued. I pointed out that LS might mean London Scottish, who should be allowed to go scot free; he countered with the suggestion that LL might stand for LLOYD GEORGE, who should also be above the law. We tossed for it. I won. The honour fell to me to report the capture.

"Sergeant, oblige me by recording the following episode in your official notebook: Special Constable XXX has the honour to report that on or about the 15th instant, in the year of grace——"

"Is there much more like this?"

"Don't rob me of my hour of glory. I've had four blank months . . . In the year of grace 1914, at the hour of 5.15, post meridian, at the corner of —— Street, a motor-car contravening, traversing or otherwise infringing His Majesty's Regulations promulgated by the Secretary of State for Home Affairs, pursuant to an Order in Council——"

"What was its number?" demanded the Sergeant crudely.

"LL—8183, Sir. And I have the honour to suspect that it belonged to the Right Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE."

The Sergeant, who wears a yellow brassard, reported to the Sub-Inspector (red band), and from there the information will travel upwards and onwards to the Chief Sub-Inspector (light-blue band), the Inspector (dark-blue band), the Commander (white band), and the Chief Staff Officer, who resides in the west wing of New Scotland Yard and probably wears a cocked hat. From there it will cross the Bridge of Sighs to the east wing, occupied by the more ordinary police, and will trickle down in reverse order of precedence to a regular Constable, who will probably call on Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with an official blue paper in his hand:—

"Sir,—From information received, it transpires that on or about the 15th instant, in the year of grace 1914, . . . head-lights contravening, traversing or otherwise infringing . . . and should the offence be repeated . . . In the name of our Sovereign Lord the King, Emperor of India, Defender of the Faith."

LLOYD GEORGE will humbly submit to the decree, will sign a promissory note of obedience (Moratorium barred), and the incident will close.

Think of the glory of putting all that in motion!

Yes, it was worth while joining the Force.

It having been officially announced (in "Charivaria") that members of the O.B.C. (Old Boys Corps) object to being called the Old B.C.'s, an intolerable suggestion is now put forward that they should be known as the "Obese He's."

Rear-Admiral SCHLIEPER says in the *Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger* that the Germans could never overcome a certain sentimental feeling of justice and delicacy with regard to England. We do not know how Scarborough regards this veracious statement, but our own motto is "Let Schlieping dogs lie."

THE PATRIOTIC BURGLAR.



I. THE ABOVE PROFESSIONAL CRIMINAL WHO RECENTLY BROKE INTO A HOUSE AND STOLE A SILVER MUSTARD-POT AND A COUPLE OF SPOONS——



II. ——SAW HIS ACT DESCRIBED IN THE PAPER NEXT DAY AS "A PECULIARLY MEAN AND COWARDLY ONE, THE OCCUPIER OF THE HOUSE BEING ABSENT SERVING HIS COUNTRY." WHEN IT WAS PUT TO HIM LIKE THAT——



III. ——HE DETERMINED TO MAKE RESTITUTION. HE COULD NOT RETURN THE IDENTICAL ARTICLES HE HAD TAKEN. ALAS! THEY WERE ALREADY MELTED. SO HE BROKE INTO ANOTHER HOUSE, ASCERTAINING FIRST THAT THE OCCUPIER WAS NOT SERVING HIS COUNTRY——



IV. ——AND THEN REBROKE INTO THE FIRST HOUSE (SILENCING THE COOK WHO HAD BEEN LEFT IN CHARGE AND WAS INCLINED TO RAISE AN ALARM) AND PLACED THERE THE RESULTS OF THE SECOND BURGLARY. AFTER THAT HE FELT MUCH BETTER, AND COULD LOOK PATRIOTS IN THE FACE.

AT THE PLAY.

"DAVID COPPERFIELD."

IF it were a simple question of bulk, few authors would lend themselves to the process of compression so well as CHARLES DICKENS; but the scheme of *David Copperfield* is too complex, and its interests too many and competitive, to be packed into a three-hours' play, even by Mr. LOUIS PARKER, master of the tabloid. Of the main themes—the career of the hero himself, the machinations of *Uriah Heep*, the tragedy of *Little Em'ly*—only the last was at all effective in pillule form. The figure of *David Copperfield*—always pleasant if rather colourless—served to hold the play together; but the central experience of his life was treated with the extreme of haziness. We were informed of his engagement to *Dora*, his marriage, her illness, her death, all with the brevity of a French official *communiqué;* but as for the child-wife herself we never so much as set eyes on her. While again we gathered that the designs of *Uriah Heep* were ultimately confounded, nobody without the aid of memory or imagination could possibly have penetrated their obscurity.

On the other hand—whether with or without the connivance of Sir HERBERT TREE I dare not conjecture—the person of *Wilkins Micawber* was given a prominence out of all proportion to his share in any one of the plots. Unlike the something that was to make his fortune, he was always "turning up," and, whenever he did, he practically had the stage to himself.

I am far from quarrelling with this arrangement, for I have never seen Sir HERBERT in better form. His humour was of the richest, yet full of quiet subtleties, and merely to gaze upon his grotesque figure was a pure delight. That he should have permitted himself, in a spirit of creative irresponsibility, to deviate at times into the borderland of farce, and become an hilarious blend of himself and Mr. HENRY JAMES (I don't know why he suggested to me a burlesque of Mr. HENRY JAMES, for I have never known that most distinguished of writers to lapse from decorum) need not trouble anybody in a play where there was no pretence of insisting upon the letter of DICKENS.

The transition from *Falstaff* to *Micawber*, from a bibber of sack to a bibber of punch, was an easy one for Sir HERBERT; but not so easy were the constant changes from and into the part of *Dan'l Peggotty*. Here he gave us a really admirable character-sketch—for *Peggotty* belongs to the region of possibility, whereas *Micawber* is always a creature of incredible fancy—and I am not sure that his achievement as the old salt was not, for him, the greater of the two. Certainly in the scene where he tells of his search over the world for *Little Em'ly* he came nearer to simple pathos than I have ever known him to come. Even the strong Somerset accent of this East Anglian tar could not conceal his sincerity.

I shrink from the odious task of distinguishing between the merits of a most admirable cast, but I must mention the delightfully piquant drollery of Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER as *Mrs. Micawber*, and the too-brief excellence of Mr. ROY BYFORD as the *Waiter* of the "Golden Cross," and Mr. GAYER MACKAY as *Littimer*. Mr. QUARTERMAINE'S *Uriah Heep*—a very careful study—seemed perhaps too obviously stamped from the start with the hall-mark of villany. Conversely the *Betsey Trotwood* of Miss AGNES THOMAS appeared to be lacking in austerity of mien.



TWO HERBERTS IN THE FIELD.

[In the scene of the emigration ship the entrance of *Micawber* follows with startling rapidity upon the exit of *Dan'l Peggotty*.]

Sir HERBERT TREE (as *Dan'l Peggotty*) to Sir HERBERT TREE (as *Micawber*). "THEER, I ZED 'TWOULD HAPPEN ZO ONE OF THESE VINE DAYS. YOU 'VE TURNED UP TOO ZOON!"

One shared Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR'S enjoyment of the futility of *Mr. Dick*; but this freakish figure, so typical of DICKENS, seemed always a little out of the picture.

Though *Mrs. Gummidge*, played with a sound restraint by Miss ADA KING, insisted from time to time upon the fact that she was a "lone lorn creetur'," we were spared a good many of the author's reiterated tags, and I think it was not till his friends had guaranteed to lubricate his passage to the New World that *Mr. Wilkins Micawber* so much as alluded to his habitual expectation of something "turning up."

The popularity of the production promises to be exceptional, and with good reason, apart from the high quality of the performance. For with its human tenderness, and the relief of its gaiety, it offers just the right kind of distraction to the strain of public emotion in these times. And, though its matter bears no relation to the subject which absorbs our hearts, the very name of CHARLES DICKENS makes immediate appeal to that national spirit which the War has re-awakened.

O. S.

TO SOME OF OUR EDITORS.

YE pundits who edit our papers,
How long will it take you to learn
That mere egotistical capers
Are not of the highest concern?
The writers who cut them for ages
In the nostrils of England shall stink,
Yet while able to hamper, you pet and you pamper
These slingers of poisonous ink.

In the stress of a conflict Titanic,
When personal sorrow is mute,
We see them beset with a panic
Of losing their chances of loot;
So they start with indecent endeavour,
On the flimsiest pretext and hint,
Criticising and squealing, but only revealing
Their passionate craving for print.

When they ask you to publish their sloppy,
Sophistical, impudent screeds,
Think, editors, less of "good copy"
And more of the national needs;
For whether they pontify sadly,
Or flout us in cap and in bells,
Pontifical patter and arrogant chatter
Are worse than the enemy's shells.

There's a saying that's frequently quoted,
And cannot be wholly ignored,
That the pen, when its force can be noted,
Is a mightier thing than the sword;
But the mightiness doesn't reside in
The pen, but the writer behind,
Who, if hostile to reason or bent upon treason,
No deadlier weapon can find.

In Peace, in the times that were piping,
When pacifists bade us disarm,
This smart intellectual sniping
Did less recognisable harm;
But now, in the hour of its peril,
The country is sick of its Shaws,
And hurls to the devil the sophists who revel
In pleading the enemy's cause.



Tommy (to his pal in middle of charge). "LOOK OUT, BILL. YOUR BOOTLACE IS UNDONE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THIS paragraph will, I hope, catch your eye in time to be of use as a guide in the holiday fairy-tale traffic. But at worst there are always birthdays or, for nursery gifts, those even more apt occasions known as Nothing-in-particular Days. (*Humpty-Dumpty*, you remember, a recognised authority, used to call them un-birthdays.) Anyhow, if you should be looking about for something applicable to Kit or Ursula, you may take my word that you will find nothing better than *The Dream Pedlar* (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL). The letterpress—I beg your pardon, I should have said the "reading"—is by Lady MARGARET SACKVILLE, who has clearly a pretty taste in fairy matters, and the pictures are by FLORENCE ANDERSON in colour, and CLARA SHIRLEY HAYWARD in black-and-white. I don't say that all these are of equal merit, but the best of them are delightful. Moreover, although in the modern sumptuous fashion the colour plates are introduced on brown-paper mounts, still they have the practical merit of being fixed, and not merely gummed at one corner, a fashion that simply results in litter for the nursery floor. The tales themselves are wholly charming, and about quite the right people, kings and woodcutters and dream-princesses and goblins. Perhaps now and again Lady MARGARET falls to the temptation of being a thought too clever with an aside, so to speak, whispered in the ear of the reader-aloud. But the wise child will forgive her this for the compelling charm of her simplicities. For me, if I had a favourite in the tales, it was perhaps *Martin's godmother*, "an attractive old lady, short, with large fan-like ears, which she would wave to and fro when amused." There is an enchanting picture of her doing it. I have not yet known the nursery where that picture would not soon bear the thumb-marks of popularity.

Not a single word could be conveniently omitted from *Friends and Memories* (ARNOLD), but I could easily spare a great many of its notes of exclamation — nearly all superfluous—for Miss MAUDE VALÉRIE WHITE'S style of writing needs no such advertisement. And having got rid of that grumble I feel at liberty to express, without restraint, my profound admiration of the book and its author. Never, then, has it been my good fortune to read so many pages that are filled with what I can only call the fragrance of life. Sorrows and troubles Miss WHITE has known in abundance—one often sees her smiling through a veil of tears—but she steadfastly refuses to dwell upon anything but the joy of living, and the kindness of her many friends. This splendid way of regarding the world is one of the qualities that has made her welcome and more than welcome wherever she goes; it is also the quality that gives an almost unique distinction to her volume of reminiscences. One can scarcely think of her as an eminent composer whose songs have been heard throughout the world when the gift, which she obviously values most and would herself call "priceless," is that of being able to keep up a cheerful end whatever happens. Her book, therefore, is really both a tonic and a lesson, but it is a tonic that is as delightful as good champagne, and it is a lesson that is full of humour and of what is rarer than humour—good fun. Even in her reticences Miss WHITE cannot save herself from being amusing, for on her first page she refuses to tell us her age, though afterwards she gives it away time and again to anyone inquisitive enough to use a little arithmetic. But she need have no fears, for she has the spirit of youth which can laugh at figures and defy the passing years.

Must I believe that the life of anybody, even the hardest worked and least attractive village girl, is as devoid of exhilaration and good cheer as was that of *Chrismas Hamlyn?* Maybe dismal events happen now and then to individuals which make them wish, with reason, that they were dead and had never been alive, and I will admit that it was so with *Chrismas* at the moment when her second lover proved to be entirely spurious and to have pretended passion in order to steal a purse. But I am asked to assume that, apart from and before this little tragedy, she was necessarily in a state of gloom by reason of the mere dulness and hardship of the existence of her sort. This is a proposition which, notwithstanding Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY'S skilful pleading, I am reluctant to accept. I prefer to think that the girl found recreation in everyday events, or at least in everyotherday events, of her neighbourhood which would make no appeal to Mrs. DUDENEY or myself; or, indeed, that the brooding over her unhappy lot in general, and her first love failure in particular, afforded some satisfaction for which credit has not been allowed. Undoubtedly the environment of the *Hamlyns* is studied rather from our view than from their own, and by that method of analysis a vast amount of human misery may be discovered which does not always in fact exist. Apart from that, *What a Woman Wants* (HEINEMANN) is a convincing study of the sordid side of things; but I would like to see the admirable gifts of the authoress directed to the emphasizing of the merrier side of the same sort of life, so that we might compare the two and form a more balanced opinion.



GERMAN SPY REPORTS TO HEADQUARTERS.

"HAVE VISITED ARMY AND NAVY STORES. FIND BRITISH FORCES BEING SUPPLIED WITH MANY USELESS ARTICLES CALCULATED TO EMBARRASS THEIR MOVEMENTS."

Though I enjoyed *Broken Shackles* (METHUEN) in a mild degree, I hardly think that Mr. JOHN OXENHAM has here given us of his best. So little do I think this that I am the prey of a suspicion—probably quite unfounded—that the tale is either early work, or has been hastily put together since the beginning of August. Anyhow, it 's about a young man named *de Valle*, an officer in the Eastern Army of France, who is married but lives apart from his wife. The time is the winter of 1870, and when the great surrender comes, and the army is forced over into Switzerland, *de Valle* is so sick of military muddles that he determines to settle down as a Swiss civilian and never go back any more. This (fortune helping him) he is enabled to do. He changes his name to *Duval*, and starts the simpler life with some pleasant folk who run a saw-mill in the Brunnen Thal. He even goes so far as to marry the maid of the mill. Which was rash of him, since he was still legally tied to his French wife, and (in fiction at least) the course of bigamy never did run smooth. Inevitably, therefore, not only did he encounter his wife again, coming out of the casino at Interlaken (she too has not been idle, having meanwhile married a Russian Prince), but the villain of the story also saw them both, and looked to make a good thing by it. But you know how quick and deep the Aar runs at Interlaken? *Duval* accordingly pushed the inconvenient blackmailer into the water, and everyone, with this exception, lived happy. The real merit of the book lies not in this improbable plot, but in its moving chapters upon a little treated phase of the last Franco-German fighting. These are well done.

The Bed-Book of Happiness is a "Colligation or Assemblage of Cheerful Writings," colligated by Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE, and published by Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON. It is a second edition, entitled the Red-Cross Edition, and it offers itself as an anodyne for the pain and boredom of wounded heroes. Said heroes, of average British pattern, would, I think, receive a nasty shock on reading the title and might be tempted to thrust the volume privily away without more ado. But they need do no such thing; it is nothing like so bad as that. On the contrary it is stuffed with most excellent matter for the perceptive, in doses not long enough to tire and with sufficient variety to stimulate. Old favourites from HOOD and CALVERLEY; an odd Ingoldsby or two; whimsicality from SAMUEL BUTLER; absurdities from that other SAMUEL (CLEMENS); growls from that greatest of the tribe, JOHNSON; cheeriness from that best of poets and schoolmasters, T. E. BROWN; a little STERNE, a little DICKENS, a little THACKERAY; *Percy Anecdotes* and snippets from GRONOW; translated excerpts from those delightful allies, DAUDET, SAINT-BEUVE, ANATOLE FRANCE; and so forth and on. Of course no two colligators of bed-books could agree upon their choice, but I do think Mr. BEGBIE might have bagged a little from R. L. S. That omission and the deplorable title are my chief grievances. It is a sound point that there is no unwholesome invalidy tone about this seasonable re-issue with additions.

Many gentle readers will be well pleased to hear that AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE are giving them more news of that engaging heroine, *Lady Kilcroney*. True, in the new book *Kitty* herself plays but a subordinate part, but as her dainty mantle of insolence and charm appears to have fallen on the shoulders of a worthy successor no one need grumble upon that score. The new book is called *The Ways of Miss Barbara* (SMITH ELDER), and I daresay that having said so much I might spare myself the pains of telling precisely what those ways were. Do you need to hear how *Mistress Barbara* (who was a kind of eighteenth-century *Becky Sharp* without the sting) was befriended by *Lady Kitty* and her susceptible lord? How the noble carriage was waylaid on its journey from Paris to the coast? How the highwayman was eventually brought to book by the wiles of *Barbara*, who in the long run marries a duke, and is left preparing for permanent prosperity? Whether this last expectation will be fulfilled without preliminary troubles I take leave to doubt. Indeed, the situation as regards *Barbara* and her ducal spouse is left so full of intriguing possibilities that I could not but suspect those clever campaigners, the EGERTON CASTLES, of having artfully arranged it as a kind of concrete foundation from which to attack the public sympathy later on. This is as may be. Meanwhile here is a pleasantly sparkling comedy with which, I vow, you are like to find yourself vastly well pleased.

More letters showing how OXO is valued at the Front

The reviving, strength-giving power of OXO has received remarkable endorsement in the great war. It is invaluable for all who have to undergo exertion, either to promote fitness or to recuperate after fatigue.

OXO aids and increases nutrition; it stimulates and builds up strength to resist climatic changes; it is exactly suited to the needs of our men at the front, and in training, as well as for general use in the home.



From the Chief Petty Officers' Mess on one of H.M. Battleships

Enclosed please find postal orders to the value of 30s. Will you please forward OXO as before to that value. You will perhaps notice that this is an increase in last month's order, which is a sure sign that **OXO gets right there.**

From an A.B. on H.M.S. "Landrail."

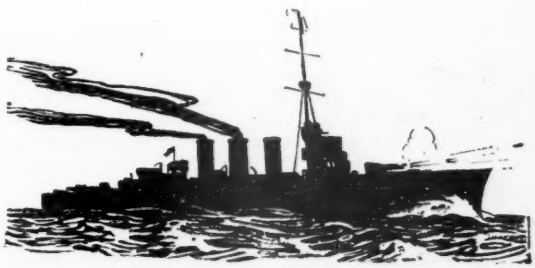
In my opinion there is no better gift anyone could make to our bluejackets, especially at a time like this, and when the nights (and days) are so nippy as they are at present.

Personally I think OXO is worth its weight in gold.

A gentleman has kindly sent us a letter from his son in the Army Service Corps in which he says:—

I must tell you how delighted I was to get the **OXO.** It is great. You should have seen us preparing it. We made a wood fire by the roadside, and boiled the water in an empty petrol can—enough for three of us. The **OXO** was made in my dixie can, in which we soaked some biscuits. We then placed the can on the fire to boil; all the time it was raining hard, but we were repaid by the satisfaction we got for our efforts.

I shall be very pleased to get some more when you are sending again, as a good cup of **OXO** before we turn in at night considerably warms us up.



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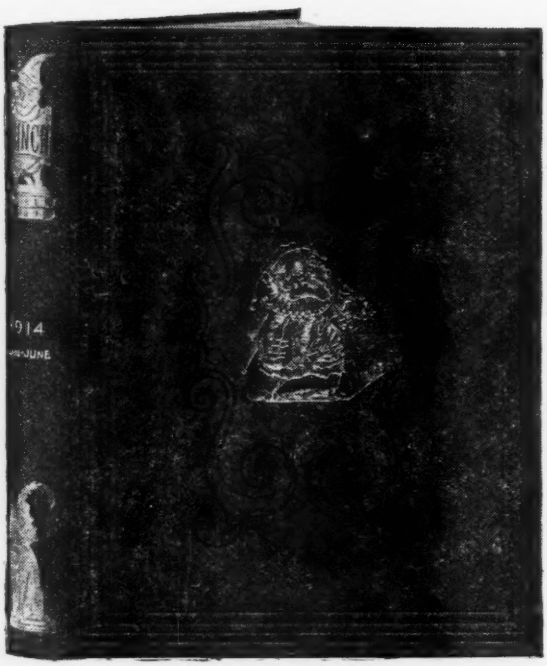
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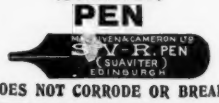
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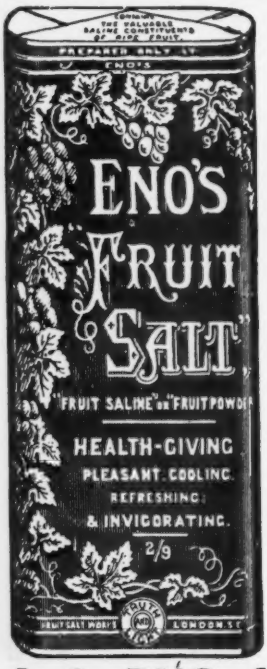
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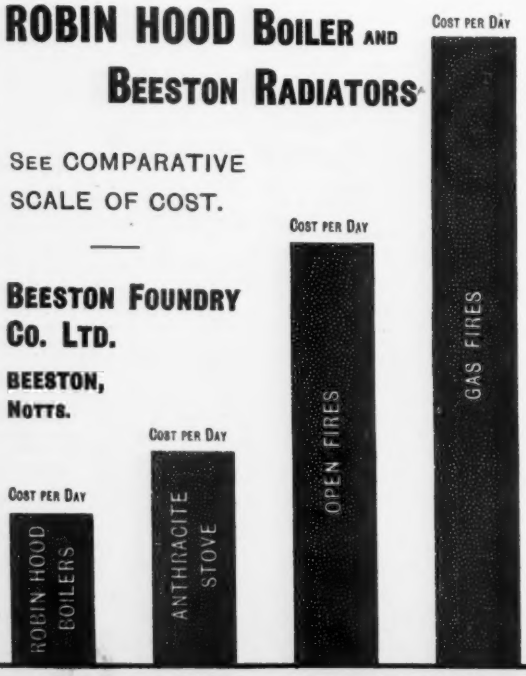
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CHARIVARIA.

"THE enemy is not yet subdued," announced the KAISER in his New Year's address to his troops. It is gratifying to have this rumour confirmed from a source so unimpeachable.

* * *

Prince BUELOW is finding himself *de trop* at Rome. "Man wants but little here, BUELOW," he is being told.

* * *

"Stick it!" it may be remembered, was General VON KLUCK'S Christmas message as published in a German newspaper. The journal in question is evidently read in Constantinople, for the Turks are now stated to have sent several thousand sacks of cement to the Egyptian frontier with which to fill up the Suez Canal.

* * *

After all, it is pointed out, there is not very much difference between the reigning Sultan of TURKEY and his predecessor. The one is The Damned, and the other The Doomed.

* * *

With reference to the "free fight" between Austrians and Germans in the concentration camp at Pietermaritzburg, which Reuter reported the other day, we now hear that the fight was not entirely free. Several of the combatants, it seems, were afterwards fined.

* * *

The latest English outrage, according to Berlin, was done upon the German officer who attempted to escape in a packing-case. It is said that he has been put back in his case, which has been carefully soldered up, and then as carefully mislaid.

* * *

Another typical German lie is published by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Describing the FIRST LORD this sheet says:—"Well built, he struts about elegantly dressed . . ." Those who remember our WINSTON'S little pork-pie hat will resent this charge.

* * *

An awfully annoying thing has happened to the *Vossische Zeitung*. Our enterprising little contemporary asked three Danish professors to state in what way they were indebted to German science, and they all gave wrong answers. They said they were also indebted to English science.

* * *

"HOUNDS IN A WORKHOUSE."
Daily Mail.

It was, of course, inevitable that the hunts should suffer through the war.

* * *

The Evening Standard has been making enquiries as to the effect of the War on the membership of the various Clubs. The report from the Athenæum was "The War has not affected the club at all." Can it be that the dear old fellows have not heard of it yet?

* * *

"Business as usual" is evidently Paraguay's motto. They are having one of their revolutions there in spite of the War.

* * *

The Tate Gallery authorities have now placed the pictures they value most in the cellars of that institution,



GALLANT ATTEMPT BY A MEMBER OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE TO DO JUSTICE TO ALL HIS NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

and the expression on the face of any artist who finds his work still on the wall is in itself a picture.

Famous Lines.

"After plying regularly for nearly twenty-five years between Vancouver, Victoria and the Orient, the last few months of excitement must have brought back to the memory of her old timbers—if they happen to be sentient, as Kipling would almost have one believe—the famous line, 'One crowded hour of glorious life is worth a cycle of Cathay.'"
News-Advertiser (Vancouver, B.C.)

"P. B.—It is a pleasure to read your stirring lines entitled 'To Berlin'; they possess the twin merits of being vigorous and timely. We should make an alteration in title, calling them simply 'To Berlin.'"
Great Thoughts.

No, don't thank us. Our advice is always at the disposal of young writers.

ENGLISH LINES FOR ENEMY CALENDARS.

For the *KAISER*—

"*La Belle France sans merci*
Hath thee in thrall."

For the *Emperor of AUSTRIA*, after the rout in Serbia—

"'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little PETER, king."

For the *Commander of the Western Campaign*—

"Of all the towns that are so far
There's none so far as Calais."

For *General VON MOLTKE* (retired)—

"Then was I like some watcher on the Rhine
When a new plan is forced into his ken."

For the *Sultan of TURKEY*—

"He will hold me when his friendship shall have spent its novel force
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

For the *IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR*—

"Oft had I heard from EDWARD GREY."

WAR ETIQUETTE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Materfamilias (Manchester). — No, it is not necessary for you to wear a dressing-gown for dinner out of compliment to your wounded guests' pyjamas; if you wear your best tea-gown they will not know the difference.

Sweet and Twenty (Surbiton).—I do not think your mother could object to your tucking up your charming wounded officer for the night as long as you don a Red Cross cloak over your evening attire. It is not usual to kiss these wounded heroes unless you or they are under seventeen or over seventy.

Veronica (Ventnor). — I think the right size of photograph for your second cousin to take with him to the Front depends on its subject: cabinets are usual for dogs, horses and female first cousins; carte size for parents and male relatives; but from the tone of your letter and from the fact that you are only his *second* cousin, I think there are but two alternatives: boudoir size, or a dainty miniature in a leather case for the pocket, such as can be obtained at Messrs. Snooks for the modest sum of ten guineas.

"Germans and Austrians at Loggerheads."
Daily Paper.

Another of these Polish towns.

"PUNCH" IN THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES.

[To the officer whose letter, reproduced in *The Daily Telegraph*, after reporting the irregular exchange of Christmas gifts between our men and the enemy, goes on to say:—"In order to put a stop to a situation which was proving impossible, I went out myself after a time with a copy of 'Punch,' which I presented to a dingy Saxon in exchange for a small packet of excellent cigars and cigarettes."]

A SCENT of truce was in the air,
And mutual compliments were paid—
A sausage here, a mince-pie there,
In lieu of bomb and hand-grenade;
And foes forget, that Christmastide,
Their business was to kill the other side.

Then, greatly shocked, you rose and said,
"This is not my idea of War;
On milk of human-kindness fed,
Our men will lose their taste for gore;
All this unauthorized good-will
Must be corrected by a bitter pill.

And forth you strode with stiffened spine
And met a Saxon in the mud
(Not Anglo-) and with fell design
To blast his joyaunce in the bud,
And knock his rising spirits flat,
You handed him a *Punch* and said, "Take that!"

A smile upon his visage gleamed.
Little suspecting your intent,
He proffered what he truly deemed
To be a fair equivalent—
A bunch of fags of local brand
And Deutschodoros from the Vaterland.

You found them excellent, I hear;
Let's hope your gift had equal worth,
Though meant to curb his Christmas cheer
And check the interchange of mirth;
I should be very glad to feel
It operated for his inner weal.

For there he found, our dingy friend,
Amid the trench's sobering slosh,
What must have left him, by the end,
A wiser, if a sadder, Bosch,
Seeing himself with chastened mien
In that pellucid well of Truth serene. O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XIII.

(*From Grand Admiral* VON TIRPITZ.)

ALL GRACIOUS LORD,—It is no pleasant life in these days to be a sailor, especially if one happens to be an Admiral responsible for the organisation and direction of a great Fleet. This morning, for instance, just as I was drinking my early cup of coffee there comes me in my servant bearing a letter: "Will your Excellency have it now?" he says, "or will you wait till you have gathered more strength as the morning goes on?" and with that the old sea-dog smiles a just perceptible smile.

"Is it from ——?" I say, leaving out the name.

"Yes," he answers, "it is from ——. It is the seventh in three days. It will assuredly be some pleasant wish for the New Year. The Lord Great Admiral is, indeed, fortunate in having so high a well-wisher. I myself have no such luck, being only——"

"It is enough," I say, for I knew that he was about to tell me once more that he was only a poor orphan and that his wife's temper being of a bitter complaining nature had driven him from his home many years ago. It is a long story and he spares not the smallest detail in telling it, nay, rather he takes delight in showing how, in spite of his own worthiness, destiny has with express malice singled him out from his fellows to be trodden upon at all those moments when he had a right to look for ease and enjoyment. This morning I was in no humour to listen to it, so I ordered him to lay the letter down and to go about his business. When he had departed I opened the letter, which was a useless proceeding, for I already knew it was from your all-highest Self, and, without reading it, I could have written down its contents word for word. Notwithstanding this, I received the letter and read it with the respect that is due to such a communication, and I now proceed in all humility to answer it.

And first I will tell your Majesty that what you ask I cannot promise to do. You want me to provoke a fleet action under the best conditions so that we may be sure of smashing up the British and securing eternal glory for ourselves. These things are, no doubt, splendid, but they are not done by waving a wand. In securing conditions the enemy also has something to say, especially when he is much stronger than we are, so much so that, wherever we can put one ship, he can put at least two ships of equal power. And sailors have to consider the sea, the wind, the fog and a thousand other things that the landsman cannot understand. To bombard Scarborough and Whitby and to kill women and children may be all very well for once in a way, but even for that once it was not so glorious a feat that your Majesty will wish to inscribe it amongst the battle-honours of our Navy. I may whisper to your Majesty, moreover, that in face of a brave and resourceful foe these showy excursions are not without risk, and it was only by the skin of their teeth that your ships escaped into home waters after they had flung their shells into the two undefended coast-towns.

Next, you want your foreign commerce restored. I cannot do that. It is a misfortune of war that if your enemy has a bigger fleet he can wipe away your foreign trade. If your Majesty did not wish it to be so it would have been better not to go to war. I presume your Majesty couldn't wait, lest the Russians should construct strategic railways and the French provide themselves with boots (which I understand they have now procured in great quantities), but there it is; and after all we might not have been better off for waiting, since these English rascals showed a most bloodthirsty determination always to have a bigger Fleet than ours, no matter what we did. And so our poor commerce must have disappeared in any case. For an Empire like ours that is, I am informed, a great misfortune, though, for my own part, it has not hitherto affected me. On the other hand the scattering of ships like the *Emden* and VON SPEE'S squadron, in order to destroy the enemy's commerce has only led to one conclusion, and that has been the bottom of the sea. All this is vexing, but it must be endured, and an occasional success with a submarine, though agreeable at the moment, does not substantially alter it.

Finally, as to the Russian Fleet, how, I ask, can we be expected to gain a victory over ships which hide themselves away in the Baltic in so mean a manner, and show no desire for the delight of battle? They have no consciousness of the fact that war-ships were intended for warfare.

Your Majesty is good enough to impute blame to me. Some part of this, I do not doubt, belongs to me. The rest, as is right, I will pass on to poor old INGENOHL and to Prince HENRY, and shall ask them to guess whence it originally came.

I am Your Majesty's most humble VON TIRPITZ.



THE BREAKING OF THE SPELL.

STEINBACH, JANUARY 3, 1915.



STUDY OF A LADY WHO, DURING A ZEPPELIN SCARE, HAS FLED TO THE CELLAR AND THINKS THAT, AFTER ALL, IT WAS A COWARDLY THING TO DO.

THE TOURIST.

Dear Chloe, how often my cravings
To winter abroad I 've suppressed,
Well knowing my limited savings
Would last but a fortnight at best;
In vain have the posters adjured me
To sojourn in Monte or Rome,
In vain has Herr BAEDEKER lured me . . .
I have wintered at home.

But now, half the "ads" I set eyes on
Suggest—and I jump at the chance—
I should widen my mental horizon
By touring through Belgium and France;
They hint at abundance of shooting
With guns that are Government made,
Till the minor excitements of Tooting
Are cast in the shade.

Each tripper, it seems, will be guided
By leaders of courage and skill;
Free bedding and board are provided;
Expenses are little, or *nil;*
A welcome delightfully hearty,
And sport that at least is unique,
Await every man of the party. . . .
We leave in a week.

Good-bye, then, old dear, for the winter;
Expect me in London by May
(Unless a stray bullet or splinter
Should lead to a trifling delay);
From rumours—of which there are plenty—
I gather the fun will begin
At Calais, whence, *Deo volente,*
We tramp to Berlin.

NEW METHODS OF FRIGHTFULNESS.

["The Siberians have refused to have their beards cut, saying that the shagginess frightens the Germans." No doubt the adaptable enemy will not be behindhand in this method of warfare.]

THE Frighten-em-to-Death's-Head Hussars, in their brilliant charge yesterday, were greatly aided by the fact that, before going into action, they had burnt-corked their faces. The effect upon the *moral* of the enemy was disastrous, the terrified troops flying in confusion.

The 1914 conscripts, who, as is well known, have yet to go into action, must not be supposed to be lying idle; they are being rendered irresistible by a severe training in the use of the grimace, which is likely to take the place of the bayonet as a means of clearing enemy trenches. The CROWN PRINCE himself has frequently given instruction to the troops, although, in the interests of the men, it has been found necessary for the demonstrations to be carried on through sheets of smoked glass.

KRUPPS have largely abandoned the manufacture of big guns, and have now laid down plant for the construction of five million masks of a hideousness without parallel. Samples tested by the Black Pomeranians prove that any one of these masks has the power to drive a force of a thousand men into instant and complete insensibility.

With regard to the new crop reports, it must be remembered that fields hitherto intended for the growing of wheat and barley have, under a new order from the Imperial War Department, been planted with roots for the manufacture of the terrifying turnip-ghosts now required by the German army.

THE LAST LINE.

VI.

OUR uniform—or, if that is too military a word, our academical costume—is officially announced to be "grey-green," the colour of the sea at 7.30 in the morning, when you decide that you have forgotten your towel and had better have a hot bath quietly at home. I don't know how invisible we shall be as soldiers, but anchored off the Maplin Sands we should deceive anybody. Where are the Buoys of the Old Brigade? Ah, where indeed! Even as marines we should have our value.

Luckily, we have been practising amphibious warfare for some time. The camp is mostly under water, and when the "Fall-in" is sounded we do it quite easily. The "Emerge" is not so easily obeyed. But there were drier days in December, and on one of these I made a curious discovery.

We were having a field-day, and my side of the battle was advancing in sections under shell-fire over fairly flat country. Every now and then, however, we came to a small hill or group of hills. There seemed to be no human reason for it, and I suggested to my section that we were on the track of some new kind of mole.

"No," said James, "those are bunkers."

We looked at each anxiously and tapped our foreheads.

"It's a golf-course," he persisted.

I could not allow dangerous talk of this kind to go on.

"Silence in the ranks," I said sternly.

A little later, when we were halted, an old, old man, the Nestor of the section, asked if he might speak to me.

"Certainly, my lad," I said.

"I think he du be right," he said, indicating James; "I've heerd tell on 'un. Great-great-grandfayther used to play."

Another man said that he had seen an old print of the game in a shop, but he thought it was called Ludo.

And then, in a most curious way, I had the sudden feeling that I myself had played the game in some previous existence—when I was a king in Babylon, perhaps, and James was a Christian caddie. It was most odd. When we got back to camp, I spoke to him about it.

"On Boxing Day, James," I whispered, "one might pursue one's researches in this matter. I should like to find out the truth about it. We might meet at —— h'r'm! To the left, to two paces, ex-*tend!*" I added this loudly for the benefit of our platoon commander who was passing, and James (who in ordinary life extends two paces to the front) withdrew slowly into the darkness.

I won't refer to what happened on Boxing Day; one does not talk about these things. But I must tell you of its unfortunate sequel.

Last week, in the course of a route-march, we were suddenly turned on to distance-judging. I had never done this before, and a remote and lonely tree, half-hidden in the mist, conveyed nothing definite to me.

"What do you think?" I asked James.

"A drive and a mashie, about."

"S'sh," I said warningly. However, I determined to act on the suggestion. Remembering Boxing Day I allowed eighty yards for James's drive, and thirty-five for a mashie off the socket. Total, 115. It looked more, but the mist was deceptive. However, when the results were read out, the distance was given as 385 yards, and James, if you please, had said 350!

Let us leave this painful subject and turn to signalling. We are getting a little more proficient. Every message we send now starts properly with prefix, service instructions, code time, and so on, and the message itself gets in as many hyphens, horizontal lines, fractions and inverted commas as possible. Here, for instance, is the beginning of a thrilling message (sent to the Editor of *The Times*) which I was receiving last Sunday.

"Fore-warned being fore-armed Lieut. Z. SMITHSON, 21st Foot on the *Przemysl-Rzeszow-Olkusz* road, with £3 9*s.* 7½*d.* in his pocket (interest on 5½% DEBENTURES at 97—brokerage ⅛th) proceeded at 9.25 P.M. to ——"

At this point the "Fall-in" sounded and we had to stop. I never heard what happened to Lieut. Smithson. My own theory is that he murdered Emma and put the blame on Lt.-Col. St. George, D.S.O., who only had three-and-a-half per cents. and had never seen the girl before. Perhaps the matter will be cleared up when the War is over.

But it was a sad blow to us to be told in a lecture that same afternoon that despatch-riding has proved to be much more useful than signalling at the Front. It had an immediate effect on James, and the advertisement in *The Times* beginning "WANTED TO EXCHANGE a pair of blue-and-white silk flags (new) for motor-bicycle," is generally supposed to be his.

"And all the time I've spent on signalling has been wasted," he said indignantly.

"Not wasted, James. Your silhouette as you signalled an 'i' has made many a wet day bright. Anyway, it's no excuse for not coming to bayonet drill. That won't be wasted."

James made some absurd excuse about wanting to improve his shooting first.

"One is more independent with the bayonet," I assured him. "The Government doesn't like us as it is, and it's not going to waste much ammunition on us. But once you've tied the carving-knife on to the end of your umbrella, there you are."

"Well, I'll think about it," said James.

But I have heard since that he had already attended one class; and that in the middle of it James the solicitor advised James the soldier not to proceed further with the matter.

"Your time," said James the solicitor, "will be better spent on the range—where you can lie down."

And James the soldier made it so.

A. A. M.

DIPLOMACY.

[*What would happen if we modelled our business affairs on the Yellow Book, Blue Book, White Book, Orange Book and Grey Book*]

1. *From Alfred Midgely, Office Manager, to James Henry Bullivant (Managing Director of Bullivants, Limited, Drysalters), temporarily abroad.*

I hear from an absolutely trustworthy source that our town traveller, Mr. Herbert Blenkins, is thinking of giving notice. I have the honour to suggest that this merits the immediate attention of Your Excellency.

2. *From J. H. B. to A. M.*

Blenkins cannot be allowed to leave at this juncture. You should make a *démarche* towards the Office Boy, endeavour to ascertain from him whether *pourparlers* might not be opened with the Senior Typist in the direction of her using her influence with the Book-keeper to learn whether Blenkins' purpose is in the nature of an ultimatum or a *ballon d'essai*.

3. *From A. M. to J. H. B.*

Mr. Blenkins has presented his note. I have the honour to enclose a copy. The Office Boy is absent for a few days attending the obsequies of his grandmother. I have telegraphed to his home in the sense of your despatch. No reply has come, and I have the honour to await Your Excellency's further orders.

4. *From J. H. B. to A. M.*

It is imperative that there should be no delay in this matter. You should



The Legend of Chairman Tobacco, Chapter No. 12.

Queen Elizabeth was extremely energetic, if historians are to be relied upon, and travelled her country far and wide. Instead of staying at great noblemen's houses she appears—according to the same historians—to have preferred the comforts of hostelries. As a consequence hotel keepers have monopolised her as their patron lady and, with doubtful taste, point out the bed in which she slept.

Really she has a much stronger claim to greatness. There is the incident of the Armada and there is also this incident depicted above.

It is not a sign of greatness to stay at an hotel, but it is to have the forethought to encourage a new movement which will bring compensation, comfort and content to countless thousands in the coming years.

It was Queen Elizabeth who recognised the virtues of tobacco and Sir Roger who gave us Chairman, than which there is no finer pipe mixture.

It is made in different strengths to meet the tastes of most men—Chairman, medium; Boardman's, mild; Recorder, full—and is packed in 1 and 2 oz. lead packets and ¼, ½, and 1 lb. tins, and sold at 6d. per oz. by all principal tobacconists and stores in the British Isles.

Also sold by principal dealers in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, France, Norway and Sweden.

R. J. LEA, LIMITED, MANCHESTER.

BRITISH UNION FOR ABOLITION OF VIVISECTION.

(THE BRITISH ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY)

32 Charing Cross, London, S.W.

Telephone: 8254 City. Telegrams: "Abolition, London."

President: WALTER R. HADWEN, J.P., M.D., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., L.S.A., etc.
Treasurer: The Right Hon. VISCOUNT HARBERTON. Chairman of Committee: The Right Hon. LORD TENTERDEN.
Parliamentary Representative: H. G. CHANCELLOR, Esq., M.P. Secretary: Miss BEATRICE E. KIDD.

INOCULATION AGAINST TYPHOID.

Will the War Office put a stop to Military Tyranny in the Interests of Recruiting?

"SCRAPS OF PAPER."

Letter to J. DOBSON, Esq., Sept. 14, 1914.

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter I am desired by Lord Kitchener to say that anti-enteric inoculation is not compulsory."

Circular Letter from the PARLIAMENTARY RECRUITING COMMITTEE, November 23, 1914.

"The inoculation for typhoid is purely voluntary.—JESSE HERBERT."

Reply by Mr. TENNANT, Under Secretary of State for War, to Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR, M.P., on November 16, 1914.

"The instructions already issued are intended to protect conscientious objectors."

Reply by Viscount HALDANE to Lord TENTERDEN in the House of Lords on January 7, 1915.

"Inoculation is not compulsory, and it is possible for a man to go to the front without being inoculated.

All efforts are used to persuade men, at the same time preserving the rights of the conscientious objectors."

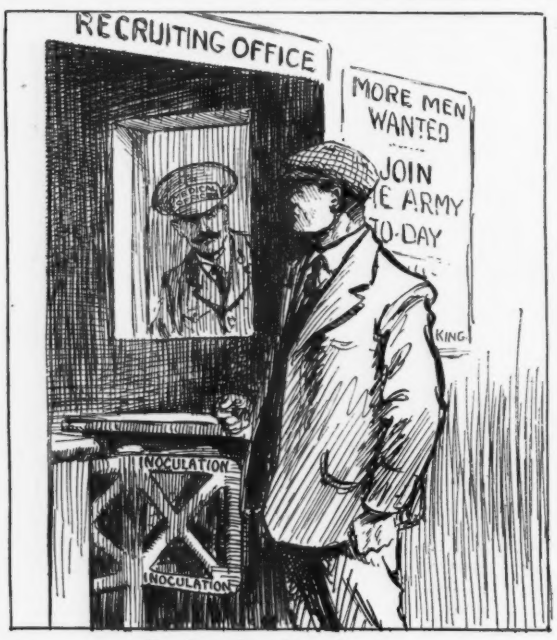
Is an Englishman's Word HIS BOND?

How the Military Authorities break faith with the troops.

A London Brigade Order.

"As the risk of contracting typhoid fever is much increased in the autumn and winter months, and also from changes from one locality to another, all men of the 6th London Brigade R.F.A. who have not been inoculated against the disease will not be permitted to go on leave until further notice. This is a precautionary measure taken in the interests of the Brigade as well as of the men themselves."

[QUERY. Is England in the throes of a terrible typhoid epidemic? Is it safe for anybody to travel?]



Dr. Germ-hun bars the way.

SHAFT BARRACKS, DOVER.

Extract from Regimental Orders,

Tuesday 15/12/14.

1731 (*a*) Officers commanding Companies will send to Orderly Room by 9 a.m. on the 19th inst. the names of all N.C.O.'s and all employed men of their Companies who have not been, and are not willing to be, inoculated against enteric fever.

(*b*) It is notified for information of all ranks that, in future, inoculation against enteric fever will be classed as an important consideration in the selection of (1) N.C.O.'s for promotion. (2) Men for Company and regimental employment. (3) Men for week-end passes.

1732. Officers commanding Companies are to render to Orderly Room by the 14th and 28th of each month a return showing the number of N.C.O.'s and men on strength of their Companies,

(*a*) who have been, or are about to be, inoculated, and

(*b*) have not been and are *unwilling* to be *inoculated*.

J. F. APPLEYARD,
Adjutant.

FACTS.

Inoculation is presented in its most favourable light by the following methods, proof whereof will be sent to any inquirer:

(1) By concealing important facts about sanitation.

(2) By introducing a new title of disease "para-typhoid"—under which to class inoculated men and so take them out of the genuine count, thus altering the attack and death rate. (Para-typhoid is admitted to have exactly the same symptoms as typhoid.)

(3) By publishing false and conflicting figures and false statements.

(4) By attributing to the inoculation a reduction in the disease which took place before it was used.

(5) By stifling all discussion, even in meetings advertised as "Discussions."

(6) By the officially sanctioned dissemination among the troops of a misleading and inaccurate leaflet by the Research Defence Society, to which a full and complete reply has been published by the British Union (it will be sent gratis to inquirers). And by searching, insulting and imprisoning in a guard room, for over five hours, a man who handed the British Union's leaflets to soldiers in a public street.

(7) By inaccurate ministerial replies to Parliamentary inquirers, to the effect, *e.g.*, that a man whose death-certificate gave "anti-typhoid vaccination" as the *primary* cause of death died of "pneumonia" (a secondary cause, which arose in the form of septic pneumonia, from the inoculation); and that another man "himself states that he has never been inoculated against enteric fever" and was "not discharged from the Army medically unfit," whereas the man himself denies having said any such thing, and produces his certificate of discharge.

INGRATITUDE TO TOMMY ATKINS.

Soldiers at home are denied their right of going to the front, for which they joined the Army; are refused passes even to see dying relatives; are put on fatigue duty and "made to do all the dirty work"; are threatened with dismissal, inoculation by force, court-martial, etc., etc., if they refuse inoculation.

Soldiers in France, who went out to the War at the very beginning, are now allowed a short holiday, but not unless they are inoculated. One writes: "If it had not been for this Order I should have been in Dear Old England to-morrow among my friends, but this pleasure is denied me through Red Tape, and **I may never get another chance to see them.** So I ask you if you will do Tommy a great favour, one that we shall not forget, by giving this publicity in the Press, as we are unable to do so owing to censors. If possible, I would rather my name not be mentioned in the Paper, as it will mean—through Red Tape again—me losing my rank, but if my name must be put in the paper as a guarantee of truth, do so, and I will take my chance in what I consider Justice. If it is not necessary my nom-de-plume is,

One at Mons."

Even soldiers who have been wounded are threatened and punished. Inoculation (proved to be an utterly useless and dangerous practice) is forced upon intelligent objectors even as the Germans would force their "Kultur" upon unwilling Europe.

Officers! Do not hinder recruiting by these methods.

Read THE ABOLITIONIST (Sample Copy sent free).

It inoculates common-sense into the dullest brains.

obtain the address of the office-boy's grandfather, and call upon him to learn whether he will agree to exert his grandparental influence in the direction already outlined.

5. *From J. H. B. to Uncle Edward, Brother Theodore and Cousin Bob, co-Directors.*

I enclose copies of correspondence relative to the Blenkins' crisis, which is rapidly assuming a gravity which I cannot affect to view with indifference. I beg you to proceed immediately to Midgely, and support his endeavours with the united weight of your diplomatic abilities.

6. *From A. M. to J. H. B.*

I learn from a sure source that the Office-Boy's grandmother has already died three times. The grandfather is alleged to be *non compos mentis*. Mr. Blenkins is mobilising his office papers. This is highly significant.

7. *From A. M. to J. H. B.*

Further to my despatch of this morning, I have the honour to report that Mr. Robert Bullivant suggests that we should offer Mr. Blenkins another twenty pounds a year and have done with it. Mr. Theodore Bullivant is firmly opposed to any diplomatic weakness at this juncture, in view of possible demands from the Book-keeper, whom we suspect of a secret *entente* with Mr. Blenkins. Your Excellency's uncle demands peace at any price. Should I take the unprecedented step of making a direct approach to Mr. Blenkins?

8. *From J. H. B. to A. M.*

No. The resources of Diplomacy must first be exhausted. In view of the urgency of the crisis, I authorise you to pass over the Office Boy and open *pourparlers* with the Senior Typist with a view to obtaining a *mise en demeure* from Blenkins.

9. *From A. M. to J. H. B.*

The Senior Typist has met with a reverse from an experimental hair-dye, and will not be visible for a week.

10. *From J. H. B. to A. M.*

Approach the Book-keeper.

11. *From A. M. to J. H. B.*

I have the honour to surmise that no definite purpose will be achieved through the diplomatic channel of the Book-keeper. He states that he prefers to keep himself to himself. Mr. Blenkins has already asked for his office cuffs, and a final severance of relations is imminent. I have not yet handed him his cuffs, which I have ventured to sequestrate on the ground that they are spotted with our ink.



REVEILLE.

Sergeant. "NOW, THEN, TURN OUT! SHOW A LEG, YOU BLANKETY LANDLUBBERS!"

12. *From J. H. B. to A. M.*

Retain the cuffs pending diplomatic action from Mr. Theodore.

13. *From J. H. B. to Brother Theodore.*

I enclose copies of correspondence relative to Blenkins' attempt to claim possession of our ink-spots. If in your opinion this constitutes a *casus belli*, I beg you to approach him with such menaces as are not inconsistent with the continuance of diplomatic relations.

14. *From T. B. to J. H. B.*

In view of the gravity of the crisis, I have taken legal opinion. If the cuffs were not only spotted with our ink, but were also clipped with our scissors, then they are *ipso facto* and *ad hoc* to be considered as neutral territory within the meaning of the Statutes of International Office Law.

15. *From J. H. B. to A. M.*

You should immediately ascertain, through the proper channels, if and (or) when and (or) how Blenkins clipped the cuffs. In the meantime you will convey to him that we should not be disposed to view with indifference any attempt on his part to violate the frontiers of neutral territory.

16. *From A. M. to J. H. B.*

Blenkins has gone!

17. *Chorus of the Diplomats.*

The resources of Diplomacy were strained to the uttermost.

LETTERS TO HAUPTMANN.

[*GERHART HAUPTMANN, the German dramatist and poet, has nominated Lord CURZON as Viceroy of England when it becomes a German province.*]

IF you 'd trample on the Briton
And secure his just abasement,
Well, I think you might have written
First to me.
(Signed) ROGER CASEMENT.

If only as a recompense
For my expenditure of jaw
And anti-British "common-sense,"
Why not yours truly,
BERNARD SHAW?

Would you avoid a bad rebellion?
The man for you is
CHARLES TREVELYAN.

Since all the Dublin Corporation
Protest against my resignation,
My long experience vice-regal
Might mollify the German eagle
If he should nest on College Green.
Yours amicably,
ABERDEEN.

Believe me, CURZON's haughty hand
Would lie too heavy on the land;
No, to appease the British Isles
Appoint yours truly,
WILLIAM BYLES.

I fear the freedom-loving British
Under Lord CURZON might grow skittish;
Far better knit the nations twain
Under a more pacific reign:
For instance, BRUNNER's; he 's beyond
Reproach. Yours ever,
ALFRED MOND.

CURZON, I own, is not a noodle,
But his demeanour is too feudal;
Try ALFRED MOND: he is a stunner,
Affectionately yours,
JOHN BRUNNER.

As I am still without a seat,
I 'm not unwilling to compete
For any post in which there 's scope
To preach humanitarian hope.
You might, of course, secure elsewhere
A smarter or a "faster" man,
But none in "uplift" could compare
With truly yours,
CHARLES MASTERMAN.

ALONZO.

IT was a bright Monday morning in September, and I was doing my usual patter dance in the dressing-room, striving to defeat the time-table—ten minutes for breakfast and five minutes to get to the station.

I dipped hurriedly into the collar-drawer, drew one forth, inverted it, cast a tie (Wadham Wanderers, E. team) into the parting and proceeded to secure the arrangement. The back stud operated without comment, but when I came to the front there seemed to be an inch or two of collar missing. At first I looked at it with mild surprise, then the horrible truth flashed through me.

I dashed into Joe's room.

"Look here," I exclaimed, "just look at my neck!"

Joe looked at it carefully for quite a minute.

"Yes," she remarked, "I think there is a tiny spot under the left ear. You've been drilling too much. You 've been dressing too much to the left."

"No! No!" I shouted, tugging at the collar, "can't you see how swollen it is? It 's that complaint you get from drinking chalky water. It 's all your fault! I 've told you hundreds of times to put a marble in the kettle."

Joe unfastened the collar, looked at it and laughed.

I snatched it back.

Inside there was a brief summary: "Alonzo. Fourfold. 14½."

I take 16.

"That," said Joe, pointing to Alonzo, "must be the extra collar they sent from the laundry last week."

It was. Alonzo was a gift—a donation. Sleek, youthful and unsullied, he came to us, bringing an air of tragedy into the home.

Three times during that week I tried to soil his glossy coat, and each time a golden minute was shorn from my breakfast. After that I put him in the sock drawer.

At the end of the first week I said to Joe, "Alonzo is bored, the society of half-hose does not interest him. Send him home."

He was sent, and my wardrobe settled itself peacefully.

On the following Monday I dipped into the collar drawer, went through the usual rites, and—— No, it didn't really startle me. He had returned.

I put him in the sock drawer again.

Evidently he had plans of his own. One week at the laundry and one week at "Sunnyside," alternating, as it were, between taking the waters and a rest cure.

I began to respect Alonzo, but at the same time I felt he must be shown that there is such a thing as authority. I put him in a cardboard box, addressed it myself, posted it myself, and wrote to the manager myself. You think that settled him? You do not know Alonzo. He is made of sterner stuff than that.

At the end of the week he was back again, well and cheerful. Coming of a resourceful and determined race we tried other means—I forget how many—of outing him. Once the manager took him away in a taxi and once our Ann consigned him to the ash-pit.

It was no good. We had to give it up. We adopted him. As I write, Alonzo rests in *his* sock drawer, slightly fatigued but indomitable.

JOHN SMITH TO JOHANN SCHMIDT.

WE thought you fellows over there,
Before this all begun,
Was queer in talk, but acted fair,
And paid your way, and did your share
Of things as should be done.

You made a lot of trashy stuff,
And ate some. All the same,
You beat us some ways sure enough,
And seemed like pals, though brought up rough,
For which you weren't to blame.

We reckoned when the trouble bust,
Remem'bring what you 'd been,
You 'd march to heel as you were cussed,
And so you 'd fight because you must,
But still you 'd fight us clean.

But now you 've worked us murder-hot
With filthy tricks you 've played;
And whether you were bid or not
Is nought to us; we hate the lot
What ordered or obeyed.

And so you 're not the pals we thought,
But foes, these rougher days;
We 're out against you till you 're brought
To book, your Chief and you, and taught
To drop your bullying ways.

Now hear the truth. Your lives is poured
For reasons one and two:
HE draws his bright and shiny sword
To make him one and only Lord
Of all the world—and You.

And when your roofs is tumbling in,
Your heads is cracked and cooled,
You 'll think the glory middling thin
And hate the lying cheats like sin
To see how you 've been fooled.

By then it 's odds you feel inclined
To state the view you take
In words that 's not so sweet and kind
But what they 'll let them War-Lords find
You 're suddenly awake.

Till then you 're heathen swine! Get fit
To start and grow like men.
Turn round and do your level bit
Till brag and grab are past and quit,
And then we 'll pal again.

Motto for the Turkish Army in the Caucasus:—"There ain't going to be no Corps."

PATRIOTIC AIMS.

PETER'S birthday is soon after Xmas, too soon after for Peter's taste—and mine.

"I want one or two good War Games," I said to the attendant at the toymonger's. "What have you got?"

"Several, Sir," she said. "Here is one, 'The North Sea Battle.' Made in London."

She opened a box containing realistic wooden models, in silhouette, of two battleships, two cruisers and two destroyers correctly coloured; a grey and grim-looking breech-loading gun with wooden projectiles, a gun embrasure and a small rule labelled "one mile." Every ship carried the White Ensign and my heart warmed to them at sight.

"Tell me the worst at once," I said, pulling out some loose silver.

"Two-and-eleven," she said.

"Sold in two places," I said; "I mean I'll have two of them without reading the rules."

"Here," she said, fingering another box, "is the 'Siege of Berlin.'"

"Intelligent anticipation," I said, "at any rate."

"Quite so," she said, "Made in London, too, by the same people."

I liked the idea of besieging Berlin, and when the open box disclosed a Rathhaus, churches, houses and other buildings, and a breech-loading gun similar to the one last before mentioned, to demolish the buildings with, I forked out another five-and-tenpence, and became the possessor of two "Sieges of Berlin."

I despatched one "Siege" and one "North Sea Battle" to some Belgian refugee children I know, and took the others home to Peter.

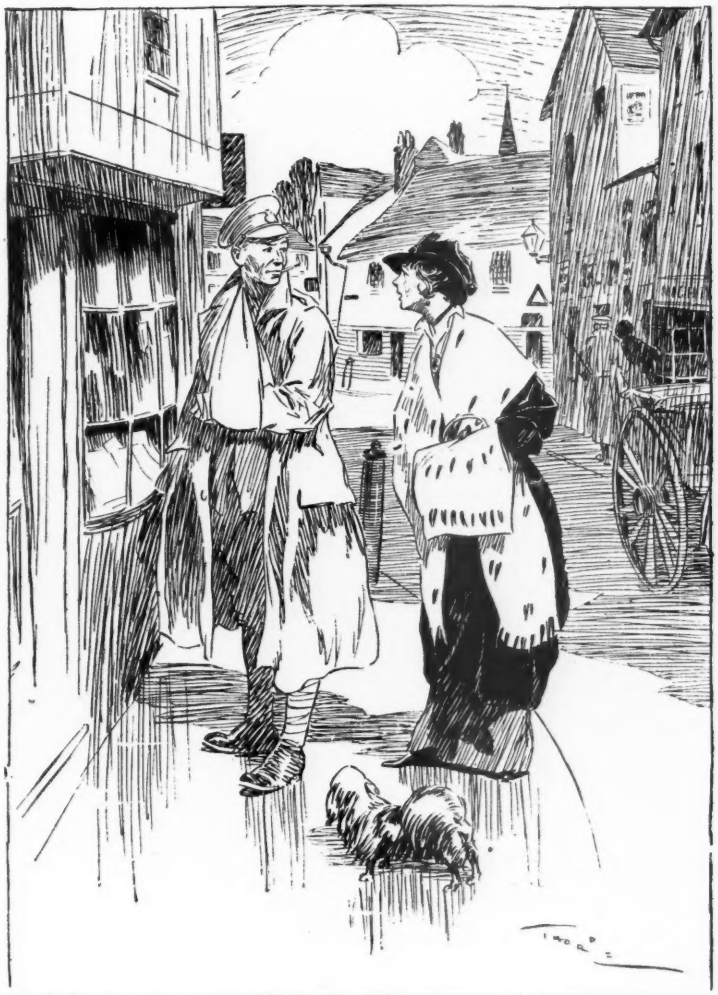
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We tried the sea-fight first, Peter electing to play the part of Sir JOHN JELLICOE. I took the gun behind the embrasure and tried to prevent the ships from reaching my cardboard fastness by knocking them over *en route*. I found that, every time I missed, the whole Fleet was entitled to advance one mile—in reality about six inches—nearer my fort. The ships were provided with rockers and came up smiling if not squarely hit.

Long before my allowance of shot was expended, the British Fleet was upon me, and I metaphorically hoisted the white flag.

"Come," I said, as Peter set up the Rathhaus and other buildings of Berlin, "my heart is in this. How do we play?"

"Three shots each," said Peter, "and you score what's marked on the back of each building you knock down. I'll go first."



DISILLUSIONED.

"I KNOW YOU'LL HATE TALKING ABOUT IT, BUT *DO* TELL ME HOW YOU GOT YOUR WOUND."

"CHOPPING WOOD FOR THE OLD GIRL AT MY BILLET, MISS!"

Peter's first shot was a miss. With his second he brought down a house which fell against a fort, knocking it over too. His third shot sailed harmlessly over the town and landed in the fender.

"How many?" I said.

"Twenty," said Peter. "Not bad."

"Keep your eye on father," I said, training the gun on the Rathhaus. I managed to conceal my surprise when the building fell at the first attempt.

"I shall knock you endways," I said.

The second shot hit the fallen Rathhaus, so I shifted the muzzle of the gun a little to the left. The buildings seemed well bunched together at this point.

It was a magnificent shot; the projectile skimmed past the church steeple as well-regulated shells should do, without damaging it, and swept away two buildings immediately behind it.

"That's some shooting," I said. "How many am I?"

"Nothing," said Peter.

"Look here, young man," I said, "explain yourself. First the Rathhaus."

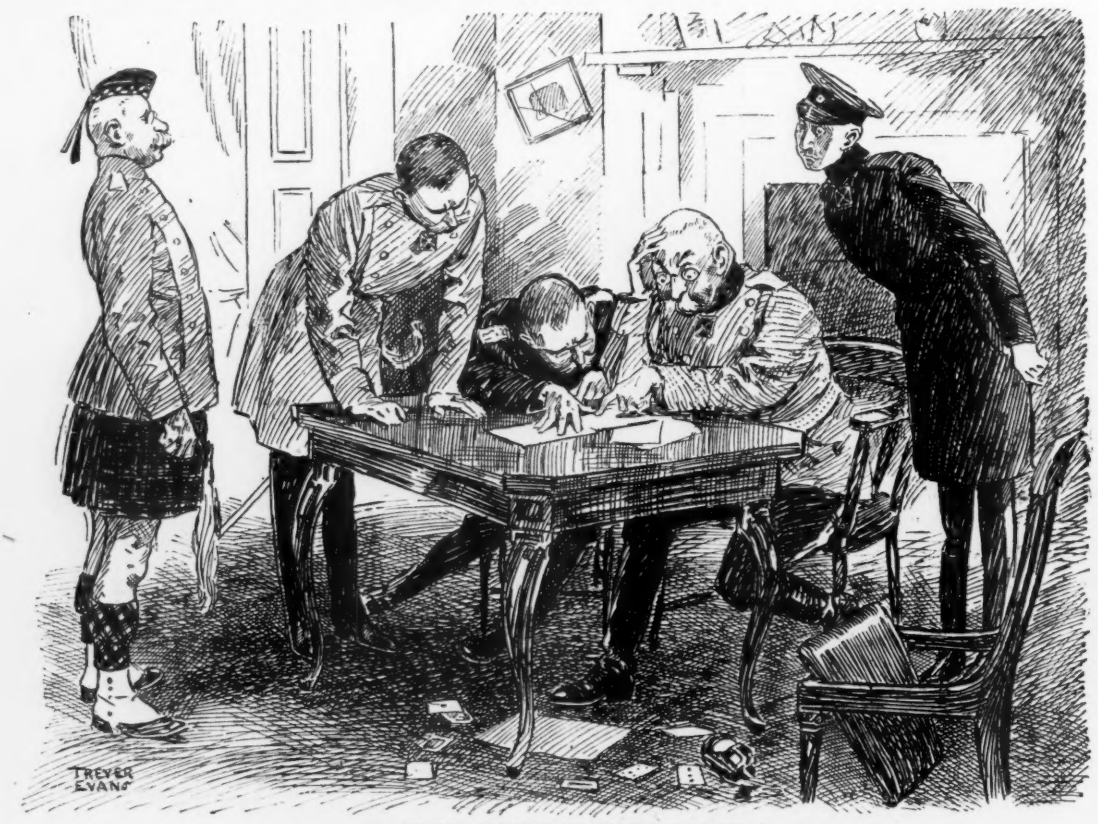
"That's five," said Peter, "because it's so big and easy to hit."

I hadn't thought of that.

"Then there's this house—ten," said Peter.

"Come, we're getting on," I said. "That's fifteen; and now—this bigger house."

"Minus fifteen," said Peter. "That's the Red Cross Hospital. Oh, Daddy, you Hun!"



A NEW BRITISH EXPLOSIVE.

HORROR OF GERMAN GENERAL STAFF ON READING THE FOLLOWING EXTRACT FROM NOTES OF SPY WHO, DISGUISED AS A HIGHLANDER, HAS BEEN LISTENING NEAR BRITISH LINES:—"WE GAVE 'EM WOT 4 NOT ½."

"THE IMAGE OF WAR."

(*It is reported that a pack of hounds has been sent out to our Army in France, and in this connection it is recalled that the Duke of* WELLINGTON *had also a pack sent to him from England for the amusement of his officers in the Peninsula.*)

So *Jorrocks* has said, and the captains shall ride,
And a host of good fellows shall follow the fun,
With War, in its realness, a space put aside—
There 's a fox in the spinney that once held a Hun;
There 's a southerly wind and a wet sky and soft;
There 's a respite to snatch, death and ruin amid;
Do not tongues in the woodland fling echoes aloft?
Sounds the horn not as sweetly as ever it did?

When the DUKE and his armies, a hundred years back,
Went Southward a courtlier foeman to seek,
High Leicestershire lent him a galloping pack,
And his stiff-stocked brigades hunted two days a week;
Oh, Portugal's foxes ran stoutly and fast,
And our grandfathers pounded in scarlet and blue,
And they hunted each rogue to his finish at last,
And they hunted old BONEY to famed Waterloo!

When the soldier once more hears the horn's silver note
In hail of War's trumpets, the brazen and bold,
Will the heart of him turn, 'neath to-day's khaki coat,
To dreams of past glories and battles of old?
Torres Vedras's lines and brave SOULT's grenadiers,
Badajós and the rest of that great long ago?
Will he follow the fifes of those wonderful years?
Will he think of his fathers? I really don't know.

Nay, I fancy he won't; but may-happen he 'll see
In his mind's eye the Midlands go rolling away
In fair ridge and furrow, when steeple and tree
Are blurred in the mists of a mild winter's day;
He 'll mark the gnarled pollards by Whissendine's brook,
The far meads of Ashwell, dim, peaceful and still,
Where the big grazing bullocks lift heads up to look
When the Cottesmore come streaming from Ranksborough Hill.

Well, dreamer or no, may his fortune be good;
May he find him delight in a hound and a horse
Kin to what he has found in a Leicestershire wood,
Like the best he has known in a Lincolnshire gorse!
May the Fates keep him safe, and show sport to his pack
Till he starts the great run that shall end at Berlin!
And when cubbing is o'er may the Shires see him back,
For the Lord send a Peace ere November comes in!

"Several houses are inundated in Brocas Street, including a public-house, where drink can only be obtained at the back door from punts."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

Come where the drink is cheaper; come where the punts hold more.



THE EUPHEMISTS.

KAISER. "I SAY, HOW ARE YOU GOING TO EXPLAIN AWAY THE SURRENDER OF YOUR ARMY CORPS IN THE CAUCASUS?"

SULTAN OF TURKEY. "NOTHING SIMPLER. I SHALL SAY, 'OUR GALLANT TROOPS DETERMINED TO EMBARRASS THE ENEMY'S COMMISSARIAT, AND CARRIED OUT THEIR OBJECT WITH OVERWHELMING SUCCESS.'"

KAISER. "SPLENDID! COULDN'T HAVE PUT IT BETTER MYSELF."

SULTAN. "MY DEAR BOY, WE WERE IN THE BUSINESS AGES AND AGES BEFORE YOU WERE THOUGHT OF."



THE SHIRKER'S WAR NEWS.

"THERE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? NORTHDOWN LAMBS BEATEN—TWO TO NOTHING."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Wednesday, January 6th.—Judging from public form, few would imagine that Lord KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM is a wag. Versatility in this direction triumphantly vindicated this afternoon. On approach to Christmas, House of Commons, after exceptionally long and arduous Session, adjourned till first week in February. That all very well for a frivolous miscellaneous assemblage. Under vigorous leadership of dominant opposition by Lord CURZON, Peers resolved to set example of higher devotion to public interest. Regardless of private convenience, arranged special sitting opening to-day.

Procedure unprecedented. Not unusual for Commons to sit while Lords make holiday. In long course of Parliamentary history contrary course unknown.

Some embarrassment at first in face of persistent questioning as to Why and Wherefore. Last week official explanation forthcoming. Announcement made that House was summoned primarily with intention of providing SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR with opportunity of making important statement as to actual situation and immediate prospects of the war.

This quite reasonable, indeed very desirable. Country growing increasingly impatient at being kept in the dark as to the progress of affairs in Flanders on the plea of military necessity for secretiveness. Now KITCHENER, provided with exceptional opportunity, would sweep away all clouds of doubt and ignorance. Of course with due reticence in hearing of the enemy, would take into his confidence the common people who provide blood and money for carrying on the gigantic struggle.

In anticipation of this lifting of the veil House crowded in measure reached only at great political crises. As usual on such occasions, side galleries flecked with Peeresses. But what ominous change in their appearance! The gay colours of other times are changed for monotony of deepest mourning. Black is the only wear.

K. of K. rose promptly on the stroke of half-past four, when public business is entered upon. Producing a bundle of MS. he bent his head over it and proceeded at the double to get through it. Noble Lords behind him and on back benches opposite found it difficult to follow the story.

Gradually point of little joke dawned upon them. Here were the benches thronged with expectant Peers, and all the world listening at the door for a message. That all very natural. But it was not an affair of K.'s initiative or arrangement. He was expected to make a speech, and it is a soldier's duty to obey orders. But if any supposed he was going to be more communicative than is the fashion established under the rule of the Censor they would find themselves sharply undeceived.

Turning to survey the Western theatre of the War, he remarked, "During the month of December the Allied Forces have made progress at various points." Chilling silence following upon enunciation of this familiar generality, he added, "The tide of battle has ebbed and flowed with varying success to either side." Facing about to view the situation Eastward,

he informed noble Lords that "in East Prussia the situation has undergone but little change. . . . In the Caucasus, the end of November [six weeks ago] the Turkish Army was being pushed back towards Erzerum." Later, the House heard with startled amazement that "On our own coasts, on the morning of December 16, German battle cruisers bombarded for half-an-hour Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Whitby."

As to progress of recruiting, with respect to which information was looked forward to with exceptional interest, he went so far as to say, "Recruiting has proceeded on normal lines."

"The noble lord," said the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, "amid a murmur of assent from the dumbfounded Peers, "has been very economical in his information," a really delicate way of stating the fact.

Business done.—None.

Friday.—Lords adjourned.

INDIAN INTELLIGENCE.

Vid BERLIN.

THE following extracts from official despatches exchanged between General von Funkinstein and the German Great General Staff have been communicated to us by a wholly impeachable authority, and are published with no reserve whatever:—

(1) From the General Officer Commanding, &c.:—

". . . with regard to various recent regrettable incidents in which sections of the Imperial trenches have been captured by native troops from British India (which, according to the German official programme, ought to have been in revolt long since) some light has now been cast upon the probable reason for this. Used as we now are to the contempt for every rule of civilized warfare displayed by our detestable and cowardly adversary, this new revelation of his cunning and brutality will nevertheless come as a shock.

"Aircraft observation has now made it clear that the force immediately opposed to my command is not the —— Horse, as was believed, but a picked body of the First Indian Jugglers, specially recruited for this campaign. On the occasion of the last attack we were startled about 5.30 A.M. by a prodigious and earsplitting noise proceeding from the trenches occupied by these troops—or troupes. Perhaps no soldiers in the world save our own incomparable warriors, trained to withstand modern German music, could have endured this ghastly din without flinching. Before long we observed a confused and stealthy movement on our front; but what was our emotion to see advancing out of the mist not the expected native charge, but a double line of trained cobras. Despite the inevitable shock produced by this discovery, energetic steps were at once taken to deal with the attack, and a brisk fire was opened with hand grenades. The results were however negligible, from the fact that the reptiles, apparently mistaking the hissing of the fuses for a challenge from others of their own species, instantly and savagely bit them off, thus rendering the grenades ineffective. Under these circumstances I had no alternative but to evacuate my position, a movement that was accomplished in fair order and very creditable time, myself leading . . ."

(2) Extract from copy of reply by Chief of Great General Staff, Berlin:—

"I am commanded by H.I.M. to inform you that you must retake trenches at once, regardless of loss. Reports of scandalous breach of all civilised laws forwarded to Presidents Geneva Convention and Hague Tribunal. Two reserve battalions of Guards leave Potsdam to-night. Hope that an accentuated mongoose-step movement may crush the new enemy. Please report at once."

(3) From Same as No. 1:—

"Regret to convey further unfavourable development with regard to our operations against the Jugglers' Corps. Having tempted a large body of these into open country some distance to the rear of our original lines, I ordered an attack in what should have been overwhelming force. The enemy was at this stage entirely exposed to our fire, being without any possibility of cover. Unfortunately, just as we had them at our mercy, a concerted movement by their entire strength, known (I believe) as the Mango Trick, resulted in the appearance of a dense grove of these trees, behind which the enemy is at present effectually screened."

(4) From the same:—

"Our treacherous foe has again escaped us. An heroic attack by the bayonet upon the Mango Grove mentioned in previous despatch was successful in capturing the position, but only in time to see the last unit of the defending force vanishing up a rope, which with a large number of others was dangling without visible attachment. The effect of this renewed failure upon the *moral* of the Imperial army has unfortunately been considerable. I learn from my agents that the enemy is now bringing up a number of heavy hypnotists for use against me personally. Please wire instructions."

(5) From the same as (2):—

"Your resignation on the ground of ill-health regretfully accepted. Return at once."



THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

CULTURED TEUTON TRAINING CARRIER PIGEON, WHEN OFF DUTY, TO POSE AS A PARROT.

"THE SEED OF THE WAR
IN UNIVERSITIES & SCHOOLS
DAN GERSOFFALSEE DUCATION."
Freeman's Journal.

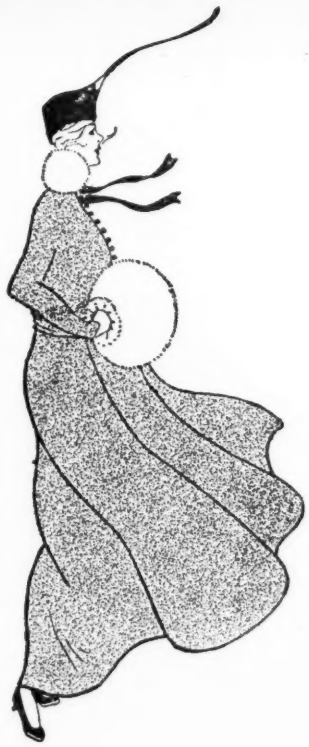
But why suddenly break into Flemish?

Routine order issued by the Q.M.G.'s department:—

"Fuel for general and other headquarter offices and signalling offices with the troops, is authorised at the scale of sixteen kilometres of coal per fireplace per day.

Dec. 20th. B. E. F."

Theirs not to reason why. If the order is "Ten miles of coal per fireplace" then ten miles it is.



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Works: Heathfield, Newton Abbot, Devon



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An empty sleeve, a stiff-set knee,
A crutch for the rest of life—who cares
So long as the One Flag floats and dares?

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The Whisky you want AGAIN and AGAIN!

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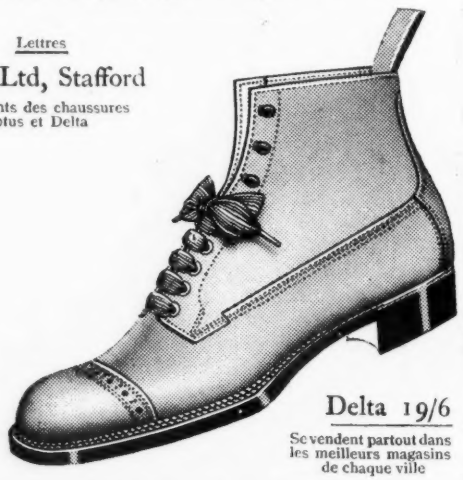
Qualité d'abord

AUJOURD'HUI par suite de la hausse des cuirs, tous les fabricants des chaussures se trouvent forcés ou d'en augmenter les prix ou d'en diminuer la qualité. Les fabricants des Lotus et Delta se sont décidés à en maintenir surtout la bonne renommée et à en faire quelque petite augmentation de prix, convaincus que tous ceux qui ont éprouvé le bien-être et le confortable que font ressortir ces chaussures, approuveront une telle décision. Car, enfin, c'est la qualité—ce qui veut dire l'élégance, la durabilité, la résistance—qui est la chose la plus essentielle et, par conséquent, la plus économique.

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"SUBLIME PORT"

29/6

PER DOZEN



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Make this test you be Judge

. . fill two liqueur glasses, one with "OLD ST. MUNGO"—the other with your present whisky, add water, taste each critically in turn, ... you will instantly distinguish "OLD ST. MUNGO" by its smooth, creamy flavour and the absence of acidity. We will send you a plain trial case *(1 dozen bottles, 2 gallons)* of "OLD ST. MUNGO" Scotch Whisky, carriage paid to any railway station in Britain for **50/-** Fill out and post cheque NOW . . while you *remember*.



Robert Brown & Co

Scotch Whisky Merchants

39 Washington Street, Glasgow

Established 76 years ago.



"OH, MUMMY, WHAT A LOT OF PENNIES IT WILL TAKE TO FILL THAT DOG!"

OXYGEN EXERCISE.

SCENE.—A mud puddle in ——shire, in which are discovered forty yeomen in khaki lying on their backs and flapping their legs like seals. They are not really seals, but men whom their KING and country needs, doing breathing exercises. The reason they do not get up out of the puddle and walk away is that they would probably be killed by the enormous troop sergeant who is instructing them.

Troop Sergeant (*fiercely*). Now then. Work at it. I'm 'ere to do you a bit of good, I am. Finest thing in the world, this is. Some of you fellows don't know a good thing when you see it. What is it that causes tuberecky-losis? Why, want of hoxygen. That's what it is. Look at Sam Stevens—middle-weight champion of the world he was. And what did he die of? Why, drink. And what made him take to drink? Why, want of hoxygen. That's what it was. If a man can't breathe hoxygen he'll drink it. How many cells do you suppose you 'ave in your lungs, Number Three?

Number Three (*inhaling through the mouth*). Don't know, Sergeant.

Troop Sergeant. Why, fifty million. Fifty million cells in your lungs you 've got.

[*Number Three, appalled at this revelation, inhales briskly through the nose in the hope of filling some of them.*

Troop Sergeant. And how many do you suppose you generally use? Why, not half of them. Twenty-five million cells you 've got doing nothing.

[*Number Three exhales despondently through the mouth, realising the vanity of all human endeavour. The Troop Sergeant, satisfied that he has disposed of Number Three, glares contentedly at the troop in silence.*

Troop (*exhaling through the mouth*). F-s-s-s-s-h.

Troop Sergeant (*with sudden emotion*). Look at your neck, Number Ten. I ask you, look at the back of your neck.

[*Number Ten, feeling that this is a difficult feat to perform at any time and quite impossible when lying on his back, continues to gaze upwards, conscious of insubordination.*

Troop Sergeant. Why is it twisted like that? A bone out of place, the doctors will tell you. But (*solemnly*) WHY is it out of place, I ask you? Tell me that. Want of hoxygen—that's what it is. It's as plain as day.

[*Enter Troop Officer.*

Troop Officer (*explosively*). A-tssh! Code id by head, Sergeadt.

Troop Sergeant. Ah, Sir, if you was to do these breathing exercises you wouldn't 'ave no colds, Sir. If everyone was to do these exercises there wouldn't be no doctors, Sir. It's only want of hoxygen that makes people ill. There isn't a man in this troop 's 'ad a cold since we began, Sir.

Numbers Five, Seven and Nine (*surreptitiously*). A-tissh!

[*The Troop Sergeant is about to ignore this breach of discipline when Number Three, who has been trying to repress a sneeze while inhaling through the nose and at the same time carrying the legs to a vertical position above the body, explodes violently.*

Troop Sergeant (*ominously*). Number Three!

Number Three (*weakly*). Yes, Sergeant.

Troop Sergeant. Have you got a cold?

Number Three (*ingratiatingly*). Only a very little one, Sergeant.

Troop Sergeant (*appealing to Officer*). Isn't it enough to break one's 'eart, Sir? 'Ere am I trying to do them a bit o' good and 'ere 's this man lies there with his 'ead tucked into 'is chest, and doesn't even try to breathe. There's only one thing that causes a cold. Want of hox—— A-tissh! A-tissh!

* * * * *

[*A painful silence ensues. The Officer walks away, leaving the Sergeant to his grief. The forty seals continue to flap in the mud puddle in ——shire.*

THE WATCH DOGS.

XI.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—When you have witnessed a military inspection, have seen the Great Man going round the companies and have heard his few kind words to the victims of his scrutiny, no doubt you have told yourself that a soldier's life must be very smooth and comfortable and his work as easy as kiss-my-hand. If further you assume, from the clock-like regularity of the parade, that we must all be on very good terms and intimate understanding with each other, I feel bound to disclose the dismal facts.

The information that we were to be inspected by our Great Man on the Friday was handed to me, with the soup, at Thursday's mess. I did not appreciate its horrible significance and, wondering why it should put the older hands off their ration beef, I ate my dinner in the usual manner, cracked a jest or two with the slightly preoccupied Adjutant and C.O., and later on strolled down to my company's billet to inform them that they would be inspected on the morrow. I supposed they would say to each other, "Oh! indeed," and turn in to sleep; but I am credibly informed that they had no bed that night.

On the following morning I was dumbfounded by their dazzling appearance and could not help remarking that here at last was the Perfect Thing. I was just sufficiently soldierlike, however, to examine them with an icy disdain before we set out. *En route* to the rendezvous, I pictured to myself the Great Man's delight at beholding us, his superlative admiration expressed in a voice choked with affectionate emotion, and his final jocular farewell to myself—"As for *your* company, my dear Henry, it's marvellous."

I cannot record the actual event in all its details, which were mostly bootlaces and whiskers. The first I knew of the trouble was a face so ominous as to divert attention even from a splendid uniform. Such was the look in the inspecting eye that, had I been my own master, I should have bowed as lowly as to Allah, and said, "Your Highness, I regret that urgent business at the Bank compels the instant departure of myself (with my company)," and we should have been gone at the double before he had gathered the gist of my remark. As it was, I had to stand fast and pretend that we were all very glad to see him and hoped he would make a long stay with us.

At about the third man he stopped dead, very dead, and called my attention to the fact that this private was all whiskers and no boot-laces. What had I to say to that? I might have said, "So he is, Sir, now I come to look at him. He should, of course, have been all boot-laces and no whisker," or merely, "Well, I never!" or, again, with some truth, "As to his laces, Sir, they were there a minute ago but have just fallen out of his boots; and the hair has all grown on his face while you and I were saluting each other just now." Instead I was mute by the visitation of Heaven and we passed on, to pause at No. 8, whose feet and face also were by now all that they should not be.

Again I was called upon for a speech—in vain. You will notice, Charles, that Brigadiers and Colonels are poltroons at these times; they push the company-commander into the forefront of the battle and skulk behind his back.

The Great Man interrupted his examination to chat with his A.D.C., mainly, I fancy, about whiskers and bootlaces. Being also interested in the subject, I took the opportunity to look along my company and see (believe me or not, as you please) the whiskers coming into existence and the laces going out. . . . I gathered later that things were much the same with every company in the brigade. The Brigadier gathered this also, but at once and from the Great Man.

That night the Brigadier sent for our C.O. The next morning our C.O. sent for us. In due sequence we sent for our section-commanders, and what was left of them, when we had finished, went to interview the private. The last-named, having no one to whom to express his contempt, utter loathing and devilish intentions for the future, adopted the only alternative and took the necessary action.

The news of a second inspection reached me a week in advance, during which I took no food because I was left no time and had no appetite. It was a gloomy period, which was relieved only by two small incidents. The one took place at the C.O.'s inspection, and I will call it "The Private and the Toothbrush." Asked why it was so black, he replied that he cleaned his teeth with permanganate of potash, thus defeating the little crowd inspecting him, since none knew whether that chemical could be used for cleaning teeth and, if it could, whether it would turn the brush black. The other I will call "The Memo. of the Transport Officer," who was so upset by what was said to him that he "begged to certify that he had that day purchased 3 new altars for his Transport service." This was officially passed on to me to cheer me up a little, and I am authorised to divulge it to you.

The week elapsed in a hurricane of harsh oaths, and again I paraded my company. Upon examination it now appeared to me to be the most revoltingly untidy and deficient sight I had ever seen, an opinion heartily endorsed by the Adjutant, C.O. and Brigadier. *En route* to the rendezvous this time I pictured nothing to myself; I merely shifted my service revolver to a position from which I could more easily destroy myself in an emergency . . . . And when the Great Man approached he smiled at me, and no sooner had he remarked to his A.D.C. that the buttons and bayonets of the brigade did credit to all concerned than those stolidly dull buttons of mine brightened up and bayonets grew where before there had been empty and depressed scabbards.

I don't know exactly what the Great Man said to the Brigadier, but expect it was much the same as the C.O. said to us and we to the section-commanders. I doubt if the section-commanders said anything nice to the private, but no doubt the latter knew by instinct that this was an occasion upon which he might with impunity, but only once in a way, step slightly aside from the straight and narrow path. I guess, my dear Charles, that it is only the *second* inspection to which you, as representing the ignorant public, are invited.

The forty-eight hours' leave (by way of reward or for convalescence) which ensued I spent with my wife. With feminine perversity she at once started inspecting my moustache, one of the most astonishing productions of these astonishing times. "Say what you please now," said I, quite imperturbable. "At the next inspection you'll find yourself remarking that it is the best disciplined and equipped moustache you have ever seen." And so it is.

Yours ever, HENRY.

TO A GERMAN GEOGRAPHER.

IF mid your foolish change of names
Your ruler takes it ill
That, spoiling all his cherished aims,
Calais is Calais still,

Sir, there's a name supremely pat
Lies ready to your hand;
Call it, and let it rest at that,
The Never Never Land.

"There is a curious discrepancy in the reports of the Kaiser's New Year message to his forces that have reached London."
Irish Times.

The KAISER has been misled. They have not reached London.

ACQUIRING POLISH.



A AS IN "CAR."
E LIKE FRENCH "UN."



I SOMEWHAT LIKE THE "E" IN "SELF," WITH A VERY INDISTINCT "M" OR "N" FOLLOWING IT.



U AND *O* LIKE "OO."



RZ AND *Z* LIKE THE FRENCH "J" IN "JOUR," BUT AFTER "K," "P," "T." OR AT THE END OF A WORD, LIKE "SH."



THERE ARE FOUR SOUNDS SOMEWHAT DIFFICULT TO FOREIGNERS: Ć, Ś, Ź, Ń.
—— AS YOU WERE.



THE ACCENT INVARIABLY FALLS, ETC.——.

THE CRANK'S COMPLAINT.

(*On seeing Mr.* HENRY NEWBOLT'S *name in the New Year's Honour List*).

BECAUSE his verses always aim,
With one unwearying design,
At adding lustre to the fame
Achieved by Britain on the brine;
Because they fail to satisfy
The sex-besotted catechist—
It very nearly makes me cry
To see him in the Honour List.

Because he holds in high respect
The knightly courtesies of war,
Does not bow down to intellect,
And steeps himself in FROISSART'S lore;
Because he bids us play the game
And not the super-egotist—
I do not care to see his name
Included in the Honour List.

Because he has not eulogized
The operas of RICHARD STRAUSS,
Or liberally recognized
KEIR HARDIE'S courage in the House;
Because he 's more an errant knight
Than Pacifist or Chauvinist—
I feel it is not fair or right
To put him in the Honour List.

Because he has not wreathed with bays
The brow of good Sir WILLIAM BYLES
Or lavished undiluted praise
Upon the food of EUSTACE MILES;
Or urged that we should subsidize
The cult of the Theosophist—
It fills me with a sick surprise
To find him in the Honour List.

Because he hasn't written odes
In praise of NORMAN ANGELL'S views,
Or aped the fashionable modes
Which modern versifiers use;
Because he writes with much restraint
And is, in style, a Classicist—
It very nearly makes me faint
To see him in the Honour List.

In fine, while MASTERMAN—O Fi
For ASQUITH'S everlasting shame!—
MACDONALD, CADBURY and I
Have each no handle to his name;
While HANDEL BOOTH'S well-earned O.M.
Is still conspicuously missed—
I can't sufficiently condemn
The framing of the Honour List.

Irony in the Tube.

After all the efforts and good nature sometimes exercised in getting on to the right platform in a Tube station, it is quite nice to be faced by the following bold announcement—

"THE BEST WAY TO SEE LONDON IS FROM THE TOP OF A 'BUS."

Each word that follows is a stab at your heated and gross imbecility:—

"YOU ENJOY FRESH AIR. YOU SEE THE LIFE OF THE TREES. YOU PASS EVERY PLACE OF INTEREST."

Possibly the Tube will take its revenge and post the following advertisement on the buses:—

"ONLY IDIOTS TRAVEL BY 'BUS. THE TUBE IS FAR, FAR THE BETTER METHOD OF TRANSIT."

Private —— writes from the Front:—

"Dear Mother, I expected when I come to France to hear the pheasants shouting the mayonnaise, but you dont."

"Reinforcements subsequently arrived, and a squadron of dragons then courageously attacked the enemy."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Thus heaping coals of fire on the head of poor ST. GEORGE.

MY EWE LION.

I MUST confess that I was finding it rather galling to have no friends at all at the Front. Everyone else was so well furnished with these acquaintances, often actually relations. But I had no one I knew, although gradually one by one my clerks joined KITCHENER'S Army and passed to various training grounds, returning (in my opinion far too often) to the office in their uniforms to disturb the routine and waste the time of the others. Some drilling and instruction I am assured go on in these camps, but I see in London every day sufficient English soldiers to drive twice the present number of Germans out of Belgium—if they really meant it.

My point, however, is that for far too long there was no one at the Front, either living, dead or wounded, with whom I could claim any intimacy, and this is the kind of thing which does not do a man any good on his way to and back from the City.

Everyone else in my morning and evening trains has had friends at the Front ever since we sent out our first draft, and to me their talk about them has been extremely galling. Some of them have even had letters from them, and these are either read or paraphrased and have enormously sent up the stock of the recipients. In fact several men whom I know to be very shaky in business, and others who have been rather blown upon on account of their general bounderish demeanour, have established themselves in improved social positions wholly through letters from the Front.

There are people, of course, who, not having a soldier friend, would invent one; but that is not my way. I would not do that. For one thing, I should have great difficulty in keeping it up. It would mean studying the map, reading all the reports and knowing more about the army than I have time to learn.

Imagine then my delight and excitement when I opened the evening paper a day or so ago, and found that the hero of the dashing and perilous feat of which everyone was talking, and which resulted in the capture of many Germans and machine guns, was no other than the son of my old friend Wargrave. I had not seen Wargrave for some years, but we met often once, and on my last visit to him his son had been home from school, and I now remembered how fine a lad I had thought him. He had a fearless eye and a high spirit; he was, in fact, the very stuff of which bold warriors are made. There was no doubt about his identity either, for a personal paragraph in the paper stated who his father was.

I was so pleased about it all that I sat down at once and wrote a congratulatory note to Wargrave senior; and on my way to the station I thought of other things in connection with his brave son which I might never have called to mind but for this deed of prowess: what a good appetite he had had; how he had climbed a tree for cherries; how he had torn his clothes; and how tedious I had found his addiction to what was called a water-pistol. "Good old Clifford!"—that was his name. Lieut. Clifford Wargrave, I said to myself, and my heart beat the faster for having known him.

That evening the only man that I knew in my carriage coming home was Barrington, and naturally I said something to him about the gallant son of my old friend. Barrington is not a man that I ever liked, and my young people say contemptuous things of his family as a whole. One of the daughters, however, is rather pretty, but I should not care to confess this at my own table. It is as dangerous to tell some girls about the prettiness of others as to tell some people that they look well. Anyway, since Barrington was there, I mentioned to him that it was gratifying to me to think that my old friend's son had become such a public hero, and I recollected as I was talking, and mentioned too, certain further incidents in the young fellow's boyhood. We once bathed together in Cornwall, I remembered, and I am not sure that it was not I who taught him to swim. At another time we had been on a picnic and I had made him and his sister laugh a good deal by my jokes—poor simple things, no doubt, but tickling to him. "And no doubt he is the same simple fellow now," I said, "always ready to laugh and be merry." I told Barrington also about the cherries and the torn clothes, and what a good appetite he had; and about the water-pistol.

"Odd to think that that boy should grow into a hero," I said. "How little we can read the future!"

"Yes, indeed," said Barrington.

I don't know why, but talking about this young friend of long ago, now so illustrious, to Barrington, made me quite to like the man, and I even went out of my way to accompany him to his gate.

I am wiser now. I now know that it is a mistake ever to change one's opinion of a man. And the extraordinary pettiness of human nature! the paltry little varieties of it! the straws it will clutch at to support its self-esteem!

The next morning, owing to some delay over breakfast, I was a little late at the station and failed to get my usual seat among my usual set. I managed just to scramble into a carriage and subsided into the far corner with my paper well before my face because I did not want to be sociable in that company. One has to be careful. Just as the train started, in dashed Barrington and took the only seat left—in fact there was not really room for him. He did not see me.

The train had not left the station before one of the men remarked upon the heroism of young Wargrave; when to my astonishment and annoyance Barrington at once took him up.

"Ah! yes," he said. "Such a fine young fellow; I always knew he would do something like that."

"Then you know him?" he was asked.

"Well, I don't say that I exactly know him," he said, "but I used to hear a lot about him from one of the most intimate friends of the family."

And one by one he told all my little anecdotes—trivial enough when in the mouth of a stranger, but, coming from one who knew, interesting and important. Will you believe it, Wargrave lasted Barrington and his idiotic listeners all the way to London—my Wargrave, mind, not his at all! And the way they listened! I personally sat hidden, and fumed but said nothing. How could I suddenly claim Wargrave as my own without being ridiculous? Nor would they have believed me. Besides, to put myself in competition with Barrington . . . .

I managed to elude Barrington's eye at the terminus, and sought my office in a state of fury and contempt. At lunch I was again baulked, for none of my regular companions were there. It was beginning to be ridiculous. I might as well have not known the Wargraves at all.

That evening I was very carefully early for my train, determined that I would score then. My own set should now know first-hand what my association with the young hero was. After all, what did those others matter? But here again I had been forestalled.

"I met that man Barrington at lunch," said one of my neighbours, "and he was most interesting about this young Wargrave. Knew lots of things about his boyhood. Often stayed there. A ripping boy it seems he was. Really, Barrington 's not such a bad chap when you get to know him. I think we must have him in our carriage now and then. He was most modest about it."

"Did Barrington say that Lieut. Wargrave was a friend of his?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. No doubt about it; Barrington taught him to swim."



A GOOD STAYER.

Sergeant. "GAWN TAE BE RELEEVIT, ARE WE? WEEL, WE'RE NO GAWN. WE'VE BEEN HERE THE BEST PAIRT O' A WEEK NOO, AND WE'RE UP TAE A' THE DIR-RTY TRICKS O' THAE GERMAN BEGGARS, AND IF THEY PIT NEW YINS IN HERE THEY'LL JUST MAK A RARE MESS O' IT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Is not *Come out To Play* (CONSTABLE) a delightful title for a story? And, believe me, not better than the story itself, which I should call, save for one defect, a perfect masterpiece in miniature. To have done with blame, I will say at once that the defect is the end, which, to my thinking at least, seems both inartistic and cowardly. I can hardly explain my meaning more clearly without spoiling your enjoyment. But I will hint that this tragedy of unfulfilled promise (for the book is a tragedy, though concealed beneath a surface merriment) seemed too delicate for so melodramatic a climax. Miss M. E. F. IRWIN writes with an ease and finish that is amazing. She has form, too, and a quite unusual beauty of style that gives to her work something that is very difficult to analyse. The book is the story of a boy called *Truffles* (which of course was not his real name), a boy with a long white face and dark eyes under heavy lids that gave him the look of Pierrot. Nothing very special happens in his life. He has a genial spendthrift father, a prig of an elder brother, a rather jolly sister and a host of admiring friends. And the lot of them drift along in the artificial comedy of London existence in peacetime, flirting and idling, working and loving, all a little self-consciously; setting their emotions for the most part to an accompaniment of popular comic songs, those vacuous jingles whose light-heartedness Time so quickly turns to a wistful and poignant melancholy. You will gather that the actual story is no great matter. It is the faintly pathetic grace of the telling that makes this book one of the very few to which the misused adjective "beautiful" can honestly be applied. Perhaps in reading it you may be reminded, as I was, of another modern novel, one that was praised greatly in these pages and has leapt since to fame. I name no names, because I am far indeed from charging Miss IRWIN with imitation. The more present-day writers who can display this same sensitive and compelling charm, the better I shall be pleased.

The perfect children's-book must be one of the most difficult things in the world to write. The qualities it would demand are so varied and the dangers so many. You must, for example, be just sentimental enough to obtain sympathy, yet never so much as to invite suspicion of being sloppy. There must be adventure for the adventurous, colour for the romantic and magic for everybody. Frankly I cannot say that Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE has achieved the ideal; but in *Poppyland* (LANE) he has certainly strung together a number of stories that most children are sure to like. I fancy their favourite will be "The Little Prince," a story in which all the right things happen—beggar girls turn out to be Countesses, and handsome Princes suffer a strictly temporary decline into beggary—and all in an agreeable Neapolitan setting, which, as the advertisements say, "will appeal to children of larger growth." With his fairies Mr. STACPOOLE is, to my thinking, a degree less successful. The worst of tales about storks and magic gardens and cripple-boys and the like is that, however freshly you set forth, sooner or later you are sure to find yourself in the foot-prints of the old wizard of Denmark. If I had loved my HANS CHRISTIAN less, I should have

better appreciated certain tales in this collection that inevitably recalled him. Still, the whole is pleasant enough. I wish I could say also that I liked the illustrations, but, with exceptions, these seemed to me both ugly and pretentious. The best exception was one of the old stork, a delightful piece of colour for the sake of which I can almost forget some of the others.

Miss MACNAUGHTAN always writes very charmingly and with plenty of humour, and in dedicating *A Green Englishman* (SMITH, ELDER) to "My Canadian friends" she must, I think, be too unconscious of her powers, for this collection of stories is far from being a valuable endorsement of the flowery praises of the emigration bureaux. Very little hope is held out to the young man of good family who is a gentleman and something of a sportsman, and proposes to pick up gold on the pavements or the prairies of the West. I do not mean that the writer is ungenerous either to the Dominion or to its people, but she takes no pains to conceal the terror that lives with the beauty of its vast spaces, and she does not represent the struggle to "make good" as altogether a lovely thing. Perhaps the most ambitious of these sketches, certainly the one which conforms most nearly to the "short story" model, describes the fate of a clergyman's daughter who pays a visit to Macredie, "somewhere on the C P. R. line," and marries a farmer and land-speculator, chiefly because this is her last chance of marrying at all. The horror of the silence and the snow, when her husband leaves her to face a Canadian winter alone, because he has business in England, eventually drives her mad; and though most of the stories are in a lighter vein than this, and there is plenty of the humorous sentiment in which Miss MACNAUGHTAN excels, the moral that I draw from the book as a whole is, "Visit Canada by all means, but, unless you are a Scotchman of the very doggedest type, don't stay there."



SUBTLETIES OF GERMAN WARFARE.
INFLUENCING PUBLIC OPINION.

The hiding of lights under bushels may be all very well in private life, but is misplaced in the book-publishing business. I thoroughly disapprove of the title and the outside cover of the Hon. Mrs. DOWDELL'S latest collection of leisurely essays, *Joking Apart* (DUCKWORTH). The one suggests a heart-to-heart talk on the things that matter or else an outburst of boisterous farce, while the other is merely dismal. The two together are enough to put the public off a really good thing. Mrs. DOWDELL treats of the domestic and social side of feminine life in that peculiar vein of humour which is neither joking nor yet joking apart; her writing reminds me of those least-to-be-forgotten evenings of my life when I have been lucky enough to listen for hours to a real pucker conversationalist in the best of spirits and at the top of his form. The words that passed are forgotten; it is even difficult to remember what all the talk was about; but the recollection remains of having heard the truth of things for once, neither laughed at nor wept over, but very brightly revealed. Of twenty excellent chapters I much prefer the one about woman's sphere in electioneering; as to the thumb-nail illustrations in the margin, they show bad draughtsmanship, but some are delightfully apt.

Mr. LINCOLN COLCORD, writer of short stories of the sea, republished under title *The Game of Life and Death* (MACMILLAN), has taken no pains to conceal his admirable model. There surely never was, outside conscious parody, so conspicuously derivative a method of handling similar types and subjects. It was a bold thing to do. He has not CONRAD'S fastidious sense of words, nor his masterly suggestion of atmosphere, so much more felt than actually expressed, nor his patient sure unravelling of motives; and in "The Voice of the Dead" he commits a piece of shocking bad Wardour Street, of which by no conceivable lapse could his master have been guilty. But there is a whiff of the sea in his work; his types, if cruder, have life, and he often contrives some ingenious turn in the situation which gives the story interest. *The Game of Life and Death*—which ends in a hand of poker played between Chinese merchants and pirates, with two lives and much money and gear for stake—is a good yarn, though it leans on the inartistic unlikelihood of a royal capping a straight flush—which is piling it on too thick. The tale of "The Moths" that haunted a man who took them for the souls of wronged women provides a sufficient thrill. "De Long" is just the kind of story of the crooked cosmopolitan ship-chandler that CONRAD would write, indeed has written. *Nichols*, the narrator of this and others, is made after the model of his reflective skippers. And here the challenge gets too near for Mr. COLCORD'S chances. Still the yarns go well with a seasoned pipe; and that is no mean recommendation.

The Honourable Percival (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) may at least claim to have established a record in one respect. I think I never met a full-sized novel with a more slender plot. The *Honourable Percival Hascombe*, on a pleasure tour in the Pacific, met *Miss Roberta Boynton*, and fell in love with her. This, I give you my word, is all there is of it. But, if you think that so slight a thread will be insufficient to hold your interest, you reckon without the cunning of ALICE HEGAN RICE, who has spun it. There are those of us who worship *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. There are also those who don't. But while regretfully classing myself among the benighted to whom this Best Seller appealed in vain, I hasten to add that I have nothing but gratitude for *The Honourable Percival*. This record of a shipboard romance is done with the daintiest art, delicate, tender, humorous, and not (as is the fault with so many American romances) oversweetened. The development of *Percival* from a priggish misanthrope to a man and a lover is beautifully told. Also a great part of the charm of the tale lies in its setting, a series of cinemascopic views of the ports touched at by the *S.S. Saluria*, so vividly portrayed that you will close the book with quite the feeling of the returned traveller. One small but poignant surprise the ending has in store, which I will not spoil by anticipation.

CHARIVARIA.

"At every point," we read, "the Allies have made sensible progress." So different from the stupid progress made very occasionally by the enemy!

* * *

We have been asked to recommend suitable Fiction for reading during the War. We have no hesitation in calling attention to the claims of the war news from Amsterdam and Rome.

* * *

The Prussian Government has ordered that there shall be no public festivities on the occasion of the birthday of the KAISER. This confirms the rumour that HIS MAJESTY now wishes that he had not been born.

* * *

By the way, to show how far-reaching is the influence of a Prussian command even to-day, no public festivities will take place on the occasion referred to either in Belgium, France, Russia, Japan, Serbia, Montenegro, or Great Britain.

* * *

Dr. DERNBURG — and the expression is really not a bit too strong for him—has been telling an American audience that his countrymen really "love the French and the Belgians." At the risk of appearing ungrateful, however, our allies are saying that the Germans have such a subtle way of showing their love that they would rather be hated, please.

* * *

"Germany," says the *Cologne Gazette* in an article on the food question, "has still at hand a very large supply of pigs." Even after the enormous number they have exported to Belgium.

* * *

Meanwhile we are constantly assured that the food question causes no anxiety whatever in Germany. It certainly does seem, judging by the lies with which the Germans are fed, that these wonderful people will be able to swallow anything.

* * *

Lord ROSEBERY's appointment as Captain-General of the Royal Company of Scottish Archers has not escaped the notice of the alert German Press, and it is being pointed out in Berlin that we are so hard up in the matter of equipment for our army that bows and arrows are now being served out.

* * *

The new corps which has just been formed with the title of the "Ju-Jitsu Corps" has, we are informed, no connection with the artistes who went to the Front to give entertainments for the troops.

* * *

Both officers and men in certain towns are beginning to complain of the irksomeness of the constant salutes that have to be given when they walk abroad. Surely it should be possible to invent some simple little contrivance whereby a button is pressed and a mechanical hand does the rest?

* * *

Suggested name for a regiment of Bantams—The Miniature Rifles.

* * *

A peculiarly touching instance of patriotism has been brought to our notice. A London barber whose measurements are too puny to allow of his being accepted as a recruit has written to the War Office offering to barb some wire for them in his spare time.

* * *

"Mr. KEIR HARDIE," says a bulletin, "was yesterday reported to be gradually improving." But we are afraid that this only refers to his health.

* * *

An Englishman had suddenly to exercise all his tact the other day. He was in Kensington Gardens with a Belgian refugee. "What's that?" he asked, pointing to the Albert Memorial. The Englishman explained. "What, already a monument to our brave King!" cried the Belgian as he embraced his friend. The Englishman, with admirable reticence, said nothing.

* * *

"A Turkish advance guard," says a telegram, "has occupied Tabriz." Very plucky of him, and his name ought to be published. Can it be dear old Turkish Reggie?

* * *

The *Vorwärts* computes that the War is costing nine millions a day. Small wonder if, in these hard times, one or two countries look upon war as a luxury which they ought to try to get on without.

* * *

"As there is every probability," we read, "that the child population of Kensington will decline in the future owing to the migration of families to the outer suburbs, the L.C.C. proposes to meet the present demand for a new school by building a 'short-life school,' one that will last but twenty years." The difficulty, of course, will be so to construct it that it will collapse gently on the last day of its twentieth year, and the problem threatens to tax to the utmost the ingenuity of our jerry-builders.

During a "stormy scene" in Stirling School Board, Councillor BARKER, according to *The Glasgow Evening Times*, "refused to withdraw, alleging that Mr. Reid taunted him on the streets as being an Alpine Purist." "Alpine purist" is a term of abuse with which *Mr. Punch* has never sullied his lips, though once he nearly referred to a very tedious bishop as a cis-Carpathian pedagogue.



WILLIAM THE GALLANT.

THE KAISER, BY GIFTS OF ROSES, HAS BEEN TRYING TO INGRATIATE HIMSELF WITH THE GRAND DUCHESS OF LUXEMBOURG, WHOSE COUNTRY HE HAS INVADED IN DEFIANCE OF TREATY OBLIGATIONS.

NOTICE.

The advertisement which appeared in our last week's issue, opposing the principle of the inoculation of soldiers against typhoid, came in very late, and unfortunately its contents were not submitted to the Secretary, who was merely told of the source from which it came—namely, the Anti-Vivisection Society. *Mr. Punch* is himself absolutely in favour of inoculation against typhoid for the troops.

TO "GENERAL JANVIER."

("In the Spring a young man's fancy . . .")

AT it, old warrior! do your worst!
Here's Fevrier coming, moist and blowy,
And any trench you leave for him
Not saturated to the brim
He will accommodate its thirst
As in the days of NOË.

But we, well-armed in every pore
Against the tricks you mean to try on,
Will stick it out through slush and slime,
And bide, as best we may, our time
Till General Mars begins to roar
Just like a British lion.

And ere his exit, like a lamb,
The sloppy mess shall all be tidied,
And (since I can't believe that K.
Has said that things won't move till May)
We shall step out, as SHEM and HAM
Did when the flood subsided.

Spring! Ah, to what a sanguine view
Thoughts of the vernal prime provoke us!
Yet never in my whole career
Can I recall a single year
When I so much looked forward to
The advent of the crocus.

For with the Spring, when youth is free
To execute its inward yearning,
Like to a lark (or other bird)
The soul of Thomas shall be stirred,
And to Berlin I hope to see
The young man's fancy turning. O. S.

A FORCED MARCH.

Petherby recommended route-marching; said he used to suffer from sensations of repletion after heavy meals, just as I did, but, after a series of Saturday afternoons spent in route-marching through our picturesque hill country (Herne, Brixton, Denmark and so forth), the distressing symptoms completely vanished, and he now felt as right as a trivet.

I hadn't a ghost of a notion what a trivet was, nor yet what degree of rectitude was expected of it; but I nevertheless determined to try the route-march cure. Bismuth and pepsin should henceforth be drugs in the market as far as I was concerned. The only doubt in my mind was whether, technically speaking, I could perform a route-march all by myself. Somehow I thought etiquette demanded the presence of a band, or at any rate a drum and fife *obbligato*. But Petherby thought not, and declared it would prove just as effective rendered as a solo. "Besides," he added, "if you want music to invigorate you, you can whistle or hum. Moreover, you can switch the music on or off at will."

I resolved to start the treatment the following Saturday afternoon, and certainly should have done so but for the weather, which was very moist. If there's one thing I hate more than dyspepsia it's rheumatism. The next Saturday was fine—fine for a Saturday, that is; but a well-meant gift of tickets for a *matinée*, which it would have been churlish of me to refuse, robbed me of my prospective enjoyment. However, Saturday of the week after was also fine. Nothing stood in the way of my pleasurable tramp, and I determined to route-march home from the City.

I spent two hours in ill-concealed impatience—the marker told me he had never seen me put up such a poor game—waiting to see if the weather would change. But as at the expiration of that time it had apparently got stuck I decided to risk it.

Softly humming to myself, "Here we are again," I route-marched out of the hotel into Bishopsgate in fine style, and got on to a bus bound for the Bank (I did this to save time). Arrived at the Bank I took another bus to Blackfriars (I did this to save more time. I thought it would be nice to commence the march from the Embankment). When I reached Blackfriars I remembered that all the big walks started from the political end, so as I did not wish to assume any superiority which I did not strictly possess I took the tram to Westminster. There I alighted and was about to set off over Westminster Bridge when it occurred to me that I hadn't had any tea. To route-march on an empty stomach was, I felt sure, the height of folly. I therefore repaired to a tea-shop in the vicinity, where I encountered young Pilkington. We discussed KITCHENER and crumpets, training and tea, the KAISER and cake, and with a little adroitness I managed to bring in the subject of the medicinal value of route-marching. When I rose to go Pilkington inquired my destination.

"Norbury," I told him.

"That's lucky," he said; "I shall be able to give you a lift in a taxi as far as Kennington."

In vain I expostulated with him, and urged that I was route-marching, not route-cabbing. But he wouldn't listen.

"Anyhow," he concluded, "it's most dangerous to march just after a crumpet tea. Haven't you read your 'Infantry Training'?"

The upshot of the matter was that we taxied to Kennington, where at last I managed to leave him. And then I began to feel tired. True, I hadn't done any marching, but it was none the less true that I felt as tired as if I had. However, I succeeded in struggling on for about fifty yards (to the tune of HANDEL'S *Largo*), and then I boarded a tram. It had only proceeded a quarter-of-a-mile or so when the current failed and we all had to get out. I waited half-an-hour for a fresh batch of current to arrive, but none came, and I realised that my best course would be to walk to Brixton Station and procure a cab.

Accordingly, to the melody of "I don't expect to do it again for months and months and months," I put my best foot foremost. It was a moot point which of my two feet merited this distinction; they both felt deplorably senile. Then it began to rain—no mere niggardly sprinkling, but a lavish week-end cataclysm. I reached the station in the condition known to chemists as a saturated solution, only to find that there was not a cab on the rank. I was therefore compelled to adopt the only means of transport left to me—to route-march home . . . .

I ultimately staggered in at my gate at an advanced hour of the evening to the strains of the opening bars of TSCHAIKOWSKY'S Pathetic Symphony, whistled mentally. I was far beyond making the actual physical effort.

That night I wrote a postcard to Petherby. It ran as follows:—"Have just completed your course of treatment. Am cured."



AN AWFUL WARNING.

AUSTRIA (TO RUMANIA). "NOW, BE CAREFUL! REMEMBER WHAT I DID TO SERBIA!"



Territorial (giving himself away to proprietor of coal-heap). "COULD YOU LEND US A BUCKET OF COAL UNTIL IT'S DARK?"

THE ORGANIST.

A MODERN PORTRAIT.

GRAVE and serene, though young at heart,
"The Doctor," so his boys address him,
And rightly, since his healing art
Has made full many a mourner bless him—
For close on twenty years has served
An ancient church renowned in story,
And never in his teaching swerved
From studying God's greater glory.

His choir, like every singing school,
By turns angelic and demonic,
Are quick to recognise a rule
That is both "dominant" and "tonic;"
For contact with so rare a mind
Has seldom failed to spur and raise them,
And when they shirk their needful grind
With just rebuke he turns and flays them.

Withal he knows that human boys
Are dulled by industry unending,
And unreservedly enjoys
Himself at seasons of unbending;
A diet of perpetual Psalms
Is only fit for saints and Dantes,
And so he varies BACH and BRAHMS
With simple tunes and rousing chanties.

His taste is catholic and sane;
He does not treat as worthless lumber
All MENDELSSOHN, or SPOHR disdain,
Or let the works of HANDEL slumber;
He likes to keep Church music clear
From operatic frills and ribbons,
And never ceases to revere
TALLIS and PURCELL, BYRD and GIBBONS.

And thus he wisely neither aims
At showing off his erudition,
Nor for his choir and organ claims
A *prima donna*-like position;
He sees no virtue in mere speed,
With sentiment he scorns to palter,
And gives his most especial heed
To the clear chanting of the Psalter.

He loves his organ far too well
To be o'er-lavish with its thunder,
Yet wields at will the magic spell
That moves our hearts to awe or wonder;
Three centuries have lent its keys
All that consoles, inspires, rejoices,
And with a calm consummate ease
He blends the new and ancient voices.

And in these days when mothers mourn,
When joy is fled and faith is shaken,
When age survives bereft, forlorn,
And youth before its prime is taken,
He draws from music's soul divine
A double magic, gently pleading
With grief its passion to resign
And happy warriors vanward speeding.

The hurrying years their changes bring;
New-comers fill the singers' benches;
And many whom he taught to sing
To-day are fighting in the trenches;
But howsoe'er their sun shall set,
They 'll face or glory or disaster
More nobly for the lifelong debt
They owe to their beloved master.

"On the other hand, the motor cycle rider may consider the law of expediency. When he confronts a motor car that insists on taking more than one-half of the road, it is up to him to stop and consider: 'Shall I insist on my rightful half of the road, and perhaps get injured, or shall I waive my right and break my neck?'"—*Cape Argus.*

Personally we wave our neck, and brake with the right.

From a sale advert.:—

"OAK BEDSTEADS.
PILLOW CASES.
BREAKFAST SET
To match above for 6 persons."

However, it is generally considered dangerous to breakfast more than five in a bed.

THE RECRUITER.

MADINGLEY is one of those men who are always asking you to do things for them. He will send you cheerfully on the top of a bus from the City to Hammersmith to buy tobacco for him at a particular little shop, and if you point out that he could do it much better in his own car, he says reproachfully that the car is only used for business purposes. (If so, he must have a good deal of business at Walton Heath.) "Isn't your cousin a doctor?" he 'll say. "I wonder if you 'd mind asking him——" And somehow you can't refuse. He beams at you with such confidence through his glasses.

However, it was apparently to tell me news that he came to see me the other day.

"I 'm horribly busy," he said. "The fact is I 'm going to enlist."

"They won't take you," I said. "You 're blind."

"Not so blind as you are."

"Put it that we 're both blind, and that our King and Country want neither of us."

"Well, I 'm not so sure. There are lots of people with spectacles in the Army."

"And lots of flies in amber," I said, "but nobody seems to know how they came there."

Then Madingley got to business. His partner, who had enlisted in August, had developed lung trouble and had returned to civil life. Madingley was now free to go. He had heard from a friend that the 121st Rifles (a Territorial Regiment) had no conscientious objections to spectacles. Would I—(I thought it must be coming)—would I go and find out for him? He gave me the address of their headquarters.

"You see I 'm so horribly busy, old chap—clearing up at the office, and so on."

Well, of course I had to. Madingley's attitude of pained forgiveness, if one refuses him anything, is more than I can bear. After all, it didn't seem very much to do.

I began with the sentry outside.

"Can you tell me——" I said pleasantly. He scowled and jerked his head towards the door. I went in and tried another man. "Can you tell me——" I began. "Enlist?" he said. "Upstairs." I went upstairs and pushed open a door. "Can you tell me——" I said. "This is the canteen," answered a man in an apron . . .

At last I found a sergeant. "Enlist?" he said briskly. "Come in." I went in.

He leant against a table and I smiled at him pleasantly.

"I just wanted to ask," I said, "whether——"

"Quite so," he said, and gave me a long explanation of what my pay would be now that I had decided to join the Army. He began with the one and a penny of a private and was working up towards the stipend of a Field Marshal when I stopped him.

"One moment——"

"Exactly," he said. "You 're married."

"Y—yes," I said. "At least, no," I added, thinking of Madingley.

"Surely you know?" he asked in surprise.

I remembered suddenly the penalty for a false declaration. It would be no good explaining afterwards that I meant Madingley.

"Yes," I said. "Married."

He told me what my separation allowance would be . . . As a married Field Marshal with three children it came to——

I decided to be firm.

"Er—I mustn't trouble you too much," I said. "I really only wanted to know if you take men with spectacles."

"Depends how short-sighted you are. Do you always wear them?"

"No, but I ought to really." I made a desperate effort to get Madingley back into the conversation. "I really only came to find out for a——"

"Ah, well, the best thing you can do," said the sergeant, "is to pass the medical examination first. You can sign the papers afterwards. Come along."

I followed him meekly downstairs. It was obviously not Madingley's afternoon.

We plunged downstairs into what was no doubt the anti-Zeppelin cellar. Through the gloom I saw dimly two or three pink-and-white figures waiting their turn to be thumped. Down the throat of a man in the middle of the room a doctor was trying to climb. Mechanically I began to undo my tie.

The sergeant spoke to one of the doctors and then came back to me.

"It 'll save time if we do your sight first," he said. "Stand over in this corner."

I stood in the corner . . .

For a long time nothing happened.

"Well?" said the sergeant impatiently.

"Well?" I said.

"Why don't you read?"

"What? Have we begun?" I asked in surprise. I couldn't see anything.

The medical officer came over to me and in a friendly way put his hand over my left eye. It didn't help much, but I spotted where he came from, and gathered that the card must be in that direction. Gradually it began to loom through the blackness.

"Wait a moment," I said. I removed his hand and gazed keenly at the opposite wall. "That 's a B," I announced proudly. "That top one."

The doctor and the sergeant looked at each other.

"It 's no good," sighed the sergeant.

"He can't even read the first two lines," groaned the doctor.

"It 's all very well for you two," I broke in indignantly; "one of you lives down here and is used to it, and the other knows the card by heart. I haven't come to enlist for night operations only. Surely your regiment does things in the daylight sometimes?"

The doctor, only knowing about the daylight by hearsay, looked blank; the sergeant repeated sadly, "Not even the first two lines."

"Look here," I said, "lend me the card to-night and I 'll come again to-morrow. If it 's only two lines you want, I think I can promise you them."

The doctor said mournfully that he might lend me the card, but that in that case it would be his painful duty to put up a different card for me on the next day.

There seemed to be nothing more to say. I was about to go when a face which I recognised emerged from the gloom. It had a shirt underneath it and then legs. The face began to grin at me.

"Hallo," said a voice.

"Hallo, Rogers," I said; "*you* enlisting? I thought you couldn't get leave." Rogers is in the Civil Service, and his work is supposed to be important.

"Well, I haven't exactly got leave—yet," he said awkwardly. "The fact is, I just came here to ask about a commission for a friend, and while I was here I—er—suddenly decided to risk it. You know Madingley, by the way, don't you?"

"I used to think so," I said.

But now I see that there is more in Madingley than I thought. His job in this war is simple—and exactly suited to himself. By arrangement with the War Office he sends likely recruits to make enquiries for him—and the sergeant does the rest.

A. A. M.

"S. C.—1. The brussels-sprouts will do no harm to the apple trees."—*Morning Post.*

All very well, but we know what these Belgians are. As likely as not they have been plotting for years with the French beans to spring upon their inoffensive neighbours.

THE SACRIFICE.

SCENE: *At the "Plough and Horses."*

"I BE mortal sorry for that poor George—cut up as ever I see a man at thought of it."

"Tenderest-hearted fellow in these 'ere parts, and a true friend to all dumb animals."

"She be more 'n an animal to 'im. 'Aving no chick nor child, you may say as she 's companioned 'im these many months."

"'E 'ave right to be proud of 'er too. Never did I see a more 'andsome sow—an' I 've seen a many."

"She 's been a right good sow to 'e."

"An' now 'e be nigh 'eart-broken 'long of these unnatural orders. For stuck ev'ry blessed pig 'as got to be should they Germans get anywheres within ten miles of us."

"I see 'im now as 'e was when 'e first got wind of it—fair struck all of a 'eap, 'e were. 'I ain't got no objection to burning ricks,' 'e says, 'for ricks ain't got 'uman ways to 'em, same as my old sow. But kill my old sow,' 'e says, 'that 's asking of me more 'n I can do.' "

"'Ain't a question of asking, either. Them 's our orders, set out in black and white."

"Somebody says that to George—and a cold-blooded word it seemed to me, considering 'is depth o' trouble."

"What did the old chap say to that?"

"'Orders?' 'e says; 'ain't this a free country? An' you come between me an' my old sow with orders!" 'e says."

"'Military law,' I says to 'im myself, 'makes 'avoc o' freedom—so it do. But with they Germans at your very gates,' I says, 'freedom ain't the same thing as a clean pair of 'eels. An' a pig 's an awkward customer to drive in an 'urry,' I says."

"Ain't to be done—not really brisk like, any'ow."

"'E seed that, o' course?"

"Wouldn't say so, any way. An' the names 'e called the Government, or 'ooever 'twas as 'anded round them orders, fair surprised us all. Never knew the old chap could lay 'is tongue to the 'alf of it."

"If ever they Germans get 'ereabout there 'll be trouble for the Government about old George."

"'E ain't got chick nor child, yer see. A man can't get on without something . . . Why, 'ere *be* George."

"Evening, George. You come right in an' 'ave your pint, George."

"I earnt my pint to-day—so I 'ave. Busiest day's work I done this side o' my wife's passing away, poor soul."

"What you been doing, George?"

"She were a one to keep you busy like. If she be really resting now I reckon she be pretty miserable. 'Owever, that ain't neither 'ere nor there."

"You tell us what you been up to, George. We only been talking o' you when in you walks as large as life."

"We been talking o' you an' these 'ere orders, George, an' we feels with you to a man. If you should 'ave to kill that fine sow o' yours along of a lot o' 'ungry Germans 'twill be a mortal shame."

"I shan't never kill 'er for no Germans, so I promises you."

"Then they 'll do the killing theirselves—they be dabsters at that."

"No Germans ain't going to kill my sow. Nor I ain't going to kill 'er in an 'urry to please nobody."

"You 'll get yourself in the wrong box, George, if you don't mind."

"You be too venturesome, George—at your old age."

"An' you a pensioner, too. Don't do to be too venturesome when you 're well stricken in years."

"I know what I be saying, though, for all that. Don't do to wait till you 'ave to waste a good pig—all for nothing like. Good money she be worth, an' I says to myself, 'You 'ave the money now, my boy, as the old sow 'll fetch, before it be too late.' My old sow be pretty nigh pork by now, up at butcher's."



IN THE SEARCHLIGHT.

Mabel (with a brother in the Anti-aircraft Corps). "MOTHER, THEY THINK SHE 'S A ZEPPELIN."

THE INVASION.

BETWEEN Mortimer and us yawns a great gulf, bridged by many flights of stairs. Even on the illuminated board at the foot of the lowest stairs we still keep our distance, but with this difference, that while Mortimer's position in the world is higher than mine, on the board I stand above him by as many names as there are stairs between us.

Mortimer first floated into my orbit one day when we both met in the porter's lodge to complain about the dustbin. Even after this I should have gone contentedly down to my grave with no further knowledge of the man than that he had a wife and four children. I knew that because I heard him tell the porter so.

One evening after dinner—it seems now many moons ago—Clara, our lady-help, threw open the drawing-room door and in startled tones announced Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer. Prompt to the word of command in they marched, followed by the four youthful Mortimers. Each of these latter clutched a sponge-bag and an elusive bundle of flannel, and in the background loomed the Mortimer maid-of-all-work.

Mortimer began to talk immediately and said that of course we had seen the War Office order that on the first sound of guns all Londoners were to make for the cellars. Mrs. Mortimer was certain she had heard firing and that the Zeppelin raid had begun, so, like good citizens, the family had hastened to comply with the regulations.

"We shan't put you to any inconvenience," said Mortimer volubly. "The children can curl up in the spare room and my wife and I will do with a shake-down in the passage. In time of war one must be prepared for discomfort. Think of the poor fellows in the trenches."

Here Mrs. Mortimer murmured something inarticulate.

"Oh, yes, of course," Mortimer assented, "Emma must be made comfortable."

All this time my wife and I had not been able to say a word, Mortimer's plausibility and the spectacle of the four little Mortimers and their sponge-bags having robbed us of speech and thought. Jane was the first to find her voice, and managed to gasp out that we had heard no guns.

"You wouldn't, of course, in the—er—down here," said Mortimer. I was glad to notice him hesitate this time over the word "cellar" as applied to our artistic home.

"I know exactly what you are thinking," he went on kindly; "it is embarrassing to discuss household arrangements in public," and with a flourish of his arm, he marshalled his family and swept them out of the room, carefully shutting the door behind him.

Jane and I gazed awestruck at each other.

"We can't turn them away," said my wife. "Those five pairs of eyes would haunt me all night (Mortimer's and Emma's were, I presume, the ones omitted), and if the Zeppelins *did* come to-night how awful we should feel."

"We must be firm about it being only for to-night, then," I said. "We must consider Kate." (Kate is our cat.)

So it was arranged that we should give up our room and that Emma should share with Clara. I found the Mortimer family sitting in a crowded row on the antique bench in the hall, like players at dumb-crambo waiting for the word. Briefly I told them it was "stay." They all jumped up; Mortimer shook me cordially by the hand, and I believe Mrs. Mortimer kissed my wife.

True to the compact the refugees departed next morning, and we saw the last little Mortimer disappear upwards with unmixed relief. They were all back again, however, the following evening, this time encumbered with more articles towards "camping out." The expression was Mortimer's, not mine.

On the fourth evening Mortimer took me aside and told me confidentially that he could see this state of things was telling on us as much as on them, and that he thought the best plan would be for our two households to "chum together" while the Zeppelin menace lasted. (What fool said the war was going to last three years?) Never waiting for a reply, Mortimer went on to say that it really would not be so much trouble as it seemed at the first shock. He and I would be out all day, which would even up the numbers, and Emma would, of course, help. I much resented being estimated as equal to three-and-a-half Mortimers and had no delusions about Emma's helpfulness, but Mortimer's volubility had its usual stupefying effect. He carried the motion to his own satisfaction, and my wife told me that I behaved like an idiot.

We stood three days of this lunatic *ménage*. Every evening on returning from office I found more alien belongings blocking up my home. Mortimer boots strewed the scullery, their coats smothered the hat-stand, their toothbrushes filled the bathroom. Clara is a noble-hearted girl, but there was menace in her glance, and my wife was ageing before my eyes. Kate too had left us.

On the third evening when I came home I found a note sticking in the hall clothes-brush. "Meet me in the pantry," it said. I flew to the rendezvous, where Jane received me with her finger on her lip. Dragging me in, she managed with difficulty to close the door—our pantry is what you might call bijou—and, leaning against the sink, she unburdened her mind.

"I have an idea," she hissed. "Overcome by superior numbers, *we must* evacuate the position. Better one Zeppelin once than six Mortimers for ever. Let us take possession of their flat, as they have of ours."

It was a masterly and superb idea, worthy of the brain from which it sprang. We hastened to impart it to the Mortimers, who were sitting over the drawing-room fire reading my evening paper. They were much touched. Mortimer said he should never forgive himself if we were killed by bombs, and Mrs. Mortimer said it made all the difference our not having children.

We have now been settled for some time in Mortimer's flat, and in many ways prefer it to our own; in fact we shall be quite content to remain here as long as Mortimer continues to pay the rent. We found Kate already installed. The sagacious animal evidently adds prophetic instinct to her other gifts. When she makes a decided move downstairs we shall prepare for hostile aircraft.

DEPORTMENT FOR WOMEN.

BY ONE OF THEM.

SISTERS, when fashion first decreed
To our devoted sex
That beauty must be broken-kneed
And spinal cords convex;
When sheathlike skirts without a crease
Were potent to attract,
Those were the piping times of peace
When everybody slacked.

But, since the menace of "The Day"
Has commandeered the Nut,
Since *demi-saison* modes display
A military cut,
It's up to us to do our bit
Each time we take the road,
For, if we wear a warlike kit,
The mien must match the *mode*.

What! would you set a "forage cap"
Upon a drooping brow?
The feet that used to mince and tap
Must stride with vigour now;
No longer must a plastic crouch
Debilitate the knees;
We've finished with the "Slinker Slouch;"
Heads up, girls, if you please!



PEOPLE WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE INTERNED.

"YOU REALLY MUST DINE WITH US ON SATURDAY. I SHALL HAVE A COUPLE OF THE DINKIEST LITTLE WOUNDED SUBS TO SHOW YOU."

THE SAD CASE OF SEBASTIAN PILNING.

A SUMMER MEMORY.

I REMOVED my face hurriedly from a large tumbler of iced never-mind-what.

"Good heavens, Henry!" I cried, "you don't mean to say you've been weeding the grass!"

"It wasn't my own idea," he pleaded; "it was Sonia who put me up to it. She said that now Baby was beginning to notice things it was quite time something was done to the lawn—don't snort, we always call it the lawn at home—or he would grow up to think badly of his father. I had a shot at it yesterday, but there's a good bit more to do. Look here," he continued, brightening, "drop round to-morrow and let Sonia find you a chisel or something. It's not bad fun really. All the excitement of the chase and no danger to life or limb."

"Not for worlds," I replied solemnly. "You jest at the dangers of weeding, but I have seen something of the misery it involves. Listen, I am going to tell you a story.

"Once upon a time I chanced to know a man called Pilning, Sebastian Pilning. Like you, he was blessed with a young wife and the beginning of a family; like you, he was a quiet, unambitious fellow of simple tastes. Moreover, he was incredibly stubborn. One idle spring morning he sauntered out into his back garden to smoke a pipe, and it chanced that for the first time in his life he took a good look at his—yes, he called it a lawn too. I need not tell you what he saw there. It was like most lawns, four blades of grass and the rest one vast expanse of weeds. For a moment he was staggered.

"And then the little devil that lies in wait for men who go out to look at their back-gardens whispered in his ear, 'You've nothing to do, Pilning, why not have a few of these weeds out?' It was his first temptation, and he fell.

"All that day he toiled at his lawn, and by the evening there was a patch about three feet square that looked like a fragment of a ploughed field. On this he sprinkled grass seed and fortified it with wire entanglements to keep out the birds. The next morning he was at it again, and so he continued for three whole weeks. At the end of that time the disease had taken a firm hold of him. He had managed to clear most of his plot, but only the finest grass would satisfy him now; he had begun to root up the coarser quality and the blades that didn't seem to him to be quite the right shade. He worked incessantly, and his wife had to bring his meals out to him. He even attempted to sleep out there in a hammock, so that he could start the first thing in the morning. He had an idea that the weeds would be rooted up more readily if he could catch them asleep. But it rained the first night he tried, and that put him off, because he knew that if his health broke down the dandelions would get the upper hand. He became so strange at last that one day his wife sent round and begged me to come and see him."

"Did you tell him one of your stories?" asked Henry.

"I found him in the garden on his knees stabbing at a plantain with a corkscrew. He had marked the whole place out in squares like a chess-board, each square representing a day's work and a pound of grass seed sown. The word had been passed round that free meals were going at Pilning's, and every sparrow in the district was there. They seemed to appreciate the system



Vicar. "NOW, CHILDREN, WE ARE TO LOVE OUR ENEMIES. THAT ISN'T EASY, IS IT?"
Small Boy. "NO, SIR."
Vicar. "WELL, HOW ARE WE TO DO IT?" (*Dead silence.*)
Vicar. "YES, WE MUST LOVE EVEN THE GERMANS. HOW ARE WE TO DO THAT?"
Small Boy. "BY GIVING 'EM WOT'S GOOD FOR 'EM, SIR."

of wire entanglements; it showed them where to look for seeds.

"I could see at a glance that Pilning was in a bad way. He spoke cheerfully enough, but there was a nasty look in his eyes. I tried to lead him off gradually to safer topics by interesting him in the less perilous delights of flower-growing. I asked after his gerania and spoke with admiration of his aspidistra and his jasponyx. . . ."

"Rot!" said Henry. "That's a mineral."

"Sorry—my fault. It's such a jolly word, and I didn't think you'd know any better. . . . But it was all in vain; he would talk of nothing but grass and weeds. I tried to comfort his wife as I left, but my heart was very heavy. That night, Henry, the blow fell! They managed to lure Pilning in to dinner when it got dusk, but his mind was wandering a lot. Finally he broke down completely, and made a desperate assault with a tooth-pick on the baby's scalp. His wife fetched one of the neighbours to sit on his head while she went for the doctor; but it was too late. His reason had become utterly unhinged. There was nothing for it but to put him away in a home, and there he has remained for five long years.

"Only last week I went to ask how he was, and the doctor said there was no change, but that he was quite harmless. I was shown into a little room where he lived, and there I saw him on the floor talking and laughing to himself. But he took no notice of me when I spoke to him. They told me he was quite happy and would spend hours a day like that at his work."

"What sort of work?" asked Henry.

"The last time I saw poor Pilning," I replied sadly, "he was squatting on the carpet and trying to jab the pattern out with a fork."

It is reported that owing to the over-production of mittens and the consequent slump in this article, one London firm of manufacturers has no fewer than 100,000 pairs on its hands.

THE LANGUAGE OF WAR.

(*Being a selection from answers to a General Knowledge paper.*)

A *kukri* is a suit which our soldiers wear.

Kukri is pastry-making.

Kukri is a place where the Germans' food is boiled.

Uhlan is a short name for the Willesden Uhlan District Council.

A *Censor* is swung about to incense people.

Przemysl is an acid.

A *levy* is when a man dies his wife gets some money to bery him.

Levy is a man who gets money for the German army.

Howitzer is a smell that comes out of a shell when fired.

"One of the famous but least visited lakes of Sicily is Guarda, with its southern end in the plains of Italy, and its northern far into Austrian territory."
East Anglian Daily Times.

We should describe "Guarda" briefly as "some lake."



THE WHITEWASHERS.

KAISER. "LAY IT ON, MY WORTHY PROFESSORS—LAY IT ON THICK! I WANT EVERY DROP OF IT."



THE OPPORTUNIST IN THE THAMES VALLEY.

MR. CRABBE AUGMENTS HIS STOCK-IN-TRADE.

A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

I.

MY DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—We take special pride in the fact that we were the very first Territorials ever to land in India. As our battalion swung through the streets of Bombay before the critical eyes of the assembled natives, this knowledge enabled us to preserve an air of dignity despite the rakish angle of our unaccustomed topees. When you first march at attention with a rifle and a very large helmet you discover that the only possible position for the latter is well over the right ear. Later on you realise that this is a mistake, like most of the discoveries made during the first few days' residence in India.

On that memorable day, of which our battalion poet has written—

> "O day of pride and perspiration,
> When, 'scaping from the dreary sea,
> We marched full blithely to our station
> And filled ourselves with eggs and tea—"

we were eight hundred strong, having spent thirty-two days in a transport and passed through all the salutary trials of inoculation, vaccination and starvation with considerable *éclat*. Now, alas! we are decimated. Decimated, did I say? Far, far worse than that. We are practically wiped out.

No, there has not been a second Mutiny, concealed by the newspapers. We have not perished of malaria. Nor have we been eaten by white ants. Even the last-named would be a glorious, an inspiring end compared with the fate which has overtaken us.

You remember how, many years ago, you used to sit with your infantile tongue protruding from the left-hand corner of your mouth and write in a fair round hand, "*The pen is mightier than the sword*." At that time you disbelieved it. But you were wrong. It is true, sadly true.

A few days after our arrival we were reviewed by the G.O.C. In eloquent words he told us that we were not in India for garrison work, but to be trained speedily for the Front, to be fitted to play our part on the great battlefields of Europe. Inspiring visions of military glory rose before us. Later in the day they began to evaporate. They have been evaporating ever since.

Owing to the departure of the Expeditionary Forces there has been a great shortage of soldier clerks in India, and the luckless Territorials who had the misfortune to arrive first have been called upon to fill the vacancies. *Ichabod*.

When the announcement that clerks were required was made to us my blood ran suddenly cold. I remembered how, centuries ago, when in camp on Salisbury Plain, I had been requested to fill up a form giving, among other particulars, my occupation, and light-heartedly and truthfully I had written "Clerk." It is a great mistake to be truthful in the Army. How I wished I had described myself as an agricultural labourer. Or a taxidermist—surely there is no demand for taxidermists in the Indian Army.

In a vain attempt to remedy the mistake I preserved a stony silence when we were asked who had had clerical experience, who could do typewriting, who possessed a knowledge of shorthand. With a single lift of my right eyebrow I disclaimed all acquaintance with office stools. With a faint pucker of the brows I made myself appear to be wondering where I had once heard that word typewriter. But my fatal incriminating declaration was too great a handicap.

By threes and fours our brave fellows melted away. They went as clerks; they went as typists; they went as telephone operators; they went as

telegraphists. To the Battalion Orderly Room they went; to the Brigade Headquarters Office; to the Embarcation Office.

Then came a lull, and I thought, after all, I had escaped. I arose happily at 5.30 A.M. I did many various and strenuous fatigues. I swept the barrack floor singing and peeled potatoes with a joyful heart. I polished my equipment incessantly and greased my mess tin with the greatest care. In short, I was rapidly becoming a soldier.

And I obtained leave and went into the town, where I saw much that cheered me while the clerks were at their labours. I read a sign in a restaurant window, "Breakfast, tiffin, tea, dinner and all kinds of perfumery." I saw six coolies running along a main street with a grand piano balanced on their heads. I was very happy while it lasted.

And then the blow fell. We had thought that surely every possible office had been filled with clerks, but we were wrong as usual. As I was going to bed one night there came a peremptory order that I was to be at the Divisional Staff Office, four miles away, sharp at eight o'clock next morning.

In conformity with my instructions I went forth next morning to take up my new and peaceful avocation in full marching order, with rifle, side-arm and twenty rounds of ball ammunition.

Being a soldier clerk in India is very different from being a civilian clerk in England. Here I work in shirt-sleeves, khaki shorts and puttees, pausing occasionally to brush off the ants which crawl affectionately over my knees. At home—well, I can imagine the Chief's face if a clerk (or an ant) ventured into his office with bare knees.

Also the methods adopted here are not like our impetuous English ways. Operations are carried out with a leisured dignity befitting the immemorial East. Take a telegram for example. At home the Chief says rapidly, "Send a wire to So-and-so telling him this-and-that." A harassed clerk snatches off the telephone-receiver, and in two minutes the message is dictated to the post-office and the incident is closed.

Not so here. A document comes out of the Records Department three days old, having been duly headed, numbered, summarised and indexed. The clerk to whom it is handed thinks it advisable to wire a reply, so he writes at the foot, "Wire So-and-so, telling him this-and-that?" initials it and sends it to the Chief. The Chief writes, "Yes, please," initials it and sends it back. The clerk then drafts the actual telegram, initials the draft and sends it to the Chief, who, if he approves, initials it and sends it back. The draft is next handed to a second clerk, who, after due consideration, types two copies and initials them. These are taken to the Chief, who signs them and sends them back. One copy is filed and the other goes to a third clerk, who enters it *verbatim* into a book and has the book initialled by clerk No. 1, after checking. Then it goes to a fourth clerk, who numbers it, makes a *précis* in another book, and hands it, with explanations, to a *patti wallah*, who takes it outside to an orderly, who conveys it (with unhasting dignity) to the post-office.

More of this, if you can bear it, in my next.

Yours ever,

ONE OF THE *PUNCH* BRIGADE.



British Tommy (returning to trench in which he has lately been fighting, now temporarily occupied by the enemy). "EXCUSE ME—ANY OF YOU BLIGHTERS SEEN MY PIPE?"

"BEHIND THE GREAT WESTERN BATTLE LINE."
Daily Chronicle.

We always thought the Great Western claimed to be the Holiday Line.

OVERHEARD EVERYWHERE.

I.

"How are yours getting on?"

"Oh, all right."

"How many rooms do you give them?"

"A sitting-room and two bedrooms."

"I wish we could. We have no spare sitting-room. They have meals with you, I suppose?"

"Lunch and dinner, yes."

"Do they know any English?"

"Devil a word."

"Do you know any French?"

"Precious little. But Norah does—some. I say, what does 'chin-chin' mean?"

"'Chin-chin'? Isn't that what some fellows say before they drink?"

"Well, it can't be that. Madame says it at intervals all the time her husband is talking."

"Oh, you mean 'Tiens, tiens,' don't you?"

"Perhaps. What does it mean, anyway?"

"It's just an exclamation like 'Really' or 'Just think of that!'"

"Thank Heaven I know! You've taken a terrible load off my mind."

"Do they eat much?"

"Well, I should call their appetites healthy."

"Same with ours. But it's all right. I shouldn't mind if they ate twice as much."

II.

"Do yours do anything?"

"Monsieur is an artist. Madame mends lace beautifully."

"What does he paint?"

"Well, he hasn't painted anything yet, but he says he's an artist. He looks like one. He goes to the National Gallery."

"Why don't you ask him to paint one of the children?"

"My dear, they're terrified of him! They won't come into the room."

III.

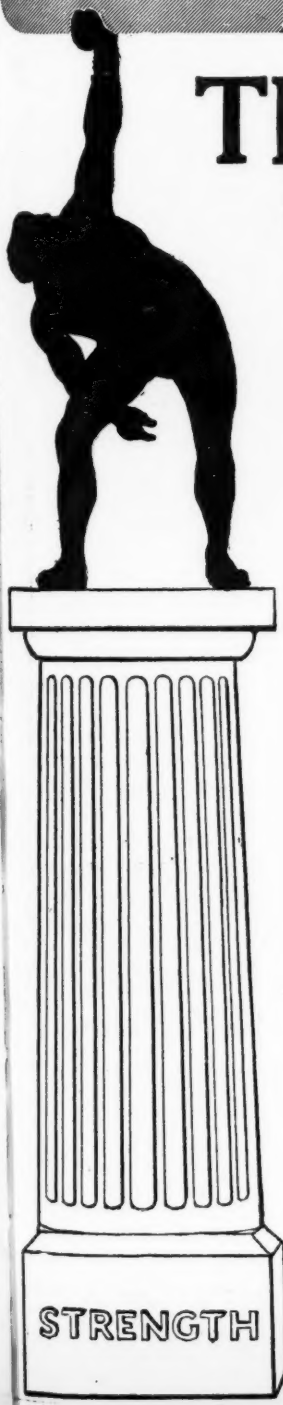
"Are you having an easy time with yours?"

"Moderate. Only Jack behaves so badly. After every meal Monsieur always begins a long speech about their indebtedness to us and all the rest of it, and Jack will walk out in the middle."

"What do you talk about?"

"Well, for the most part about the terrible privations before they got away.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK



The Food-Drink

that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency

Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.

Pure, full-cream milk with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

Ready in a moment by stirring briskly in hot or cold water.

NO COOKING REQUIRED.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Convenient to carry and always ready for use. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining: relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

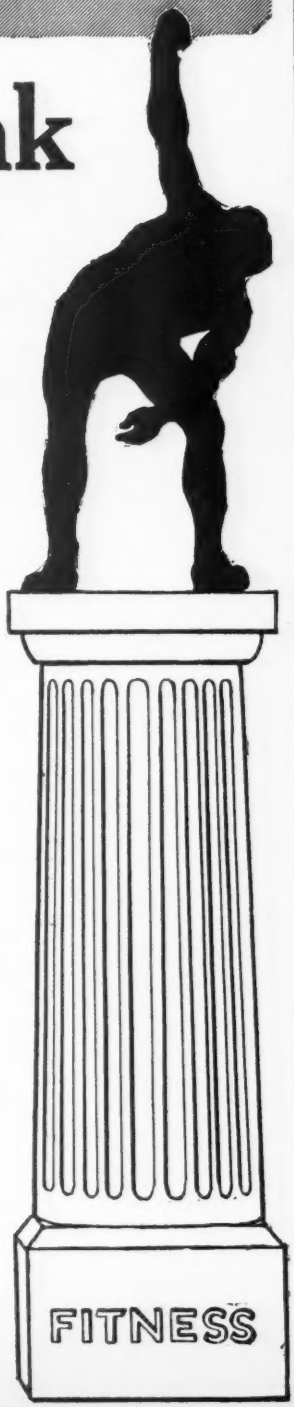
Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6, and 11/-. The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.

Write for a copy of our booklet—
DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 3D. IN STAMPS.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.





MATTERS MASCULINE.

A wonderful touch of freshness is imparted to Men's Clothes by Pullars' celebrated Dry Cleaning process.

Business or Lounge Suits, Sportsmen's Suits or Uniforms, Overcoats or Raincoats all benefit by periodical treatment.

The gathered dust and stains, the acquired creases and saggings disappear after careful and skilful treatment, and the article regains much of its former immaculate appearance.

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PULLARS
CLEANERS & DYERS
PERTH

A TOAST TO THE BRAVE



**'Tis the voice of Empire calling,
And the children gather fast
From ev'ry land where the Cross-bar Flag
Floats out from the quivering mast.**

A toast to our brave fighting-men should be drunk in the best. Nothing less than that perfection of Scottish distillation — Encore Whisky — is worthy of such a sentiment. Fully matured in old sherry casks, Encore Whisky is *the* beverage for the fastidious palate and is

The Whisky you want AGAIN and AGAIN!

Order from your Wine Merchant or Off-Licence Dealer.

BERNARD & Co. LEITH DISTILLERY, SCOTLAND
London Agents:
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ENCORE WHISKY

ARGYLL & SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDER



These Influenza Days!

WINTER is finding out our weaknesses — months of anxiety have left us all more or less run-down—and Influenza, Coughs, Colds, and winter ills are more prevalent than ever.

In this influenza weather Hall's Wine is doubly valuable. By toning up and reviving the run-down bodily forces, Hall's Wine not only *safeguards* you against attack, but dispels most quickly the weakness influenza leaves behind, and where chill or cold has already fastened on you it swiftly breaks it up and prevents worse mischief.

In our files are tens of thousands of written proofs of this from Doctors and from the Public; in addition, a *Guarantee* is given with every bottle of Hall's Wine sold.

Hall's Wine

The National Tonic Restorative

(The originals of the following letters are on our file):

"One bottle of Hall's Wine has done me more good than a month's previous treatment. I was suffering from exhaustion following Bronchitis and Rheumatism."

"I had a severe cold when I arrived home, but after one glass of Hall's Wine I felt much better, and after three doses my cold had completely vanished."

Large, 3/6; smaller, 2/-. Of Wine Merchants and Grocers, and Chemists with wine licenses.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD.,
BOW, LONDON.

302.



THE POLITICAL TRUCE.

Little Boy. "HAVE THE GERMANS KILLED MR. LLOYD GEORGE, MA?"
Mother. "OF COURSE NOT, DEAR. WHY DO YOU ASK?"
Boy. "WELL, I HAVEN'T HEARD NUFFIN 'BOUT HIM LATELY."

But now and then they will tell *risqué* stories. More than *risqué* — really shocking. Jack does his best to get them off it, but he never succeeds. They seem to think we expect it."

"Oh, ours aren't a bit like that. The trouble with ours is that they hate going out. They sit tight indoors from morning to night."

"Can't you lure them out?"

"Well, I tell them what a wonderful place the British Museum is; but it's no use."

IV.

"Every evening during dinner Madame tells us how she walked from Louvain. Poor creature, she's not slender, and she had to walk mile after mile for eight hours. It must have been dreadful. But she won't remember that we've heard it all before. Everything reminds her of it. We're terrified to speak, Andrew and I, for fear some little tiny word will suggest walking from Louvain, and it always does. . . . Poor thing, though!"

Naval Notes.

A correspondent asks us what exactly are the duties of the marines. We have not space to give him an exhaustive account of the work of these handy men, but we can indicate their affectionate nature by the following cutting from *The Liverpool Echo*:—

"One notable case in which a decoration was bestowed was of a young seaman, who at tremendous risk to himself, freed a submarine from a marine which had become attached to it off Heligoland."

Casual meetings off Heligoland are responsible for many such romances. Our correspondent's further enquiries about the duties of the destroyer and the torpedo we will let two other contemporaries answer:—

"Fourteen Roumanian destroyers from the Austro-Hungarian army arrived at Sinaia, Roumania, having crossed the Transylvanian Mountains on foot."—*Bombay Chronicle.*

"Newspapers state that a French torpedo entered Dunkirk on Friday and reported having rammed and sunk a German submarine off Westende."

Indian Daily Telegraph.

In advertisement matters it is sometimes asserted that the right use of type is the great thing. It is, however, a relief to the writer that a certain announcement with an ironic suggestion of reckless benevolence has now been removed from most of the hostelries. Yet it afforded instruction as to ringing the changes upon the sizes of type:—

OUR
CHRISTMAS CLUB HAS COMMENCED.
PAY WHAT YOU LIKE.
HAVE WHAT YOU PLEASE.
TO THE VALUE OF YOUR MONEY.

"There are complaints concerning the housing of the new Armies which, although now partly rectified, would be the better for further ventilation."—*Times.*

In sending us this cutting, our soldier correspondent writes:—"Further ventilation be blowed. I've had to shove the rest of the blessed paper in the cracks, as it is."

THE ENTERTAINERS.

I FEEL that I am entitled to speak with perfect freedom of the entertainment lately given in our parish hall, for, except as a spectator and as contributing several of the performers to the programme, without myself knowing anything about it beyond what rumour and the unwonted bustling mystery of the household brought to my knowledge—except, as I say, in these points, I had nothing to do with it. The whole thing was managed by an informal committee of ladies, acting on the discovery that the School Children's Meals Fund was at its last gasp, and required replenishment in order to carry it on through the ensuing year. Upon that the informal committee got to work and held several meetings. Now the methods of a committee of ladies differ from those of men. The ladies meet together in drawing-rooms and, so far as a casual observer can judge, they discuss every subject except the particular one for which they have been summoned. Then comes the moment when they intimate to one another that they must go, and they arise and draw slowly and reluctantly out from the drawing-room through the hall to the front-door step. Then, but never till then, just as they are about to go away, they suddenly remember what they came for, and in another five minutes the whole business is settled, and they stream away with the consciousness of work satisfactorily done. It is an unceremonious method, but a highly efficient one if judged by its results. In this particular case it produced a delightful entertainment, which I may describe as being by the children, for the children and of the children, as well as of the elders who gathered together to applaud the zeal and skill of the little performers.

Fortunately the appointed day was fine and there was a great rush of spectators, who soon filled the hall to its utmost capacity. The entertainment began with a tribute to patriotism in the shape of *tableaux vivants*, all save one selected from the storehouse of our kind old friend *Mr. Punch's* cartoons. There, brilliantly and magnificently accoutred, was seen Britannia setting out to war for friendship and honour. There again we beheld brave little Belgium defying the German bully, and Holland succouring the refugees, and Belgium consoled by Liberty, and a final picture of Liberty blessing the Allies. All these were admirably represented, the immobility of the performers being not less remarkable than the splendour of their equipment; and enthusiasm was still further stimulated by the singing of the anthems of the various allied nations.

The performance proceeded, and the *intermezzi* had been briskly taken; the harp had spent its last liquid notes; "Caller Herrin'" had been delightfully sung, and four tiny girls (combined height some twelve feet) had charmed us with the pretty innocence of their flower carol. Also a dramatic version of "The Holly Tree Inn" had been played in a fashion that DICKENS would not have disapproved. Now there was a murmur of expectation among the audience; soon the crystal-clear strains of "He shall feed His flock" sounded through the room, and as they lingered and died away the curtain rose for the masque, "The Holy Night." At the back of the stage was a lowly shed, its closed door guarded by two angelic figures clothed in pure white draperies and with wings that sparkled with a silver sheen. High above, to the left of the shed, a third angel soared, and these three watched and waited, intent and motionless, their hands crossed over their breasts. In front of them lay three shepherds, and amongst them frisked a white and woolly little lamb (Douglas, the Vicar's son), and further to the left we recognised little Kit Price as a raven in sleek black satin, and our John only partially disguised as a highly-coloured and effective cock, strutting and flapping and pecking and scraping to his heart's content, and admitted to the cast in spite of the stage directions, which declare that "if any little boy have very fat legs he shall not play the part of the cock." He made such amends as were possible by the extreme vividness and energy of the beak with which he kept the raven in order. At the back of the scene there were vague indications of the presence of an ox and an ass. It had been intended to represent them in a lifelike fashion by two heads; but these, though ordered, had failed to arrive, being cut off on their way by floods.

Now the shepherds burst into song, and when that was over the cock flapped his wings and crew, and the raven cawed, and the lamb ba-a-ed, and the uncompleted ox and ass made noises after their kind, and there was a lively bustle everywhere, except where the angels watched and waited with their hands crossed and their shining wings at rest. The shepherds began to gossip as shepherds, I suppose, have gossiped ever since the care of sheep began. One told how his grandam said, on the authority of a wise woman, that on the night Messias is born all the beasts shall speak. Another doubted whether this would hap in our time. Nothing, he thought, would hap save these heavy taxings; but the other reminded him that it had been a good year for sheep. But suddenly, as the shepherds chatted, the three angels, invisible to the shepherds, raised each a warning hand and bent forward and whispered, "Hush-sh!" and an awe-struck silence fell upon the scene. Something great and wonderful had happened, but what was it, and how would it be revealed?

Thereupon the cock, flapping his wings, did not crow, but cried out, "*Christus natus est!* Christ is born!" and the raven, instead of cawing, called "*Quando?* When?" and the ass in a loud voice answered, "*Hac nocte!* This night!" and the ox said "*Ubi?* Where?" and the lamb stood up and bleated "Be-e-ethlehem." Oh, then was heard a swelling sound of great exultation, and above the shed the dark and starry skies were opened and drawn away to each side, and there were disclosed angels raised up and standing in a long row, their bright wings folded and pointing upward, while they declared the glory of the Lord. And next the two guarding angels folded back the door of the shed, and there were seen MARY and JOSEPH, "and betwixt them two"—I quote from the directions—"the Holy Child lieth on a tuft of straw in a little box which shall be called the Manger," while two diminutive angels knelt, one at each side of the open door. No more beautiful and gracious picture could be imagined. Thus might some old Italian master have painted it, but this had, not colour alone and simplicity, but life and song and jubilation and perfect harmony of movement so natural as to seem unstudied. Then the shepherds did obeisance and the Wise Men, MELCHIOR, CASPAR and BALTHASAR, came and offered their gifts, and, last, after preparations had been made for departure into Egypt, the whole company sang together the glorious and triumphant "*Adeste, Fideles*," and the curtain drew down and the beautiful masque was over. There was no applause—only a universal sigh of contentment and admiration.

"Rudyard Kipling's 'The Camelion's Hump' was very well recited by the whole school, every word being very clearly pronounced, and an encore was called for but not acceded to."
Times of Natal.

All the same there seems to have been one word which the reporter missed.

From a speech as reported in *The Morning Post*:—

"It took the Canadian continent 17 to 19 days to come 3,000 miles."

This shows what faith in the British cause will do.



German Sentry. "WHO GOES THERE?" *Turk.* "A FRIEND—CURSE YOU!"

THE ERROR.

IT was on Monday, January 11, 1915. He had been reading *The Daily Mail* and suddenly he banged it down. "You can't believe what you see in the papers," he said.

"Since when?" I asked.

"I suppose always," he said, "but particularly to-day."

He was a nice young soldier on his way back to his camp after a holiday, and I guessed him, before he enlisted in KITCHENER'S army, to have been a provincial clerk or a salesman of some kind.

"Yes," he said; "and I know someone else who 'll say the same when she sees it."

"Sees what?" I asked.

He found a paragraph in the paper—towards the foot of the Society column—and placed his thumb on it.

"This," he said.

"Mayn't I see?" I asked.

He kept his thumb there.

"Yes, and her mother will have something to say to it too," he went on, "and"—he chuckled richly—"my mother too. The idea!"

"Mayn't I see it?" I asked again.

"As if nobody in this world mattered but toffs," he said. "Perhaps they did once; but they 're not going to for ever, I can tell you."

"You 're a Socialist?" I suggested.

"No, I 'm not," he said. "I don't hold with Socialism. But I 'm sure after this war 's over toffs aren't going to be quite everything that they were before it began.

"The cheek of it!" he continued, with another glance at the paper. "Lumme, I 'd like to be there when she lets herself go!"

"Your mother?" I said.

"No, I didn't mean her just then; but she 'd be all right to listen to, too. She can't half speak her mind! No, I meant my fiancy. I 've just left her; been there for Sunday."

"Have you been engaged long?" I asked.

He laughed. "No," he said. "That 's the point. We only got engaged this year. I 'd courted her a long time, but it wasn't till New Year's day that we fixed it up."

"I congratulate you," I said, "and her too. I think she 's lucky to have a soldier for her husband. I hope you 're both very happy."

"Happy!" he said; "I should think we were. That 's what makes me so disgusted with this paper. Look at it."

At last he removed his thumb and showed me a paragraph beginning with the words, "The first interesting engagement of the New Year is that between Captain Dudley Hornby and Lady Marjorie Feilding."

"The 'first'!" he said scornfully. "The 'first'! She and her mother on that," he chuckled, "and my mother to help them! (We live close by). My, I wish I could be there to hear it. Give it me back, please; I must mark it and post it. What a time they 'll have!"

I would like to be there too.

"A few days ago a military concert was given [at Antwerp], but upon the band striking up the tune of 'Heil dir im Siegerterang' the people hooted. They were thereupon charged by the police, and since that occasion mitrailleuses have been posted in front of the German musicians."

Glasgow Evening Times.

In this matter our sympathies are with the audience, because (1) It was surely entitled to hoot a band which did not know the name of its own National Anthem; (2) The police should not have been allowed to make any charge at a free concert.

THE BALLYMURKY CONTINGENT.

"I TOWLD you how the Docthor's War speech sent iv'ry man from Ballymurky to the war," said old Martin Cassidy to me. "But did I not tell you how the Widdy O'Grady persuaded Terence Connelly to join them?

"I did not? Well, well. It all came out the very day the boys were leaving Ballymurky. Seventeen of them there were no less, and the Docthor there reviewing them this way and that way till he had you bewildered with the inthricacies of them.

"'Tis an uneven number you are,' sez he, 'however I look at you,' sez he.

"'Maybe you'll join us, Mrs. Murphy?' sez he; 'twill not be the first time you've worn the trousies, good luck to you,' sez he. 'Och have done wid your banther, Docthor dear,' sez she; 'there's plenty of them that wears them regler,' sez she, 'in other parts,' sez she. 'You'll not be looking for men in petticoats in Ballymurky,' sez she.

"Sure 'tis a good thing wars come only once in a while," said old Martin; "and me there comfortin' Mrs. Doolan. 'He'll come back to you when the war is over, Mrs. Doolan,' sez I; 'niver fear,' sez I.

"'I know he will,' sez she, wipin' her eyes wid her apron. 'He's not aisy lost, trust him for that. 'Tis no luck I have at all, at all,' sez she.

"They went by the express thrain, so they did," continued old Martin, and went on to explain that very few express trains passed through Ballymurky without stopping. "Sure isn't it a terminus?" said he. "Och but 'twas the fine band they had to play them to the station. Be the way Doolan bate the big dhrum you'd think 'twas the KAISER'S head he was at.

"'Go aisy with her, Doolan,' said the Docthor; 'you're drowning Patsy's runs on the thrombone,' said he.

"'Twas the beautiful music Patsy was discoursin' on that same thrombone. He had the way of it—none betther. 'Twas a gift wid him.

"The band—Patsy and Doolan—headed the procession playing 'Erin-go-bragh'—at laste Patsy was. And didn't he shtop playing in the middle of the third verse?

"'What the divvle d'you think you're playing, Doolan?' sez he.

"'Arrah, gwan out o' that,' sez Doolan, bating the big dhrum. 'Tis all one to me what I play this day,' sez he. 'Gwan you wid your thrombone,' sez he, 'and lave me extemporise on the big dhrum. 'Tis a free counthry annyway,' sez he.

"'Twas at Micky's shebeen that they had the first encounther wid the inimy," said old Martin. "Sure the whole company began to trimble.

"'Tis dying with the thirst on me I am,' sez Shemus; 'you could shtrike a match on me tongue,' sez he.

"'Arrah, go aisy, Docthor dear,' sez Larry; 'tis the cowld has settled on me stomach,' sez he, 'like a shtone,' sez he.

"But the Docthor was inixorable; he wouldn't lave a man break the ranks

"'Double!' sez he—just that. You should have heard the blasht Patsy let out of his thrombone. If iver the Docthor gets mintioned in the despatches you'll find Patsy at his elbow, so you will.

"'Twas ten o'clock the thrain was to shtart, and the Docthor had them at the station be half-past, punctual to the minyit. Isn't Terence the guard and hadn't he been blowing his whistle this half-hour wid the express there stamping her feet to be away? 'Is it tomorrow you're going, Docthor?' sez he; 'for if 'tis so you'll have to go be a later thrain,' sez he. 'Tis all I can do to hould her in,' sez he.

"'Sure 'tis a hurry you are in, Terence,' sez the Docthor; 'and you wid the nice bright day before you. Seventeen of the best I've brought you, Terence; I can't make an even number of them count them as I will. 'Tis hard to see Conlan there forming twos be himself, so it is.'

"'You're looking younger iv'ry day, Terence me boy,' sez the Docthor, aisy like. 'What age would you be now?'

"'Tis forty I am, Docthor darlin', said Terence—'in me boots,' sez he.

"'Tis the thick boots you're wearin'; won't you take them off, Terence?' sez the Docthor. 'What's your chist measurement?' sez he.

"'Thirty-eight, no less,' sez Terence, expanding of himself to his full height like a pouther pigeon.

"'I once heard tell of a man that gave his chist measurement be mistake for his age, Terence. Did you never make a mistake in your life now, Terence?' sez the Docthor.

"'Did I not, Docthor, and only last night,' said Terence; 'mebbe you'll hear of it yet,' sez he. 'Gwan out o' that, Docthor, now.'"

"I thought you said that Terence joined them," I remarked.

"Wait now till I tell you," said Martin. "Was I not saying that the Widdy O'Grady was there? Next to the engine she was, looking out of the carriage window at the boys. 'Twas goin' part of the way wid them she was; and why not?

"'You'll be late startin',' said the station-master to Terence, 'tis near eleven o'clock,' sez he; 'or after,' sez he. 'Tis me flag I'm lookin' for,' sez Terence. 'Sure the signal's against us, anyway,' sez he.

"'Tis not this thrain the signal refers to,' said the station-master, 'tis the next thrain. Wave your flag and let her go, Terence,' sez he.

"But 'twas flusthered Terence was wid losin' his flag," said old Martin. 'The divvle take the flag,' sez he. 'Sure I'll shtart her wid me handkerchief,' sez he. A rèd handkerchief at that," said Martin Cassidy.

"You'd not expect an engine-dhriver to shtart the thrain be wavin' a red handkerchief at him—not an express thrain. Sure he'd know the by-laws betther than that. But 'twas Bridget O'Grady's eye caught the red handkerchief, so it did.

"'Tis wavin' his handkerchief at me, he is,' sez she to the engine-dhriver. 'Good luck to you, mam,' sez he. 'Och the darlint,' sez she, waving back at Terence, 'he worships the ground I thread on,' sez she. 'Sure his feelings have overcome him, mam,' sez the engine-dhriver. 'Och me little Bo-peep,' sez she, blowing kisses to Terence be the dozen at a time.

"'Is it wantin' me to come to you, so it is,' said Bridget, opening the carriage door, 'me little love-burrd?' sez she. 'I'm coming to you, Terence dear,' sez she.

"'She's got you this time, Terence me boy,' said the Docthor, laughing. "'Tis here your flag is,' sez he. 'Well, wave it you,' said Terence. 'Tis no flag of mine now,' sez he. 'Boys,' sez he, 'tis Bridget has let the cat out of the bag this time before 'twas quite hatched,' sez he. 'Tis this is me flag,' sez he, takin' hould of a Union Jack from the dicorations, 'and 'tis the flag of ivery thrue Irishman,' sez he. 'Come along here wid you now, Bridget me jewel,' sez Terence, 'and see me take the King's shilling from the Docthor,' sez he.

"'Wasn't it you that was wantin' me to join last night? And didn't I promise you I'd join at Dublin just as a pleasant surprise for the Docthor? Sure 'tis you that has the laugh on the lot of them, so it is, and you breakin' your heart. Will you wave your flag now you have your eighteen, Docthor asthore? You and your mistakes,' sez he. 'The mistake I made was in thinkin' that a dacent woman would marry an Irishman who didn't know his flag,' sez he. 'For the love of Hivin let her go now, Docthor darlint,' sez he, 'or we'll be late for the IMPEROR,' sez he."

And that's how Ballymurky made an even number of it.



N.C.O. (*passing squadron that has been halted, men resting*). "STOP THAT BAD LANGUAGE. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY IT?"
Voice from darkness. "YOU 'D GIVE TONGUE IF YOU 'D AN 'ORSE'S 'OOF ON YER FACE AN' STILL 'ALTED!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I SEEM to remember that, in the old days of peace, when a friend was run down or in want of thorough rest, it was a commonplace of advice to suggest a long voyage in a sailing ship. Somehow I do not think that, even when mines and traffic raiders are no more, I shall be quite so ready with this counsel after reading *The Mutiny of the Elsinore* (MILLS AND BOON). Of course I know that a voyage in nautical fiction can never be wholly uneventful, also that one is justified in looking to Mr. JACK LONDON for something rather strenuous. But really the *Elsinore* appears to touch the limit in this kind. I wish I could tell you properly about her crew. (Mr. LONDON takes chapters and chapters in which to do it). I suppose that every possible variety of undesirable was represented among them, from dangerous maniacs downwards. And their behaviour was what you might expect. The disquieting thing about the book is that the author gives to its most horrific episodes a cold and calculated air of truth. "*Experto crede*," he seems to say; "thus and thus is the real life of ships." So I had to believe him. There was only one passenger on board the *Elsinore*, and he finished the voyage in command of her. This was after the Captain had gone wrong in the head, and the First Officer had discovered the Second to be the murderer of one whom he had sworn to avenge. By this time also the voyage (which might be called one of attrition) had considerably reduced the *Elsinore's* company; while the survivors were mostly engaged in hurling bombs and vitriol at each other. What one might call an active, open-air book. But, though I am far from denying its grim strength, it will not be my favourite among its author's always interesting romances.

Mr. GILBERT CANNAN offers us in *Young Earnest* (SECKER) an extremely conscientious and plausible study of a talented, sensitive and, I am afraid, rather "superior" youth whose love affairs preoccupy him too exclusively and whose demands on life are so exacting that nothing can ever bring him content. I feel so sure from the good deal which I now know of young *Fourmy* and his behaviour to his wife, *Linda*, that brilliant suburban, and to *Ann*, the factory girl, that he never found with *Cathleen* the perfect peace which his creator alleges; or perhaps, more justly, that he never could have found it without a struggle and self-discipline, of which there are few signs. It is surely one of the fallacies of a common philosophy of romance—a fallacy much too crude for Mr. CANNAN's unusually careful method—that while this, that and the other relation, opening delightfully, becomes sordid or impossible some final selection is to prove automatically and permanently blissful, even if there be no legal ties to chafe against on principle. The fact is your *Fourmys* are in this difficult matter of the affections doomed to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and of course the perceptive author knows this perfectly well and his happy ending is only a "let 's pretend." I have been fascinated by the skill of a series of uncannily clear-cut portraits; I know no other writer who has the power in so singular a degree of getting right down below surface traits to depths of mood and character. Analyse it and you will find that Mr. CANNAN gives you no descriptions but merely lets his characters unfold themselves in their talk. There 's much in that "merely."

Oliver, the hero of *The Woman who Looked Back* (STANLEY PAUL), seems to have been a person of exceptional credulity. Having as a boy married a quite undesirable foreigner, he subsequently went to India, and on his return accepted without question his mother's statement that he was a widower. So he married *Sara*, the heroine of the tale, and lived in great placidity for some eight years with her, till the expected happened, and the discovery of an old letter proved that wife No. 1 was very much alive. It is at this dramatic crisis that M. HAMILTON raises the curtain upon his (or her) story. If I treat it with flippancy it is not from any dislike of it; on the contrary it seems to me both interesting and human, especially human. The dialogue is profoundly and movingly natural; in every chapter I have felt that, given the postulated situation, the characters would talk exactly thus, which simply means that M. HAMILTON is an adept in her (or his) art. The situation is complicated by the fact that, though *Oliver* had accepted his second marriage as an ideally happy one, *Sara* in her secret heart was becoming monstrously bored. Indeed in a soft, play-with-fire fashion she believed herself in love with *Oliver's* friend *George*, who himself adored her passionately. Naturally, therefore, when the bomb burst and *Sara* was no longer the wife of anybody, *George* thought his moment had come. I shall not carry the story of their three-cornered fight further. It remains three-cornered. Contrary to every accepted custom, the original and only genuine wife never once appears upon the stage. This strikes me as constituting a record in the avoidance of the *scène-à-faire*. Incidentally also it confirms me in my opinion of M. HAMILTON as an author of originality and honesty, whose picture of *Sara* in particular shows that she understands a great deal about her own sex.



Teashop Waitress (feeling the pinch of War). "JUST LOOK AT THAT LOT, EDNA! NOT FIVE MINUTES' CHAT IN THE WHOLE CROWD."

My enjoyment of a book that is frankly a study on a special subject is always limited by the interest of the subject itself, however prettily the theme be embroidered. The most eloquent disquisition on postage stamps, for example, would leave me unmoved. MARGARET PETERSON needs no introduction as a most eloquent writer on things Indian; yet "Eurasia," her set study in *Tony Bellew* (MELROSE)—I am not likening it to philately, and should be sorry to be disrespectful to either—so swamps her story, and is in itself so little agreeable, that I cannot feel much enthusiasm for her latest work. That it is dry and barren cannot be said of a single page; indeed, I could even wish that such adjectives might be applicable here and there as a relief from the—shall I say?—clammy fungoid atmosphere that permeates, and is intended to permeate, the world that lies between the covers of this volume. The central figure—certainly not hero, and wanting something to be man—exhales in his fickle violences just this miasma; and rightly so, if the general conception of the book be just, for he is born of a Bengali mother. Even his final sacrifice to save *Joan*, herself about the only character one would care to meet, is hysterical and unnecessary, and does little to redeem him. I would gladly believe that the picture of her unpleasant experiences is as false as, I think you will agree, it is on the whole ugly and unsympathetic; though I admit that a lack of sympathy is as much against the intention of the writer as a certain unpleasantness is the deliberate object of her able craftsmanship. I must place it in your hands at that, with the advice to read or pass by according to your interest in the subject.

The Wise Virgins (ARNOLD) is one of those quaint old-world stories of the day when there were artists and individualists who despised convention and the stiffness of ordinary morality and wanted to realise themselves and occupied quite a lot of our attention. To read it is to plunge back through the mists of time into the early summer of 1914 A.D. And even then I have my doubts as to whether I should have been persuaded to share the sympathy which L. F. WOOLF appears to feel for *Harry Davis*, the young Richstead painter. The two types of people among whom his lot is cast are cleverly if much too bitterly and unkindly contrasted—the *Garlands*, pre-eminently suburban, unable and (all except *Gwen*) unwilling to leave their monotonous groove, and the *Lawrences*, too cultured and full of æsthetic sensibilities to do anything but sit still and talk. *Harry* combines the æsthetic sense with a restless vitality which he attributes to his Jewish origin, and is desirous of action and enterprise. And so, rejected by *Camilla Lawrence*, he talks to *Gwen* until she almost compels him to compromise her, and the book closes with the mockery of a forced marriage in deference to the sentiments of Philistia. In spite of some skilful and penetrating satire, I fancy that 1915 will consider *The Wise Virgins* neither a very nice nor a very necessary book.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

THE claims which have been made by Belgium upon the generosity of the British public have been eagerly met, but the needs of her Army do not seem to have been fully realised. If we owe one debt more than other it is to the fighting men among our Belgian allies. These brave fellows are still in want of warm clothing and those simple comforts—such as tobacco and chocolate—which sound so little and mean so much. *Mr. Punch*, at the risk of seeming importunate in his demands upon the goodness of his readers, begs them to give their help where it is so sorely needed. Gifts in kind should be addressed to Commandant MATON, 23, City Road, E.C., and money gifts (perhaps the more useful form of help) to M. VANDERVELDE, Victoria Hotel, Northumberland Avenue, S.W.

The Honorary Secretary of the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund, 33, Portland Place, W., desires to express her gratitude to those who generously responded to *Mr. Punch's* appeal for this good cause.

CHARIVARIA.

"Herts are doing well," reports Lord CAVAN in a letter from the Front received at Stevenage. Herts, in fact, are trumps.

* * *

In Germany it is now said that the KAISER will receive Calais as a birthday present. In France, however, it is said that it will be Pas de Calais.

* * *

The English governess whose book Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL have just published says of the KAISER:—"When he made a witticism he laughed out aloud, opening his mouth, throwing back his head slightly with a little jerk, and looking one straight in the eyes." It seems a lot of trouble to take to intimate that one has made a joke, but no doubt his hearers found it helpful.

* * *

Further details of the battle off the Falkland Islands are now to hand. VON SPEE, the German Admiral, it seems, ordered "No quarter"—to which our men retorted, "Not half."

* * *

An *Express* correspondent reports from Belgium that the Germans now have a number of monitor-like vessels at Zeebrugge which have only one large gun and "sit low in the water." We trust our Navy may be relied upon to make them sit lower still.

* * *

With regard to the occupation of Swakopmund the *Vossische Zeitung* now says that this proceeding of war in South-West Africa is without significance. It seems rather churlish of our contemporary not to point this out until we have had the trouble of taking the place.

* * *

A Berlin despatch announces that Dr. WEILL, the member of the Reichstag who entered the French army, has been deprived of his German nationality. We fear that Dr. WEILL omitted some of the formalities.

* * *

We cannot blame the EX-KHEDIVE for assuming that his life is of value. He is to direct operations in Egypt from Geneva.

* * *

"CARDINAL MERCIER
BELIEF THAT HE DOES NOT ENJOY FULL LIBERTY."

These headlines are regrettable. They make it possible for the Germans to say, "What's the good of giving him full liberty if he does not enjoy it?"

* * *

On more than one occasion lately the Special Constables have been called out only to kick their heels for a considerable time at the local police station. There is some grumbling as to this, it being felt that they might have been told, anyhow, to bring their knitting with them.

* * *

The Glasgow Evening Times must not be surprised if it loses a few subscribers among the members of the R.A.M.C. owing to the following answer to a correspondent in its issue of the 15th inst.:—"'18' (Falkirk)—Delicate lads are of little use in the Army. You might try the Royal Army Medical Corps."

* * *

With reference to the action brought by Sir HIRAM MAXIM to restrain an alleged nuisance from noise and vibration caused by a firm of builders, our sympathy certainly went out to the defendants, for who could have guessed that the inventor of the famous machine-gun would have a rooted objection to noise?

* * *

The new West London Police Court was opened last week, and is pronounced by its patrons to be both handsome and comfortable—a place, in fact, in which no one need feel ashamed to be seen. There is even a writing desk in the dock for the use of prisoners. When so many of them write memoirs for the Yellow Press this is a little convenience which will be much appreciated.



"SPECIAL" ETIQUETTE.

Mrs. Bec. "I THINK IT WAS PERFECTLY HATEFUL OF GRACE TO SEND LADY COPPERTHWAITE IN TO DINNER BEFORE ME, WHEN SHE KNOWS SIR JOHN IS ONLY A SERGEANT, AND MY GEORGE IS A SUB-INSPECTOR!"

THE MURDERERS.

(Lines addressed to their Master.)

If I were asked what gives me most amaze
Among your signs of mental aberration,
I should select, from several curious traits,
Your lack of commonplace imagination.

You seem to think, if once you win the day,
You justify your means; it won't much matter
What laws of man you broke to get your way,
What rules of chivalry you chose to shatter.

Is that your reading in the glass of Time?
And has your swollen head become so rotten
That you suppose success could cancel crime,
Or murder in its triumph be forgotten?

Man shall not live, O King, by bread alone,
Though spiced with blood of innocent lives for leaven;
He must have breath of honour round him blown
As vital as the very air of Heaven.

What should it serve you, though your end were won
And earth were made a mat to wipe your boot on,
If every decent race beneath the sun
Spits for contempt upon the name of Teuton?

O. S.

THE FISH FAMINE.

It is only proper that an agitation should be on foot to compel the Government to take measures to prevent a further rise in the cost of bread, the food of the people.

But what is the Government prepared to do to remedy the present deplorable dearth in the food of the people's thinkers—fish?

Scientists, statisticians, fishmongers and other authorities tell us that for the development of the human brain there is nothing to compare with fish. Indeed, one has only to glance at the throng assembled in any popular fish-bar of a night to realise that the people of our country are alive to their need in this respect.

Consider what this shortage of fish must mean in the development of the intellectual life of the people of this country. How can we expect our parcels to be delivered intelligently, our gas-fittings to be adjusted properly, our bulbs to be planted effectively, if our carmen, our plumbers, our jobbing gardeners, and so forth, are deprived of their daily bloater or bloaters, as the case may be?

How can we hope that Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Arnold Bennett or even Lord Kitchener himself will continue to guide the nation effectively with the fish course obliterated from the *menu*?

What is the use of the Poet Laureate to the country if Billingsgate is inactive? And without Billingsgate how can our half-penny morning papers adjust their differences, or illuminating discussion among intellectuals be maintained?

How much longer will *The Spectator* and *The Church Times* be worth reading if the present scarcity of fish continues? Is a Hampstead thinkable without halibut?

A marked deterioration has already been noted in the quality of the discourses of the senior curate at one of our suburban churches. We may be capturing trade, and the position of our banks may be wonderfully sound; but against that must be recorded the lamentable fact that in a certain town in the Home Counties last week only twenty-two people attended a widely announced debate on the subject, "Have Cinema Pictures a more refining influence upon the Poor than Classical Poetry?"

THE BRITISH ARMY.

(As seen from Berlin.)

[The Socialist *Vorwärts*, which takes considerable pains to correct the mistakes of its contemporaries, solemnly rebukes journals which, it says, have described the Scots Greys as "the Scottish Regiment of the Minister Grey."—*The Times.*]

The desperate straits of the British are indicated by the statement that it has become necessary for what is called in England the "senior service" to take a hand in recruiting the junior, *i.e.* the British Army. We learn that the naval gunnery expert, Sir Percy Scott, has raised a regiment known as Scott's Guards.

It illustrates the difficulty which the British have in raising recruits, that the Government, now that it has acquired the railways, is ruthlessly compelling even the older servants to join the army. One section of these men, who hitherto have been occupied with flag and whistle, and have never been mounted in their lives, are being enlisted in a special battalion known as the Horse Guards, while, as the authorities themselves admit, the railways furnish whole regiments of the line. The War Office has even made up a force from the men who drive King George's trains, under the title of the Royal Engineers.

The British commemorate their generals in their regiments. For instance, the name of the Duke of Wellington is carried by the West Riding Regiment, which, as its name indicates, is a cavalry regiment; and the Gordon Highlanders—the Chasseurs Alpins of the British army—were founded to preserve the name of the late General Gordon.

The curious practice of bathing the body in cold water at the beginning of day, which is compulsory in the British army, is an old one, and is said to have been inaugurated by a royal regiment which even to-day commemorates the beginning of the odd habit in its title of Coldstreamers.

THE BELLS OF BERLIN.

(Which are said to be rung by order occasionally to announce some supposed German victory.)

The Bells of Berlin how they hearten the Hun
(O dingle dong dangle ding dongle ding dee);
No matter what devil's own work has been done
They chime a loud chant of approval, each one,
Till the people feel sure of their place in the sun
(O dangle ding dongle dong dingle ding dee).

If Hindenburg hustles an enemy squad
(O dingle dong dangle ding dongle ding dee),
The bells all announce that the alien sod
Is damp with the death of some thousand men odd,
Till the populace smiles with a gratified nod
(O dangle ding dongle dong dingle ding dee).

If Tirpitz behaves like a brute on the brine
(O dingle dong dangle ding dongle ding dee),
The bells with a clash and a clamour combine
To hint that the Hated One's on the decline,
And the city gulps down the good tidings like wine
(O dangle ding dongle dong dingle ding dee).

The Bells of Berlin, are they cracked through and through
(O dingle dong dangle ding dongle ding dee),
Or deaf to the discord like Germany too?
For whether their changes be many or few,
The worst of them is that they never ring true
(O dangle ding dongle dong dingle ding dee).



THE DISSEMBLERS.

[JANUARY 27TH.]

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. "NOW WHAT DO WE REALLY WANT TO SAY?"

SULTAN OF TURKEY. "WELL, OF COURSE WE COULDN'T SAY *THAT*; NOT ON HIS BIRTHDAY."

THE LAST FIGHT OF ALL.

EVERY morn we met together
On our journey up to town,
Guyed the Government and weather,
Ran all other nations down;
And, whenever (very seldom)
Strangers' visages were seen,
With indignant looks we quelled 'em
On the 9.17.

But to-day there 's none remaining
To bestow the crushing glance.
Down in Surrey Smith is training,
Brown is somewhere out in France;
Going through his martial paces,
Jones is billeted at Sheen;
Strangers seize the sacred places
On the 9.17.

But when once, the struggle ended,
Men resume their normal toil
There will be one final, splendid
Battle fought on English soil;
And the populace enraptured
From their evening Press shall glean:
"Heavy fighting; seats recaptured
On the 9.17."

THE WAR AND THE BOOKS.

"NOWHERE," says a contemporary, "is the influence of the War more apparent than in the publishers' lists." We venture to anticipate a few items that are promised for this time next year:—

For Lovers of Bright Fiction. NEW GERMAN FAIRY TALES. Selected from the Official Wireless. 550 pp., large quarto, 10*s.* 6*d.* The first review says, "Deliciously entertaining . . . powers of imagination greatly above the ordinary. The story of "Hans across the Sea, or the Eagles in Egypt," will make you rock with laughter.

Important new work on Ornithology. BRITISH BIRDS, BY ONE WHO GOT THEM. Being the experiences of a Slacker in the prime of life during the Great War. Crown octavo, 6*s.* Profusely illustrated with cuts.

CIVILIAN LIFE FROM WITHIN. The author, Mr. Jude Brown, has (for good reasons fully explained in the preface) remained a civilian during the past year. He is thus in a position to speak with authority upon a phase of life which most of his contemporary readers will either have forgotten or never known. Just as Service novels in the past used to appear full of the most absurd technical errors, so to-day many books that profess to deal with civilian life are disfigured by every kind of solecism. Mr. Brown, however, writes not as a gushing amateur but as one who knows. Order early.



Nephew. "I 'M READING A VERY INTERESTING BOOK, AUNT, CALLED 'GERMANY AND THE NEXT WAR.'"

Aunt. "WELL, MY DEAR, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THEY HAD THEIR HANDS FULL ENOUGH WITH THE PRESENT ONE."

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch begs to call the attention of his readers to a sale which will take place at CHRISTIE'S, on February 5th, of pictures by members of the Royal Society of Painters in Watercolours. The entire proceeds will be divided between the two allied societies, the Red Cross and the St. John Ambulance. The pictures are on exhibition at Messrs. CHRISTIE'S, who are bearing all expenses and charging no commission.

A Birthday Wish: Jan. 27th:—
A toast to the KAISER from wives and from mothers,
"May he be as happy as he has made others."

"We have the further intelligence that 80 Turkish transports have been sunk by the Russians in the North Sea. This last piece of information lacks official confirmation."
Dublin Evening Mail.

This continued official scepticism about the Russians is very disheartening.

"Sandringham is fifty miles due east of Yarmouth."—*Liverpool Echo.*

Rather a score off the KAISER, who didn't realise it was a submarine job.

"Our Correspondent at Washington reports that the Press of the Eastern United States is unanimous in excoriating the German Air Raid."—*The Times.*

If only they would excoriate the Zeppelins themselves.

ON THE SPY-TRAIL.

I.

JIMMY had been saving up his pocket-money and his mother had begun to get rather anxious; she thought he must be sickening for something.

He was. It was for a dog, any dog, but preferably a very fierce bloodhound. He had already bought a chain; he had to have that because the dog he was going to buy would have to be held in by main force; it would have to be restrained.

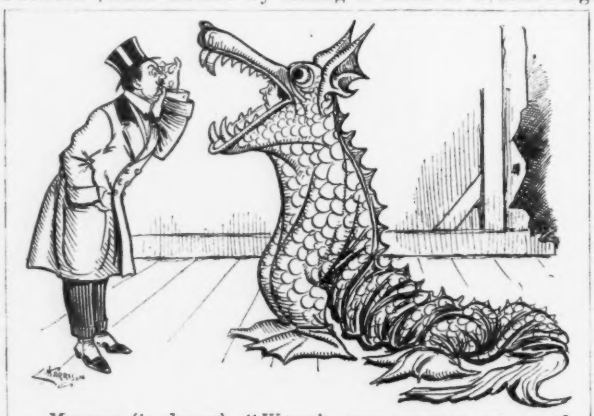
But he didn't have to buy one after all; he had one transferred to him.

You see Jimmy was helping at a kind of bazaar in aid of the Belgian Refugees Fund. He had volunteered to help with the refreshment stall. There is a lot of work about a refreshment stall, Jimmy says. His work made him a bit husky, but he stuck to it and so it stuck to him.

He was very busy explaining the works of a cake to a lady when a man came up with something under his arm. It was a raffle. You paid threepence for a ticket, and would the lady like one?

The lady said she already had two tea-cosies at home; but the man explained that it was not a tea-cosy, it was a dog.

A dog! Perhaps a bloodhound! Jimmy trembled with excitement. Only threepence for a ticket, and he had a chance of winning it.



Manager (*to dragon*). "WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHERE'S YOUR HIND LEGS?"
Dragon. "THEY'VE ENLISTED, SIR."

It seemed a faithful dog, Jimmy thought. It had a very good lick, too; it licked a sponge-cake off a plate, and would have licked quite a lot more from Jimmy's stall if it had had time.

Jimmy came third in the raffle.

But the man whose ticket won the dog said he didn't care for that kind of breed, by the look of it, and gave way in favour of the next.

The next man said he wasn't taking any shooting this year, and he stood aside. The dog was Jimmy's!!

With trembling hands he fastened on the chain—to restrain it. Then he asked the man whose ticket had won the raffle if it was really a *prize* bloodhound.

The man looked at the dog critically, and said it was either a prize bloodhound or a Scotch haggis; at any rate it was a very rare animal.

Jimmy asked if he would have to have a licence for it, but the man said it would be best to wait and see what it grew into. All good bloodhounds are like that, Jimmy says.

Jimmy ran all the way home: he couldn't run very fast, as the bloodhound tried to slide on its hind legs most of the way, it was so fierce.

Jimmy knows all about bloodhounds, how to train them. He is training his to track down German spies, amongst other things.

He knows a way so that if you say something—well, you don't exactly say it, you do it by putting your tongue into the place where your front tooth came out and then blowing—a really well-trained bloodhound will begin to shiver, and the hair on the back of his neck will go up. You then go and look for someone to help you to pull him off the German's throat, and ask the German his name and address, politely.

Jimmy taught his bloodhound to track clothes by letting it smell at a piece of cloth. It brought him a lot of clothes from nearly a quarter of a mile away. They were not the right clothes though, and Jimmy had to take them back. The woman wanted them—to wash over again, she said. She doesn't like bloodhounds much.

Jimmy says you ought to have the blood of the victim on the cloth.

Jimmy has trained his bloodhound to watch things. It is very good at watching. It watched a cat up a tree all one night, and never left off once: it is very faithful like that. And it bays quite well, without being taught to. It bayed up to four hundred and ten one night, and would have gone past that but a man opened a window and told it not to. He sent it a water-bottle to play with instead.

Jimmy's bloodhound is a splendid fighter. It fought a dog much bigger than itself and nearly choked it. The other dog was trying to swallow it, and Jimmy had to pull his dog out.

Jimmy says he has only once seen his bloodhound really frightened. It was when it followed Jimmy up into his bedroom, and saw itself in the mirror in the wardrobe. Jimmy says it was because it came upon itself too suddenly. It made it brood a great deal, and Jimmy had to give it a certain herb to reassure it.

Jimmy takes it out every day, searching for German spies. It goes round sniffing everywhere—in hopes. It is a very strong sniffer and full of zeal, and one day it did it.

A man was looking at a shop-window, where they sell sausages and pork-pies. He was studying them, Jimmy says. Jimmy says he never would have guessed he was a German spy if his bloodhound hadn't sniffed him out. It walked round the man twice, and in doing so wrapped the chain round the man's legs. Jimmy says it was to cut off his retreat. The man moved backwards and stepped on the bloodhound's toe, and the bloodhound began to bay like anything. Jimmy says it showed the bloodhound was hot upon the scent.

It then sniffed a piece out of the man's trousers.

There was another man there; he was looking on and laughing. He said to Jimmy, "Pull in, sonny; you've got a bite."

But he stopped laughing when the German spy tripped up and fell on top of the bloodhound; for the German spy shouted out, "Ach, Himmel!" The man who was looking on shouted, "What ho!" and put all the fingers of both hands into his mouth and gave one terrific whistle. The bloodhound held on tightly underneath the German, baying faithfully, till the policeman came and forced them apart. The German spy never said anything to the policeman or to the man or to Jimmy, but it seemed he couldn't say enough to the bloodhound. He kept turning round to say things, as they came into his head, on his way to the police-station.

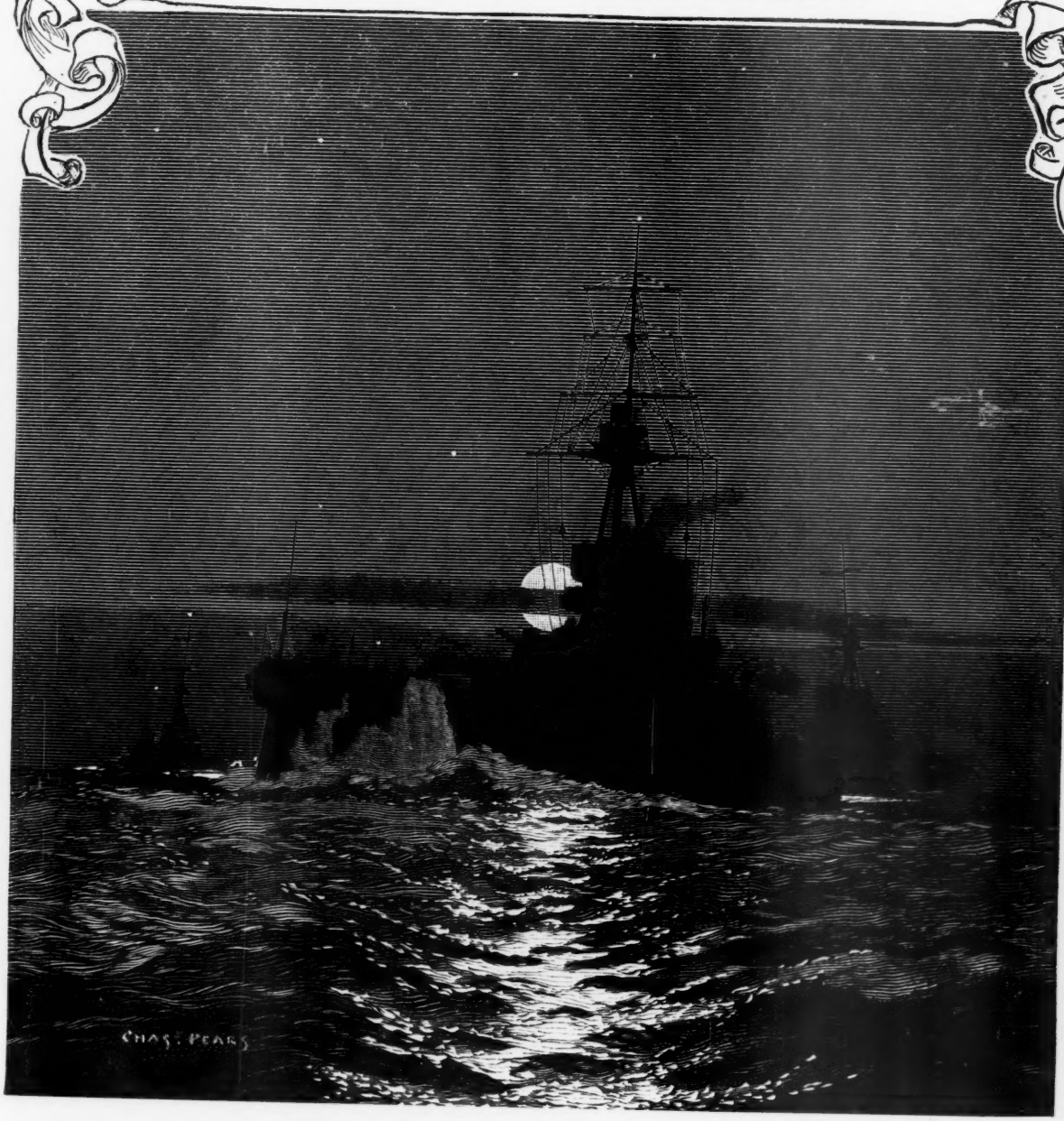
Jimmy asked the German if he could keep the piece of cloth his bloodhound had sniffed out.

Jimmy has made the piece of cloth into a kind of medal with a piece of wire, and has fastened it to the bloodhound's collar. Jimmy says if he gets a lot of pieces of cloth like this he is going to make a patchwork quilt for the bloodhound.

Jimmy's bloodhound is hotter than ever on the trail of German spies.

If you are good you shall hear more of it another time.

BUCHANAN'S
SCOTCH WHISKIES



STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE: OUR WATCHDOGS.

"RED SEAL"
48/- per doz.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD"
(An Extra Special Blend of Choice Old Whiskies.)
60/- per doz.

"BLACK & WHITE"
54/- per doz.

Buchanan's Scotch Whiskies are well-matured and perfectly blended. Their vast stocks in Scotland ensure an unfailing supply of the same faultless quality.

Supplied by Appointment *to the Royal Palaces.*

Are You Drinking German Waters?

APOLLINARIS, JOHANNIS, EMS, CAMBRÜNNEN, MATTONI (*AUSTRIAN*)
come from Germany.

PERRIER, THE TABLE WATER OF THE ALLIES,
comes from France.

"DER TAG."

THE DAY—der Tag—to which the Germans have drunk silent toasts for years, has dawned—but not for Germany!! The day has dawned for the British Empire, for fair France, and for Perrier Water.

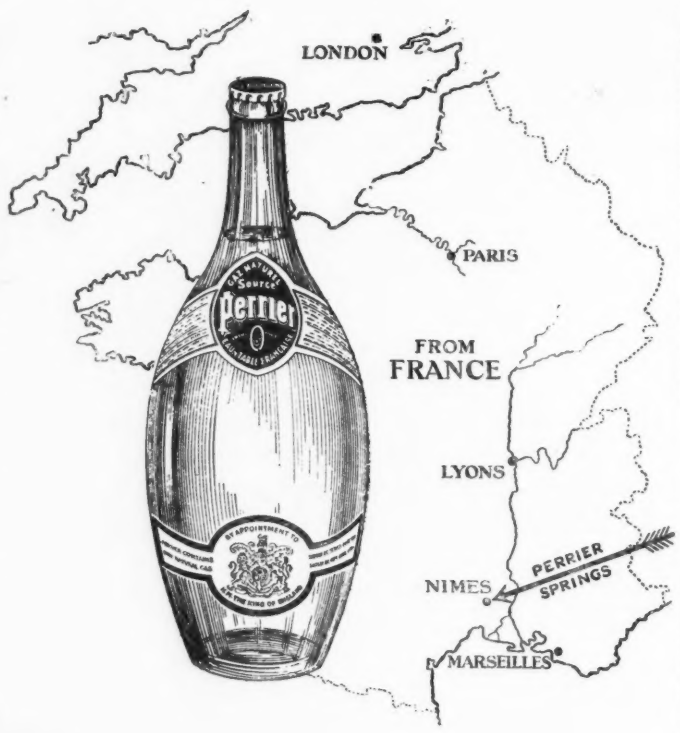
Perrier stands as the great representative of France against a host of Waters from Germany. Most people drank Perrier before the War—everybody does now.

Perrier is the perfection of drinking-water. It has been defined as the champagne of Table Waters. No phrase could more aptly describe its character. From the moment it touches the lips the sense of life and vigour pervades the whole body. It awakens the appetite and stimulates digestion. Be it whisky, brandy, white wines, etc., Perrier imparts its delicacy and life to whatever it is mixed with. It is delicious simply with a slice of lemon.

Ladies greatly appreciate the delicacy, freshness, and clean taste of Perrier Water.

THE BUGBEAR OF MIDDLE-AGE.

Perrier has the valuable power of acting slightly on the kidneys. This Water is invaluable in gout and uric acid troubles—the bugbear of middle-age. Start the day with a glass of Perrier and a slice of lemon.



Prices.

	Price	Allowance for empties if returned carriage paid to dealers.	Approximate Price of Contents of Bottle.
*Cases of 50 Large Bottles	22/-	2/9	4½d.
„ 100 Half Bottles	35/-	4/-	3½d.
„ 100 Quarter Bottles	26/-	4/-	2½d.

Large Bottles, 5/6 per doz. Half Bottles, 4 6 per doz.
Quarter Bottles, 3 6 per doz.

**The Large bottle contains as much as a Syphon.*

Perrier

"The Champagne of Table Waters."

London Offices:
45-47, Wigmore Street, W.

The Battle-Cry of the Allies: "Shoulder to Shoulder, in War and Trade."

P.C.B.—10



Nervous Subaltern (endeavouring to explain the mysteries of drill). "FORMING FOURS—WHEN THE SQUAD WISHES TO FORM FOURS, THE EVEN NUMBERS TAKE——"

Sergeant-major. "*AS YOU WERE!* A SQUAD OF RECRUITS NEVER *WISHES* TO DO NOTHING, SIR!"

AS GOOD AS A MILE.

As this happened over a month ago, it is disclosing no military secret to say that the North Sea was extraordinarily calm. It was neither raining nor sleeting nor blowing; indeed the sun was actually visible, an alcoholic-visaged sun, glowing like a stage fire through a frosty haze. From the cruiser that was steaming slowly ahead, with no apparent object beyond that of killing time, the only break to be seen in the smoky blue of the sea was the dull copper reflection on one-half of its wake; and that somehow attracted no comment from the man on the lookout. Bits of flotsam nevertheless, however harmlessly flotsam, were recorded on their appearance in a penetrating mechanical sing-song, with a strong Cockney accent, as were the occasional glimpses of the shores of Norway.

All that could manage it were on deck, enjoying the unusual freedom from oilskins. The captain was assuring the commander that the safest way of avoiding a cold was to sit in a draught with a wet shirt on; a marine was having a heated argument with a petty officer as to whether the remnants of the German Navy would be destroyed or taken over at the end of the War; the torpedo-lieutenant was telling the A. P. what jolly scenery there was from here if only one could see it, and pronouncing his conviction that it was mere beef and not real reindeer that they had given him for lunch at the hotel up the fjord; while the A. P. was mentally calculating the chances of the old man's coming down handsomely enough to allow his honeymoon to run to Norway when the war was over.

"Periscope on the port bow, Sir!" It disappeared in the spray of half-a-dozen shells, and emerged unharmed for an instant before it dipped; but a rapidly-forming line of torpedo-bubbles showed that the submarine too had seen, and had made answer after its fashion.

People who ought to know assure us that the truly great often regret their days of obscurity; certainly the captain now wished that he were still merely the lieutenant-commander of a T.B. Then he could have turned nearly parallel to the course of the torpedo, and tried for a ram. With the heavier and slower ship there was no room or time for such a manœuvre; it was full speed ahead or astern. The torpedo was well-aimed, and, seeing from its track that it would meet their course ahead, he rang full speed astern. The ship quivered distressingly, and the water boiled beneath her stern. There was nothing left to do but wait and trust to the propellers.

Ranks and ratings alike clustered to the side, watching those bubbles with a curiously dispassionate interest; but for the silence they might have been a crowd of tourists assembled to see a whale. One low "Six to four against the torpedo" was heard; and a sub with a pathetically incipient beard asked for a match in a needlessly loud tone. The bubbles drew near, very near, and were hidden from all but one or two beneath the bow; hands gripped the rails rather tightly, and then once more the line of bubbles appeared, now to the starboard. Men turned and looked at each other curiously as if they were new acquaintances; one or two shook hands rather shamefacedly; and the sub who had asked for a match found that his cigarette wanted another.

And from the look-out, in the same mechanical sing-song, came "Torpedo passed ahead, Sir!"

AS WE HATE IT.

["Mr. Stanley Cooke will begin his tour with *Caste* at the Royal, Salisbury, on Monday. The old piece, we understand, has been altered so as to allow of references to current events in the War. Sam Gerridge now enlists in the last Act, and appears in khaki."—*The Stage.*

Not to be outdone, *Mr. Punch* begs to present scenes from his new version of *As You Like It*]

ACT I.

An open place (with goal-posts at each end).

Enter from opposite turnstiles Duke Frederick *and* Rosalind (*with* Celia).

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin? Are you crept hither to see the football?

Rosalind. Ay, my lord, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you. I only came myself from—er—duty. It's disgraceful to think that our able-bodied young men should waste their time kicking a ball about in this crisis. I would enlist myself if only I were ten years younger.

Celia (*thoughtfully*). I know a man just about your age who——

Duke (*hastily*). Besides, I have a weak heart.

[*Shout.* Orlando *kicks a goal.*

Rosalind. Who is that excellent young man?

Duke. Orlando. I have tried to persuade him to go, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

[*Whistle. Time. Arden Wednesday is defeated* 2—1. Orlando *approaches.*

Rosalind. Young man, are you aware that there is a war on?

Orlando. Yes, lady.

Rosalind (*giving him a small white feather from her bag*).
Wear this for me, the lastling of the flock;
To-morrow you shall have a better one.

Orlando. Lady, I thank you for your welcome gift.
This little favour cunningly affixed
With mucilage upon the upper lip
Shall take the place of those informal sproutings
Which military etiquette demands
And Nature has persistently denied me.

Rosalind (*alarmed*). Why want you a moustache, young man?

Orlando. To fight with.
(*Bowing.*) Second Lieutenant O. de Boys; gazetted
This very morning to the Fifth Battalion
The Arden Foresters—and at your service.
My men await me. Fare you well, fair ladies.
[*Exit.*

Rosalind (*sighing*). Celia, my dear, I've made a fool of myself *again.*

Celia. It looks like it. You're always so hasty.

Rosalind (*casually*). I wonder where the Fifth Battalion is training?

Celia. Somewhere in the Forest, I expect.

Rosalind. Alas, what danger will it be to us
Maids as we are to travel forth so far!

Celia. I'll put myself into a Red Cross dress.

Rosalind. I do not like the Red Cross uniform.

Celia. You could be photographed ten times a day:
"*The Lady Rosalind a Red Cross Nurse.*"

Rosalind. I like it not. Nay, I will be a Scout.

Celia. What shall I call thee when thou art a Scout?

Rosalind. I'll have no worse a name than Archibald.
The Boy Scout Archibald. And what of you?

Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia now, but Helia.

Rosalind. Help!

ACT II.

An open place in the Forest.

A Voice. Platoon! Properly at ease there, blank you! 'Tn-SHUN! Dis-MISS!

Enter Amiens, Jaques *and others.*

Amiens. SONG.
It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know . . . (*et-cetera.*)

Jaques. More, more, I prithee, more.

Amiens. It will make you melancholy, Corporal Jaques.

Jaques. I want to be melancholy. Any man would be melancholy when his officer's moustache falls off on parade.

Amiens. A white one too—a regular Landsturmer. And yet he's not an *old* man, Corporal.

Jaques. Ay, it's a melancholy business. Come, warble.

Amiens. SONG.
Who doth all comfort shun
And hates the blooming sun,
Eating what he can get
And sleeping in the wet,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he learn
To right-about-turn
In winter and rough weather.

Jaques (*getting up*). A melancholy business. Amiens, my lad, I feel the old weakness coming over me.

Amiens (*alarmed*). You're going to recite, Corporal?

Jaques. Yes, I'm going to recite. (*Sighs.*)

Amiens. Fight against it, Corporal, fight against it! It didn't matter in the old civilian days, long ago; but think if it suddenly seized you when we were going into action!

Jaques. I know, I know. I've often thought of it. But when once it gets hold of me—— (*Pleadingly*) This will only be a very little one, Amiens . . . H'r'm!
All the world's at war
And all the men are learning to be soldiers:
They have their exits—
(*Bugle*)
Dammit, there goes mine.
[*Exit hurriedly, followed by the others.*

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Rosalind (*reading*).
No mistress ever has recalled
A sweeter youth than Archibald.
The only name that never palled
On Rosalind was Archibald.
How firmly is thy face installed
Upon my heart, O Archibald!

Celia. Is that your own, dear?

Rosalind. I found it on a tree. There's lots more . . . Oh, Celia, listen! It ends up:
O! once I was severely galled
By feathers from my Archibald.
Celia, it must be Orlando! He has penetrated my disguise and he forgives me!

[*Enter* Orlando *from left at the head of his men.*

Orlando (*to his platoon*). Halt! Eyes right! (*Advancing to Rosalind.*) Lady, you gave me a feather once. I have lost it. Can you give me another one? My Colonel says I *must* have a moustache.

Rosalind. Alas, Sir, I have no others.

Orlando (*firmly*). Very well. Then there's only one thing for me to do. I shall have to join the Navy.

He does so, thus providing a naval Third Act . . . And so eventually to the long-wished-for end. A. A. M.

THE LATEST IRISH GRIEVANCE.

A MILESIAN MEDLEY.

[*The Earl of ABERDEEN on his promotion in the peerage has adopted the style of Marquess of ABERDEEN AND TARA.*]

THE Harp that once in Tara's Hall
The soul of music shed
Has had a most disastrous fall
And won't be comforted;
For now, when the Milesian Gael
Looms large upon the scene,
Tara is tacked on to the tail
Of Scottish Aberdeen.

O CASEMENT dear, an' did ye hear the
news that 's goin' round?
The Germans are by law forbid to land
on Irish ground;
And Cork's proud Corporation—may
perdition seize their soul!—
Have blotted KUNO MEYER's name from
off their burgess roll.

I met wid PADDY BIRRELL on the links
at Overstrand,
An' sez he, "How 's poor dear Ireland,
and how does she stand?"
She 's the most amazin' counthry that
iver yet was seen,
For she 's let the name of Tara come
afther Aberdeen!

O if in dingy khaki we 've got to see it
through,
And must not taste of *raki* (which is
Turkish mountain-dew),
Still we can wet our whistle with
porter and *poteen*,
And extirpate the thistle from Tara's
sacred scene.

When laws can turn the pratie into
the Frenchman's bean,
An' when the Russian Ballet comes to
dance on College Green,
Then I 'll accept the title, though I 'm
a patriot keen,
But till that day Tara shall stay in
front of Aberdeen.

Chorus (*to the tune of Tarara-Boom-de-ay.*)

TARA AND ABERDEEN—that 's what it
should have been,
For never has there been an insult so
obscene
To dear Dark ROSALEEN, our holy Island
Queen,
As letting Tara's sheen be dimmed by
Aberdeen.

"Grease Spots on Milk.—Take a lump of magnesia, and, having wetted it, rub it over the grease-marks. Let it dry, and then brush the powder off, when the spots will be found to have disappeared."—*North Wilts Herald.*

They didn't. Perhaps we had the wrong kind of milk.



Lady. "I WANT SOME STUDS, PLEASE, FOR MY SON."
Shopman. "YES, MADAM—FOR THE FRONT?"
Lady. "NO—HOME DEFENCE."

A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

II.

MY DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—I think I see now the reason for the wholesale transference of our Battalion to clerical duties as described in my last letter. We are being "trained for the Front in the shortest possible time." That much is certain, because it is in the official documents. Clearly, then, we are to form a new arm. Each man will be posted in a tree with a typewriter before him. The enemy, approaching, will hear from all sides a continuous tap-tapping and will fly in disorder, imagining that he is being assailed by a new kind of machine-gun.

Did I tell you that we are living in a tent? Four of us occupy one tent; that is to say, we occupy that portion of it which is not required by some five hundred millions of ants. I arrived at this figure in the same way that other scientists count microbes—by multiplying the number on a square inch by the superficial area in inches of the tent. Ants are voracious brutes. In five minutes they can eat a loaf of bread, two pounds of treacle, a tin of oatmeal (unopened), eight bananas, a shaving brush and a magazine. So at least we were assured by our colleagues in the office, some of whom have been in India for many years and therefore ought to know.

When we leave the tent to step across into the office some of the more friendly of the ants accompany us and indulge in playful little pranks. Only this morning one of them, while my back was turned, upset a bottle of ink over a document I had just completed.

We keep alive our military ardour in



CONVERSATIONS OF THE MOMENT.

"WHY IS EVERYBODY MAKING SUCH A FUSS WITH THAT RATHER ORDINARY-LOOKING LITTLE PERSON?"
"*MY DEAR!* SHE HAS A CELLAR."

our spare time by waging war upon this enemy. Their strategy resembles that of the Germans. They rely upon masses, and every day their losses are appalling. But, unlike the Germans, they seem to have unlimited reserves to draw upon. I foresee the day when we shall be driven out and they will be left masters of the field.

But enough of ants, which are becoming a bore. I have verified the theory that human nature is the same all the world over. When I was at home for that last forty-eight hours' leave before we sailed for India, five of us returned to the camp on Salisbury Plain by motor, and on our way we stopped at a country inn. Doubtless our big khaki overcoats and sunburnt faces gave us a more soldierly appearance than the length of our military training warranted, and an elderly countryman seated on a bench inside, regarding us with interest, asked me if we were off to the Front. "Well," I said, "we're going to India first, and after a few months we are to return to the Front." Plainly our friend was in a difficulty. He was a patriot. One could see that he longed intensely, ardently, to express his appreciation of our action in volunteering, but he could not find the appropriate words. There was a long pause. Then a light of inspiration shone on his countenance. He had found it. His hand dived into his pocket. "Here," he said, "have some nuts."

So in India. We have another patriot here in our "boy" Mahadoo, who for two rupees a week acts as our valet, footman, housemaid, kitchenmaid, chambermaid, boots, errand boy and washerwoman. "And the *sahib* will fight the Germans?" he asked me the other day. "I hope so," I replied; "in a few months." One could see that he too experienced the difficulty of adequate expression. Then his hand went to his turban and he produced a small slab of English chocolate. "For you, *rajah*," he said, and, standing to attention, he saluted like a soldier. And I believe there was a lump in his honest dusky throat.

Life can be very difficult when you have only one uniform, and that an Indian summer one. I realised the other day that the dreaded hour had arrived when mine *must* be purified. Accordingly I gave Mahadoo instructions to wash it, and went into the office in pyjamas. So far so good. An hour later came an order from the D.A.Q.M.G. that I was to go into the town to cash a cheque. My uniform lay on the grass outside the tent, clean but wet. I was a soldier. I must obey orders unquestioningly. What was to be done?

Well, I pondered; it is a soldier's business unflinchingly to brave danger and hardship. I must go into the town in pyjamas and run stolidly the gauntlet of curious glances and invidious remarks. The bank lay in the centre of the European quarter. Very well, I must do my duty nevertheless. I was a soldier.

So I wrung out my uniform, changed into it and caught a severe cold.

I suppose they don't give V.C.'s till you have actually figured on the battlefield. Yours ever,

ONE OF THE *PUNCH* BRIGADE.

Another Impending Apology.

"NEW BANKING DEPARTURE.
Sir Edward Holden Redeems His Promise."
Daily Sketch.



THE FLIGHT THAT FAILED.

THE EMPEROR. "WHAT! NO BABES, SIRRAH?"
THE MURDERER. "ALAS! SIRE, NONE."
THE EMPEROR. "WELL, THEN, NO BABES, NO IRON CROSSES."
[Exit murderer, discouraged.



Cyclist. "I HAVE A DESPATCH FOR THE OFFICER IN COMMAND. CAN I SEE HIM?"
Sentry (*a raw one*). "YUS. SHALL I FETCH UN OUT TO 'EE?"

ACCOUNT RENDERED.

Mr. Punch, SIR,—Can you inform me if the Government may be relied upon to pay compensation to all who suffer loss or damage as a result of the War? If so, will you be good enough to advise me how to proceed to get payment for the following items of my own personal loss?

1. Damage to Dresden ornament due to maid's sudden alarm while dusting it, on hearing the newspaper boy call (as she thought) "JELLICOE sunk" £2 0 0
2. Loss of profits on a potential deal, due to my arriving late in the City on the morning of January 5th as a consequence of an argument on London Bridge with that ass Maralang on matters relating to the War. 60 0 0
3. Expenses incurred by (*a*) spraining the great toe of my right foot, (*b*) spoiling one pair of trousers, and (*c*) grazing my forehead, in the course of field operations with my drilling corps, to which I belong only because of the War 4 14 6
4. Loss of office-boy's services for one week as a result of damage he received from a taxi-cab while waiting at Charing Cross for Zeppelins to appear 0 10 0

Brought forward £67 4 6

5. Breakage of glass in my greenhouse on Boxing Day, caused by my son's defective aim with the 5 mm. air-gun presented to him on Christmas Day by me, a gift inspired directly by the War . . . 3 2 0
6. Undoubted loss of expected and indeed practically promised legacy from my Aunt Margaret, caused by an ill-considered criticism I passed upon a belt she had knitted for a soldier at the Front; legacy estimated at not less than £2000. I am, however, prepared to accept cash down . 500 0 0

Total £570 6 6

Yours obediently, COMPUTATOR.

"A marriage has been arranged between Capt. Stokes, 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars, of St. Botolph's, and Mrs. Stokes and Miss Evelyn Wardell and Mrs. John Vaughan of Brynwern, Newbridge-on-Wye."—*Welshman.*

We hope that without offence we may congratulate him.

"PRIVATE STILLS IN FRANCE."
Daily News.

He is only one of thousands.

A QUESTION OF TACTICS.

Poor Jones! I often think of him—a patriot of the super-dreadnought type, with an apoplectic conviction that the whole conduct of the War, on the part of the Allies, had been from the outset a series of gigantic mistakes. "I don't believe in all this spade and chess-board work," he used to growl; "up and at 'em, that's my motto. Magnificent fighting material we've got at the Front, but what we want is brains, Sir, brains to use it." And then (though I could never understand why he did this) he would tap his own forehead.

At the end of October we all agreed not to argue with Jones any more. Peters, who in his younger days very nearly qualified for the medical profession, said that for short-necked, wine-coloured persons like our friend anything in the nature of a heated discussion might easily lead to fatal results. So partly out of consideration for the Empire, which we felt could not afford in the present crisis to lose a single man, even Jones, partly out of consideration for Mrs. Jones (though here we were perhaps influenced by a sentiment of mistaken kindness), and partly out of consideration for ourselves, we decided to avoid the topic of the War when conversing with Jones.



WAR'S REFINING INFLUENCE.

Englishman (accidentally trodden on). "WHAT THE —— D—N YOU, SIR! CAN'T YOU ——"

"—— OH, PARDON, MONSIEUR! *VIVE LA BELGIQUE!*"

It proved very difficult to carry out our resolution. When a man is determined to discuss the War, the whole War, and nothing but the War, with everybody he meets, it is hard to sidetrack him. You can, of course, after listening to his views on coast defences, endeavour to turn the conversation by saying, "Yes, certainly; and by the way, speaking of Sheringham, I have an uncle, a retired minor canon of Exeter, who still deprecates the custom of mixed bathing"; or, "I quite agree with you, and that reminds me, have you heard that all the best people on the Essex coast are insuring against twins this season?" But even efforts like these are often of little avail. There is only one really effective course to pursue, and that is to avoid your adversary altogether. This was what we had to do with poor Jones.

One morning during the second week in November I was walking down the High Street, when I espied Jones conversing with a friend outside the butcher's. He was gesticulating with a newspaper in his hand and wore an angry expression. Knowing that there was not a moment to be lost, I dived into the nearest shop.

"Yes, Sir?"

There are, I doubt not, some who find a peculiar charm in the voice of the young female haberdasher; but I am not of them. It is a dreadful thing to be alone in a ladies' and children's outfitter's; these establishments are apt to contain so many articles that no self-respecting man should know anything about. As I realised where I was I shuddered.

"Yes, Sir?" said the voice again.

I gazed stonily from the fair young thing across the counter to a group of her sisters in the background, who had paused in their play to watch in silent reproach the rude disturber of their maiden peace.

"Yes, Sir?" said the voice once more. There was a note of weariness in it now, a far-off hint of unshed tears.

Suddenly my eye caught a label on a bale. I decided to plunge.

"A yard of cream wincey," I said firmly.

The ice was broken. She smiled; her sisters in the background smiled; and I sank relieved upon the nearest chair. Obviously I had picked a winner; it seemed that cream wincey was a thing no man need blush to buy. I watched her fold up the material and enclose it in brown paper, and resolved to send it to my married sister at Ealing. And then a terrible thing happened. As I rose to take my parcel I saw Jones standing just outside on the pavement, talking earnestly to the Vicar. I sat down again.

"And the next thing?" murmured the voice seductively.

I looked at her in despair. But even as I did so my second inspiration came. "A yard of cream wincey," I said.

One fleeting, startled, curious glance she gave me; then without a word she proceeded to comply with my request. I waited, with one eye on her deftly-moving fingers, the other on Jones and the Vicar. And, as I waited, I resolved, come what might, to see the thing through.

She finished all too soon, handed me my second parcel and repeated her question. I repeated my order.

I have never spoken to anyone of what I went through during the next three-quarters of an hour. My own recollection of it is very vague. Through a sort of mist I see a figure in a chair facing a damsel who cuts off and packs up endless yards of cream wincey till there rises between them on the counter a stockade of brown-paper parcels. I see the other young female haberdashers, her companions, gathering timidly round, an awed joy upon their faces. Finally I see the figure rise and stumble blindly into the street beneath an immense burden of small packages all identical in size and shape. I can remember no more.

On the following day I went down to Devonshire for a rest, and stayed there till my system was clear of cream wincey. The first man I met on my return was Peters.

"Have you heard about Jones?" he asked.

"No," I replied.

"He's gone," said Peters solemnly.

A thrill of hope shot through me. "To the Front?" I asked.

"No, not exactly; to a convalescent home."

"Dear, dear!" I exclaimed, "how very sudden! What was it?"

"German measles," said Peters, "and a mistake in tactics. If he had only waited to let them come out into the open the beggars could have been cut off all right in detachments. But you remember Jones's theory; he never believed in *finesse*. So he went for them to suppress them *en masse*, and they retreated into the interior, concentrated their forces and compelled him to surrender on their own terms."

"Poor old Jones!" I murmured sadly.

From an examination paper:—

"A periscope is not a thing what a doctor uses."



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Give size of chest and approximate height. Stock sizes sent by return.

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A TOAST TO THE BRAVE



What if the best of our wages be
An empty sleeve, a stiff-set knee,
A crutch for the rest of life—who cares
So long as the One Flag floats and dares?

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RATIONAL exercise is the first step towards better health. It is what Nature prescribes to keep the body fit. Lieut. J. P. Muller (Royal Danish Engineers) has reduced exercise to so fine a point of simplicity as almost to give a new meaning to the word. His "System" is exercise without drudgery. It is scientific, easy, delightful and suited to old and middle-aged persons of either sex, as well as to the young.

No appliances of any kind are required. The whole series of movements occupies only a few minutes daily, and there is no risk of strain.

The responsiveness of the body to the exercises is immediate, because they exercise all the vital organs and every muscle of the body. The series includes self-massage with the hands—a novel feature which produces a delightful, exhilarating glow; removes and prevents indigestion and constipation; promotes circulation; tones the nerves and makes the skin clear and healthy.

The Body-bending and twisting Exercises—performed without difficulty even by people unused to exercise—strengthen the muscles of the trunk and massage the inner organs, ensuring functional efficiency. As a result the acids which cause gout, rheumatism and similar ailments are removed from the system.

Stoutness is overcome by the discipline of the body under the Muller System, because the exercises restore the entire physical organism to its normal or natural condition of health. For the same reasons the System corrects excessive thinness.

Tens of thousands of people have voluntarily reported remarkable benefits to health from the practice of the System, which is advocated by Lord Alverstone, Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Lord Nunburnholme, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, General James Franklyn Bell, Ex-President Roosevelt, Sir Malcolm Fox, Mr. Hugh de Selincourt, etc., and has also received Medical endorsement so weighty and complete as to leave no loophole for doubt as to its soundness.

The Muller System is taught at the Institute—45 Dover Street (opposite Tube Station), Piccadilly, W. Telephone: 416 Regent—under Lieut. Muller's personal supervision, and, in the case of Ladies and Children, under the personal supervision of a lady Director. Instructors (male or female) sent to pupils' own residences if desired. You are invited to call at the Institute for a personal interview with Lieut. Muller.



A photograph of Boegebjerg's life-size statue of Lieut. Muller.

POSTAL INSTRUCTION.

Special courses of instruction by post are conducted by Lieut. Muller to enable persons in the country and abroad to learn the exercises thoroughly, easily and quickly. Each course is private, personal, and especially adapted to individual requirements and abilities. The instructions are simple and lucid, and include diagrams illustrating the various positions in each of the exercises. Write for particulars to-day, and please mention "PUNCH" when writing.

Some Opinions:

Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, writing to Lieut. Muller, said:

"During the last three months I have taken less outdoor exercise than in any previous three months of my life since infancy, and have been working exceptionally hard and for exceptionally long hours. In spite of this I have never been fitter, a state of affairs which I attribute to the fact that I go through your system with the utmost regularity every morning."

Dr. JAMES SWANSON, M.A., M.B., C.M., F.R.F.P.S., Glasgow:

"I have no hesitation in saying that no living man has done more to promote a clean, healthy life among the men and women of England than you have done.

"I wish you long life and strength to continue your good work of salvation by attention to the body."

General JAMES FRANKLIN BELL, Chief of Staff, United States Army:

"After actual experience in using the System which Lieut. Muller advocates, it is believed to be more practical and better adapted to men of mature age and sedentary tendencies than any other system heretofore encountered. As an all-round, comprehensive method of regularly exercising every muscle of the body in a minimum amount of time, it is confidently believed that the Muller System will be found thoroughly efficient and satisfactory."

Mr. HUGH de SELINCOURT, writing in the "Daily Mail":

"The virtue of this training must be known throughout the land; it must be brought home to the general consciousness; it must become the universal fashion.

"Do it, and you will see. Do it for the sake of your health and the health of your children, and your children's children. Do it for the sake of England, who wants tough, healthy men. Let every man then begin his discipline, and let him begin at once, that that part of the nation which is his own body may not be a source of shame, but of pride."

In its issue of November 1st, 1914, "THE OBSERVER" said:

"There is no terrible development of thigh or biceps. You are only supple and upright; only healthier and happier, less cross and less nervous, only nicer to live with; cleaner, pluckier and more self-confident."

THE FOOD PROBLEM.

Greenwood is one of those intolerable men who always rise to an occasion. He is the kind of man who rushes to sit on the head of a horse when it is down. I can even picture him sitting on the bonnet of an overturned motor-'bus and shouting, "Now all together!" to the men who are readjusting it.

We were going down to business when Perkins introduced a new grievance against the Censor.

"Whatever do they allow this rot about food prices in the paper for?" he began. "It unsettles women awfully. Now my wife is insisting on having her housekeeping allowance advanced twenty-five per cent. I tell you she'd never have known anything about the advances if they hadn't been put before her in flaring type."

The general opinion of the compartment seemed to be that the Censor had gravely neglected his duty.

"I agreed with my wife," said Blair, who is a shrewd Scotchman, "and told her that she must have an extra two pounds a month. Now a twenty-five per cent. advance would have meant five pounds a month. Luckily Providence fashioned women without an idea of arithmetic."

Most of us looked as if we wished we had thought of this admirable idea.

"My wife drew my attention to the paper," said Greenwood loftily. "I did not argue the point with her. Finance is not woman's strong point. I rang for the cook at once."

Everyone looked admiringly at the hero who had dared to face his cook.

"I said to her," continued Greenwood, "'Cook, get the Stores price-list for to-day and serve for dinner precisely the things that have not advanced. You understand? That will do.' So you see the matter was settled."

"Er, what did your wife say?" asked Perkins.

"Say! What could she say? Here was the obvious solution. And I have noticed that women always lose their heads in an emergency. They never rise to the occasion."

The next morning I met Greenwood again.

"By the way," I asked, "did you have a good dinner yesterday?"

Greenwood looked me straight in the eyes. There is a saying that a liar cannot look you straight in the eyes. Discredit it. "The dinner was excellent," he replied. "I wish you had been there to try it. And every single thing at pre-war prices."

But that night I came across Mrs. Greenwood as she emerged from a Red Cross working party loaded with mufflers and mittens.

"Glad to hear these hard times don't affect your household," I began diplomatically.

Mrs. Greenwood smiled. "What has Oswald been telling you?"

"Nothing, except that he had an excellent dinner yesterday."

"I wasn't there," said Mrs. Greenwood; "I went to my mother's. You see, Cook conscientiously followed Oswald's instructions. He had sardines, Worcester sauce, macaroni, and tinned pork and beans. I can't make out quite which of the two was the first to give notice afterwards. Perhaps it was what you call a dead heat. Only, unless Oswald shouted, 'Take a month's notice,' when he heard the cook's step in the hall, I am inclined to think that Cook got there first."

Now in the train I recommend tinned pork and beans with Worcester sauce as a cheap and nourishing food in war-time.

Greenwood says nothing but glares at me. For once in his life he cannot rise to the occasion.



"I PITY THE PORE CHAPS THAT 'AVEN'T GOT OUT 'ERE. LONDON STREETS, THIS TIME O' YEAR, WITH THE DRIZZLE AND SLUSH MUST BE AWFUL."

Rural Intelligence.

"Wanted, an all-round Man for sheep and cows who can build and thatch."
The Rugby Advertiser.

Men we do not play billiards with.—I. M. TAKE JONESCU.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XIV.

(From the Grand Duke NICHOLAS, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Armies.)

SIR,—It is pleasant in the midst of this welter of war to remember the days when your nation and mine were at peace, and when it was possible for each of us to inspect the troops of the other without running the risk of having our heads blown off by gigantic shells fired at the distance of several miles. What splendid reviews were those you used to hold on the *Tempelhofer Feld!* What a feeling of almost irresistible power was inspired by those solid regiments manœuvring and marching past under the eyes of their supreme War-lord! I think the intoxication of that sight was too great for you. You were not one of those calm ones who can be secure through the mere possession of strength. You had it, but at last came a point when you felt that it was all useless to you unless you employed it. So you urged on Austria in her unhappy policy of quasi-Bismarckian adventure; you cast to the winds every prompting of prudence and humanity; you imagined that other nations, because they were slow to take offence, could be bullied and hectored with impunity; you flung your defiance east and west, and in a moment of passion made war against all those who had striven for peace, but were not prepared to cling to it at the price of dishonour.

And thus began the disappointments which have settled upon you like a cloud. For, after all, war is entirely different from a review or from the most skilful peace-manœuvres. In manœuvres everything can be comfortably arranged beforehand. There are no bullets and no shells, and at the end a Kaiser can place himself at the head of many thousands of cavalry and can execute a charge that will resound for days through the columns of the newspapers. But in war there is a real enemy who has guns and bayonets and knows how to use them. All the colour that fascinates a shallow mind has to be put aside. There are deaths and wounds and sickness, and in the endurance of these and in the courage that surmounts all difficulties and dangers the dingiest regiment may make as brave a show as those which used to practise the parade-march over the review-field. I rather doubt if you had thought of all this—now had you?

Moreover our Russians, though they may look rough and though you may accuse them of ignorance, are no whit inferior to the most cultivated German professor in their patriotism and in their stern resolution to die rather than submit to defeat. They do not boast themselves to be learned men, but, on the other hand, it is not they who have made Louvain a city of ruins. They fight fiercely against men who have arms in their hands, but they have not executed innocent hostages, nor have they used warships and airships to massacre women and children. In these particulars they are willing to grant you and your Germans an unquestioned supremacy. If that be the civilisation to which your philosophers and poets have brought you, I can only say that we shall endeavour to rub along without such philosophers and poets; and I must beg you not to attempt to convert our Cossacks to your views. Being simple folk and straightforward, they might resent violently your efforts to give them the enlightenment of the Germans.

All this sounds like preaching, and Heaven knows I do not want to preach to you. You have hardened your heart, and I suppose you must go through this bitter business to the end. Let me rather tell you that, rough and unlearned as we are, we are making excellent progress in our fighting. So far we have once more foiled your HINDENBERG'S attack on Warsaw. We have an earnest hope that we shall be able to make your troops highly uncomfortable in the North, while towards the South we have been dealing quite faithfully with the Austrians. The Caucasus is filled with Turks dead or flying from our troops. As to Serbia—but I feel it would be scarcely polite to mention this stiff-necked country. It must be galling for your ally to have to fight a people so small in numbers but so great in their unconquerable resolution. Was it in order that Austrian troops might be chased headlong from Belgrade that you went to war?

I am, with all possible respect, your devoted enemy,

NICHOLAS.

THE BREAKING POINT.

I HAD a tooth, a rag-bag, an offence,
A splintered horror, an abiding woe,
And after shameful months of diffidence
I brought it to the dentist, saying, "Lo!
Here 's a defaulter in my squad of fangs:
Deal with him, please, and spare me needless pangs."

"Ah yes," he said, and jammed that rubber thing
(Does your man use it?) round the guilty tooth,
And, having gagged me, started gossiping
About the Germans' disregard for truth.
"Did you observe," he asked, "that last report?"
"Urrup!" said I, or something of the sort.

"*How* one admires our English troops!" said he,
"Such hardy chaps! (A leetle wider, please).
And isn't it a shameful thing to see
So many slackers lounging at their ease—
Young men who can and ought to go and serve?
Shirkers!" he added, gouging at a nerve.

Then he waxed wroth. "As for that Yarmouth job—
Why do such brutes exist, Sir? Tell me why!
They maim and mutilate, they burn and rob!
Kultur be blowed!" said he. ("Gug-gug!" said I).
"My word, I 'd like to have a Uhlan now,
Here, in this chair!" "Woo-oosh!" I answered. "Ow!"

Thus for a dreadful hour he prattled on
And quarried, rooting in the sorest place.
Then he announced: "This tooth is too far gone;
Only extraction now can meet the case.
I 'm sure you 'd love to show your British pluck,
And here 's your chance; some chaps have all the luck!"

Yes, he said that, and I could stand no more.
Crushed as I was and anguished and half-dead,
I wrenched his gag out, kicked it round the floor,
And threw the tattered remnant at his head;
And, seeking barbèd words, I found but one
That summed him up. "You are," I said, "a Hun!"

Mr. Punch's "Notice."

The Treasurer of The National Anti-vivisection Society writes to complain that we spoke last week of "The Anti-vivisection Society," when we were referring to "The British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection." He protests that his Society "does not enjoy being confused with the British Union in this manner," and concludes by saying: "It is hard on us to be given no credit by *Mr. Punch* for being reasonable people and for refraining from this particular agitation,"—the agitation, that is, against the anti-typhoid inoculation of our troops.



DOING HER BIT.

Lady (about to purchase military headgear, to her husband). "I KNOW IT'S MORE EXPENSIVE THAN THE OTHERS, DEAR, BUT—WELL, YOU SEE, YOU'RE TOO OLD TO ENLIST, AND I REALLY FEEL WE OUGHT TO DO *SOMETHING!*"

BY THE SEA.

"JOLLY good luck," Miss VESTA TILLEY used to sing, "to the girl who loves a soldier!" The sentiment is not less true to-day than when, too long ago, the famous male impersonator first uttered it. But there is no need to be actually the warrior's lover. To be his companion merely on a walk is to reap benefits, too, as I have been observing on the promenade of —— (a marine town whose name is, for tactical reasons, suppressed). At —— the girls whose good fortune it is to have for an acquaintance a lieutenant or captain have just now a great time, for the town has suddenly become a veritable Chatham, and the promenade is also a *Champ de Mars*. All the week it is the scene of military evolutions, a thought too strenuous for the particular variety of jolly good luck of which I am thinking; but there's a day which comes betwixt the Saturday and Monday when hard work gives way to rest, and then—— !

For then this promenade, two or three miles long, is thronged by the military —privates, usually in little bands of threes and fours, and officers, mostly accompanied by pretty girls. And the demeanour of some of the younger of these officers is a great deal better worth watching than the sullen winter sea or the other more ordinary objects of the seaside. For they are there, some of them (bless their hearts!), for the pleasure of being saluted, and their pretty friends enjoy the reflected glory too. Some high-spirited ones among the satellites even go so far as noticeably to count the salutes which a walk yields. And I daresay they pit their bag against those of others. Their heroes probably vote such a competition bad form, and yet I doubt if they are really deeply resentful, and I guess that the young ROBERTS and the young WOLSELEY and the young WELLINGTON all passed through similar ecstasies when they were first gazetted.

It was while walking behind one such happy little group that I made the discovery—a discovery to me, who am hopelessly a civilian, but no new thing I daresay to most people—that the saluting soldier must employ the hand which is farthest away from the officer whom he is saluting, and that is why some use the right and some the left—a discrepancy which plunged me into the gravest fears as to Lord KITCHENER'S fitness to control our army, until I realised the method underlying.

I noticed too that there is a good deal of difference both in saluting and in acknowledging salutes, and I overheard the fair young friend of one lieutenant adjuring him to be a little more genial in his attitude to the nice men who were bringing their arms and hands up with such whipcord tenseness in his honour.

"On another occasion one of our officers was pursued by an albatross which succeeded in crossing our lines."
Victoria Daily Colonist.

Joy of the *Ancient Mariner* on hearing that his King and Country want *him*.

AT THE PLAY.

"KINGS AND QUEENS."

JUST as THOMAS CARLYLE, out of his superior knowledge of the proletariat, informed us that, if you pricked it, it would bleed, so Mr. RUDOLF BESIER, fortified by intimacy with Court life, confides to us on the programme (in quotation) that Kings and Queens "have five fingers on each hand and take their meals regularly." But unless we are to get a little sacrilegious fun (such as Captain MARSHALL gave us) out of the contrast between the human nature of Royalties and the formalities which govern them as by divine right, there is not much object in raising a vulgar domestic scandal to the dignity of Court circles. True, the higher claims of kingship did enter into the question in the case of *Richard VIII.*, whose heart was badly torn between his duty to his people and his passion for his wife; but for the rest, and apart from the mere properties (human or inanimate) of a royal palace, we might have been concerned with an ordinary middle-class interior complicated by a residential mother-in-law.

The causes of the misunderstanding (partially shared by myself) between the King and his Consort were some four or five. There was the Dowager Queen—a constant obsession—who stood for the extreme of propriety. She ought, of course, to have had a palace of her own. There was the young King, upon whom she rigorously imposed her own standards of living. There was the young Queen with a harmless taste for the natural gaiety of youth. Not designed by nature for the wearing of the purple, she had been taken from a nice country home, where there were birds and flowers and mountains. She kept saying to herself:—

"Mid pleasures and palaces though I may roam,
Be they never so regal, I 'd rather go home."

But, since she couldn't do that, she clamoured for pretty frocks, and for the right to choose her own friends. Among these was an American Marquise of so doubtful a record that her name had to be deleted from the list of guests commanded to the State Ball. I was greatly disappointed not to meet her. Then there was a royal female Infant (deceased), who should of course have been a boy. Her contribution to the general discomfort, though pressed upon us with fearless reiteration, was always outside the grasp of my intelligence. Neither of her parents seemed to share my hope that they might possibly live to beget other offspring, including even a male child.

Lastly, there was a vagrant troubadour with a gift for the pianoforte. He was called *Prince Louis*, and firmly held the opinion that he alone appreciated the Queen's qualities and could offer her a suitable solace. He had his simple dramatic uses, and by an elopement (as innocent, on her part, as it was arbitrary) enabled the lady to return to the arms of her desperate husband, for whom it appears that she had always entertained a profound adoration. What they all really needed for the correction of their little egoisms was a Big War. That is the only lesson that I could draw from Mr. BESIER'S play, and I don't believe he meant me to draw even that.



NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

King Richard VIII. (Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER), referring to his mother, *Queen Elizabeth* (Miss FRANCES IVOR). "KEEP HER AWAY FROM ME, OR I SHALL KILL HER!"

Emperor Frederick IV. (SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER). "TUT, TUT! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE. WE CAN'T PERMIT MATRICIDE AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE."

Such originality as it offered was to be found in the soul of the young King, with its distraction between two loyalties; its despairing conviction that virtue as its own reward was not good enough; its threatened rebound to the primrose paths which his father of never-to-be-forgotten memory had trodden before him. Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER looked the part and played it with a very quiet dignity.

Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, as an imperial uncle, of no particular nationality, filled his familiar *rôle* of *amicus curiæ;* a man of sixty and much dalliance in the past, but with his heart — what was left of it — in the right place. His facial growth (a little in the manner of Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT) suited him well—far better indeed than the frock coat of the final Act. He was admirable throughout (except in one rather stuffy homily where he was not quite certain of his own views); but I could have done with much more of those lighter phases in which he excels. It was the same with the pleasant humour of Miss FRANCES IVOR as the Queen-Mother, which was sadly curtailed. Miss MARIE LÖHR played the young Queen with extraordinary sincerity, notably in one of the many scenes in which she lamented her lost child. Here, if this tedious baby had not failed to touch my imagination, I must have been honestly moved. If we suffered any doubt as to the reality of her grief, this was due to the disturbing beauty of the frocks in which she gave utterance to it. Anyhow they totally failed to support the charge of dowdiness which had been freely brought against the Queen-Mother's *régime*.

Finally, that native air of frank loyalty which Mr. BEN WEBSTER'S gifts as an actor are impotent to disguise gave the lie to his thankless part as *Prince Louis*. Nor did the superiority of his morning-coat go well with the sinister touch of melodrama in his set speeches. The villain of the piece should not have been *plus royaliste que le roi*, who was content to wear a lounge serge suit.

If Mr. BESIER'S play achieves the popular favour of which, as I understand, it has already secured the promise, it will not be on account of its intrinsic merits, though it has its good points; it will be due in part to the excellence of the performance, and in part to that innocent snobbery which is latent in the typical British bosom.

I ought to add that I think I asked Mr. BESIER long ago to try and make a better bow to his audience. Well, he hasn't paid any attention to my request.

O. S.

"OUR WORLD FAMOUS TOILET CREAM
IMPROVES THE COMPLEXION
OF ALL LOCAL CHEMISTS AND STORES."

We do not worry about the complexion of the Stores but we are glad for the local Chemists.



Officer (to trooper, whom he has recently had occasion to reprimand severely). "WHY DID YOU NOT SALUTE?"
Trooper. "I THOCHT ME AN' YOU WISNA' ON SPEAKIN' TER-RMS THE NOO."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CONFESS that I was at first a little alarmed by the title of *Friendly Russia* (FISHER UNWIN). A book with a name like that, with, moreover, an "introduction"—and one by no less a person than Mr. H. G. WELLS—seemed to threaten ponderous things, maps probably, and statistics and unpronounceable towns. Never was there a greater mistake. What Mr. DENIS GARSTIN has put into his entertaining pages is simply the effect produced by a previously unknown country upon the keen and receptive mind of a young man who is fortunately able to translate his impressions into vigorous and picturesque language. I have met few travel books so unpretentious, none that gives more vividly the feeling of "going there oneself" that must be the final test of success. The last few years have made a happy change in the popular English conception of Russia. Even before the War, our old melodramatic idea, that jumble of bombs and spies and sledge-hunting wolves, had begun to give place to a slightly apologetic admiration. Now, of course, we are all Russophil; but for the understanding proper to that love there can be no better introduction than Mr. GARSTIN'S pleasant book. Spend with him a happy summer by the waters of the Black Sea; share, along with his humour, his appreciation of that life of contented simplicity, where easy-going and hospitable families are ruled by the benevolent despotism of equally easy-going domestics (O knouts, O servitude!), where the casual caller "drops in" for a month or more, and where everyone knows everything about everybody and nobody minds. By way of contrast to this, the latter part of the book contains, in "Russia at War," some chapters of an even closer appeal. You will read here, not unmoved, of how that terrible week of suspense came upon the soul of a people, of the fusion of all discordant factions into one army intent only upon the Holy War. There is encouragement and a heartening certainty of triumph in this that should be an unfailing remedy for pessimism.

None of your confounded subtleties and last cries in *Mrs. Latham's Extravagance* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). An unvarnished tale, rather, fashioned according to the naïve method of simple enumeration and bald assertion, with such subsidiary trifles as characterisation left to the discretion and imaginative capacity of the reader. *Christopher Sheffield*, an artist, post-cubist brand, married his model, a dipsomaniac as it happened. Whereupon he implored *Katherine* to share his life, which, to keep him from going down-hill, she very generously did, it being explicitly understood that she was to have the reversion of *Mrs. Sheffield's* marriage lines. *Christopher*, however, becomes infatuated with the widow *Latham*—who had married a rich old gentleman for his money, while in love with *Lord Ronald Eckington*, then the penniless fourth son of a marquis, now the celebrated and well-paid photographer, "*Mr. Lestocq*"—so that when *Sheffield's* model wife dies, he, instead of doing the right thing by *Katherine*, suggests settling the matter on a basis of five-hundred or (at a push) five-fifty a year. Naturally she draws herself up very cold and proud and refuses the compensation. And then, with

a hardihood and success which nothing in this ingenuous narrative sufficiently explains, the *Honourable Lavinia Elliston*, *Lord Ronald* and the extravagant *Mrs. Latham* rush in to patch up the *Christopher-Katherine* alliance. I don't suspect Mr. THOMAS COBB of thinking that people really do things quite like this, but probably he found that his characters took the bits between their teeth—as they well might. *Lord Ronald's* share in the transaction seemed particularly gratuitous. I can only think that since moving in photographic circles he had discarded his high patrician polish in favour of a distinctly mat surface. He didn't marry the widow *Latham* because he hated the thought of touching old man *Latham's* money. She, discovering this, disposed of the whole of it in a few months of gloriously expensive living and giving. This, by the way, was her "Extravagance," which of course brought the happy ending. O, Mr. COBB!

The king of curmudgeons could not complain when Mrs. CONYERS is described as "one of the most entertaining hunting novelists of the day," but when Messrs. METHUEN call her book (*A Mixed Pack*) "a collection of Irish sporting stories" I may at least be allowed to wonder at the inadequacy of their description. For the fact of the matter is that a third part of this volume, and by no means the worst part, is concerned with little *Mr. Jones*, a traveller in the firm of *Amos and Samuel Mosenthal*, who were dealers in precious stones and about as Irish and as sporting as their names suggest. *Mr. Jones*, in the opinion of the *Mosenthals*, was the simplest soul that they had ever entrusted with jewels of great value. Although the tales of apparent simpletons who outwit crafty villains are becoming tedious in their frequency, I can still congratulate Mrs. CONYERS upon the thrills and shudders that she gets into these stories of robbery and torture. Not for a moment do I believe in *Mr. Jones*, but for all that I take the little man to my heart. As for the tales of sport, it is enough to say that they are written with so much wit and *verve* that even I, who am commonly suffocated with boredom when I have to listen to a hunting story, found them quite pleasant to read.



At the War Office. "OH, PLEASE COULD YOU TELL ME HOW TO FIND LORD KITCHENER'S ROOM? I WANT TO SEE HIM PARTICULARLY, AND I WON'T KEEP HIM LONG. IT'S JUST TO WRITE HIS FAVOURITE AUTHOR AND FLOWER IN MY ALBUM."

My expectations of enjoyment on opening *The Whalers* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) were *nil*, for the tales of whaling to which from time to time I have been compelled to listen have produced sensations which can only be described as nauseating. Somewhere, somehow, I knew that brave men risked their lives in gaining a precarious livelihood from blubber, but I was more than content to hear no further details either of them or their captures. Let me acknowledge, then, that Mr. J. J. BELL has persuaded me, against my will, of the romance and fascination of the whalers' calling. The twelve stories—or perhaps they ought to be called sketches—in this book contain plenty that is romantic and practically nothing that is repulsive. "There is," the author says with engaging frankness, "much that is slow in whaling. On the whole there is more anxiety than excitement, more labour than sport." Not for me is it to contradict such an authority, but even granted that he is right the fact remains that no one can justly complain of a lack of excitement in these stories, though complaints may legitimately be made that their pathos is sometimes allowed to drop into sentimentality. "The Herr Professor—an Interlude" deserves an especial word of praise, for it proves again that Mr. BELL, when not occupied in other directions, can be simply and delightfully funny.

It must have happened to all of us to be hailed by some friend with the greeting, "I've got the funniest story to tell you; it'll make you scream," and to listen thereafter to something that produced nothing but irritated perplexity. Then, if the friend were a valued one, with a record of genuine humour, we would perhaps evoke with difficulty a polite snigger, and so break from the encounter. Well, this is very much what I cannot help feeling about *The Phantom Peer* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). I have had such entertainment from Mr. EDWIN PUGH in the past that I prepared for this Extravaganza (his own term) in a mood of smiling anticipation. But from the first page to the last it had me beat. Fun is the last subject in the world upon which one should dare to dogmatize; and to others, more fortunate, the thing may bring laughter. I can only envy them. It is not that I complain of the impossibility of the plot. Extravaganza covers a multitude of coincidences. When *Johnnie Shotter* was persuaded to take the name and personality of an imaginary *Lord Counterpound*, I bore without a murmur the immediate arrival on the scene of an actual holder of that very title. It was the dreariness of the resulting muddle that baffled me. To make matters worse the intrigue, such as it is, breaks off abruptly for several chapters in the middle, to permit the introduction of what appears to be an attempted satire upon forcible feeding. At the end, one of the chief male characters turns out to be a woman; but as none of them was anything but a knock-jointed puppet jumping upon ill-concealed wires the transformation was just academically uninteresting. I am sorry, Mr. PUGH, but even for your sake I can only say, "Tell us a better one next time!"

From the letter of an American restaurateur to a new arrival from England:—

"DEAR SIR,—Before I chef—one Italian noble family—now come America—start the business my own—house top side this paper. Everybody speaks it me. Lunches and Dinners worth two (2) times. I delighted preparation for you—no charge extra—only notification me few hours behind. I build for clientelle intellectual—they more appreciation my art."

CHARIVARIA.

"CELERITY," said the German CHANCELLOR to our representative at Berlin on the eve of the War, "is essential to us." It has, however, taken him over five months to discover what he meant by his "scrap of paper" speech.

* * *

As a substitute for the International Railway Time Table Conference, Germany has invited Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Switzerland and Italy to a joint conference to be held on February 3rd. Certainly something will have to be done for the KAISER'S Time Tables. They have been most unsatisfactory ever since the outbreak of the War.

* * *

A German paper reports that the KAISER is in excellent health now, and that his girth has distinctly increased during the War. His patriotic countrymen must be delighted at this fresh extension of Kaisertum.

* * *

The omission of the GERMAN EMPEROR to send a telegram of condolence to KING VICTOR EMMANUEL on the occasion of the earthquake has called forth severe comments in Italy. The KAISER is said to have been anxious to create the impression that he sent the earthquake himself as a caution.

* * *

ENVER PASHA is said to have now returned to Constantinople. His place in the Egyptian Expeditionary Force will, it is thought, be taken by REVERS PASHA.

* * *

The EX-KHEDIVE'S war-cry: "Geneva for the Egyptians!"

* * *

"The GERMAN EMPEROR," said General VON KRESSENSTEIN, the other day, in a speech to Turkish officers and men, "is a sincere father to Islam." This statement was very necessary as many Turkish soldiers, judging by their experience of German officers, had imagined that the KAISER was Islam's stepfather.

* * *

Articles entitled "*Unser Hass gegen England*," Mr. VALENTINE WILLIAMS tells us, continue to appear in the German Press, and a dear old lady writes to say that she presumes the Hass in question is the KAISER.

* * *

We are sorry to hear that a Scotch prisoner in Germany got into serious trouble for referring in a letter to the fact that he was a member of the Burns Society. The authorities imagined this to be an incendiary association.

* * *

Those wideawake Germans have discovered further evidence of a shortage of arms in our country. Attention is being drawn in Berlin to the fact that the London County Council has decided to defer the proposal to have a coat-of-arms until the conclusion of the War.

* * *

We hear that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is delighted at the success of his expression, "the baby-killers," which has taken on so wonderfully and promises to have a greater run even than Mr. ASQUITH'S "Wait and see." Fortunately in these times there is no jealousy between politicians.

* * *

The Observer is wondering whether, in view of the threat of Zeppelin raids, we are taking sufficient precautions in regard to our national treasures. It may relieve our contemporary to know that at least one post-impressionist has removed all his works to a secret destination in the country.

* * *

During a recent aerial attack on Dunkirk some bombs, we are told, set fire to a woollen warehouse. This just shows the danger of constructing a warehouse of such inflammable material.

* * *

The War Office, *The Express* tells us, recently requested the borough of Sunderland to raise a brigade of field artillery. The Mayor, however, is reported to be a Quaker and opposed to War on principle, and it is stated that the local recruiting committee has decided to respect the Mayor's conscientious scruples. Suggested motto for the town, "Let Sunderland Quake."

* * *

Speaking of the new Lord of Appeal, a contemporary says, "Mr. Justice Bankes is noted for his pleasant appearance, and for the fact that he has never been known to raise his voice." He does not, in fact, belong to the firm of Bankes and Brays.

* * *

As a result of the War there is a famine in glass, and prices are up nearly 100 per cent. Here surely is a Heaven-sent chance for the Crystal Palace to turn itself into a financial success.

* * *

The strike of Billingsgate fish porters was, we hear, settled in the nick of time. The men were just beginning to brush up their language.

The Chicago Tribune as quoted in *The Sunday Times*:—

"'C'est incredible!' remarked the thorough Parisian."

"Pas demi," we retort in our best London accent.

"The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement:—

Goods for his Majesty's ships which have hitherto been sent by mail, addressed 'Care of Naval Store Officer, Dingwall,' should in future be addressed 'Care of Naval Store Officer, Dngwall.'"

Scarborough Daily Post.

We obey reluctantly.



HOCH AYE!

SCENE: *A lonely part of the Scottish Coast.*

German Spy (who has been signalling and suddenly notices that he is being watched). "NEIN! NEIN! NEVER SHALL YOU LAND ON MY BELOVED SHCOTCHLAND!"

A THOUSAND STRONG.

A THOUSAND strong,
With laugh and song,
To charge the guns or line a trench,
We marched away
One August day,
And fought beside the gallant French.

A thousand strong,
But not for long;
Some lie entombed in Belgian clay;
Some torn by shell
Lie, where they fell,
Beneath the turf of La Bassée.

But yet at night,
When to the fight
Eager from camp and trench we throng,
Our comrades dead
March at our head,
And still we charge, a thousand strong!

MOSES II.

(To the New Lord of Islam.)

HE led the Chosen People forth;
Over the Red Sea tramped their legions;
They wandered East, they wandered North
Through very vague and tedious regions,
Ploughing a lot of desolating sand
Before they struck the Promised Land.

And you, who play so many parts,
And figure in such fancy poses,
Now, poring over Syrian charts,
Dressed for the character of MOSES,
In spirit lead your Turks, a happy band,
Bound for another Promised Land.

Promises you have made before;
And doubtless your adopted Bosches
Deemed the Canal would lend its floor
To pass them through without goloshes,
As though it were a segment of the dry
Peninsula of Sinaï.

And when they feared to lose their way
You answered them with ready wit: "Oh!
You'll have a pillar of cloud by day,
And through the night a fiery ditto,
But never said that these would be supplied
By airmen on the other side.

Nor did you mention how the sun
Promotes a thirst in desert places,
Nor how their route was like to run
A little short of green oases,
Because the wells that glad the wanderer's sight
Have been removed by dynamite.

Nor did you let the Faithful guess
That, on the Pentateuch's own showing,
Israel found the wilderness
Took forty years of steady going;
And after two-score summers, one would think,
Even a camel wants a drink.

And you yourself, if still alive
And not transferred (we'll say?) to heaven,
Would by the date when they arrive
Have touched the age of 97,
And scarcely be in quite the best condition
To share their labour's full fruition.

Come down, O fool, from Pisgah's heights,
Where, stung by Furies misbegotten,
You counterfeit Mosaic flights,
Aching for Egypt's corn and cotton;
Think how it makes the local fellah smile
To hear your *Watch upon the Nile!* O. S.

The Scramble.

"Near Bir Muhadata a British hydroplane dropped a bob on a Turkish column, inflicting loss."—*Manchester Guardian.*

In the mad rush made by the always unpaid Turkish troops to secure this godsend, there were many casualties.

The Journalistic Touch.

"This was on the morning of January 2, and Grall had had no food and only a little water since the morning of December 31 *of the previous year.*—Reuter."—*Daily Chronicle.*

The italics represent our own endeavour to assist the picture.

GERMANY'S WAR STRENGTH.

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—I cannot for the life of me understand why your contemporaries should be in such difficulties over the above question or how it is that they arrive at such diverse estimates. The elements of the problem are perfectly straightforward. I worked it out on the back of my ticket in the Tube last night, and as there can be no doubt whatever about my conclusions I think they ought to be published.

The present population of Germany for popular purposes (as they always say) is 70,000,000. All the evidence goes to show that the war is still popular in Germany, or parts of it, so we may accept that figure. Very well. Of these, 33,000,000 are males. It seems a good many, but we shall soon begin to whittle it down. By examining the figures of the different "age groups" we find that fully five million of these are under the age of seven and as quite a number are over sixty and others are incapacitated—we have no space to enter into all these complicated calculations here—we shall not be far wrong if we deduct at the outset about 21,175,000 under these heads. This leaves us in round figures twelve million.

We now come to the question of losses up to date; and here we must proceed with caution, for it is above all important to be on the safe side. The present German losses are computed by the best authorities at about two million, from all causes, up to 3 P.M. on the 13th ult. From this we must deduct, however, all those who, after being wounded, have returned to the firing-line—say, half a million. Also all those who, having been wounded a second time, have returned to the front,—say, three hundred thousand. Also all those who have been three times wounded and have still gone back to fight—say, fifty thousand.

Then again we must remember those who have been invalided home and recovered, and those who have been missing and are found again. And there are the men who have been erroneously reported as prisoners, owing to the Germans' incorrigible habit of exaggerating the number of their own troops who have fallen into the enemy's hands.

After all these deductions we may safely put the revised German losses at 750,000. This should be taken off the twelve million eligible; but it would, I think, be wise (in order to keep always on the safe side) to add it on. This gives us 12,750,000. Very well.

But the industries of the country must be carried on. There are the railways, agriculture, mining. Let us say five million for these. There are those great industries without which a nation cannot wage war; for instance, the makers of Iron Crosses (100,000), the custodians of ships retained in harbour (50,000), the printers of picture-postcards (50,000), the writers of Hate-hymns, besides sundry makers of armaments and things.

Counting all these in and keeping on the safe side and dealing only with round figures for popular purposes we may conclude that anything from one to nine million must be deducted from our last figure to arrive at a final estimate.

To sum up, Germany's war strength cannot be more than three million or less than eleven. This gives us a clear idea of what we have to face.

I enclose my card in case you should think me an amateur, and have the honour to remain,

Yours faithfully, STATISTICIAN.

Men we do not introduce to the Duke of WESTMINSTER

I.—The German Minister of Finance: Dr. HELFFERICH.



THE RETURN OF THE RAIDER.

Kaiser. "WELL, I *AM* SURPRISED!"

Tirpitz. "SO WERE WE."

WAR COMPUNCTION.

"I SUPPOSE we can't motor over to Potwick, lunch at 'The George,' and play a round of golf?" said the Reverend Henry.

"Not without feeling rather—well, rotters and outsiders," said Sinclair regretfully.

"At least we couldn't of course go in the big car," said I, "and we should be almost bound to have lunch at that little tea-shop, and it wouldn't do to play a whole round of golf."

"It is rather a nice point," said Henry, "what one can do in War time without feeling that one is stamping oneself. Sinclair here was shooting pheasants a fortnight ago."

"Well, the birds were *there*, you know," said Sinclair, "and it 's a rotten slow business catching them in traps. Besides, we sent them all to the Red Cross people."

"The weak spot about golf," said the Reverend Henry, "is that there 's no way of sending the results to the Red Cross. There 's really no other earthly reason why one shouldn't play. There 's every reason why one should, but——"

"I haven't played since the War began," said I.

"Nor I. But I have a notion that if one played without caddies and with old balls——"

"Or got a refugee for a caddy and grossly overpaid him," Henry put in hopefully.

"I know what you want, Sinclair," said I. "I know perfectly well what you want. You would like to play golf, but you wouldn't feel comfortable unless you had a notice pinned to your back in some such terms as these—'THIS MAN, THOUGH HE MAY NOT LOOK IT, IS OVER 38; HE IS ALSO MEDICALLY UNFIT. HE HAS TWO BROTHERS AND A NEPHEW AT THE FRONT. HE HAS MORE THAN ONCE TAKEN THE CHAIR AT RECRUITING MEETINGS AND HE IS ENTERTAINING SEVEN BELGIANS. HE HAS ALREADY SENT THREE SWEATERS AND A PAIR OF SKI SOCKS TO THE FLEET. THIS IS THE FIRST HOLIDAY HE HAS HAD FOR THREE MONTHS, AND HE IS NOW PLAYING A ROUND OF GOLF.' Then you would feel all right."

"Yes, in your case, Sinclair, it is merely moral cowardice," said Henry. "But it 's queer about golf. Every one admits that billiards is all right, and—I think—Badminton."

"Well, perhaps I am a bit over-sensitive," said I, "but I 'm bound to say that even if I were playing billiards in a public place at present I should feel happier if I used the butt end of the cue."

"The problem seems to be closely allied," said the Reverend Henry, "to the problem of Sabbath observance when I was a child. We were very strict in our household. We were not allowed to play games of any sort on Sunday so long as they were played according to the accepted rules; but we discovered after a time that if we played them *wrong* no one objected. We should certainly have been punished for playing tennis with a tennis racquet, but if we played with a walking-stick or the flat side of a pair of bellows there was not the slightest objection."

"That 's what I feel like," said Sinclair. "I don't want to do the old things in the old ways."

"We never have people to dinner now," said I, "but we have shoals to lunch."

"It is all deplorably illogical," said the Reverend Henry. "But so long as one has a sense of decency it seems impossible to scorch about in a motor bulging with golf clubs."

"Quite impossible. I propose that we get Mrs. Henry to make us some sandwiches and go for a long walk."

It was at this juncture that the morning papers came in with the news of the battle cruiser victory in the North Sea . . . We had a fine run across the moor in the big car, an excellent lunch at "The George," and managed to get in two rounds before it was dark.



"YES, SIR, THESE ZEPPELIN RAIDS—WORDS CAN'T DESCRIBE 'EM. THEY 'RE—WELL, IF I MIGHT COIN A WORD, SIR—I THINK THEY 'RE 'ORRIBLE!"

ON THE SPY TRAIL.

II.

PEOPLE don't always know that Jimmy's dog is a bloodhound. One man said it was a Great Scott—at least that is what he said when he saw it. You see, when it is pensive, it sometimes looks like a spaniel and sometimes like an Airedale—or it would if it hadn't got smooth hair and a bushy tail which curls. Jimmy was undecided for a long time what to call it.

The milkman said Jimmy ought to call it "For instance," and then people would know what it was for. The milkman thought of a lot more names before a week was over, for Jimmy's bloodhound tracked down a can of his milk and lapped it up. It is a very good lapper. It lapped so hard that Jimmy had to pull the can off its head. Jimmy said it was the suction and that all good bloodhounds were like that.

A man stopped Jimmy in the street and asked him if that was the dog that tracked down the German spy to his lair. Jimmy said it was, and the man was very pleased: he patted the bloodhound on the head and said, "Good old Faithful!"—just like that.

Jimmy showed him the pork-butcher's shop where he did it, and the man said if Jimmy would wait a minute he would go and buy the dog some German fruit. Jimmy said the man bought a large kind of sausage which had a red husk. He then stooped down and said, "Good old chap, I confer upon you the Order of the Faithful Sausage, 1st class, and if you catch another German spy I'll give you a season ticket." When Jimmy's bloodhound saw the red sausage he began to bay, and he hurled himself upon it with much vigour, Jimmy says. The man watched Jimmy's bloodhound working, and he said, "*Magna est fidelitas et prevalebit*," which he said meant that "Old Faithful would down the Germans every time."

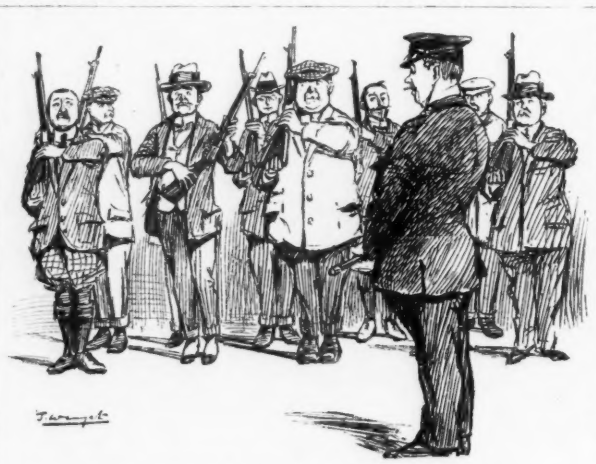
Jimmy calls his bloodhound Faithful now, and he is keener than ever on catching another German spy.

Jimmy says he thought he was on the track of one the other day. He was walking down a road when suddenly Faithful began straining at the leash, as if he scented one. But it wasn't a German after all; it was a goat. It was in a field. Jimmy said he made sure it was a German until he saw it.

The goat was having its tea on the far side of the field. Jimmy hadn't seen the goat before, so he loosed Faithful at it. Faithful bounded towards the goat very hard at first, and then stopped and began to deploy.

Jimmy said the goat was very surprised when it saw Faithful and jumped three feet into the air all at once. Jimmy says Faithful makes things do like that. You see Faithful was crawling hand over hand towards it on the grass, and the goat looked as if it expected Faithful to go off suddenly.

Then the goat said "Yes! Yes!" several times with its head and began to moo.



OUR SPECIAL VOLUNTEER RESERVES.

Instructor. "CHANGE ARMS BY NUMBERS. ONE—TWO—— COME ALONG, SIR! WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT NOW? KEEP YOUR BANJO SOLO FOR THE DOMESTIC HEARTH."

Jimmy said the goat must have been winding up the starting handle, for it suddenly slipped in the clutch and got into top gear in five yards. It was a flexible goat, Jimmy says. Faithful is a good runner; it has a kind of side-stroke action when it runs fast, and this puzzled the goat and made it skid a bit on the grass.

Jimmy sat on the gate and watched them. After five times round the field the goat sat down and looked nonplussed.

Jimmy knows all about goats; he knows what to do with them, and he showed me. He got it so tame that it would feed out of your hand. It ate half a newspaper one day and it made it very fiery. Jimmy said it was the War news. We were trying to harness it to a perambulator Jimmy had borrowed. Jimmy said it had to have a bell on its neck so that people would know it was coming, just like the Alps.

Jimmy said goats could jump from one Alp to the other, and they always did that in Switzerland and it sounded very pretty in the evening.

I hadn't got a little bell that tinkled so I brought the dinner bell, and we tied it on to the goat's neck with a rope. Jimmy said it would make the goat feel glad.

It took us a long time to harness the goat properly because it was so fidgety. There wasn't much room in the cart, but we both managed to squeeze in, and Faithful ran on in front. The goat doesn't like Faithful; it has an aversion to him when he bays. Faithful knew the goat was coming after him because he could hear the bell.

There was more room for Jimmy when I fell out, but Faithful kept straight in the middle of the road doing the side-stroke as hard as he could with both hands. I could hear the bell. Jimmy said a horse and trap climbed over the hedge to let them pass. The man in the trap said something to Jimmy, but Jimmy couldn't catch what he said; it was such a long sentence. Jimmy said they went into an ironmonger's shop, all of them. Faithful got there first. He deployed amongst some buckets which were outside the shop. So did the goat. The noise disturbed the ironmonger. He took his wife and children into the cellar. Jimmy said it was the noise that did it, and the goat's face.

The ironmonger's wife told Jimmy she had had a shock; she spoke to him out of the cellar window. Jimmy says she had a catch in her breath.

The goat didn't go back to the field very quickly; it was because one of the wheels was bent and the goat seemed to have caught a hiccough. That was because it ran so fast after eating the newspaper, Jimmy says. He says all goats are like that.

The goat won't eat out of Jimmy's hand now; whenever it sees Jimmy it tries to climb a tree. A boy told Jimmy that the man who owns the goat is concerned about it, so Jimmy goes hunting German spies with Faithful down another road now.

The Two Blüchers.

A century since, joy filled our cup
To hear of BLÜCHER "coming up";
To-day joy echoes round the town
To hear of *Blücher* going down.



IN ORDER THAT NO POSSIBLE MEANS OF INJURING ENGLAND MAY BE NEGLECTED, IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT THE GERMAN PROFESSORS OF NECROMANCY AND WITCHCRAFT HAVE BEEN REQUESTED TO MAKE THE BEST USE OF THEIR MAGICAL POWERS.

ZEPPELIN DRILL.

I HAD often seen the little lady at No. 4, but it is only lately that I have discovered that there is in her the makings of a General.

We found out about her strategic dispositions in a roundabout way. Her maid told the milkman, and in the course of nature the news came to us. Every night her maid carries into her room a fur coat, a large pair of boots and a coal-scuttle.

It is, of course, her preparation to meet a Zeppelin attack.

Everybody is getting ready. Bulpitt's wife's mother, for example—Bulpitt is my next-door neighbour—is making him dig a bomb-proof hole in the garden. Bulpitt thought there might be some difficulty about getting her into it. I pointed out that there would be more difficulty in getting her out—the hole is very deep. He said he didn't worry about that.

Two nights later we had a scare. Every light went out along the road and people were doing all kinds of safe things. It turned out afterwards that Stewart was testing his family Zeppelin drill, and fired three shots to make it realistic. His wife then put the baby in the copper with the lid one inch open. She herself stood beside a certain wall which, according to Stewart, could not be knocked down because of the stresses and strains that would be set up.

That was all very well for him; the only thing that went wrong was that a little water had been left in the copper. But what about poor Johnson, who had to pile all the mattresses in the coal-cellar? He was awfully black and angry when he found out.

And what about Carruthers, who emptied a fire-pail on the drawing-room fire, and had to explain a long muddy pool to his wife, who is rather deaf and hadn't heard the shots?

As for Bulpitt's wife's mother, she was in the pit for over an hour before we hauled her out. The first time we got her to the surface she gasped out, quite smilingly, "Now I know what it's like in the tren——" and then she slipped back with an oozy thud. The second time she said, "I don't think they'll come ag——" The third time she said, "I don't care if the Zeppel——" And when we did get her out she said nothing at all, and I was sorry for Bulpitt.

Amidst all these scenes of confusion little Miss Agatha at No. 4 stood at attention in a fur overcoat and a big pair of boots that would easily slip on, with a coal-scuttle on her head to keep off bombs. She stood there warm, safe, and respectably clad, waiting till the house crashed about her and the time came to save herself.

I hate to think of the Zeppelins coming; but if they do come I hope—how I hope!—I shall be near No. 4 to see the indomitable little lady emerge.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

IN WALPOLE'S time, not over nice,
Each man was said to have his price;
We've changed since then;
For, if my daughter's word is fact,
The world to-day is simply packed
With "priceless" men.

Journalistic Candour.

"When a court-martial was opened for the trial of two sergeants at Woolwich yesterday one of the officers questioned the right of a reporter to be present. . . . The reporter was told to leave, which he did, after protesting that an official shorthand note was an entirely different thing from a newspaper report."—*Daily Chronicle.*

A LETTER TO THE FRONT.

Mrs. Jeremy looked up from her knitting. "I want you to do something for me," she said to her husband.

"Anything except sing," said Jeremy lazily.

"It 's just to write a letter."

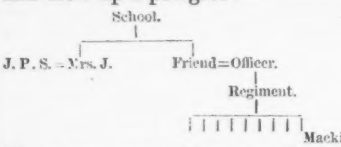
"My dear, of course. *The Complete Letter-writer*, by J. P. Smith. Chapter V—'Stiff Notes to Landlords'—shows Mr. Smith at his best. 'Gossipy Budgets, and should they be crossed?'—see Chapter VI. Bless you, I can write to *anybody*."

"This is to a man you 've never met. He 's a private at the Front and his name is Mackinnon."

"'Dear Mr. Mackinnon'—that 's how I should begin. Do we want to say anything particular, or are we just trying the new notepaper?"

Mrs. Jeremy put down her work and gave herself up to explanation. Private Mackinnon was in a school friend's husband's regiment, and he never got any letters or parcels from anybody, and the friend's husband had asked his wife to ask her friends——

"Wait a bit," said Jeremy. "We shall want the College of Heralds in this directly." He took out his pencil and drew up a pedigree :—



There you are. Now *you* think it 's J. P. S.'s turn to write to Mackinnon." He drew a line from one to the other. "Very well; I shall tell him about the old school."

"You do see, don't you?" said Mrs. Jeremy. "All the others get letters and things from their friends, and poor Mr. Mackinnon gets nothing. Katharine wants to get up a surprise for him, and she 's asking half-a-dozen of her friends to send him things and write him jolly letters." She picked up the muffler she had been knitting. "This is for him, and I said you 'd do the letter. You write such jolly ones."

Jeremy threw away the end of his cigar and got up.

"Yes, but what about?" he said, running his hand through his hair. "This is going to be very difficult."

"Oh, just one of your nice funny letters like you write to me."

"Quite like that?" said Jeremy earnestly.

"Well, not quite like that," smiled Mrs. Jeremy; "but you know what I mean. He 'd love it."

"Very well," said Jeremy, "we 'll see what we can do."

He withdrew to his library and got to work.

"*My dear Mr. Mackinnon*," he wrote, "*the weather here is perfectly beastly.*"

He looked at it thoughtfully and then put it on one side. "We won't destroy it," he said to himself, "because we may have to come back to it, but at present we don't like it."

He began another sheet of paper.

"*My dear Mackinnon, who do you think it is? Your old friend Jeremy Smith!*"

He murmured it to himself three or four times, crossed out "old" and put "new," and then placed this sheet on the top of the other.

"*My dear Mackinnon, yesterday the Vicar——*"

"I knew it would be difficult," he said, and took a fourth sheet. Absently he began to jot down a few possible openings :—

"*I am a Special Constable . . .*"

"*Have you read Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest . . .*"

"*I hope the War won't last long . . .*"

"Yes," he said, "but we 're not being really funny enough."

He collected his letters as far as they had gone and took them to his wife.

"You see what will happen, darling," he said. "Mr. Mackinnon will read them, and he will say to himself, 'There 's a man called Jeremy P. Smith who is a fool.' The news will travel down the line. They will tell themselves in Alsace that J. P. Smith, the Treasurer of the Little Blessington Cricket Club, is lacking in grey matter. The story will get across to the Germans in some garbled form; 'Smith off crumpet,' or something of that sort. It will reach the Grand Duke NICHOLAS; it will traverse the neutral countries; everywhere the word will be spread that your husband is, as they say, barmy. I ask you, dear—is it fair to Baby?"

Mrs. Jeremy crumpled up the sheets and threw them in the fire.

"Oh, Jeremy," she said, "you could do it so easily if you wanted to. If you only said, 'Thank you for being so brave,' it would be something."

"But you said it had to be a 'jolly' one."

"Yes, that was silly of me. I didn't mean that. Just write what you want to write—never mind about what I said."

"Oh, but that 's easy," said Jeremy with great relief; "I can do that on my head."

And this was the letter (whether he wrote it on his head or not I cannot say) :—

"MY DEAR MR. MACKINNON,—You are not married, I believe, but perhaps you will be some day when the War is over. You will then get to know of a very maddening trick which wives have. You hand them a letter over the coffee-pot beginning, 'Dear Smith, I saw a little water-colour of yours in the Academy and admired it very much. The what-do-you-call-it is so well done, and I like that broad effect. Please accept an earldom,'—but, before they read any of it at all, they turn to the signature at the end and say, 'Why, Jeremy, it 's from the KING!' And then all your beautiful surprise is gone.

"Now I don't mention this in order to put you off marriage, because there is a lot more in it than letters over the coffee-pot, and all the rest is delightful. But I want to tell you that, if (as I expect) you are keeping the signature of this letter for the surprise, you will be disappointed. I am sorry about it. I tried various signatures with a surprise to them (you would have liked my 'Hall Caine,' I think), but I decided that I had best stick to the one I have used for so many years, 'J. P. Smith.' It will make you ask that always depressing question, 'Who *is* J. P. Smith?' but this I cannot help. Besides, I want to tell you who he is.

"An hour ago he was sitting in front of a fire of logs, smoking a cigar. He had just finished dinner, so good a dinner that he was congratulating his wife on it as she sat knitting on the other side of the fire. If he had a complaint to make at all, it was perhaps that the fire was a little too hot; perhaps when he went upstairs he would find that a little too hot also was the bottle in his bed. One has these hardships to face. To complete the picture, I ask you to imagine a door closed rather noisily kitchenwards, and an exclamation of annoyance from Mr. Smith. He passes it off by explaining that he was thinking of the baby rather than of himself.

"Well, there you have this J. P. Smith person . . . and at the same hour what was this man Mackinnon doing? I don't know; you do. But perhaps you will understand now why I want to say 'Thank you.' I know what you will answer: 'Good Lord, I'm only doing my job, I don't want to be *kissed* for it.' My dear Mackinnon, you don't understand. I am not very kindly writing to you; you are very kindly letting me write. This is *my* birthday, not yours. I give myself the pleasure of thanking you; as a gentleman you cannot refuse it to me.

"Yours gratefully, J. P. SMITH."

"You dear," said Mrs. Jeremy. "He 'll simply love it."

Jeremy grunted.

"If I were Mackinnon," he said, "I should prefer the muffler." A. A. M.



THE "KULTUR" CUT.

THERE IS A STRONG PATRIOTIC MOVEMENT IN GERMANY TOWARDS A NATIONAL IDEAL IN TAILORINGS.

BEASTS AND SUPERBEASTS.

[*A German zoologist has discovered in German New Guinea a new kind of opossum to which he proposes to give the name of* Dactylopsila Hindenburgi.]

AT the Annual Convention of the Fishes, Birds and Beasts,
Which opened with the usual invigorating feasts,
The attention of the delegates of feather, fur and fin
Was focussed on a wonderful proposal from Berlin.

The document suggested that, to signalise the feats
Of the noble German armies and the splendid German fleets,
Certain highly honoured species, in virtue of their claims,
Should be privileged in future to adopt Germanic names.

To judge by the resultant din, the screams and roars and cries,
The birds were most ungrateful and the quadrupeds likewise;
And the violence with which they "voiced" their angry discontent
Was worthy of a thoroughbred Hungarian Parliament.

The centipede declared he'd sooner lose a dozen legs
Than wear a patronymic defiled by human dregs;
And sentiments identical, in voices hoarse with woe,
Were emitted by the polecat and by the carrion crow.

The rattlesnake predicted that his rattle would be cracked
Before the name *Bernhardii* on to his tail was tacked;
And an elderly hyæna, famed for gluttony and greed,
Denounced the suffix *Klucki* as an insult to its breed.

Most impressive and pathetic was the anguish of the toad
When he found the name *Lissaueri* had on him been bestowed;
And a fine man-eating tiger said he'd sooner feed with SHAW
Than allow the title *Treitschkei* to desecrate his jaw.

But this memorable meeting was not destined to disperse
Without a tragedy too great for humble human verse;
For, on hearing that *Wilhelmi* had to his name been tied,
The skunk, in desperation, committed suicide.

Count REVENTLOW in the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*:—

"It is an established fact that when our airships were, in order to fly to the fortified place of Great Yarmouth, merely flying over other places or cities, they were shot at from these places. It may be assumed with certainty that these shots, which were aimed at the airships from below, hit them, and probably they wounded or even killed occupants of the airships. This involves an English franc-tireur attack, ruthlessly carried out in defiance of International Law and in the darkness of the night, upon the German airships, which, without the smallest hostile action, wanted to fly away over these places . . .

The airship is a recognised weapon of war, and yet people in England seem to demand that it shall regard itself as fair game for the murders performed by a fanatical civil population, and shall not have the right to defend itself."

By the offer of a princely salary, *Mr. Punch* has tried to tempt Count REVENTLOW to join the staff in Bouverie Street. In vain. As the chief humorist of Central Europe he feels that his services are indispensable to the Fatherland.



"OH, MOTHER! HOW I WISH I WAS AN ANGEL!"
"DARLING! WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?"
"OH, BECAUSE THEN, MOTHER, I COULD DROP BOMBS ON THE GERMANS."

OVERWORK.

THE poets having indicated that they were going to take a few moments off, the words were free to stand at ease also. They did so with a great sigh of relief, especially one whom I recognised by his intense weariness and also by the martial glow on his features, his muddied and torn clothes and the bandage round his head.

"You 're 'war,'" I said, crossing over to speak to him.

"Yes," he replied, "I 'm 'war,' and I 'm very tired."

"They 're sweating you?" I asked.

"Horribly," he replied. "In whatever they 're writing about just now, both poets and song-writers, they drag me in, and they will end lines with me. Just to occur somewhere and be done with I shouldn't so much mind; but they feel in honour bound to provide me with a rhyme. Still," he added meditatively, "there are compensations."

"How?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I find myself with more congenial companions than I used to have. In the old days, when I wasn't sung at all, but was used more or less academically, I often found myself arm-in-arm with 'star' or 'far' or 'scar,' and I never really got on with them. We didn't agree. There was something wrong. But now I get better associates; 'roar,' for example, is a certainty in one verse. In fact I don't mind admitting I 'm rather tired of 'roar,' true friends as we are.

"But I can see the poor young poetical fellows' difficulty; and, after all, I do roar, don't I? Just as my old friend 'battle' here"—I bowed to his companion—"is attached to 'rattle.'

"Of course," he went on, "I 'm luckier than 'battle' really, because I do get a few other fellows to walk with, such as 'corps'—very often—and 'before' and—far too often—'gore'; but 'battle' is tied up to 'rattle' for the rest of his life. They 're inseparable—'battle' and 'rattle.' Directly you see one you know that the other is only a few words away. We call them the Siamese Twins."

I laughed sympathetically.

"There 's 'cattle,'" I said, remembering 'The War-song of Dinas Vawr.'"

"No use just now," said 'war.' "'Rattle' is the only rhyme at the moment; just as General FRENCH has his favourite one, and that 's 'trench.' If 'battle' and 'rattle' are like the Siamese Twins, 'FRENCH' and 'trench' are like Castor and Pollux. Now and then the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF makes the enemy 'blench,' but for one 'blench' you get a thousand 'trenches.' No, I feel very sorry, I can tell you, for some of these words condemned to such a monotony of conjunction; and really I oughtn't to complain. And to have got rid of 'star' is something."

I shook him by the hand.

"But there 's one thing," he added, "I do object to, which not even poor old 'battle' has to bear, and that 's being forced to march with a rhyme that isn't all there. I have to do that far too often; and it 's annoying."

I asked him to explain.

"Well," he said, "those poets who look forward are too fond of linking me to 'o'er'—when it 's 'o'er,' don't you know (they mean 'over'). That 's a little humiliating, I always think. You wouldn't like constantly going about with a man who 'd lost his collar, would you?"

I said that I shouldn't.

"Well, it 's like that," he said, "I am not sure that I would not prefer 'star' to that, or 'scar,' after all. They, at any rate, meant well and were gentlemanly. But 'o'er'? No.

The new book for schools: "Kaiser: De Bello Jellico."



WHO FORBIDS THE BANDS?

["A band revives memories, it quickens association, it opens and unites the hearts of men more surely than any other appeal can, and in this respect it aids recruiting perhaps more than any other agency."—*Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING at the Mansion House meeting promoted by the Recruiting Bands Committee.*]

THE AMATEUR POLICEMAN.

FRIEND Robert, if mere imitation
  Expresses one's deepest regard,
How oft has such dumb adoration
  Been shown on his beat by your bard;
In dress, though the semblance seems hollow,
  How oft since my duties began
Have I striven, poor "special," to follow
  The modes of the Man.

I have aped till my muscles grew rigid
  Your air of Olympian calm;
Have sought, when my framework was frigid,
  To "stand" it *sans* quiver or qualm;
I have also endeavoured to copy
  The stealthiest thud of your boot;
And, with features as pink as a poppy,
  Your solemn salute.

In vain. Every effort is futile,
  And, while I am "doing my share"
To guard (after midnight) a mute isle,
  Or the bit of it close by my lair,
'Tis perfectly plain that, although it
  Is easy to offer one's aid,
The P.C., alas! like the poet,
  Is born and not made.

THE UNLIKELY DUKE.

THE proposal, made the other day at the annual meeting of Lloyds Bank at Birmingham, that a dukedom should be conferred upon Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in recognition of his skilful handling of the financial crisis, has aroused intense interest both in Park Lane and in the Welsh valleys.

Even among certain of the right honourable gentleman's colleagues in the Cabinet the idea meets with warm approval.

There has not yet been a meeting of Dukes to consider how to deal with any situation that may arise; but there is little doubt that their Graces are keeping a keen look-out, and it may be expected that when the time comes their plans will be found to be more or less complete.

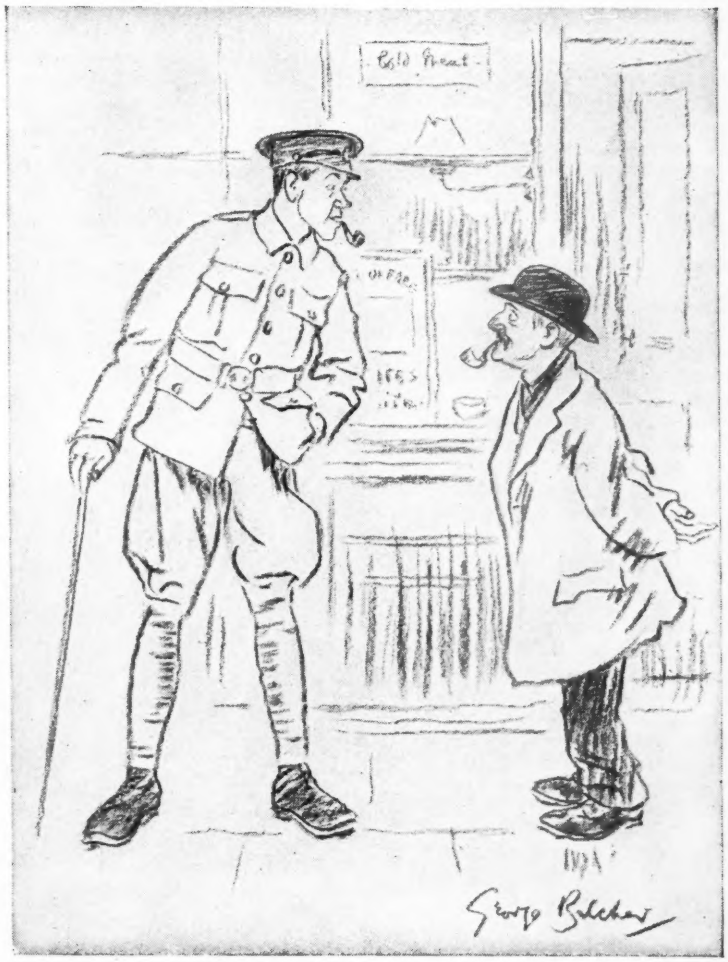
Down in Wales there is considerable rivalry already concerning the title the CHANCELLOR should take. A strong local committee is being formed at Criccieth to urge the claims of that delightful resort; but it may expect to receive strenuous opposition from the people of Llanpwllwynbrynogrhos, who argue that, while Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's connection with their village may be slight, it would be highly desirable that there should exist the obstacle of such a name whenever the new Duke's fellow Dukes wished to refer to him.

Since it was at the annual meeting of Lloyds Bank that the idea was put forward, we are inclined to think that whenever a title is required the CHANCELLOR might select the "Duke of Lloyds;" and on the other hand, of course, a bank professing such admiration for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE could not pay a prettier compliment than by styling itself "LLOYD GEORGE's Bank."

We profoundly hope that there may be no truth in the ugly rumour that one of the CHANCELLOR's servants, who has been in the family for many years and imbibed its principles, has declared emphatically that it would be against her principles to serve in a ducal household.

Needless to say there has been a flutter among estate agents. Already vast tracts of deer-forest in Scotland have been offered at astonishing terms to the proposed Duke, and these not only comprise some of the finest scenery in the British Isles, but afford opportunity for thoroughly interesting agricultural development.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's own views on the whole subject were uttered in Welsh, and we have no doubt our readers will quite understand that they cannot be printed here.



Recruit (speaking of his late employer). "AN' 'E SAYS TO ME, 'IT WANTS A COAL-HAMMER TO KNOCK IT INTO YOUR 'EAD.'"

Friend. "DID 'E SAY THAT?"

Recruit. "YES, 'E DID. BUT I LET 'IM 'AVE IT BACK. I SAYS, 'IT 'UD BLOOMING WELL TAKE MORE THAN YOU TO DO IT!'"

Our Dumb Friends.

The tradition of strong language established by our armies in Flanders seems to be well kept up to-day, if we may judge by the following Army Order issued at the Front:—

"Though on occasion it is necessary to tie horses to trees, this should be avoided whenever possible, as they are sure to bark and thus destroy the trees."

A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

III.

MY DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—Although, being no longer a soldier in anything but name (and pay), I pursue in India the inglorious vocation of a clerk, I am nevertheless still in a position to perceive the splendid qualities of the British Officer. Always a humble admirer of his skill and bravery in the field, I have now in addition a keen appreciation of his imperturbable *sangfroid* when confronted with conditions of great difficulty in the office.

I am working in the Banana (to circumvent the Censor I am giving it an obviously fictitious name) Divisional Area Headquarters Staff Office, which is situated in the town of —— Suppose we call it Mango. There are four brigades in the Banana Divisional Area, one of of which is the Mango Brigade. Now it so happens that the General Officer Commanding the Banana Divisional Area is at present also the General Officer Commanding the Mango Brigade; consequently this is the sort of thing which is always happening. The G.O.C. of the Mango Brigade writes to himself as G.O.C. of the Banana Divisional Area: "May I request the favour of a reply to my Memorandum No. 25731/24/Mobn., dated the 3rd January, 1915, relating to paragraph 5 of Army Department letter No. S.M—43822/19 (A.B.C.), dated the 12th December, 1914, which amplifies the Annexure to Clause 271, Section 18 (c), of A.R.I., Vol. XXIII.?" Next morning he goes into the Divisional Office and finds himself confronted by this letter. A mere civilian might be tempted to take a mean advantage of his unusual situation. Not so the British Officer. The dignified traditions of the Indian Army must not lightly be set aside. The G.O.C. of the Brigade and the G.O.C. of the Divisional Area must be as strangers for the purposes of official correspondence.

So he writes back to himself:—"Your reference to Army Department letter No. S.M.—43822/19 (A.B.C.), dated the 12th December, 1914, is not understood. May I presume that you allude to Army Department letter No. P.T. 58401/364 (P.O.P.), dated the 5th November, 1914, which deals with the Annexure to Clause 271, Section 18 (c), of A.R.I., Vol. XXIII.?"

Later on he goes to the Brigade Office and writes—". . . I would respectfully point out that Army Department letter No. S.M.—43822/19 (A.B.C.), dated the 12th December, 1914, cancels Army Department letter No. P. T. 58401/364 (P.O.P.), dated the 5th November, 1914."

At his next visit to the Divisional Office he writes back again:—". . . Army Department letter No. S.M.—43822/19 (A.B.C.), dated the 12th December, 1914, does not appear to have been received in this office. Will you be so good as to favour me with a copy?"

So it goes on, and our dual G.O.C., like the gallant soldier he is, never flinches from his duty, never swerves by a hair's-breadth from his difficult course. This surely is the spirit which has made the Empire.



Patriotic Old Person (to individual bespattered by passing motor-bus). "THERE, YOUNG FELLER! IT'D NEVER 'AVE BIN NOTICED IF YOU'D BIN IN KHAKI!"

But I expect you are weary of this subject. Still, you must please not forget that we are officially on active service, and active service means perhaps more than you people at home imagine. Last Sunday, after tiffin, I came upon one of my colleagues lounging in an easy-chair, one of those with practical extensions upon which you can stretch your legs luxuriously. With a cigarette between his lips and an iced drink beside him, he sat reading a magazine—a striking illustration of the fine resourcefulness of the Territorials in adapting themselves to novel conditions.

"What I object to about active service," he said, as I came up, "is the awful hardship we have to put up with. When we were mobilised I didn't anticipate that our path would be exactly strewn with roses, but I confess I never expected this. I shall write to *The Times*. The public ought to know about it;" and he settled himself more deeply into his chair, blew out a cloud of smoke, and with a resolute expression sipped his iced lemonade.

Mr. Punch, you will be pained to hear that I have lost my hard-earned reputation for sobriety through no fault of my own. A few days ago I went up to the barracks to draw my regimental pay, and found that a number of articles of clothing, issued by the Army authorities, had accumulated for me during my absence — a pair of khaki shorts, a grey flannel shirt with steel buttons the size of sixpences, a pair of worsted socks and three sheets (yes, sheets for the bed; so luxuriously do we fare in India). Perhaps you can guess what happened.

"Oh, by the way, have you drawn your clothing?" asked the Lieutenant, when he had paid me.

"Yes, Sir," I replied.

"What have you got?"

"Sheets, shirt, shorts and shocks — shots, sheeks and shirks——"

"That will do," he interrupted sternly. "You had better come to me again when you are in a condition to express yourself clearly."

Thus easily is a reputation acquired by years of self-control destroyed by the pitfalls of our native tongue.

On the other hand, some people have enviable reputations thrust upon them. This is the case with my friend, Private Walls. The other night, half of what remains of the Battalion were called out to repel an expected attack on the barracks by the other half. Walls chanced to be placed in a rather isolated position, and, armed with six rounds of blank, he took cover behind a large boulder, after receiving whispered orders from his officer not to fire if he suspected the approach of the enemy, but to low like an ox, when assistance would immediately be sent to him.

Though a little diffident of his powers of lowing, Walls determined to do his best, and fell sound asleep.

Now, if you or I had been in his position, an officer would certainly have discovered us in no time, and dire



Officer. "DIDN'T I TELL YER 'E WAS NO GOOD? LOOK AT 'IM—PLAYIN' FOOTBALL WHEN US FELLERS IS DRILLIN'!"

punishment would have followed. But Walls slumbered on undisturbed, until a terrific roar in his ear caused him to wake with a start. What had happened? He seized his rifle and peered into the darkness. Then, to his amazement, he saw the boulder before him rise to its feet and shamble off into the night. It was an ox, and it had lowed!

You might think his luck finished there. But no. The officer and his men came stealthily up, and Walls unblushingly declared that he had heard the foe approaching. It may sound incredible, but it is a fact that a few minutes later the enemy did actually appear, and were, of course, driven back after the customary decimation.

And Walls unhesitatingly accepted the congratulations of his superior on his vigilance, and did not even blench when assured that his was the finest imitation ever heard of the lowing of an ox. Yours ever,

ONE OF THE *PUNCH* BRIGADE.

"The German resistance is formidable but the allies' artillery has forced the enemy to retire from some trenches abandinging prisoners, dead, and wounded."—*Buenos Aires Standard.*

This gives the lie to the many stories of German callousness that we hear.

TURNS OF THE DAY.

[*A fifteen-minutes' speech on affairs by a public man has been added to the programme of the Empire music-hall.*]

THERE is no truth that the late Viceroy of IRELAND is to appear at the Alhambra in a brief address, explaining why he chose the title of "Tara."

All efforts to induce Mr. MASTERMAN to appear at the Holborn Empire next week in a burlesque of *The Seats of the Mighty* have failed.

Great pressure is being brought to bear upon Mr. BERNARD SHAW to induce him to add gaiety to the Palladium programme next week by a twenty-minutes' exposure of England's folly, hypocrisy, fatuity and crime, a subject on which he knows even more than is to be known.

Up to the present moment Mr. H. G. WELLS has refused all offers to appear at the Palace in the song from *Patience*, "When I first put this uniform on."

Any statement that Mr. EDMUND GOSSE is to appear at the Coliseum at every performance next week, in a little sketch entitled *Swinging the Censor*, is to be taken with salt.

A similar incredulity should probably be adopted in regard to the alluring rumour that Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE will also contribute at the same house a nightly telephonic sketch from Capri, "*What Tiberius thinks of 'Sinister Street.'*"

Negotiations are still pending, though with little chance of success, between the management of the Hippodrome and Canon RAWNSLEY, with a view to his giving a brief address nightly on the subject "How to write a War sonnet in ten minutes."

We have good reason to fear that, in spite of reiterated announcements of their engagement, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON and Mr. MAX BEERBOHM will not appear on Valentine's Day, and subsequently, at the Chiswick Empire in a topical War duologue as "The Two Max."

Omar Khayyam on the North Sea battle.

They say the *Lion* and the *Tiger* sweep
Where once the Huns shelled babies from the deep,
And *Blücher*, that great cruiser—12-inch guns
Roar o'er his head but cannot break his sleep.

YUSSUF.

"LOOK here," exclaimed the latest subaltern, hurling himself at the remains of the breakfast, "those rotters have sent me a putrid sword!"

"A putrid sword, dear?" his mother repeated.

"Yes, confound them!"

"I don't see why you want a sword at all," Dolly chipped in. "Captain Jones says the big guns are the only weapons that count."

"And how will Archie toast his crumpets?" retorted Henry.

"Oh, shut up, you kids! I say, do you mind having a look at it?" The latest subaltern was actually appealing to me. I stifled a blush, and thought I should like to, very much.

After breakfast Archibald and myself retired to the armoury.

"There!" he exclaimed indignantly. "What do you think of that?" It was lying on the bed with a black-and-gold hilt and a wonderful nickel scabbard with gilt blobs at the top. I looked at it.

"Well," I ventured, "it's a sword."

Archibald sniffed.

"And," I continued hastily, "it's very nice. Perhaps they've run out of the ordinary ones. Does it cut?"

He drew it, and I, assuming the air of a barber's assistant, felt its edge.

"Of course," I remarked, "I don't know much about it, but if there *is* anything left to cut when you go out I think it should be stropped a bit first."

"Well," said the proud owner, "I ordered it at Slashers', and they ought to know. Suppose we rub it up on young Henry's emery wheel?"

"Wait a minute," I cried; "I should like to see it on."

Archibald buckled on the scabbard and I slapped the trusty blade home.

It certainly looked a bit odd. I surveyed it in profile.

"No!" I exclaimed, "there is something about it . . . a Yussuf air . . . that little bend at the tip is reminiscent of Turkestan."

We found Henry in the workshop.

"My fairy godmother," he shouted, "did you pinch it from the pantomime?"

We did not deign to reply. Gingerly, very gingerly, we applied Yussuf to the emery wheel . . . Little flakes came off him—just little flakes.

It was very distressing.

The gardener joined us and advised some oil; then the coachman brought us some polishing sand; bath-brick and whitening we got from the cook.

It was no good. Nothing could restore those little flakes. So we went indoors to have a look at the Encyclopædia. But there was nothing there to help us. Yussuf was suffering from an absolutely unknown disease.

We put him to bed again.

* * * * *

After lunch Archibald received the following letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—We learn with regret that, by an inadvertence, the wrong sword has been despatched to you. We now hasten to forward yours, trusting that the delay has not inconvenienced you. At the same time our representative will, with your permission, collect the sword now in your possession as it is of exceptional value, and also has to be inscribed immediately for presentation.

Your obedient Servants,
SLASHER AND CO."

"For presentation," I repeated; "then it's not meant to cut with, and those blobs really are gold." I touched one respectfully.

The latest subaltern pulled himself together and rang the bell. "When a man calls here for a sword," he told the servant, "give him this"—pointing dramatically at Yussuf. "And Jenkins!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Tell him that I have just sailed for . . . er—for the Front."

LE DERNIER CRI.

BEING THE SOLILOQUY OF THE OLDEST PARROT.

Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Polly-olly-wolly! Scratch a poll! It isn't that I shout the loudest, though I fancy I *could* keep my end up in the monkey-house if it came to that. Many a parrot wastes all his energy in wind. It's brains, not lungs, that make a full crop. Extend your vocabulary. Another thing—don't make yourself too cheap. The parrot that always gives his show free lives the whole of his life on official rations—and nothing else. *Half-a-pint o' mild-an'-bitter! Pom! Pom!*

I'm the oldest inhabitant, and I've the biggest waist measurement for my height in Regent's Park. That's my reward. I'll admit I've a bad memory; most parrots have, except the one that used to sing "Rule Britannia" and knew the name of every keeper in the Zoo—and *he* went into hospital with something-on-the-brain. But *I've* moved with the times. There aren't many catch-phrases I haven't caught. "Walker," "Who's Griffiths?" and drawing corks in the old "Champagne Charlie" days; and "You're another," and "Get your hair cut," "Does your mother know you're out?" "My word, if I catch you bending!" "After you with the cruet." But I've a bad memory. *Have a banana? I don't think!* . . .

I'm never quite sure of myself, and so just have to say what comes uppermost. *Shun! Stanterteeze! Formforz, you two! Half-a-pint o'* . . .

I've found it doesn't do to repeat *everything* the sergeant says. We had a Naval parrot once . . . Why, take for instance that young man with his greasy feathers brushed back like a parrakeet's. He looked good for a few grapes any day, but when, just to encourage him, I chortled, "KITCHENER wants yer!" he frowned and walked away. I did good business later, though. Pulled up a bunch of Khaki people by just shouting "'Alt!" I admired their taste in oranges. *Down with the KAISER!* By the way, I've shouted "Down with" almost everybody in my time. *Johnny, get your gun; Goobye, Tipperlairlee.*

But the best is "*Veeve la Fronce.*" Last week one of those foreign officers heard me "veeving" softly to myself. In half a minute he'd collected a dozen of his friends and relatives, and I could see more coming in the distance. The excitement! My tail! "Marie! Alphonse!" he shouted. "*Regarday dong ce brave wozzo!*" They gave me butterscotch; they gave me muscatels; they gave me a meringue, and lots of little sweet biscuits (I don't take monkey-nuts these days, thank you!) and they all talked at once. Then a lovely creature with a cockatoo's crest on her head bent forward and coaxed me in a voice like ripe bananas. And there was I sitting like a fool, my mouth crammed and my mind a blank! The crowd was growing every minute. The cockatoo girl ran to the kiosk and bought me French nougat; I ate it. Then I made a desperate effort—"Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

Bless the camel-keeper! At that very moment I heard him ringing the "all-out" bell.

The Times says that the *Blücher* was the reply of the German Admiralty to the first British *Dreadnought*.

Admiral Sir DAVID BEATTY begs to state that he has forwarded this reply to the proper quarter.

We have pleasure in culling the following extract from the account of a wedding, as set forth in *The Silver Leaf* (published at Somerset West, Cape Province):—

"Whilst the register was being signed, Mme. Wortley, of Cape Town, sang 'Entreat me not to leave thee' with great feeling."

It seems perhaps a little early to discuss the question of marital separation.

HOW TO KEEP FIT. FOR REALLY BUSY MEN.



1. ON THE WAY TO THE STATION.



2. WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.



3. ON THE 'BUS—"WITH DEEP BREATHING—NECK WRISTS."



4. AT THE OFFICE—THE CORRESPONDENCE.



5. WEIGHING BUSINESS PROPOSITIONS.



6. WAITING AT THE TELEPHONE.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

Time: 7.30 P.M. *Scene: A large disused barn, where forty members of the local Volunteer Training Corps are assembled for drill. They are mostly men well over thirty-eight years of age, but there is a sprinkling of lads of under nineteen, while a few are men of "military age" who for some good and sufficient reason have been unable to join the army. They are all full of enthusiasm, but at present they possess neither uniform nor arms. Please note that in the following dialogue the Sergeant alone speaks aloud; the other person* thinks, *but gives no utterance to his words.*

The Sergeant. Fall in! Fall in! Come smartly there, fall in
And recollect that when you've fallen in
You stand at ease, a ten-inch space between
Your feet—like this; your hands behind your back—
Like this; your head and body both erect;
Your weight well poised on both feet, not on one.
Dress by the right, and let each rear rank man
Quick cover off his special front rank man.
That's it; that's good. Now when I say, "Squad, 'shun,"
Let every left heel swiftly join the right
Without a shuffling or a scraping sound
And let the angle of your two feet be
Just forty-five, the while you smartly drop
Hands to your sides, the fingers lightly bent,
Thumbs to the front, but every careful thumb
Kept well behind your trouser-seams. Squad, 'shun!

The Volunteer. Ha! Though I cannot find my trouser-seams,
I rather think I did that pretty well.
Thomas, my footman, who is on my left,
And Batts, the draper, drilling on my right,
And e'en the very Sergeant must have seen
The lithe precision of my rapid spring.

The Sergeant. When next I call you to attention, note
You need not slap your hands against your thighs.
It is not right to slap your thighs at all.

The Volunteer. He's looking at me; I am half afraid
I used unnecessary violence
And slapped my thighs unduly. It is bad
That Thomas should have cause to grin at me
And lose his proper feeling of respect,
Being a flighty fellow at the best;
And Batts the draper must not——

The Sergeant. Stand at ease!

The Volunteer. Aha! He wants to catch me, but he——

The Sergeant. 'Shun!

The Volunteer. Bravo, myself! I did not slap them then.
I am indubitably getting on.
I wonder if the Germans do these things,
And what they sound like in the German tongue.
The Germans are a——

The Sergeant. Sharply number off
From right to left, and do not jerk your heads.
[*They number off.*

The Volunteer. I'm six, an even number, and must do
The lion's share in forming fours. What luck
For Batts, who's five, and Thomas, who is seven.
They also serve, but only stand and wait,
While I behind the portly form of Batts
Insert myself and then slip out again
Clear to the front, observing at the word
The ordered sequence of my moving feet.
Come let me brace myself and dare——

The Sergeant. Form fours!

The Volunteer. I cannot see the Sergeant; I'm obscured
Behind the acreage of Batts's back.
Indeed it is a very noble back
And would protect me if we charged in fours
Against the Germans, but I rather think
We charge two deep, and therefore——

The Sergeant. Form two deep!

The Volunteer. Thank Heaven I'm there, although I mixed my feet!
I am oblivious of the little things
That mark the due observance of a drill;
And Thomas sees my faults and grins again.
Let him grin on; my time will come once more
At dinner, when he hands the Brussels sprouts.
[*The drill proceeds.*
Now we're in fours and marching like the wind.
This is more like it; this is what we need
To make us quit ourselves like regulars.
Left, right, left, right! The Sergeant gives it out
As if he meant it. Stepping out like this
We should breed terror in the German hordes
And drive them off. The Sergeant has a gleam
In either eye; I think he's proud of us.
Or does he meditate some stratagem
To spoil our marching?

The Sergeant. On the left form squad!

The Volunteer. There! He has done it! He has ruined us!
I'm lost past hope, and Thomas, too, is lost;
And in a press of lost and tangled men
The great broad back of Batts heaves miles away.
[*The Sergeant explains and the drill proceeds.*

The Volunteer. No matter; we shall some day learn it all,
The standing difference 'twixt our left and right,
The bayonet exercise, the musketry,
And all the things a soldier does with ease.
I must remember it's a long, long way
To Tipperary, but my heart's——

The Sergeant. Dismiss!

R. C. L.

MARCH AIRS.

AT long last the War Office is waking up to the value of bands for military purposes, and a good deal of interest will be aroused by the discussion now proceeding as to the best airs for use on the march.

The following suggestions have been hastily collected by wireless and other means:—

From the Trenches: "Why not try 'Come into the garden mud'?"

From a very new Subaltern: "I had thought of 'John Brown's Body,' but personally I am more concerned just now with Sam Browne's Belt."

From a Zeppelin-driver: "There's an old Scotch song that I have tried successfully on one of our naval lieutenants. It runs like this:—

O, I'll tak the high road and you 'll tak' the low road,
An' I'll be in Yarmouth afore ye."

From the Captain of the *Sydney:* "What's the matter with 'The Jolly Müller'?"

From President WILSON: "Have you thought of 'The little rift within the lute,' as played by our Contra-band?"

From Admiral VON TIRPITZ: "A familiar air with me is 'Crocked in the cradle of the deep.'"

From Sir EDWARD GREY: "If it could be done diplomatically, I should like to see recommended, 'Dacia, Dacia, give me your answer, do.'"

From the Crew of the *Lion:* "For England, Home, and Beatty."

From an East Coast Mayor: "Begone, dull scare!"

From the King of RUMANIA: "Now we shan't be long."



Old Farmer (to village Military Critic). "STRATEEGY? DOD, MAN, YE HAVENA AS MUCKLE STRATEEGY AS WAD TAK' YE ACROSS ARGYLE STREET UNLESS A POLISMAN HELPIT YE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The German War Book (MURRAY) is a work in whose authenticity many of us would have refused to believe this time last year. It is a pity indeed that it was not then in the hands of all those who still clung to the theory that the Prussian was a civilised and humane being. However, now that everyone can read it, translated and with a wholly admirable preface by Professor J. H. MORGAN, it is to be hoped that the detestable little volume will have a wide publicity. True, it can add little to our recent knowledge of the enemy of mankind; but it is something to have his guiding principles set down upon the authority of his own hand. Cynical is hardly an adequate epithet for them; indeed I do not know that the word exists that could do full justice to the compound of hypocrisy and calculated brutishness that makes up this manual. It may at first strike the reader as surprising to find himself confronted by sentiments almost, one might say, of moderation and benevolence. He will ask with astonishment if the writer has not, after all, been maligned. Before long, however, he will discover that all this morality is very carefully made conditional, and that the conditions are wide. In short, as the Preface puts it, the peculiar logic of the book consists in "ostentatiously laying down unimpeachable rules, and then quietly destroying them by debilitating exceptions." For example, on the question of exposing the inhabitants of occupied territory to the fire of their own troops—the now notorious Prussian method of "women and children first"—the *War Book*, while admitting pious distaste for such practice, blandly argues that its "main justification" lies in its success. Thus, with sobs and tears, like the walrus, the Great General Staff enumerates its suggested list of serviceable infamies. At the day of reckoning what a witness will this little book be! Out of their own mouths they stand here condemned through all the ages.

Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, chief of novelists-with-a-purpose, vehemently eschews the detachment of the Art-for-Art's-Saker, while a long and honourable practice has enabled her to make her stories bear the burden of her theses much more comfortably than would seem theoretically possible. *Delia Blanchflower* (WARD, LOCK) is a suffrage novel, dedicated with wholesome intent to the younger generation, and if one compares the talented author's previous record of uncompromising, and indeed rather truculent, anti-suffrage utterances one may note (with approval or dismay) a considerable broadening of view on the vexed question. For her attack here is delivered exclusively on the militant position. Quite a number of decent folk in her pages are suffragistically inclined, and there is a general admission that the eager feet that throng the hill of the Vote are not by any means uniformly shod in elastic-sided boots, if one may speak a parable. It is a very notable admission and does the writer honour; for such revisions are rare with veteran and committed campaigners. The story is laid in the far-away era of the burnings of cricket pavilions and the lesser country houses. *Delia* is a beautiful goddess-heiress of twenty-two, with eyes of flame and a will of steel, a very agreeable and winning heroine. Her tutor, *Gertrude Marvell*, the desperate villain of the piece, a brilliant fanatic (crossed in love in early youth), wins the younger girl's affections and inspires and accepts her dedication of self and fortune to the grim purposes of the "Daughters of Revolt." *Mark Winnington*, her guardian, appointed by her father to counteract the tutor's baleful influence, finds both women a tough proposition. For *Gertrude* has brains

to back her fanaticism, and *Delia* is a spirited handful of a ward. Loyalty to her consecration and to her friend outlast her belief in the methods of the revolting ones. Her defences are finally ruined by Cupid, for *Mark* is a handsome athletic man of forty or so, a paragon of knightly courtesy and persuasive speech and silences, and compares very favourably with the policemen in Parliament Square. Poor *Gertrude* makes a tragic end in a fire of her own kindling, so that the moral for the younger generation cannot be said to be set forth in ambiguous terms.

Arundel (FISHER UNWIN) is one of those stories that begins with a Prologue; and as this was only mildly interesting I began to wonder whether I was going to be as richly entertained as one has by now a right to expect from Mr. E. F. BENSON. But it appeared that, like a cunning dramatist, he was only waiting till the audience had settled into their seats; when this was done, up went the curtain upon the play proper, and we were introduced to Arundel itself, an abode of such unmixed and giddy joy that I have been chortling over the memory of it ever since. Arundel was the house at Heathmoor where lived *Mrs. Hancock* and her daughter *Edith*; and *Mrs. Hancock* herself, and her house and her neighbourhood and her car and her servants and her friends—all, in fact, that is hers, epitomize the Higher Suburbia with a delicate and merciless satire that is beyond praise. I shall hurry over the actual story, because that, though well and absorbingly told, is of less value than the setting. Next door to the *Hancocks* lived a blameless young man called *Edward*, whom for many reasons, not least because their croquet-lawns, so to speak, "marched," *Mrs. Hancock* had chosen as her daughter's husband. So blamelessly, almost without emotion, these were betrothed, walking among the asparagus beds on a suitable May afternoon "ventilated by a breath of south-west wind and warmed by a summer sun," and the course of their placid affection would have run smooth enough but for the sudden arrival, out of the Prologue, of *Elizabeth*, fiercely alive and compelling, the ideal of poor *Edward's* dreams. Naturally, therefore, there is the devil to pay. But, good as all this is, it is *Mrs. Hancock* who makes the book, first, last and all the time. She is a gem of purest ray serene, and my words that would praise her are impotent things. Only unlimited quotation could do justice to her sleek self-deception and little comfortable meannesses. In short, as a contemporary portrait, the mistress of Arundel seems to be the best thing that Mr. BENSON has yet given us; worth—if he will allow me to say so—a whole race of *Dodos*. For comparison one turns instinctively to JANE AUSTEN; and I can sound no higher praise.



"NOT THOUGH THE SOLDIER KNEW
SOMEONE HAD BLUNDERED."

Love never seems to run a smooth course for girls of the name of *Joan;* their affairs of heart, whatever the final issue may be, have complex beginnings and make difficult, at times dismal, progress. I attribute the rejection of the great novel of my youth to the fact that the heroine, a rosy-cheeked girl with no more serious problems in life than the organisation of mixed hockey matches, was ineptly given that unhappy name. Miss MARY AGNES HAMILTON'S *Joan Traquair* is true to the type. From the start she is handicapped by a bullying father, an invalid sister, a lack of means and an excess of artistic temperament, the last of these being not just a casual tendency to picture galleries and the opera, but the kind of restless passion which causes people to prefer sunsets to meals and to neglect their dress. In due course she falls in love with a man called *Sebastian*, another name which, if less familiar, is yet a sufficient warning to the world that its owner is bound to be a nuisance on the hearth. This *Sebastian* was an artist, ambitious and of course poor; worse, he had a touch of genius and—worst of all—he knew it. Nevertheless *Joan* became his wife, supposing that this was just the sort of man to make her happy. Instead, he made her thoroughly miserable, at any rate for a good long time; but I doubt if any reader, even with all the facts before him, will anticipate exactly how he did it. I certainly didn't myself, although I feel now that I ought to have done. The point of *Yes* (HEINEMANN) is both new and true; I recommend the book with confidence to all interested in the Joans and Sebastians of this world.

Our Cheery Allies.

A letter from a Japanese firm:—

"DEAR SIRS,—Since writing you last we have no favours to acknowledge, however, we are pleased to enter into business relation with your respectable firm. We were delighted that the Allies always behaved bravely in the recent battle and now are in the very favourable condition. Our army took the possetion of Tsingtau and our only hope remaindered is to hear the annihiration of the enemy force. We trust the Allies will beat the Enemy in near future though we cannot assert the time. If there are any samples of Japanese goods as substitute of German's, kindly let us know, and we shall send the same as soon as possible."

ENCYCLOPÆDIA GERMANICA.

THEIR Aviatiks and Zeppelins from dark aerial heights
Pick out the peaceful places while people sleep o' nights.

Their Aviatiks and Zeppelins steer clear of fort and gun;
Such things of dreadful menace repel the flying Hun.

Their Aviatiks and Zeppelins show Science at the call
Of all the savage instincts that hold them tight in thrall.

Their Aviatiks and Zeppelins—*our* women lying dead—
The whole of German "Kultur" is there from A to Z.

CHARIVARIA.

"KULTUR belongs to my Germans alone," says the KAISER. We were not aware that the charge had been brought against any other country.

* * *

"The Indians," complains the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "have an extraordinary way of fighting. They jump up, shoot with wonderful precision, and disappear before one has time to notice them properly." Our contemporary has evidently not been studying the pages of *Punch*, or it would know that the disappearance is worked by the well-known Indian trick of throwing a rope into the air and climbing up it.

* * *

Letters from the British troops operating in Damaraland show that the prevailing complaint there is with respect to the heat; and a dear and very thoughtful old lady writes to suggest that, as our men in Flanders dislike the cold, it might be possible to arrange an exchange.

* * *

With reference to the attentions paid by German aeroplanes, the other day, to the British provision establishments at Dunkirk, we understand that the bombs which were dropped made no impression whatever on our bully beef, so famous for its durability.

* * *

The Norwich Liberals have selected as their candidate Lieutenant HILTON YOUNG, and it has been decided that the election shall not be contested. It is realised that in time of war "*Le monde appartient aux Jeunes.*"

* * *

In his account of the dynamiting of the C. P. R. bridge over the St. Croix river, REUTER tells us that "A German officer who has been hanging around the neighbourhood for the past few days has been arrested." We have a shrewd idea that he may be hanging in the neighbourhood again very shortly.

* * *

We are surprised that the advocates of Mr. WILLETT'S Daylight Saving Bill have been so quiet lately. Surely it would be an enormous advantage to rush this measure through now so that the Germans may have less darkness to take advantage of?

* * *

Dr. HANS RICHTER, the celebrated WAGNER conductor, who enjoyed English hospitality for so long, has now expressed the hope that Germany may punish England who has so profoundly disgraced herself. It is even said that the amiable Doctor asked to be allowed to conduct a Parsifal airship to this country.

* * *

Professor KOBERT, of Rostock University, one of Germany's best-known chemists, is advocating a mixture of pig's blood and rye-meal as a most nutritious form of bread for his countrymen. There is, of course, already a certain amount of pig's blood in the composition of some Germans.

* * *

Our newspapers really ought to be more careful. We feel quite sure that the following paragraph in *The Daily Mail* will be quoted in the German Press as showing the Londoner's fears of a Zeppelin visit: "The Golder's Green Training Corps yesterday morning mobilised eighty motor-cars and drove out to Harpenden to see how quickly the corps could get out of London in case of emergency."

* * *

The Times has been discussing the question as to whether khaki is the best protective colour for soldiers. In this connection it is worth noting that the uniforms worn by the men of KITCHENER'S Army appear to render them almost completely invisible to the correspondents of German newspapers in this country, who report that there is only a mere handful of these soldiers.

* * *

By the way Colonel MAUDE pointed out recently in *Land and Water* that it is essential that our gunners should be able to watch our infantry closing on the enemy, and that in this respect khaki is a drawback. We now hear that the wide-awake Germans are taking the hint, and that their new uniforms will have scarlet backs, which will not only help their artillery, but will act as a powerful deterrent should their troops think of running away.

* * *

Extract from a Book Merchant's Catalogue:—"I venture to assert no more acceptable gift could be sent to our Heroes on Active Service than a few cwts. of Literature. A book is the best of all companions and always useful, for one in the breast pocket has been the means of saving many a man's life in action." A Society for supplying every recruit with a complete set of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* is now, we believe, in process of formation.

* * *

A book which is stated to have been "kept back on account of the war" is entitled *Hell's Playground*. One would have thought it would have been peculiarly *à propos*.

* * *

A live frog has been discovered embedded in a piece of coal hewn from a colliery in the Forest of Dean. It is thought that the colliery owners, by means of a series of bonuses like this, intend to make their coal look almost worth the price that is now being charged for it.

* * *

Frankly we were not surprised to hear that the moon was full a little while ago. In these times our own planet is certainly not a very desirable place.

* * *

It is now stated that Herr LIEBKNECHT, the Socialist leader, who was called to the colours a few days ago, has been relieved of service in the Landwehr. This is most annoying as it throws out all the carefully calculated figures of our experts as to the number of men Germany is putting into the field.

* * *

Even the Censor nods occasionally. *The Tailor and Cutter* has been allowed to state that a Holborn tailor is making a uniform for a sergeant in KITCHENER'S Army who stands 6 ft. 8 ins. high. The fact that we have a man of these dimensions in reserve was, we understand, to have been one of our surprises for Germany.



Small Military Enthusiast. "AUNTIE, DO YOU MIND IF I MAKE THE GERMANS WIN JUST ONE BATTLE NOW AND THEN? THEY 'RE GETTING WORN OUT."

THE MARK OF THE BEAST.

(*With acknowledgments to a cartoon by Mr. WILL DYSON.*)

[In a Munich paper Herr GANGHOFER recites the following remark of the KAISER'S, whose special journalistic confidant he is said to be:—"To possess Kultur means to have the deepest conscientiousness and the highest morality. My Germans possess that."]

'Tis enough that we know you have said it;
We feel that the facts correspond
With your speech as a Person of credit,
Whose word is as good as his bond;
Who are we that our critics should quarrel
With the flattering doctrine you preach—
That the German, in all that is moral,
Is an absolute peach?

But the puzzle grows odder and odder:
If your people are spotless of blame,
Being perfectly sound cannon-fodder,
Then whose is the fault and the shame?
If it's just from a deep sense of duty
That they prey upon woman and priest,
And their minds are a model of Beauty,
Then who is the Beast?

For a Beast is at work in this matter;
We have seen—and the traces endure—
The red blood of the innocent spatter
The print of his horrible spoor;
On their snouts, like the lovers of Circe—
Your men that are changed into swine—
The Mark of the Beast-without-mercy
Is set for a sign.

You have posed (next to God) as the pillar
That steadies the fabric of State,
Whence issues the brave baby-killer
Supplied with his hymnal of hate;
Once known for a chivalrous knight, he
Now hogs with the Gadarene herd;
Since it can't be the other Almighty,
How *has* it occurred?

When at last they begin to be weary
Of sluicing their virtues in slime,
And they put the embarrassing query:—
"Who turned us to brutes of the prime?
Full of culture and most conscientious,
Who made us a bestial crew?
Who pounded the poisons that drench us?"—
I wouldn't be you. O. S.

THE PLAINT OF A BRITISH DACHSHUND.

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—I desire to address you on a painful subject. Let me state that I am (1) a dachshund of unblemished character; (2) a British-born subject; (3) a member of a family which, though originally of foreign extraction, has for several generations been honourably domiciled in one of the most exclusive and aristocratic of our English country seats. Imagine then the surprise and indignation experienced by myself, my wife and our only daughter when, shortly after the opening of the present unfortunate hostilities between our country and a certain continental Power, we found the atmosphere of friendly, nay, affectionate respect with which we had so long been surrounded becoming gradually superseded by one of suspicion and animosity.

The ball was started by Macalister, an Aberdeen terrier of unprincipled character, who has never forgiven me for summarily crushing the unwelcome advances which he had the bad taste to make last spring to my daughter. He had had the impertinence to approach me with a large (and, I confess, a distinctly succulent-looking) object, which he laid with an oily smile on the ground before my nose. But I had heard from Gertrude (my wife) of his attentions to our offspring, and I saw through the ruse.

"If you imagine," I said, "for one moment that this insidious offer of a stolen bone will induce a gentleman of family to countenance an engagement between his daughter and an advertisement for Scotch whisky you are greatly mistaken. Be off with you, and never let me see your ruffianly whiskers near my basket again!"

Rather severe, no doubt, but when I am deeply moved I seldom mince matters; in fact, as a Briton, I prefer to hit out straight from the shoulder. In any case, for the time being it settled Macalister.

I say for the time being. In the autumn he had his revenge. One morning early in October I was walking down the drive accompanied by a recent arrival within our circle, a rather brainless St. Bernard (who gave his name with a lisp as "Bwuno"), when we met my child's rejected suitor. Since the incident mentioned above I had consistently cut Macalister, and I passed him now without recognition. No sooner was he by, however, and at a safe distance, than he deliberately turned and snarled over his shoulder at me the offensive epithet, "Potsdammer!"

My blood boiled; I longed to bury my teeth in the scoundrel's throat; but I remembered that Gertrude had once told me that galloping made me look ridiculous. So I affected not to hear the insult, and proceeded, outwardly calm, with my morning constitutional. But, for some reason or other, Bruno's flow of small talk appeared suddenly to dry up, and once or twice I detected him looking at me curiously out of the corners of his eyes. Next day, on my calling for him as usual he pleaded a cold. His manner struck me as odd; still I accepted his excuse. But when the cold had lasted, without any perceptible loss of appetite, for a fortnight, and I had seen him meanwhile on two occasions actually rabbiting (an absurd pastime for a St. Bernard) with Macalister, I saw what had happened and decided to ask him what he meant by it. He endeavoured to assume a conciliatory attitude, but the long and short of it was, he said, that as a Swiss, and therefore a neutral, it was impossible for him to be too careful, and he feared that my society might compromise him. I did not argue with him; it would merely have involved a loss of dignity to do so.

Since that time, though we have endured in silence, the lot of myself and my family has been a hard one. We have been fed and housed as usual, it is true, but when one has been accustomed to live on terms of the most privileged friendship with a household it is galling to find oneself suddenly treated by every member of it, from the butler downwards, as a prisoner of war. I am not even allowed now to bite the postmen; and I used to enjoy them so much, especially the evening one, who wears quite thin trousers. Our only consolation has been the hope that our misfortune might be an isolated instance. To-day, however, I learn that it is not so. I have discovered by my basket (and I have reason to think that they were conveyed thither by the malignant Macalister) three humorous (?) sketches depicting members of my race in situations which I can only describe as ridiculous, and obviously insinuating that they were to be regarded as aliens.

I appeal to you, Sir, as a lover of justice and animals, to put this matter right with the public, for the life that a British dachshund has to lead at the present moment is what is vulgarly known as a dog's life.

Yours to the bottom biscuit, FRITZ.



THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS.

TURKISH CAMEL. "WHERE TO?"
GERMAN OFFICER. "EGYPT."
CAMEL. "GUESS AGAIN."



THE REFUGEE.

"BOBBY DEAR, CAN'T YOU GET MARCELLE TO PLAY WITH YOU SOMETIMES?"

"I DO TRY, BUT SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT IT—SHE'S ALWAYS KNITTING. I THINK, MOTHER, PERHAPS IT MIGHT BE BETTER IF, FOR THE NEXT WAR, WE HAD A BOY."

HOT WATER.

AT the beginning of things I sat outside my tent in the early hours of the morning while a stalwart warrior poured buckets of cold water down my spine. I felt heroic.

Towards the end of October I began to dislike my servant; I had a suspicion he was icing the water. Before November was in I had given up sitting outside my tent. My bathing I decided (one cold wet morning) should take place under cover, either at the Golf Club or at some kindly person's house.

A few days later, not being on duty, I had arranged to dine with the Fergusons. In the late afternoon I strode into the Golf Club and had a hot bath. From there I wandered into town, where I met Mrs. Johnston.

"Hello!" she said. "I'm just going home. Won't you come with me?"

Mrs. Johnston is one in a thousand.

"Rather," I agreed. "Forward—by the right."

Tea over, my hostess turned to me brightly. "Now," she said, "I know what it must be in camp. I'm sure you'd like a nice hot bath," and she rang the bell.

Somehow I didn't tell her I'd had one at the Club. You might have done differently perhaps, but—well, the little lady was beaming hospitality; was it for me to stifle her generous intentions? I thought not.

I went upstairs and splashed manfully.

For the third time that day I dressed; then I went downstairs and found Johnston.

"Hello," he said. "Been having a bath? Good!"

I stiffened perceptibly at "good."

We chatted a little while, then I breathed my sincere thanks and left them.

My arrival at the Fergusons' was rather early, somewhere about seven-thirty. I was shown into the drawing-room while the maid went to inform Mrs. Ferguson of my arrival. In two minutes she returned.

"Will you come this way, Sir?" she said.

I went that way.

Ten minutes later I emerged from Ferguson's bath and walked into his dressing-room. Ferguson had arrived.

"Hello!" he said. "Been having a bath? Good!"

I winced at the word; then I smiled bravely and started to dress—for the fourth time.

* * * * *

It was eleven o'clock when I got back to camp, and I found to my surprise that the Mess had been moved from the tent to the new hut.

"Hello!" they said, "how do you like the new quarters?

I surveyed the bare boards.

"Topping," I replied, "but it's not anywhere near finished."

"No," said the Junior Major, "but the bath's in. Hot water, by Gad! Go and have a bath."

I looked at him blankly. "I've had three, Sir, to-day."

I might have known it was foolish; the Junior Major is still young.

"It's up to the subalterns," he suggested, "to see he has No. 4."

They saw to it.

"Baron von Bissing, the Governor of Belgium," says *The Central News*, "has paid a visit to Turnhout and inspected the German guards along the Belgo-Dutch frontier." In the whole of our experience we know no finer example of self-control than our refusal to play with that word Turnhout.

IN QUAINTEST CINEMALAND.

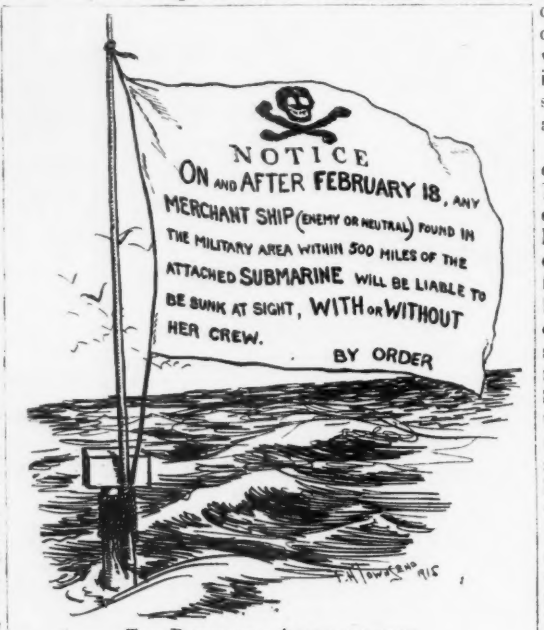
IN these troublous times Cinemaland is about the only foreign country in which it is possible to travel for pleasure. It has occurred to me that some account of its curious manners and customs may not be without interest for such readers as are still unacquainted with them.

As Cinemaland contains many departments, each of which has peculiarities of its own, I cannot attempt more than a general description.

The chief national industry is the chase of fugitives. In some departments this is done on horseback, with a considerable and rather aimless expenditure of ammunition; in others by motor car, or along the roofs of railway carriages. It seems a healthy pursuit and provides all concerned with exercise and excitement. The women are, almost without exception, young and extremely prepossessing. Nature has endowed them, among other personal advantages, with superb teeth, of which they make a pardonably ostentatious display on the slightest provocation. They are all magnificent horsewomen and fearless swimmers, and they do not in the least mind spoiling their clothes.

In their domestic circles, however, they show a feminine and clinging disposition, with a marked tendency to fall in love at first sight with any undesirable stranger.

The principal occupation of the children is reconciling estranged parents by contracting serious illnesses or getting run over. The latter is even easier to manage in Cinemaland than in any London thoroughfare. I have seldom, if ever, seen an aged Cinemian grandparent, a long-lost wife, or a strayed child try to cross the emptiest street without being immediately bowled over by a motor-car. The mere wind of it has the strange potency not only of knocking down a pedestrian, but inflicting the gravest internal injuries. Fortunately, Cinemaland is a country rich in coincidences, so the car is invariably occupied by the very person who has been vainly seeking the sufferer for years. This of course is some compensation, but, all the same, it is hardly the ideal method of running across people one is anxious to meet.



THE BLOCKADE. A FAIR WARNING.

The victims are always removed to the nearest hospital, but, if I may judge from what I have seen of their wards, I should say that medical science in Cinemaland is still in its infancy, and it has never surprised me that so many patients die soon after admission.

But then Science of any kind seems to be a dangerous and unprofitable occupation there. The inventor, designer, or discoverer of anything is simply asking for trouble. If he doesn't blow himself up in his laboratory and get blinded for life, some envious rival is certain to undertake this for him. Or else a vague villain will steal his formula or plans and sell them to a Foreign Power with Dundreary whiskers. And the extraordinary part of it is that no Cinemian has ever invented anything yet of which the secret could possibly be worth more than twopence. I fancy the stealing must be done from sheer wanton devilry.

Crime in Cinemaland is invariably detected sooner or later, though I doubt if it would be but for a careless practice among criminals there of carrying in their breast-pockets the document that proves their guilt. They seem to have a superstitious idea that to destroy it would bring them bad luck.

The exterior of a private mansion in a fashionable Cinemian suburb is stately and imposing, but the interior is generally disappointing, the rooms being small and overcrowded with furniture that is showy without being distinguished. In some houses the owners appear to have a taste for collecting antiques and to have been grossly imposed upon by dealers.

It is usual for young couples with a very moderate income to keep not only a smart parlourmaid but a butler as well. The manner of all Cinemian domestics is one of exaggerated deference; an ordinary English employer would be painfully embarrassed if his servants bowed to him so low and so often, but they appear to like it in Cinemaland.

Social etiquette there has exigencies that are all its own. For example, a guest at an evening party who happens to lose a brooch or necklace is expected at once to stop the festivities by complaining to her hostess and insisting on a constable being called in to search everybody present. It might be thought that Cinemian Society would have learnt by this time that the person in whose possession the missing article is discovered is absolutely sure to be innocent. But the supposed culprit is always hauled off (with quite unnecessary violence) to prison, amidst the scorn and reprobation of the hostess and her other guests. It is true they make the handsomest amends afterwards, which are gratefully accepted, but in any other country the hostess's next invitation to any social function would be met with the plea of a previous engagement. If these amiable and impulsive people *have* a failing, I should say it was a readiness to believe the worst of one another on evidence which would not hang an earwig.

They are indefatigable letter-writers, but, after having had the privilege of inspecting numerous examples of their correspondence, I am compelled to own that, while their penmanship is bold and legible, their epistolary style is apt to be a trifle crude.

The clergy of Cinemaland all wear short side whiskers and are a despised and servile class who appear to derive most of their professional income from marrying runaway couples in back parlours.

In certain departments it is a frequent practice to dress up in Federal and Confederate uniforms and engage in desperate conflict. I have witnessed battles there with over a hundred combatants on each side. There was a profusion of flags and white smoke on these occasions, but, so far as I was able to observe, no blood was actually shed.

There is another department which is inhabited by a



The one seated (reading newspaper of January 29th). "'20,000 GERMANS FALLEN IN ATTEMPT AT COUP-DE-MAIN.' CAN YER SEE IT? C-O-U-P., D-E., M-A-I-N. STICK A UNION JACK IN THERE."

singularly high-strung, not to say jerky, race, the women especially betraying their emotions with a primitive absence of self-control. There, the pleasure of the chase has become a delirious orgy, though much valuable time is lost both by pursuers and pursued, owing to an inveterate habit of stopping and leaping high at intervals. Squinting is a not uncommon affliction, as is also abnormal stoutness, the latter, however, being always combined with a surprising agility. In personal encounters, which are by no means uncommon, it is considered not only legitimate but laudable to kick the adversary whenever he turns his back, and also to spring at him, encircle his waist with your legs, and bite his ear. The local police are all either overgrown or undersized, and have been carefully trained to fall over one another at about every five yards. As guardians of the peace, however, I prefer our own force.

I could not have written even so brief an account as this unless I had paid many visits to Cinemaland. If I am spared I fully expect to pay many more. The truth is that I cannot keep away from the country. Why, I can't explain, but I fancy it is because it is so absolutely unlike any other country with which I happen to be familiar. F. A.

"The practice of compulsorily enrolling men for defence against invasion can be traced from before the time of Alfred the Great, when every man between 18 and 60 had to serve right up to the time of the Napoleonic wars."—*Saturday Review.*

It was found, however, that men who had enlisted in ALFRED THE GREAT'S time at the age of sixty were of little real use in the Napoleonic wars.

FLEET VISIONS SEEN THROUGH GERMAN EYES.

[A number of curious facts about the British Army, lately gathered from German sources, may be supplemented by some further information of interest bearing on our Fleet.]

THE facts may be obscured for purposes of recruiting, but it remains true that British seamen are no better than serfs. Their officers have the most complete proprietorship in their persons and can do with them what they like, as in the case of the English captain who had a favourite shark, which followed his ship, and to which he threw an A.B. each morning. That their slavery is acknowledged by the men is shown by their custom of referring to the Captain as "The Owner."

The savagery of the British Navy has passed into a by-word, and the bluejackets popularly go by the name of Jack Tartars.

It is all very well for America to protest her neutrality to Berlin, but how can we ignore the fact that President WILSON actually has a seat on the board of the British Admiralty—where he is known as "Tug" WILSON. He is even the author of a work aimed deliberately at us, and entitled *Der Tug.*

The superstitions of ignorant British seamen, notably the Horse Marines, whose credulity has no parallel, is extraordinary. Mascots are carried on all ships. For instance, no ship's carpenter will ever go to sea without a walrus.

SELECT CONVERSATIONS.

(*At about three o'clock in the morning.*)

AT THE WAR OFFICE.

Myself. I want to see Lord KITCHENER, please.

Policeman. Quite impossible, Sir.

Myself (*coldly handing card*). I don't think you realise who I am.

Policeman (*much impressed*). This way, Sir.

[*I ascend the secret staircase, pat the bloodhounds chained outside the sanctum, and enter.*

Kitchener (*sternly*). Good morning; what can I do for you?

Myself (*simply*). I have come to offer my services to the War Office.

Kitchener. Have you had any previous military experience?

Myself. None at all, Sir.

Kitchener (*warmly*). Excellent. The very man we want. You will bring an absolutely fresh and unbiassed mind to the problem before us. Sit down. (*I sit down.*) You have a plan for defeating the Germans? Quite so. Now—or—roughly, what would your idea be?

Myself (*waving arm*). Roughly, Sir, a broad sweeping movement.

Kitchener (*replacing ink-pot and getting to work with the blotting-paper*). Excellent.

Myself. The details I should work out later. I think perhaps I had better explain them personally to Sir JOHN FRENCH and General JOFFRE.

Kitchener. I agree. You will be attached to Sir JOHN'S Staff, with the rank of Major. I shall require you to leave for the Front to-night. Good day, Major.

[*We salute each other, and the scene changes.*

AT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

French. Ah, how do you do, Major? We have been waiting for you.

Myself. How do you do, Sir? (*To* JOFFRE, *slowly*) *Comment vous portez-vous?*

Joffre. Thank you; I speak English.

Myself (*a little disappointed*). Good.

French. Now then, Major, let us hear your plan.

Myself. Well, roughly it is a broad sweeping move—— I *beg* your pardon, Sir!

Joffre (*with native politeness*). Not at all, Monsieur.

Myself (*stepping back so as to have more room*)—a broad sweeping movement. More particularly my idea is——

[It is a curious thing, but I can never remember the rest of this speech when I wake up. I know it disclosed a very masterly piece of tactics . . . the region of the Argonne . . . a *point d'appui* . . . No, it has gone again. But I fancy the word "wedge" came in somewhere.]

French. Marvellous!

Joffre. Magnifique!

Myself (*modestly*). Of course it's only an idea I jotted down on the boat, but I think there's something in it.

French. My dear Major, you have saved Europe.

Joffre (*unpinning medal from his coat*). In the name of France I give you this. But you have a medal already, Monsieur?

Myself (*proudly*). My special constable's badge, General. I shall be proud to see the other alongside it.

The scene fades.

[I can only suppose that at this moment I am moved by the desire to save useless bloodshed, for I next find myself with the enemy.]

AT POTSDAM.

Kaiser (*eagerly*). Ah, my good TIRPITZ, what news of our blockade?

Myself (*removing whiskers*). No, WILLIAM, *not* TIRPITZ!

Kaiser. An Englishman!

Myself. An Englishman—and come to beg you to give up the struggle.

Kaiser. Never, while there is breath in man or horse!

Myself. One moment. Let me tell you what is about to happen. On my advice the Allies are making a broad swee—— Put back your sword, Sire. I am not going to strike you—a broad sweeping movement through Germany.

Kaiser (*going pale*). We are undone. It is the end of all. And this was *your* idea?

Myself. My own, your Majesty.

Kaiser (*eagerly*). Would an Iron Cross and a Barony tempt you to join us? Only a brain like yours could defeat such a movement.

Myself (*with dignity*). As a Major and a gentleman——

Kaiser. Enough. I feared it was useless. (*Gloomily*) We surrender.

The scene closes.

[The final scene is not so clear in my memory that I can place it with confidence upon paper. But the idea of it is this.]

AT —— PALACE.

A Certain Person. Your country can never sufficiently reward you, Major, but we must do what we can. I confer on you the V.C., the D.S.O., the M.V.O., the P.T.O. and the P. and O. The payment of a special grant of £5,000 a year for life will be proposed in the House to-morrow.

Myself. Thank you, Sir. As for the grant, I shall value it more for the spirit which prompted it than for its actual—— Did you say *five* thousand, Sir?

[At this point I realise with horror that I have only a very short vest on, and with a great effort I wake . . . The papers seem very dull at breakfast.]

A. A. M.

THE SOLDIER'S ENGLAND.

My England was a draper's shop,
And seemed to be the place to fit
My size of man; and I'd to stop
And make believe I fancied it—
That and a yearly glimpse of mountain blue,
A book or two.

A bigger England stirs afloat.
I see it well in one who's come
From where he left his home and boat
By Cornish coasts, whose rollers drum
Their English music on an English shore
Right at his door.

And one who's left the North a spell
Has found an England he can love,
Hacking out coal. He's learnt her well
Though mines are narrow and, above,
The dingy houses set in dreary rows,
Seem all he knows.

The one of us who's travelled most
Says England, stretching far beyond
Her narrow borders, means a host
Of countries where her word's her bond
Because she's steadfast, everywhere the same,
To play the game.

Our college chum (my mate these days)
Thinks England is a garden where
There blooms in English speech and ways,
Nurtured in faith and thought we share,
A fellowship of pride we make our own,
And ours alone.

And England's all we say, but framed
Too big for shallow words to hold.
We tell our bit and halt, ashamed,
Feeling the things that can't be told;
And so we're one and all in camp to-night,
And come to fight.

"No judgment of recent years has aroused more widespread interest than that of Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, in which he decided that the Slingsby baby was the son of his mother."—*Evening News.*

Wonderful men our judges.



Doctor. "YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW, AND I HAVE MUCH PLEASURE IN RETURNING YOU THE TWO SOVEREIGNS WHICH I FOUND SHOT INTO YOU WITH THE PURSE."

Sergeant. "THANK YOU, SIR; I DON'T CALL HALF A QUID DEAR FOR DOIN' THAT JOB."

Doctor. "I DON'T FOLLOW YOU."

Sergeant. "WELL, I HAD TWO-POUND-TEN IN THAT PURSE."

HOW TO DEAL WITH SUBMARINES.

["*The Syren and Shipping* offers £500 to the captain, officers and crew of the first British merchant vessel which succeeds in sinking a German submarine."—*The Times.*]

IN order to assist captains of merchant ships to deal with raiding submarines, a few suggestions and comments, which it is hoped will be helpful, are offered by our Naval Expert.

In the absence of a 4·7 naval gun, a provision suggested as useful by a writer in *The Times*, any 13-inch shells that you happen to have on board might be hoisted over the side, disguised as bunches of bananas, and dropped on to the offending submarine. If this does not sink her at once, additional bunches should be dropped.

But before disposing of your shells be sure that your submarine is close alongside. In case she should hold off, let the first mate beckon to her, in a manner as nonchalant as possible, to come closer.

When the enemy boards your ship, the captain should endeavour to interest the boarding party with the latest war news from German bulletins, whilst the bo'sun, the second steward and the stewardess, with the aid of peashooters, pour liquid explosive down the submarine's periscope.

If you are fortunate enough to have on board one of those trained sea lions which have been showing for some years at the music-halls, you need not trouble to practise the subterfuges given above. On the enemy's submarine making her appearance on the starboard side you should lower your sea lion over the port side, preferably near the stern, having previously attached to it a bomb connected with wires to a battery. When the sea lion is close to the submarine just press the button. Possibly you will lose your pet, but the general result should be satisfactory.

Owing to unavoidable circumstances you may not be able to put into practice any of these hints. If that be so, when the enemy comes aboard, work up a heated discussion on the origin of the War. If skilfully managed, you should draw into the discussion the entire company of the submarine, with the result that you will make time and possibly be got out of your difficulty by one of our patrol ships.

Should all and every one of these expedients be useless, as a forlorn hope you should read aloud the appropriate clauses of the Hague Convention, and at the same time take the names and addresses of the boarding party for future reference.

If you have an amateur photographer aboard, let him get going. The payment made by illustrated papers for pictures that reproduce the sinking of your ship will probably exceed the value of the ship, so that in any case your owners will not lose by the deal.

But it is always best, where possible, to sink the submarine.

From a letter in *The Liverpool Echo*:—

"At a time like this we must be prepared to have our prejudices shattered. When the whole world has been turned upside down, is it fair that women should be left standing still?"

It is a delicate question, and the women must be left to take up their own position in the matter.



Village Constable (to the Vicar, who has been hurrying to fetch fire engine). "SO YOUR 'OUSE IS AFIRE, IS IT? AH! I'VE BIN A-WATCHIN' THAT LIGHT. DIDN'T EXPECT TO RUN INTO *ME*, DID YOU? 'OW 'M I TO KNOW YOU BAIN'T SIGNALLIN' TO GERMANY?"

JOHNSON.

WHEN the task of training scholars Johnson manfully essayed
At a school whose Eton collars were the finest ever made,
It was largely lack of dollars drove him to the teaching trade.

Nature meant, had Fate allowed, him to command a t.b.d.,
Both his parents gladly vowed him to the service of the sea,
But the Navy doctors ploughed him for some *itis* of the knee.

Yet, in spite of this embargo, he had spent each Oxford vac.
In a tramp as supercargo or on board a fishing-smack,
Till of sailors' lore and *argot* he was full as he could pack.

In the sphere of gerund-grinding Johnson wasn't a success;
Boys are overprone to finding fault with masters who transgress
Rules which they consider binding in regard to form and dress.

Johnson's taste was always slightly *outré* in his ties and caps;
Furthermore he never rightly saw the fun of booby traps;
And he clouted, none too lightly, boys who larked with watertaps.

Some considered him half-witted, or at best a harmless freak;
Some reluctantly admitted that he knew a lot of Greek;
All agreed he was unfitted for the calling of a "beak."

So, reluctantly returning to their mid-autumnal grind,
Nearly all the boys, on learning Mr. Johnson had resigned,
Showed the usual undiscerning acquiescence of their kind.

Thus he passed unmourned, unheeded, by nine boys in ev'ry ten,
And as week to week succeeded, bringing Christmas near again,
Quite a miracle was needed to recall him to their ken.

Deeds that merit lasting glory almost daily leap to light;
But one morning brought a story which was "excellently bright,"
And the Head, *rotundo ore*, read it out in Hall that night.

'Twas a tale of nerve unshrinking—of a "sweeper" off the Tyne,
Which had rescued from a sinking trawler, shattered by a mine,
Though a submarine was slinking in her wake, a crew of nine.

Well, you won't be slow in guessing at the gallant skipper's name,
Or from whom the most caressing message to the hero came—
Boys are generous in redressing wrongs for which they are to blame.

Johnson still continues "sweeping," in the best of trim and cheer,
As indifferent to reaping laurels as immune from fear,
While five hundred boys are keeping friendly watch on his career.



THE OUTCAST.

A PLACE IN THE SHADOW.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, 2nd February.—First business on resumption of sittings after Recess was issue of writ for election of Member for Shipley Division of Yorkshire to fill the seat of PERCY ILLINGWORTH, whose place on Treasury Bench and in Whips' Room will know him no more.

Herein a tragedy notable even amid absorbing interest of the War. When in last week of November House adjourned for recess, the CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP was in what seemed to be perfection of health. A little tired perhaps with exhausting labour of prolonged Session, but cheerily looking forward to interval of comparative rest. Physically and intellectually in the prime of life, he had happy constitutional turn of making the best of everything. A good sportsman, a famed footballer, healthy in mind and body, he habitually counteracted influence of sedentary life by outdoor exercise. If one had cast an eye round Benches on both sides and estimated which was the most likely man for whose county or borough a writ would, on reassembling of Parliament, be moved to fill vacancy created by his death, one would last of all have thought of PERCY ILLINGWORTH.

Two years ago selection by PRIME MINISTER of a young, comparatively unknown, inexperienced man to fill important post of Chief Ministerial Whip was regarded with some surprise. That shrewd judge of character and capacity as usual justified by the event. ILLINGWORTH speedily made his mark. Courteous in manner, frank in speech, swift and capable in control of circumstance, he gained, and in increasing measure maintained, that confidence and personal popularity indispensable to the successful Whip.

Pleasant for his many friends to think that he lived long enough to have conferred upon him a Privy Councillorship—a simple title, but good enough for PEEL and GLADSTONE, and for DIZZY throughout the plenitude of his prime.

It was not without emotion that GULLAND, promoted to the Chair in the Whips' Room vacated by his esteemed Leader, moved the writ. He was comforted and encouraged by hearty cheers, not wholly confined to Ministerial side, approving the PREMIER'S choice.

Full but not crowded attendance such as usually foregathers on opening days of the school at Westminster. Khaki-clad warriors moving about House and Lobbies with martial step suggested explanation of falling-off. Two hundred Members are at the Front on active service, a score or more engaged in civilian service in connection with the War.

Business brief, curiously lifeless. Only one Question on Printed Paper where in ordinary times not unusual



PROMOTED TO THE CHAIR IN THE WHIPS' ROOM.
(MR. J. W. GULLAND.)

to find two hundred. On motion for adjournment, made within twenty minutes of SPEAKER'S taking the Chair, number of desultory topics were introduced by way of cross-examination of Ministers. No disposition shown to pursue them in controversial mood. At 4.30 House adjourned.



ON THE OLD TACK.
(MR. GINNELL.)

Business done.—Both Houses reassembled after Winter Recess. In Commons PREMIER announced that Government will take the whole time for official business. Private Members and their Bills thus shunted, it will not be necessary to meet on Fridays.

Wednesday.—Gloom that lies like a pall over House momentarily lifted by unexpected agency. As at the circus when things are drifting into dullness the Clown suddenly enters, displacing monotony by merriment, so when Questions about enemy alien and the sacredness of the rights of private Members had droned along for some time Mr. GINNELL, who classifies himself as "an Independent Nationalist," presented himself from below Gangway. First distinguished himself above common horde on occasion of election of SPEAKER at opening sitting of present Parliament. The SPEAKER being as yet non-existent, the authority of the Chair undelegated, he had House at his mercy. Might talk as long as he pleased, say what he thought proper, with none to call him to order. Used opportunity to make violent personal attack on SPEAKER-DESIGNATE.

Up again now on same tack. Appears that yesterday he handed in at the Table two Bills he proposed to carry through. No record of the procedure on to-day's Paper. Mr. GINNELL smelt a rat. He "saw it moving in the air" in person of the SPEAKER, who was "perverting against the House powers conferred on him for the maintenance of its functions and its privileges." Mr. GINNELL not sort of man to stand this. Proposed to indict SPEAKER for misconduct. But not disposed to be unreasonable; always ready to oblige.

"If," he said, addressing the SPEAKER, "I should be out of order now, may I to-morrow call attention to your conduct in the Chair?"

SPEAKER cautiously replied that before ruling on the point he would like to see the terms of motion put down on the Paper.

Thereupon Mr. GINNELL proceeded to read a few remarks not entirely complimentary to the SPEAKER, which for greater accuracy he had written out on what PRINCE ARTHUR once alluded to as a sheet of notepaper. Holding this firmly with both hands, lest some myrmidon of the Chair should snatch it from him, he emphasised his points by bobbing it up and down between his chin and his knee. Whilst primarily denunciatory of the SPEAKER he had a word to say in reproof of PRIME MINISTER, whose concession to private Members of opportunity for an hour's talk on motion for adjournment he described as being "like cutting off a private Member's head, then clipping off a portion of his ear and throwing it to his relatives."

Business done.—Without division House consented that Government business shall have precedence on every day the House sits. PREMIER in exquisite phrases lamented the early cutting-



PEOPLE WHO OUGHT TO BE INTERNED.

"I MIGHT LET HAROLD GO TO THE FRONT IF I THOUGHT IT REALLY NECESSARY. BUT THERE ARE SO MANY BOYS WHO ARE MORE USED TO ROUGHING IT. YOU SEE, HAROLD HAS BEEN SO VERY CAREFULLY BROUGHT UP."

off of PERCY ILLINGWORTH, of whom he said: "No man had imbibed and assimilated with more zest and sympathy that strange, indefinable, almost impalpable atmosphere compounded of old traditions and of modern influences which preserves, as we all of us think, the unique but indestructible personality of the most ancient of the deliberative assemblies of the world."

Impossible more fully and accurately to describe that particular quality of the House of Commons which every one who intimately knows it feels but would hesitate to attempt to define.

Thursday.—Noble Lords are studiously and successfully disposed to conceal passing emotion. Masters of themselves though China fall, even should it drag down with it Japan and Korea. Return of Lord LANSDOWNE after prolonged bout of illness, an event so popular that it broke through this iron shield of hereditary conventionality. His reappearance welcomed from both sides with hearty cheer, in volume more nearly approaching House of Commons habit than what is familiar in the Lords.

LEADER OF OPPOSITION is unquestionably one of the most highly esteemed among Peers. There have been crises in history of present Parliament when, through attitude taken by extreme partisans, he has found himself in difficult situation. Invariably circumvented it. Without making pretension to be a Parliamentary orator—pretension of any kind is foreign to his nature—he has the gift of saying the right thing in appropriate words at the proper moment. Looks a little worn down with long seclusion in sick chamber. But, as the House noticed with satisfaction gracefully reflected by Lord CREWE, "is unimpaired in his power of Parliamentary expression."

This afternoon, to debate on Lord PARMOOR'S Bill amending Defence of Realm Act he contributed a weighty speech instinct with sound constitutional principles.

Business done.—In Commons MCKENNA found opportunity of refuting by statement of simple facts circumstantial fables about Home Office patronage of ex-German waiters. Supplementary Estimates for Civil Service voted. House counted out at 5.40. Adjourned till Monday.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, 1915.

A Missive from the Front.

ERE the first grey dawn has banished
Restless night and her alarms,
When the sleeper's snores have vanished
On the order "Stand to arms!"
When the sky is bleak and dreary
And the rain is chill and thin,
Be I ne'er so damp and weary,
Yet my thoughts on You I pin.

When the bullets fly unheeded
O'er the meagre parapet,
As I pace my ditch impeded
By the squelching mud and wet;
When I eat my Army ration
With my fingers caked in clay—
You can stake your total cash on
Me remembering You this day.

Though the glittering knight whose charger
Bore him on his lady's quest
With an infinitely larger
Share of warfare's pomp was blest,
Yet he offered love no higher,
No more difficult to quench,
Than this filthy occupier
Of an unromantic trench.



Recruit (who had given his age as 33 *on enlistment).* "DID YOU 'EAR THAT? TOLD ME MY BRIDLE WASN'T PUT ON RIGHT! BLESS 'IS BLOOMIN' INNOCENCE! AND ME BIN IN A RACIN' STABLE FOR THE LAST FIVE-AND-THIRTY YEAR!"

A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

IV.

MY DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—In case you formed any mental pictures of my first Christmas as a Territorial in India, let me hasten to assure you that every single one of them was wrong. I neither took part in the uproarious festivities of the Barracks nor shared the more dignified rejoicings of the Staff Office in which I am condemned for a time to waste my military talents. An unexpected five days' holiday, and a still more unexpected windfall of Rs. 4 as a Christmas Box (fabulous gift for an impecunious private) enabled me to pay a visit to some relatives, who live at, well ——. One has to be careful. The Germans are getting desperate, and they would give worlds to know exactly where I am.

—— is a place rich in historical interest and scenic beauties. Freed from the rigid bonds of military discipline and the still more hampering restrictions of official routine, I was at liberty to enjoy them to the full. It was the opportunity of a lifetime to see something of the real India. Did I take it? No, *Mr. Punch*, to be honest, I did not.

After hundreds of years (so it seems) of Army active service rations, of greasy mess tins and enamelled iron mugs, I found myself suddenly confronted by civilised food waiting to be eaten in a civilised fashion. And I fell. Starting with *chota hazri* at 7 A.M., I ate steadily every day till midnight. That is how I spent my holiday. I may as well complete this shameful confession; it was the best time I ever had in my life.

I feel confident that my stomachic feats will never be forgotten in ——. I shouldn't be surprised if in years to come the natives are found worshipping a tree trunk or stone monolith rudely carved into the semblance of an obese Territorial. It is pleasant to think that one may even have founded a new religion.

But I am grieved and troubled about one thing. I ate plantains and guavas and sweet limes and Cape gooseberries and pomolos and numberless other Indian fruits (O bliss!), but not custard apples. Custard apples, it appears, are the best of all, and they went out of season just before I arrived in India and will not come into season again for months and months.

I am confident that you will appreciate my predicament. I want the War to finish quickly, but I want to eat custard apples. I want to get to the Front and have a go at the Germans, but I desire passionately to eat custard apples. I want to get home again to you, but after all I have heard about them I feel that my life will have been lived in vain if I do not eat custard apples. It is a trying position.

Home was very much in my thoughts at Christmas time. The fact of having relatives around me, the plum pudding, the mince pies, the mistletoe, the clean plates, the china cups and saucers, the crackers, the cushions, the absence of stew,—all these and many other circumstances served to remind me vividly of the old life in England. And when regretfully I left ——, and (like a true soldier cheerfully running desperate risks) travelled back in a first-class carriage with a third-class ticket, I found at the Office yet another reminder of home and the old days. My kindly colleagues had determined that I should not feel I was in a strange land amid alien customs. They had let all the work accumulate while I was away and had it waiting for me in a vast pile on my return.

That is why this is such a short letter.

Yours ever,

ONE OF THE *PUNCH* BRIGADE.

THE CHEERY DOGS.

I.—*Mr. A.*

"WELL, what have we done?—that's what I want to know. Where are the Germans? In France and Belgium. Where are we? This side of them. Where is their Navy? Still only too active. And so it goes on. My dear fellow, I like to be cheerful, but you give me no material to do it on. The cold truth is that we are just where we were months ago. 'Time is on our side,' you say. May be; but the War can't go on for ever, and meanwhile look at things here—food rising, coal rising, distress all around. What do you think the income-tax is going to be soon? Ha! Still it does not do to air these opinions and doubts. We must all be gay. That is our first duty."

II.—*Mr. B.*

"Yes, of course there's Russia, as you say. But what is Russia? You know what Russia is. They've no heart in fighting, and I'm told that many personages in high places, and one very high indeed, are moving at this moment towards peace. That would be a nice thing, wouldn't it? It would liberate all the East frontier men and guns to come over to the West. And there's another thing about Russia too—how is it to get any more ammunition into the country with Archangel frozen? I suppose you know that we have been supplying them with ammunition ever since the start; and there's precious little left, I can tell you. You didn't know that? You surprise me. No, it doesn't do to lean too much on Russia. And money too. Where is that coming from? For ultimately, you know, all wars are fought with money. We shall have to find that too. So it isn't too easy to grin, is it? And yet I flatter myself that I succeed in conveying an impression of distinct optimism."

III.—*Mr. C.*

"Well, of course, if all the naturalised Germans in this country are not interned we have only ourselves to thank if we are completely conquered. Think of the terrible advantage to the enemy to have waiters spying on the guests in hotels and at once communicating with Berlin! What chance have we if that kind of thing goes on? I was in an hotel at Aylesbury only yesterday, and I am sure a waiter there was a German, although he was called Swiss. He watched everything I ate. I tell you there are German spies everywhere. What can a waiter at Aylesbury tell Berlin? Ah! that's what we don't understand. But something of the highest moment and all to our disadvantage in war. But we have spies too? Never. I can't believe that England would ever be clever enough to make use of any system of secret service. No, Sir, we're back numbers. Still, it mustn't get out. We must all pretend, as I do, that everything is all right."

IV.—*Mr. D.*

"I don't like the look of things in America, I can assure you. Anything but satisfactory. DERNBURG's a clever fellow and the politicians can't forget what the German vote means to them. I see nothing but trouble for us there. This Shipping Purchase Bill—that's very grave, you know; and they don't like us—it's no use pretending that they do. I read an extract only this morning from a most significant article in *The Wells Fargo Tri-Weekly Leaflet* which shows only too clearly how the wind is blowing. No, I view America and its share in the future with the gloomiest forebodings, although of course I do my best to conceal them. To the world I turn as brave a face as anyone, I trust."

V.—*Mr. E.*

"I don't doubt the bravery of the French; but what I do say is, where is the advance we were promised? Nibbling is all very well, but meanwhile men are dying by the thousand, and the Germans are still in the invaded country. I hear too of serious disaffection in France. There's a stop-the-war party there, growing in strength every day. We'll have 'em here soon, mark my words. The French have no stomach for long campaigns. They want their results quickly, and then back to their meals again. I take a very serious view of the situation, I can tell you, although I do all I can to keep bright and hopeful, and disguise my real feelings."

VI.—*Mr. F.*

"This activity of the German submarines is most depressing. Man for man we may have a better navy, but when it comes to submarines they beat us. What kind of chance have we against these stealthy invisible death-dealers? They're the things that are going to do for us. I can see it coming. But I keep the fact to myself as much as possible—one must not be a wet blanket."

VII.—*Mr. G.*

"If only we had a decent government, instead of this set of weaklings, I should feel more secure. But with this Cabinet—some of them pro-Germans at heart, if the truth were known—what can you expect? Still, one must not drag party politics in now. We must be solid for the country, and if anyone raises his voice against the Liberals in my presence he gets it hot, I can tell you. None the less a good rousing attack by BONAR LAW on the Government, root and branch, every few days would be a grand thing. As I always say, the duty of the Opposition is to oppose."

And these are not all.

REVERSES.

(*From the Front.*)

JUST a line to let you know, Jim, how all goes.
Well, in spite of Bosches, rain and mud and muck,
I've had nothing to complain of as I knows
Till last week, when comes a run of rotten luck.

First, a Black Maria busts aside o' me,
And I lost, well, I should say a hundred fags!
Then I goes and drops a fine mouth-organ—see?
And it sinks in one of these here slimy quags.

Then I chucks my kit down when we charged next day
(You've no use for eighty pounds odd when you sprints),
And while we was at it, what d'yer think, mate, eh?
Why, some blighter pinched my tin o' peppermints!

Crool luck, warn't it? But I'm pretty bobbish still—
Here's the Surgeon come, a very decent bloke;
I'm in horspital, I should 'a' said—not ill,
Just my right leg crocked and four or five ribs broke.

First Lessons in Seamanship.

Extract from the CHURCHILL interview:—

"Pacing his room thoughtfully, Mr. Churchill paused before a globe which he twirled round in his fingers like the rudder of a ship."

This is "What 'Roger' Hears" in *The Northampton Daily Chronicle*:—

"That a burglar entered 34, Birchfield road, Northampton, last evening, and decamped with several articles of jewellery while the residents, Mr. and Mrs. Mace, were out for an hour and a half.

That the Belgian guests who are being so generously entertained by the Mount Pleasant friends were present, and rendered musical items."

On police whistles, we hope.



Small boy. "WHAT'S ON THE POSTER, MOTHER?"
Mother. "ONLY 'MORE GAINS AND LOSSES,' BUT WHETHER ON OUR SIDE OR THE OTHER IT DOESN'T SAY."

BROKEN MELODIES.

"AREN'T music publishers maddening?" said Clarice. "Here's a tune that promises awfully well, and breaks off suddenly."

I went over to the piano.

On the music-rest was a sheet of music, back to front, showing the opening bars of several songs the publishers wished to commend to our notice; appetisers, as it were.

Clarice played the opening bars, the only ones which were given.

"Please continue," I said; "I'm beginning to like it already."

"How can I?" said Clarice. "How do I know how it goes on? It's simply maddening."

"Aren't there any rules?" I said. "What I mean is, don't certain notes follow certain other notes?"

"Not necessarily," said Clarice. "Why should they?"

"Why shouldn't they?" I persisted. "In hockey, footer, billiards and the other arts certain movements are inevitably followed by certain consequences. It ought to be the same in music. However, as a poet it is the words which really interest me. Listen to this: '*Somebody whispered to me yestre'en, Somebody whispered to me, And my heart gave a flutter and*—' Ah, of course I know—*and I trod on the butter.*"

"*Which soon wasn't fit to be seen,*" said Clarice.

"Bravo," I said, "very soulful. Now look at the one above it: '*The rosy glow of summer is on thy dimpled cheek, While*——' There's a poser for you."

"Oh, how pretty!" said Clarice. "And listen to the tune." She played what notes there were two or three times over. "I really must get that one," she added.

"Do," I said. "I should like to hear more about that girl. These publishers know how to whet one's appetite, don't they? By Jove, here's a gem—'*I sat by the window dreaming, In the hush of eventide, Of the*——' Now what does one dream about at that time?"

"You dream of dinner chiefly, I've noticed," said Clarice.

"That's the idea," I said. "*Of the soup (tomato) steaming, The steak and mushrooms fried.* Who's the publisher?"

"Crammer," said Clarice.

I took up another sheet of music and hunted for more treasure. "Here's something fruity," I said, "published by Scarey and Co.: '*Oh, the lover hills are happy at the dawning of the day; There are winds to kiss and bless us, there is*——'"

"What?" said Clarice.

"How should I know?" I said. "Let's get the song and find out. Get them all, in fact."

"Do you think we ought to?" said Clarice.

"Yes, certainly," I said. "It's good for trade. My motto is 'Music as Usual during the War.'"

The Contractor's Touch.

From a label on a tin of Army jam:—

"DAMSON AND APPLE,
From Seville Oranges and Refined Sugar only."

Thus monotony is avoided.

"In standing at ease recruits *will* not carry the left leg twelve paces to the left, and balance the body on both legs equally."—*Royal Magazine.*

Probably they think that they would not feel really at ease if they did. Personally we find that two paces and a half is our limit.

MORE THAN TWO.

Host. No, please don't sit there.

1*st Guest.* Oh yes, I much prefer it.

2*nd Guest.* Do let me.

Host. I can't have you sitting there.

1*st Guest.* I assure you I like being back to the driver.

Host. No, if anyone sits there, naturally it must be me.

2*nd Guest.* Do let me.

1*st Guest.* Not at all.

2*nd Guest.* I assure you I prefer it too.

Host. No, sit here. When you're both comfortably settled, I'll get in.

1*st Guest.* Oh no, please. I'm sure you never sit there. I hate to take away your own place.

2*nd Guest.* Do let me.

Host. I insist.

1*st Guest.* Please don't say any more about it. See, I'm in now and quite comfy.

Host. It's very wrong of you to be there.

2*nd Guest.* Do let me.

Host. Can't I persuade you to change?

1*st Guest.* No.

2*nd Guest.* Do let me.

Host. Well, it's very wrong. I know that.

1*st Guest.* Please let us get on now. I never was more comfy in my life.

Host. You're sure?

2*nd Guest.* Do let me.

Host. But it's most unsatisfactory.

1*st Guest.* Not at all.

Host. Then you're sure you're all right?

1*st Guest.* Absolutely. I love it here.

Host. Very well then. (*Sighs.*)

2*nd Guest.* Do let me.

1*st Guest.* No, we're all fixed now.

Host. All right. (*To chauffeur*) Let her go! (*To 1st Guest*) It's a great shame, though.

1*st Guest.* I love it.

2*nd Guest.* I do wish you had let me.

And that is what happens whenever three polite people are about to ride in a motor-car.

Shares.

"A purse, containing sum of money; owner can have some."—*Advt. in "Portsmouth Evening News."*

And the finder may keep the rest for his trouble.

The Daily Chronicle (Kingston, Jamaica) says of the new Military Decoration:—

"It is of silver, and bears the imperial crown on each arm and in the centre the letters 'G.R.I.' (George, ex-Imperator)."

At least that's WILLIAM's interpretation of it.

AT THE PLAY.

"A BUSY DAY."

I HAVE always wanted to be a grocer. To spend the morning arranging the currants in the window; to spend the afternoon recommending (with a parent's partiality) such jolly things as bottled gooseberries and bloater paste; to spend the evening examining the till and wondering if you have got off the bad half-crown yet—that is a life. Many grocers, I believe, do not realise it, and envy (foolishly enough) the dramatic critic, knowing little of the troubles hidden behind his apparently spotless shirt-front; but even they will admit that to be a grocer for an hour would be fun.



CLEAN BRITISH HUMOUR.
(*As the saying is.*)

MR. HAWTREY AND MISS COMPTON EXCHANGE BADINAGE OVER A BAR OF SOAP.

And that (very nearly) was *Lord Charles Temperleigh's* luck. Being a spendthrift he was kept at The Bungalow, Ashford, without money; he escaped to the shop of his old nurse at Mudborough, with the idea of borrowing from her—and if you are a clever dramatist you can easily arrange that he should be left alone in the shop and mistaken for the genuine salesman. Unfortunately for my complete happiness (and no doubt *Lord Charles's* too) the shop was a chandler's; however, if that is not the rose, it is at least very near it. The chandler sells soap and the grocer sells cheese, and you can make a joke about the likeness as Mr. R. C. CARTON did. And if *Lord Charles* should happen to be Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY and he should be accompanied by Miss COMPTON, you can understand that this and other jokes would lose nothing in their delivery.

Yet somehow the shop scene was not the success it should have been. The First and Third Acts were better; they left more to Mr. HAWTREY. When Mr. CARTON is trying to be funny, even Mr. HAWTREY cannot help him much; but when he is taking it easily then he and Mr. HAWTREY together are delightful. Mr. EDWARD FITZGERALD as an Irish waiter was a joy. Miss COMPTON was Miss COMPTON; if you like her (as I do), then you like her. The others had not much chance. It is a HAWTREY evening, and (as such) an oasis in a desert of War thoughts. M.

A PRELUDE.

["Birds in London are already growing alive to the approach of Spring."—*The Times.*]

A PORTLY, fancy-vested thrush,
That carolled, on a wintry spray,
A crazy song of Spring-time—Hush!
No, not the one
By MENDELSSOHN
Victorian Britons used to play,
But just the sort of casual thing
An absent-minded bird might sing.

Observing whom—"Alas," I said,
"Good friend, how premature your theme!
By some phenomenon misled,
You've overshot
The date a lot;
Things are so seldom what they seem!"
"Then hear the simple truth," quoth he,
"For that's another rarity.

"There is a foreign, furious man,
That sends great engines through the air
To deal destruction where they can,
To rain their fires
On ancient spires,
Ousting the birds that settle there,
And agitates, of fixed intent,
Our pleasaunce in the firmament.

"And everybody says the Spring
Will see him pay the price of it,
So that is why I choose to sing
What isn't true—
But as for you,
Be off and do your little bit!
It's not for you to stand and quiz—
The season's *what I say it is!*"

"A Chicago Reuter message says that Hugh Henderson has won the American draughts championship by defeating Alfred Jordan, the London champion.

Draught horses were in most demand at Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, yesterday, and the sums obtained ranged from 30gs. to 49gs."
Daily Telegraph.

The forty-nine guinea one has challenged HUGH HENDERSON.



East Coast Farmer. "HAVE I REALLY TO DO THIS WI' ALL MY BEASTS, IF SO BE AS THE GERMANS LAND IN THESE PARTS?"
Officer. "YES. LIVE STOCK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION HAS TO BE BRANDED AND DRIVEN WEST."
Farmer. "I CAN SEE MY WAY ALL RIGHT EXCEPT FOR MY BEES. WHAT AM I TO DO WI' MY BEES?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE are few living writers of romance who can carry the sword and doublet with the ease of Miss MARJORIE BOWEN. She has long since proved herself a practised mistress of mediævalism, and *The Carnival of Florence* (METHUEN) finds her therefore on sure ground. It is a pleasantly stimulating tale of love and adventure in the days of SAVONAROLA. The heroine is one *Aprilis*, a fair Florentine whose matrimonial affairs were complicated by the fact that early in the story she had been abducted (strictly *pour le bon motif* in order to score off the gentleman to whom she was then engaged) by the too notorious PIERO DEI MEDICI. The unfortunate results were twofold, for though *Aprilis* was returned unharmed to her father's house her noble betrothed would have no more of her, so she had to put up with another husband who took her for charity, and to suffer in addition the pangs of unrequited love for the Lord of Florence whom she was unable to forget. What happened—how the MEDICI were turned from their heritage, and the part played in all this by the grim Revivalist of San Marco—is the matter of a story well worth reading. As is his way with tales in which he appears, the figure of SAVONAROLA comes gradually to dominate the whole; did he not even master GEORGE ELIOT? The present story is dedicated "In Memory of Florence, Summer 1914." Presumably, therefore, Miss BOWEN shares with me certain memories that have been very vividly recalled by her pages—memories of a June evening when, as in the days of which she writes, the Piazza della Signoria echoed to the clash of swords and the tumult of an angry mob. That it has thus reminded me of what would, but for greater happenings since, have been one of my most thrilling chimney-corner reminiscences, is among the pleasures that I owe to a stirring and successful novel.

Among my favourite gambits in fiction is the return to his impoverished home of one who left it a supposed wastrel, and has now lots and lots of money. Personally, if I have a preference, it is that my wanderer should be at first unrecognised; but I am perhaps too fastidious. Certainly I am not going to complain about *Big Tremaine* (MILLS AND BOON) just because when he came back to the Virginian township that he had quitted as a bank thief his old coloured nurse saw through him in once. There is, of course, Homeric precedent for the situation; it is one that, deftly handled, can scarcely fail of its effect. And the story of *Big Tremaine* is very deftly handled almost all through. MARIE VAN VORST evidently knows the gentle Southern life thoroughly; her pictures of it have served to increase my conviction that Virginia must be one of the pleasantest places on earth. Not less true and delicate is her treatment of the relations between masterful *Tremaine* and the gently obstinate mother who turns so slowly from distrust to adoration of her returned son. There are, in short, a great many qualities in this story that I have

found vastly agreeable. Also what seems to me one big defect. But as this latter is so far essential that without it there would be no story I am unable further to tell you about it. Still, I am bound to say that its revelation was a nasty shock to my admiration, which had been roused more than anything else by the sincerity and unconventionality of the argument. This is a matter on which you shall pass your own verdict. Mine would be "A Happy Ending committed through unjustified fear of the libraries"; and in view of the charm of her earlier chapters I should discharge the author with a friendly caution.

Most of us might freely confess to some vagueness in our minds as to "the social and economic state of things in the Prairie Provinces of the Dominion," and not a few of us are ready to spend five shillings and a leisure hour or two in finding out for certain, if only to be prepared with a refuge in the event of England being Teutonised. Miss E. B. MITCHELL, the author of *In Western Canada Before the War* (MURRAY), knows her subject at first hand and deals with the right matter in the right manner for our purpose; that is to say, she is discriminating in her selection of topics and is always pleasant if never violently exciting or amusing in her treatment of them. The book is short, as such books should be; it does not pretend to be exhaustive, yet it leaves a very clear and precise impression on the mind. But (and every intelligent reader will have been waiting for this "but") why on earth should it be called *In Western Canada Before the War*, seeing that it was clearly written without any thought of the present European conditions and would have been published just about this time even if we had been at peace with everybody everywhere? The only reference in point which I can recall is a passing wonder expressed in a few lines as to what, if any, effect Armageddon will have in Canada; this is hardly enough, I fancy, to justify the topical suggestion of the cover. I cannot help feeling that the object of the last three words of that title was less literary than commercial.



Voice on telephone (from Berlin). "WELL, HAVE YOU DAMMED THE SUEZ CANAL YET?"
Turk. "YES—OFTEN!"

In the City of Under (ARNOLD) shows Miss EVELYNE RYND to have quite a pretty talent in the not unattractive *genre* of fantastic incoherence something after the pattern of *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, though in a less robustious mood. But I doubt if talent (however pretty) is altogether sufficient to carry the reader through three hundred pages with no possible clue as to what it is really all about. All the same I do, in justice and most gladly, say that the author keeps one piqued to the extent of wishing to find out; one also loses all suspicion of its being an improving book, and distinctly likes that uncharacteristic Cheltenham boy, *Augustus Clickson*, who helps little *John Hazard* to find a job. *John* was very small and ineffectual and engaging, and his V.C. father had left the family wofully ill off, and *John* felt it was up to him to do something about it. He meets the *Hawker*, who has a comforting habit of turning up at odd moments and assuring people that there 's a way out of every difficulty, whereas the old lady, *Mrs. Letitlie*, asserted roundly and frequently that there was none. Then we have a nice wild unpractical Professor and a perplexed archæologist who get tangled in the skein; as also a spy, and, in fact, any old person and thing that occurred to the writer. There 's enough good stuff and good humour in this queer patchwork to make me sure that any defect is one merely of form, and I would wager that it was the Notting Hill hero, before alluded to, that was responsible for setting our author on a dangerous path.

The Seventh Post Card (GREENING) was one of a series written anonymously, as harbingers of sudden death, to motor-car drivers whose bad luck or bad management had made them run over a fellow-creature with capital consequences. Capital, also, for helping on the plot of the story; for the sudden death really did come off in such a considerable number of cases that we should have been quite justified in feeling worried when the delightful *Joanna*, driving the car belonging to her equally delightful *Jack*, was unfortunate enough to knock down a tramp; even though the immediate consequences when *Jack* found her awakening from unconsciousness by the roadside were—well, delightful too, and such as could be expected. Indeed, the sadly-worn word "delightful" seems somehow applicable to the entire string of clues, deductions, inquests, murders and other horrid thrills, or, at any rate, to Mr. FLOWERDEW's telling of them. Is my capability for melodramatic emotion declining, that I thread this maze of tragic mystery in a mood no more intense than that of comfortable content? Perhaps; or it may be only the soothing effect of the author's clean English, coupled with the conviction that so long as he takes care to keep *Sir Julian Daymont*—the famous novelist-detective—on their side, no serious harm can come to the people we care about most. So, although a really nasty charge of murdering his grandfather turns up against the hero just when things (but for the number of pages left) are beginning to look prosperous, I can defy you to get seriously uneasy about his future; and, sure enough, *Sir Conan*—I mean *Sir Julian*—solves the problem in convenient time to pack the lovers safely off on their honeymoon. And, really, what more could you ask for?

CHARIVARIA.

THE Turks are now reported to be retiring through the desert, and the Germans are realising that you may take a horse to the place where there's no water, but you cannot make him drink.

* * *

"Rapid progress," we read, "is being made in the American movement to supply soldiers at the battle fronts in Europe with Bibles printed in their own languages." We trust that one will be supplied to the KAISER, who, if he ever had one, has evidently mislaid it.

* * *

Suggested title for Germany and her allies—The Hunseatic League.

* * *

The *Vossische Zeitung*, talking of the proposed blockade, says, "The dance will begin on February 18." Germania's toe may not be light, but it is fantastic.

* * *

You may know a man by the company he keeps. The KAISER'S friends are now the Jolly Roger and Sir ROGER CASEMENT.

* * *

Messrs. HAGENBECK, of Hamburg, are sending Major MEHRING, the German Commandant at Valenciennes, an elephant. So we may expect shortly to be told by wireless that a large Indian body has gone over to the Germans.

* * *

Earl GREY, speaking at Newcastle on the War, said that a German passenger on the *Vaterland* remarked to him, "Can you wonder that we hunger? We have been hungry for two hundred years and only had one satisfying meal—in 1870. We have become hungry again." The pity, of course, is that so few Germans can eat quite like gentlemen.

* * *

The Dorsets, we are told, have nicknamed their body belts "the dado round the dining-room." In the whirligig of fashion the freeze is now being ousted by its predecessor.

* * *

Much of the credit for the admirable feeding of our Expeditionary Force is due, we learn, to Brigadier-General LONG, the Director of Supplies. As a caustic Tommy, pointing to his "dining-room," remarked, "one wants but little here below, but wants that little Long."

The *Deutsche Tageszeitung* informs its readers that "the men of the North Lancashire Regiment recently attempted to force a swarm of bees to attack German soldiers, but the bees turned on the British and severely stung one hundred and twenty of them." After this success it is reported that the Death's Head Hussars are adopting a wasp as a regimental pet.

* * *

Talking of regimental pets, the lucky recipient of Princess MARY'S Christmas gift that was packed by the QUEEN is Private PET, of the Leinster Regiment.

* * *

With reference to the private view of a collapsible hut at the College of Ambulance last week it is only fair to say that there is good reason to believe that not a few of those already erected will shortly come under this description.

* * *

The Russian Minister of Finance, M. BARK, paid a visit to this country last week, and it is rumoured that he had an interview with another financial magnate, Mr. BEIT, with a view to forming an ideal combination.

* * *

Says an advertisement of the Blue Cross Fund:—"All horses cared for. Nationality not considered." This must save the Fund's interpreters a good deal of trouble.

* * *

The Corporation of the City of London reports that diminished lighting, so far from increasing the dangers of the City streets, has reduced them, the accidents during the past quarter being only 331 as compared with 375 a year ago. However, a proposal that the lights shall now be entirely extinguished with a view to reducing the casualties to *nil* has not yet been adopted.

* * *

A gentleman has written to *The Globe* to complain that at Charing Cross Station there are signs printed in German indicating the whereabouts of the booking-office, waiting-room, etc. We certainly think that, while we are at war, these ought, so as to confuse the enemy, to point in wrong directions.

* * *

Germany is now suffering from extreme cold, and the advice to German housewives to cook potatoes in their jackets is presumably a measure of humanity.

* * *

To Mr. WATT'S enquiry in the House as to how many German submarines had been destroyed, Mr. CHURCHILL replied, "The German Government has made no return." Let us hope that this is true also of a good few of the submarines.

* * *

Der Tag, it is announced, is to be withdrawn from the Coliseum. They could do with it, we believe, in Germany.

* * *

Theatrical folk will be interested to hear that in the Eastern Theatre of War there has been furious fighting for the passes.



Turk. "I SAY, YOU FELLOWS! DO YOU SEE THE OTHER ALLIES ARE POOLING THEIR FUNDS? CAPITAL IDEA!"

"The power of Great Britain and her Allies was increasing daily in strength, whereas the power of her enemies was distinctly on the wane. The existing situation had been brought about without the vast resources of the Empire having yet been called into play."—*Daily Mail.*

Are we to understand, that, so far, we have only called out the socks and body-belts?

"There is but one survival among the historic shows of the [Crystal] Palace—a portion of the Zoo. The monkeys are asking one another 'What next?'

A meeting of the directors of the Crystal Palace Football Club is to be summoned to decide on a course of action."

The Evening News.

Without wishing to be needlessly offensive to either of these bodies, we venture to suggest that they should combine their deliberations.

"If . . . England and France keep the police of the sea with the utmost vigilance, so that no copper at all can reach Germany and Austria, the fate of both Empires seems certain."—*Times.*

The land police must be guarded even more vigorously if "no copper at all" is to slip over.

THE GODS OF GERMANY.

[A certain German hierarch declares that it goes well with his country. He finds it unthinkable that the enemy should be permitted to "trample under foot the fresh, joyous, religious life of Germany."]

LIFT up your jocund hearts, belovéd friends!
From East and West the heretic comes swooping,
But all in vain his impious strength he spends
If you refuse to let him catch you stooping;
All goes serenely up to date;
Lift up your hearts in hope (and hate)!

Deutschland—that beacon in the general night—
Which faith and worship keep their fixed abode in,
Shall teach the infidel that Might is Right,
Spreading the gospel dear to Thor and Odin;
O let us, in this wicked war,
Stick tight to Odin and to Thor!

Over our race these gods renew their reign;
For them your piety sets the joy-bells pealing;
Louvain and Rheims and many a shattered fane
Attest the force of your religious feeling;
Not Thor's own hammer could have made
A better job of this crusade.

In such a cause all ye that lose your breath
Shall have a place reserved in high Valhalla;
And ye shall get, who die a Moslem's death,
The fresh young houri promised you by Allah;
Between the two—that chance and this—
Your Heaven should be hard to miss. O. S.

THE PASSPORT.

"Francesca," I said, "how would you describe my nose?"

"Your nose?" she said.

"Yes," I said, "my nose."

"But why," she said, "do you want your nose described?"

"I am not the one," I said, "who wants my nose described. It is Sir EDWARD GREY, the—ahem—Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In the midst of all his tremendous duties he still has time to ask me to tell him what my nose is like."

"This," said Francesca, "is the short cut to Colney Hatch. Will somebody tell me what this man is talking about?"

"I will," I said. "I am talking about my nose. There is no mystery about it."

"No," she said, "your nose is there all right. I can see it with the naked eye."

"Do not," I said, "give way to frivolity. I may have to go to France. Therefore I may want a passport. I am now filling in an application for it, and I find to my regret that I have got to give details of my personal appearance, including my nose. I ask you to help me, and all you can do is to allude darkly to Colney Hatch. Is that kind? Is it even wifely?"

"But why can't you describe it yourself?"

"Don't be absurd, Francesca. What does a man know about his own nose? He only sees it full-face for a few minutes every morning when he's shaving or parting his hair. If he ever does catch a glimpse of it in profile the dreadful and unexpected sight unmans him and he does his best to forget it. I give you my word of honour, Francesca, I haven't the vaguest notion what my nose is really like."

"Well," she said, "I think you might safely put it down as a loud blower and a hearty sneezer."

"I'm sure," I said, "that wouldn't satisfy Sir EDWARD GREY. He doesn't want to know what it sounds like, but what it looks like."

"How would 'fine and substantial' suit it?"

"Ye—es," I said, "that might do if by 'fine' you mean delicate——"

"I don't," she said.

"And if 'substantial' is to be equivalent to handsome."

"It isn't," she said.

"Then we'll abandon that line. How would 'aquiline' do? Aren't some noses called aquiline?"

"Yes," she said, "but yours has never been one of them. Try again."

"Francesca," I said pleadingly, "do not suggest to me that my nose is turned up, because I cannot bear it. I do not want to have a turned-up nose, and what's more I don't mean to have one, not even to please the British Foreign Office and all its permanent officials."

"It shan't have a turned-up nose, then. It shall have a Roman nose."

"Bravo!" I cried, "Bravo! Roman it shall be," and I dipped my pen and prepared to write the word down in the blank space on the application form.

"Stop!" said Francesca. "Don't do anything rash. Now that I look at you again I'm not sure that yours is a Roman nose."

"Oh, Francesca, do not say such cruel, such upsetting things. It must, it shall be Roman."

"What," she asked, "is a Roman nose?"

"Mine is," I said eagerly. "No nose was ever one-half so Roman as mine. It is the noblest Roman of them all."

"No," she said, with a sigh, "it won't do. I can't pass it as Roman."

"All right," I said, "I'll put it down as 'non-Roman.'"

"Yes, do," she said, "and let's get on to something else."

"Eyes," I said. "How shall I describe them?"

"Green," said Francesca.

"No, grey."

"Green."

"Grey."

"Let's compromise on grey-green."

"Right," I said. "Grey-green and gentle. Sir EDWARD GREY will appreciate that. Oh, bother! I've written it in the space devoted to 'hair.' However it's easy to——"

"Don't scratch it out," she said. "It's a stroke of genius. I've often wondered what I ought to say about your hair, and now I know. Oh, my grey-green-and-gentle-haired one!"

"Very well," I said, "it shall be as you wish. But what about my eyes?"

"Write down 'see hair' in their space and the trick's done."

"Francesca," I said, "you're wonderful this morning. Now I know what it is to have a real helper. Complexion next, please. Isn't 'fresh' a good word for complexion?"

"Yes, for some."

"Another illusion gone," I said. "No matter; I've noticed that people who fill up blank spaces always use the word 'normal' at least once. I shall call my complexion normal and get it over."

After this there was no further difficulty. I took the remaining blank spaces in my stride, and in a few minutes the application form was filled up. Having then secured a clergyman who consented to guarantee my personal respectability and having attached two photographs of myself I packed the whole thing off to the Foreign Office. I have not yet had any special acknowledgment from Sir EDWARD GREY, but I take this opportunity to warn the French authorities that within a few days a gentleman with a non-Roman nose, grey-green and gentle hair, see-hair eyes and a normal complexion may be seeking admission to their country. R. C. L.



THE RESOURCEFUL LOVER.

TEUTON TROUBADOUR (*serenading the fair Columbia*). "IF SHE WON'T LISTEN TO MY LOVE-SONGS, I'LL TRY HER WITH A BRICK!"



Bright Youth. "YES, I'M THINKIN' OF GETTIN' A COMMISSION IN SOMETHING. WHAT ABOUT JOININ' THAT CROWD WITH THE JOLLY LITTLE RED TABS ON THEIR COLLARS? THEY LOOK SO DOOCID SMART."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—It must be upwards of a month since you heard from me; I trust you have had sleepless nights in consequence. To be honest, I am still in England, prepared to go out at a moment's notice, sworn to go, medically approved, equipped and trained to go, but (my one weakness) never in fact going. War, of course, is not open to any member of the public who cares to turn up on the field and proffer his entrance-money; it is an invitation show, and we have not yet received our cards.

Poor old Tolley, to whom Armageddon is an intensely personal affair, and who interested himself in it from the purely private motives of the patriot, in the competitive spirit of the pot-hunter, or in the wicked caprice of the law-abiding civilian lusting to travel abroad without a ticket, go shooting without a licence and dabble in man-slaughter without the subsequent expense of briefing counsel,—poor old Tolley sees a personal slight in this, and is quite sure that K. has a down on all of us and on himself in particular. He has no difficulty in conceiving of the Olympians at the War Office spending five working days and the Saturday half-day in deciding what they shall do about US; writing round to our acquaintances for our references: "Is Lieut. Tolley honest, sober and willing, punctual in his habits, clean in his appearance, an early riser and a good plain warrior?" and receiving under confidential cover unfavourable answers; and at night in his dreams he sees the SECRETARY FOR WAR pondering over our regimental photo and telling himself that there are some likely-looking fellows in the front row, but you never know what they have got hidden away in the middle; counting up the heads and murmuring, as he wonders when he shall send us out, "This year, next year, some time—never."

But you, Charles, must be patient with us, supporting us with your good will and opinion, and replying to all who remark upon the progress of the Allies, "Yes, that's all very well in its way, but you wait till Henry gets out and then you'll see *some* war."

Meanwhile the soldier's life continues with us very much after the manner of the schoolboy's. We all pretend to ourselves that we are now on terms of complete mutual understanding with the C.O. and the Adjutant, but none the less we all study their expressions with great care before we declare ourselves at breakfast. There are times for jesting and there are times for not jesting; it goes by seasons, fair and stormy, and to the wise the Adjutant's face is a barometer. In my wilder and more dangerous moods I have felt tempted to tap it and see if I couldn't effect an atmospheric change. (In the name of goodness, I adjure you, Charles, not to leave this letter lying about; if it gets into print I shall lose all my half-holidays for the next three years or the duration of the War.)

The other morning I was come for, that is to say I was proceeding comfortably with my breakfast at 7.55, when I was touched on the shoulder and told that the C.O. would be glad to see me (or rather, *would* see me) at orderly room at eight, a thing which, by the grace of Heaven and the continual exercise of low cunning on my part, has never happened to me before. At least they might have told me what I had done, thought I, as I ran to my fate, gulping down my toast and marmalade, and improvising a line of defence applicable to any crime. Believe me, the dock is a haven of rest and security compared with orderly, or ordeal, room.

When my turn came I advanced to the table of inquisition, came smartly to attention, saluted, cleared my throat and said, "Sir!" (The correctness of this account is not guaranteed by any bureau.) I then cleared my throat again and said, "Sir, it was like this." The C.O. looked slightly nonplussed; the Adjutant, who in all his long experience of crime had never before seen the accused open his mouth, began to open his own. So I pushed on with it. "My defence is this: in the first place I did not do it. I wasn't there at the time, and if I had been I shouldn't have done it. In the second place I did it inadvertently. In the third place it was not a wrong thing to do; and in the fourth place I am prepared to make the most ample apology, to have the same inserted in three newspapers, and to promise never to do it again."

Orderly room was by now thoroughly restive. "If you take a serious view of the matter, Sir," said I, "shoot me now and have done with it. Do not keep me waiting till dawn, for I am always at my worst and most irritable before breakfast."

When I paused for breath they took the opportunity to inform me, rather curtly, I felt, that I had been sent for in order to be appointed to look after the rations and billets of a party of sixteen officers proceeding to a distance that same day, and I was to dispose accordingly. "If I had known that was all," I said to myself, "I'd have had my second piece of toast while it was still lukewarm." I then withdrew, by request. I found upon enquiry of the Sergeant-Major, who knows all things, that the party was to travel by circuitous routes and arrive at 7.5 P.M., whereas I, travelling *viâ* London, might arrive at 5 P.M., and so have two odd hours to prepare a home and food for them. So into the train I got, and there of all people struck the C.O. himself, proceeding townwards on duty. In the course of the journey I made it clear to him that, if his boots required licking, I was the man for the job.

He smiled indulgently. "Referring to that second piece of toast," he began.

I tapped my breast bravely. "Sir, it is nothing," said I.

"When we arrive in London," he said, "you will lunch with me." I protested that the honour was enormous, but I was to arrive in London at 1.30 and must needs proceed at 1.50.

"You will lunch with me," he pursued, adding significantly as I still protested, "at the Savoy."

After further argument, "It is the soldier's duty to obey," I said, and we enquired at St. Pancras as to later trains. The conclusion of the matter was that by exerting duress upon my taxidriver I just caught the 4.17, which got me to —— at 7.15, ten minutes after the hungry and houseless sixteen.

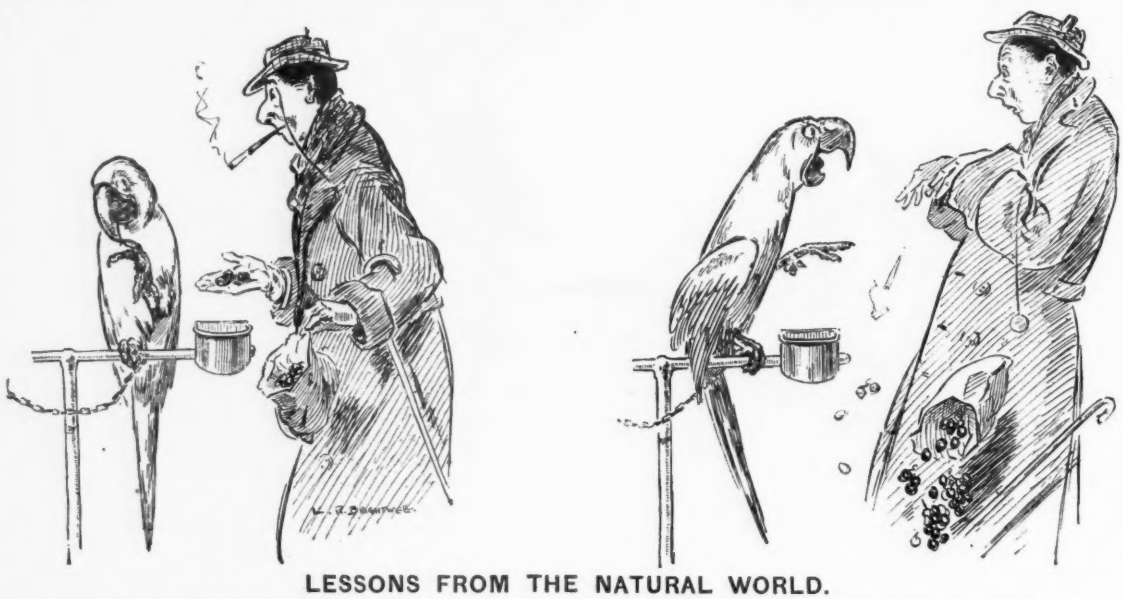
You don't think this is particularly funny; well, no more did the sixteen. But it was a very, very happy luncheon. Remember that we have subsisted on ration beef and ration everything else for some months, and you will believe me when I tell you that, upon seeing a menu in French (our dear allies!), opening with *crème* and concluding with *Jacques*, we told the waiter to remove the programme and give us the foodstuffs. "Start at the beginning," said the C.O., "and keep on at it till you reach the end. Then stop."

"Stop, Sir?" I asked.

"Ay, stop," said he, "and begin all over again" . . . and so when we got to the last liqueur, I held it up and said, "Sir, if I may, your very good health," meaning thereby that I forgave him not only all the harsh things he has said to me in the past, but even all the harsher things he proposes to say to me in the future.

From the monotony of training we have only occasional relief in the actual, as for instance when we are kept out of bed all night, Zepping. But this is a poor game, Charles; there is not nearly enough sport in it to satisfy the desires of a company of enthusiasts, armed with a rifle and a hundred rounds of ball ammunition apiece. We feel that the officer of the day, who inspects the shooting party at 9.30 P.M. and then sends it off about its business, is trifling with tragic matter when he tells us: "Now, remember; no hens!"

Yours ever, HENRY.



LESSONS FROM THE NATURAL WORLD.

The Shirker. "NICE BIRD! SAY 'POLLY SCRATCH A POLL!'" *The Bird.* "JOHNNY, GET YOUR GUN!"

"The battle that has been raging for several months has now ended in a distinct triumph for the high-necked corsage."
Tatler.

Good. Now we can devote our attention to the other war on the Continent.



Village Wit (to victim of ill-timed revelry). "WOTCHER, WILLIAM? HOW WAS JOFFER WHEN YOU LEFT?"

OXFORD IN WAR TIME.

WHO that beheld her robed in May
Could guess the change that six months later
Has brought such wondrous disarray
Upon his *alma mater?*

Distracted by a world-wide strife,
The calm routine of study ceases;
And Oxford's academic life
Is broken all to pieces.

No more the intellectual youth
Feeds on perpetual paradoxes;
No longer in the quest of truth
The mental compass boxes.

Gone are the old luxurious days
When, always craving something subtler,
To BERGSON'S metaphysic maze
He turned from SAMUEL BUTLER.

Linked by the brotherhood of arms
All jarring coteries are blended;
Mere cleverness no longer charms;
The cult of Blues is ended.

The boats are of their crews bereft;
The parks are given up to training;
The scanty hundreds who are left
All at the leash are straining.

And grave professors, making light
Of all the load of *anno domini*,
Devote the day to drill, the night
To CLAUSEWITZ and JOMINI.

While those who feel too old to fight
Full nobly with the pen are serving
To weld conflicting views of right
In one resolve unswerving.

No more can essayists inveigh
Against the youth of Oxford, slighting
Her "young barbarians all at play,"
When nine in ten are fighting.

And some, the goodliest and the best,
Beloved of comrades and commanders,
Have passed untimely to their rest
Upon the plains of Flanders.

No; when two thousand of her sons
Are mustered under Freedom's banner,
None can declaim—except the Huns—
Against the Oxford manner.

For lo! amid her spires and streams,
The lure of cloistered ease forsaking,
The dreamer, noble in her dreams,
Is nobler in her waking.

"Lest we forget."

IN these days, when we have to be thankful that our country has not, like Belgium and France, been overrun by savages, the greater mercies we receive are apt to obscure the less. But Swansea does not forget the smaller mercies. According to a recent issue of *The South Wales Daily Post*, "The Swansea Town F.C. are coming for the second time to St. Nicholas' Church, Gloucester Place, Swansea, on Sunday evening next, at 6.30, when the directors, committee and the two full teams have promised to attend the service, that, in the words of the Rev. PERCY WESTON, will be in the nature of a "thanksgiving service for their good fortune against Newcastle United."

Our compliments to the Rev. PERCY WESTON, pastor of this pious and patriot flock.

WHAT I DEDUCED.

BY A GERMAN GOVERNESS.

[Extracts from a book which is, no doubt, having as large a sale in Germany as *What I Found Out*, by an English Governess, is having in this country.]

I SHALL never forget my arrival at the house of my new employers. Into the circumstances which forced me to earn my living as a governess in a strange country I need not now go. Sufficient that I had obtained a situation in the house of a Mr. Brigsworth, an Englishman of high position living in one of the most fashionable suburbs of London. "Chez Nous," The Grove, Cricklewood, was the address of my new home, and thither on that memorable afternoon I wended my way.

"The master and mistress are out," said the maid. "Perhaps you would like to go straight to the nursery and see the children?"

"Thank you," I said, and followed her upstairs. Little did I imagine the amazing scene which was to follow!

In the nursery my two little charges were playing with soldiers; a tall and apparently young man was lying on the floor beside them. At my entrance he scrambled to his feet.

"Stop the battle a moment," he said, "while we interrogate the invader."

"I am Fräulein Schmidt," I introduced myself, "the new governess."

"And I," he said with a bow, "am Lord Kitchener. You have arrived just in time. Another five minutes and I should have wiped out the German army."

"Oh shut up, Uncle Horace, you wouldn't," shouted one of the boys.

It was Lord Kitchener! He had shaved off his heavy moustache, and by so doing had given himself a deceptive appearance of youth, but there could be no doubt about his identity. Horatio Herbert Kitchener, the great English War Lord! In the light of after-events, how instructive was this first meeting!

"What is the game?" I asked, hiding my feelings under a smile. "England against Germany?"

"England and Scotland and Ireland and Australia and a few others. We have ransacked the nursery and raked them all in."

So even at this time England had conceived the perfidious idea of forcing her colonies to fight for her!

"And some Indian soldiers?" I asked, nodding at half-a-dozen splendid Bengal Lancers. It struck me even then as very significant; and it is now seen to be proof that for years previously England had been plotting an invasion of the Fatherland with a swarm of black mercenaries.

Lord Kitchener evidently saw what was in my mind, and immediately exerted all his well-known charm to efface the impression he had created.

"You mustn't think," he said with a smile, "that the policy of the Cabinet is in any way affected by what goes on at 'Chez Nous.' Although Sir Edward Grey and I——"

He broke off suddenly, and, in the light of what has happened since, very suspiciously.

"Have you had any tea?" he asked. His relations with the notorious Grey were evidently not to be disclosed.

* * * * *

I met Lord Kitchener on one other occasion, but it is only since England forced this war upon Europe that I have seen that second meeting in its proper light.

I had been out shopping, and when I came back I found him in the garden playing with the children. We talked for a little on unimportant matters, and then I saw his eye wandering from me to the drawing-room. A soldier had just stepped through the open windows on to the lawn.

"Hallo," said Lord Kitchener, "it's Johnny."

As the latter came up Lord Kitchener smacked him warmly on the back.

"Well," he said, "my martial friend, how many Germans have you killed?" Then seeing that his friend appeared a little awkward he introduced him to me. "Fräulein Schmidt, this is one of our most famous warriors—Sir John French."

I could see that Sir John French was taken aback. He had evidently come down to discuss secretly the plan of campaign against a defenceless and utterly surprised Germany, which their friend and tool, Sir Edward Grey, was to put in motion—and forthwith a German governess had been let into the secret! No wonder he was annoyed! "You silly ass," he muttered, and became very red and confused.

Lord Kitchener, however, only laughed.

"It's all right," he said; "Fräulein Schmidt is Scotch. You can talk quite freely in front of her."

It was the typical British attitude of contempt for the possible enemy. But General French showed all that stubborn caution which was afterwards to mark his handling of the British mercenaries, and which is about to cost him so dearly.

"Don't be a fool, Horace," he mumbled, and relapsed into an impenetrable silence.

* * * * *

Mr. Brigsworth's mother, who lived with them, was a most interesting old lady. She seemed to be in the secrets of all the Royal Family and other highly placed personages, and told me many interesting things about them. "Ah, my dear," she would say, "they tell us in the papers that King George is shooting at Windsor, but——" and then she would nod her head mysteriously. "He's a *working* king," she went on after a little. "He doesn't waste his time on *sport*." In the light of after-events it is probable that she was right; and that when His Majesty George the Fifth was supposed to be at Windsor he was in reality in Belgium, looking out for sites for the notorious British siege-guns which have murdered so many of our brave soldiers.

In this connection I must relate one extraordinary incident. Young Mrs. Brigsworth had an album of celebrated people in the British political and social world. She was herself distantly connected, she told me, through her mother's people, with several well-known Society families, and it interested her to collect these photographs and paste them into a book. One day she was showing me her album, and I noticed that, on coming to a certain page, she turned hurriedly over, and began explaining a group on the next page very volubly.

"What was that last one?" I asked. "Wasn't it Mr. Winston Churchill?"

"Oh, that was nothing," she said quickly. "I didn't know I had that one; I must throw it away."

However, she had not been quick enough. I had seen the photograph; and events which have happened since have made it one of extraordinary significance.

It was a photograph of the First Lord of the Admiralty at Ostend in bathing costume!

As soon as I was left alone I turned to the photograph. "The First Lord amuses himself on his holiday" were the words beneath it. "Amuses himself!" Can there be any doubt in the mind of an impartial German that even then England had decided to violate the neutrality of Belgium, and that Mr. Churchill was, when photographed, examining the possibilities of Ostend as a base for submarines?

No wonder Mrs. Brigsworth had hurriedly turned over the page!

A. A. M.

"When the war was declared, 25,000 Bedouins were recruited in Hebrun, but they were without food for three days and returned to their homes saying this was not a Holy War."—*Peshawar Daily News.*

Their actual words were: "This is a——" well, *not* a Holy War.



Art Patron (*to R.A.*). "WE'VE LOST SO MUCH SINCE THE WAR THAT WE'VE COME TO ASK IF YOU WOULDN'T LIKE TO KEEP THIS PORTRAIT OF MY WIFE AS CLEOPATRA."

CHALK AND FLINT.

Comes there now a mighty rally
From the weald and from the coast,
Down from cliff and up from valley,
Spirits of an ancient host;
Castle grey and village mellow,
Coastguard's track and shepherd's fold,
Crumbling church and cracked martello
Echo to this chant of old—
Chant of knight and chant of bowman:
Kent and Sussex feared no foeman
In the valiant days of old!

Screaming gull and lark a-singing,
Bubbling brook and booming sea,
Church and cattle bells a-ringing
Swell the ghostly melody;
"Chalk and flint, Sirs, lie beneath ye,
Mingling with our dust below!
Chalk and flint, Sirs, they bequeath ye
This our chant of long ago!"
Chant of knight and chant of bowman,
Chant of squire and chant of yeoman:
Kent and Sussex feared no foeman
In the days of long ago!

Hills that heed not Time or weather,
Sussex down and Kentish lane,
Roads that wind through marsh and heather
Feel the mail-shod feet again;
Chalk and flint their dead are giving—
Spectres grim and spectres bold—
Marching on to cheer the living
With their battle-chant of old—
Chant of knight and chant of bowman,
Chant of squire and chant of yeoman:
Witness Norman! Witness Roman!
Kent and Sussex feared no foeman
In the valiant days of old.

"WHO FORBIDS THE BANDS?"

THOSE who wish to give practical expression to the approval of the scheme for raising Military Bands to encourage recruiting—the subject of one of *Mr. Punch's* cartoons of last week—are earnestly invited to send contributions to the LORD MAYOR at the Mansion House. Further information may be obtained at the offices of "Recruiting Bands," 16, Regent Street, S.W.

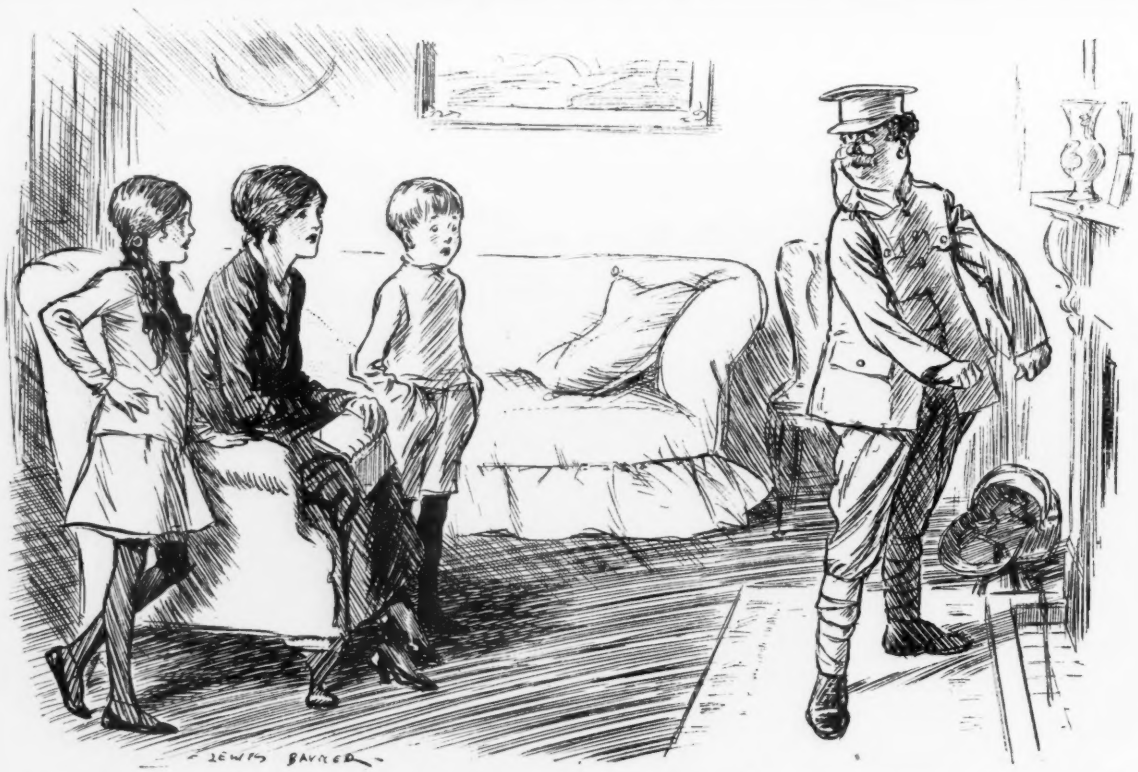
From a schoolboy's essay on the War:—

"When the Germans lose a few ships they make rye faces."

This kind of face comes, we believe, from the eating of the official War-bread.

Hint to the Germans at St. Mihiel:—

"Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To strictly meditate the thankless Meuse?"
Milton: "Lycidas."



Bobbie (as his father exhibits his new Volunteer uniform). "WELL! MOTHER—I SAY! THIS BRINGS WAR HOME TO US, DOESN'T IT?"

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN.

MANY of the other papers have a Personal Column. Why should not *Mr. Punch* have one?

He shall.

MLLE. FORGETMÉNOT bien arrivée à Londres le 14 Février. Où est M. Valentin?

K.—Qte uslss apply frthr. Am absltly brke. Try yr uncl.—M.

JEHOSHAPHAT.—Will all Jehoshaphats combine to send bridge tables to the Front for use of brave boys? Subscriptions, limited to £10 each, should be sent to Jehoshaphat Downie, Esq., 25, Sun Row, Chelsea.

FLORENCE.—I was there and waited from 1.30 till midnight. Cannot do this often as I have tendency to pneumonia.

WILL anyone lend young man £500 on note of hand alone to enable him to procure clothes in which to present himself at recruiting office? Nothing but shabbiness of his wardrobe keeps him from enlisting.—Box 41, Office of this paper.

FOUND in neighbourhood of the Adelphi.—An Iron Cross, evidently awarded by the KAISER. Initials upon it, "G. B. S." The owner is anxiously invited to apply for it in person.—E. G., Foreign Office.

SHIRTS for our troops at the Front are still urgently needed. Please send needles, cotton and material to Sister Susie, Drury Lane Theatre, W.C. All persons desiring to sing about her activities should note that the song is not published by Brothers Boosey but by another firm.

LOST, Wednesday, February 10th, between Acton and Blackheath, a one-pound note, signed by John Bradbury.—Anyone returning the same to X, at the Widowers' Club, will receive 1/- reward and no questions asked.

SMITH.—Will everyone named Smith at once send a sovereign to John Smith, Esq., 103, Old Jewry, E.C.? Patriotic purpose to which money will be put will be explained later.

WIFE of popular actor now serving in France would much appreciate the loan of a London house, with servants and motor car thrown in.—Box 81, Office of this paper.

A.B.C.—Please make no further effort to meet me. The depth of my loathing for you can never be expressed in words, at least not in this column.—J.

POLLIES.—Will all the Pollies of England kindly help a poor Polly to continue her lessons in voice production.—Write POLLY, 2, Birdcage Walk.

TO OFFICERS and MEN whose letters contain good vivid accounts of picturesque occurrences at the Front. *The Daily Inexactitude* places no limit on the writer's imagination.

YOUNG MAN, full of fun and robust health, who has failed in everything he has yet undertaken and does not approve of warfare, would like situation as gamekeeper and rabbit-killer to wealthy absentee landowner.—Apply Box 29, Office of this paper.

The *Berlin Lokal-Anzeiger*, speaking of the four Turks who succeeded in crossing the Suez Canal and who have since been taken prisoners, says: "It is to be hoped that the four gallant Turkish swimmers will now do good work in Egypt."

We have no doubt that work will be found for them and that the prison authorities will shield them from the dangers of a life of indulgent idleness.



"SOUND AND FURY."

KAISER. "IS ALL MY HIGH SEAS FLEET SAFELY LOCKED UP?"

ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ. "PRACTICALLY ALL, SIRE."

KAISER. "THEN LET THE STARVATION OF ENGLAND BEGIN!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 8th February.—Debate on Army Estimates prefaced by statement from PRIME MINISTER casting gleam of lurid light on a War of which this is the 190th day. Answering a question he said the total number of British Army casualties in the Western area of the War is approximately 104,000 of all ranks. This, of course, does not include the death-roll in the Navy, a heavy tale of losses due far more to mine and submarine than to fair fights on the open sea. But standing alone it is not much less than one-half of the number of men, including Militia, voted in the Waterloo year now dead a century. Numerically a trifle compared with the huge gaps made in ranks of the enemy. Nevertheless it represents sufficiently appalling sacrifice, chargeable to the account of one man's whim.



"EXCEEDING THE WILDEST DREAMS OF MARLBOROUGH OR WELLINGTON."

Army Estimates for year, introduced by TENNANT in a speech equally lucid and discreet, unique in their Parliamentary aspect. With an Army on active service and in training exceeding in number the wildest dreams of MARLBOROUGH or WELLINGTON, the aggregate sum asked for is £15,000. Seems odd since, as UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR in interesting aside stated, the Army costs more in a week than the total estimate for the Waterloo campaign, which stands on record at the modest sum of £6,721,880.

This only a little official joke designed partly to relieve tension of critical times, chiefly to throw dust in eyes of enemy. Idea of Germany cherished at War Office is that she is a sort of innocent Little Red Riding Hood whose legitimate curiosity may be evaded either by withholding information or mystifying it by administration of small doses dealt out at safe intervals of time. Hence the Press Bureau, which to-night came in for rough handling from both sides of House.

If usual detailed account of expenditure on Army were set forth, the German General Staff would know exactly what was in front of them in respect of reinforcement of the "contemptible little army" which seven months ago embarked upon a crusade more self-sacrificing, more glorious than any recorded in the story of Britain. Failing that, they naturally know nothing and will go on blundering in the dark.

Accordingly Votes submitted to-night were what the Treasury calls "token" estimates, each thousand pounds of the fifteen representing untold millions to be expended on various services of the War. On this understanding, Committee, practically without debate, amidst stern but quietly expressed determination to go on to the end at whatever cost, voted an establishment of three million men.



"IDEA OF GERMANY CHERISHED AT WAR OFFICE IS THAT SHE IS A SORT OF INNOCENT LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD."

Business done.—Army Estimates in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—For first time since reassembling House sat up to closing hour, 11 o'clock. Discussion of Army Estimates resumed. Committee has advantage of WALTER LONG'S lead of Opposition. Shrewd, tactful, conciliatory. Among miscellaneous Questions coming up was condition of some of the huts contracted for by War Office. WALTER LONG associated himself with sharp criticism offered from various quarters.

The MEMBER FOR SARK regrets that engagement out of town prevented his taking part in the discussion.

"I happen to know something at first hand about the matter," he says. "I spend my week-ends in a district which, lying on direct route for the Front, swarms with detachments of recruits in training. In the late autumn, huts were built for their accommodation. Quite nice comfortable things to look at. Some stand on desirable sites overlooking land and sea.

"All very well as long as autumn weather lasted. But the winter told another tale. Season exceptionally wet. Sinful rottenness of these so-called habitations speedily discovered. Rain poured through the roofs as if they were made of brown paper. Nor was that all, though our poor fellows found it sufficient. When wind blew with any force it carried the rain through the walls of the huts, formed of thin laths, in some cases overlapping each other by not more than a quarter of an inch. Pitilessly rained upon in their beds, the men dressing for morning parade found their khaki uniforms and underclothing soaking wet. After this had been stood for a week or ten days, the huts were condemned and the recruits billeted upon inhabitants of neighbouring town.

"This not mere gossip, you understand. Circumstances simply related to me by the men themselves, some interrupting narrative with fits of coughing, inevitable result of nightly experience. Nor were they complaining. Just mentioned the matter as presumably unavoidable episode in pre-



WHAT OUR ENEMY HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

1. "ACH! HIMMEL!—A SHELL!" 2. !!! 3. "GREAT KRUPPS!—WHAT IS IT?"

liminary stage of career of men giving up all and risking their lives to save their country.

"What I want to know is, What has been done in particular cases such as this that must have come under notice of War Office? Have the contractors got clear away without punishment, or have they been made to disgorge? FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO WAR OFFICE stated in course of debate that average cost of these encampments amounted to £13 per man. In cases where huts are condemned, is the sorely-burdened but cheerfully-suffering taxpayer finding the money all over again, or is the peccant contractor made to stump up?"

Business done.—Still harping on Army Estimates.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Death of Lord LONDONDERRY, buried to-day near his English home, Wynyard Park, universally regretted. A strong Party man, he had no personal enemies in the Opposition ranks, whether in Lords or Commons. Unlike some distinguished Peers, notably Lord ROSEBERY, he enjoyed advantage, inestimable in public life, of serving an apprenticeship in the House of Commons, where he sat six years for the Irish constituency which his famous forebear represented in the Irish Parliament. He was born into politics. His earliest conviction, thorough as were all he entertained, was one of distrust for DON JOSÉ, who at the time when he sat in the House of Commons was carrying through the country the fiery cross of The Unauthorised Programme.

This feeling later replaced by dislike of GLADSTONE, who in the year after Lord CASTLEREAGH, at the age of thirty-two, succeeded to the Marquisate, brought in his Home Rule Bill.

That was the turning point in LONDONDERRY's public life. Hitherto he had toyed with politics as part of the recreation of a wealthy aristocrat. Thenceforward he devoted himself heart and soul to withstanding the advance of Home Rule, which he lived long enough to see enacted, Death sparing him the pang of living under its administration.

In his devotion to the fighting line rallied against Home Rule he was encouraged and sustained by a power behind the domestic throne perhaps, as has happened in historical cases, more dominant than its occupant. *Cherchez la femme.* Londonderry House became the spring and centre of an influence that had considerable effect upon political events during more than a quarter of a century.

LONDONDERRY's cheery presence will be missed in the Lords. His memory will be cherished as that of one who fought stoutly for causes sacred to a large majority of his peers.

Business done.—PREMIER made promised statement on subject of food prices. Debate following was adjourned.

A Flower of Speech.

"Mr. Asquith stated in the House of Commons this afternoon that the Government were considering taking more stringent measures against German trade as a consequence of the latter's fragrant breach of the rules of war."—*Star.*

Fragrant is the parliamentary way of putting it.

"German Togoland, whose aspirations towards nationality have been again aroused by the recent promises of the Czar, is destined to be for us part of a new European state under the protection of Russia."

Leader (B. E. Africa).

The fate of German Pololand in Africa will be decided in our next.

"Mr. Murphy asked what would be the cost of doing these works.

Surveyor—I cannot say vbgkqis shr mc."

Wicklow Newsletter.

Neither can we, but we should never have thought of mentioning it to Mr. MURPHY at this juncture.



Chorus from the trench. "WHAT 'AVE YOU GOT THERE, TOM?" *Tom (bringing in huge Uhlan).* "SOUVENIR."

A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

V.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Our Battalion has gone. It has called back to the ranks all but a few of its soldier clerks. Even as I write it is racing through the darkness across the Indian plains to its new station. I can almost hear the grinding thunder of the wheels; the thud of men sleeping on the seats as they roll off and crash upon men sleeping on the floors; the pungent oaths mingling with the shriek of the engine whistle . . . and I am left behind in the Divisional Staff Office and attached to another Territorial unit just arrived from England. Woe is me!

I paid a last visit to the barracks to see my comrades before they left. They were well and cheerful, but all suffering from a singular delusion. When I expressed regret that I was not accompanying them owing to the fact that my services could not be spared from the Office, they all assured me with perfect gravity that this was not the real explanation of my being left behind. While I have been plying the pen, they, it appears, have reached such a state of military proficiency that to re-introduce me into the ranks at this stage would have had a most disintegrating effect upon the *moral* of the entire Battalion.

It was hard on me, they were prepared to admit, but efficiency must come first. When, very shortly, they march down *Unter den Linden* I must surely recognise how very disastrous it would be for me to be there with my rifle at an unprofessional slope. It would be so noticeable in the pictures afterwards.

They were all full of kindly commiseration about my future. They, of course, will presently be leaving for the Front. England will ring from end to end with the story of their prowess. In six weeks they will have beaten the Germans to a standstill. Then—best of all—they will return home, covered with glory and medals, to be received with frantic demonstrations of joy, affection and adulation.

Several years later, I gather, I may (if exceptionally lucky) return to England unhonoured and unsung, with indelible inkstains on my fingers and three vaccination marks on my left forearm as my only mementoes of the Great War. On the other hand, having got fairly into the grip of the Indian Government, it is quite likely that I shall end my days here.

Perceiving my chagrin at this prospect, one of them generously promised to present me with a few Iron Crosses which he anticipates collecting on the battlefield. But this gift, he was at pains to point out, was contingent upon the very improbable circumstance of my surviving plague, dysentery, enteric, smallpox, heat apoplexy, snake-bite and other perils of a prolonged sojourn in India.

In the immediate future I can unfortunately see for myself that my prospects are of the gloomiest. When I mildly suggested to my Colour Sergeant that he should send me my pay by post each week from the new station, he stared at me fixedly and reminded me with unnecessary and offensive emphasis that I was now attached to another regiment, and that he had finally and thankfully washed his hands of all responsibility concerning me. When I sought out my new Colour, he informed me even more emphatically that I was merely attached to his company for disciplinary purposes and that it was blooming well useless for me to look to him for pay. So there I am.

It is the same with rations. None were sent for me this morning. It is tolerably certain that none will be sent to-morrow.

Ah, well, it will be a sad and disappointing end to a promising career,

won't it, Mr. Punch? I feel sure if Lord KITCHENER knew the facts of the case he would do something about it. Perhaps you could approach him on the matter. Still, I have read somewhere that life can be supported on four bananas a day. I can get eight bananas for an anna here, and I have Rs. 1, As. 7, P. 2 remaining in my money belt. I leave you to work it out.

I remember now that a wandering Punjabi fortune-teller revealed to me at Christmas that I should live to be 107. That was one of his best points. He also told me that I should be married three times and have eleven children; that I had a kind heart; that a short dark lady was interested in my career; that the KAISER would be dethroned next June; and that fortune-telling was a precarious means of livelihood and its professors were largely dependent upon the generosity of wealthy *sahibs* such as myself. Wealthy!

But he was a true prophet in one particular. He foretold that I should shortly be unhappy on account of a parting.

Seriously, Mr. Punch, it was hard to say good-bye to all my friends; it is not cheering to reflect now that they are a thousand miles away, amid fresh and fascinating scenes, about to undergo novel and wonderful experiences from which I am debarred. But there is one lesson which the Army teaches very efficiently—that, whatever one's personal feelings, orders have to be obeyed without question.

And I suppose they also serve who only sit and refer correspondents to obscure sub-sections and appendices of Army Regulations, India.

Yours ever,

ONE OF THE *PUNCH* BRIGADE.

THE COLLECTOR.

ONCE upon a time there was an Old Gentleman who lived in a Very Comfortable Way; and some of his Neighbours said he was Rich and others that, at any rate, he was Well Off, and others again that at least he had Considerable Private Means. And when the Great War broke out it was clear that he was much too Old to fight, and he wasn't able to speak at Recruiting Meetings on account of an Impediment in his Speech, and he had no Soldiers billeted upon him, because there were no Soldiers there, and he could not take in Belgian Refugees because he lived on the East Coast—so he just read the Papers and pottered about the Garden as he used to do before.

But after a time it was noticed that he began to "draw in," as his Neighbours said. First he gave up his Motor, and when his Gardener enlisted he didn't get Another; and he never had a Fire in his Bedroom. And his Neighbours, on thinking it over, concluded that he had been Hard Hit by the War. But None of them knew how.

Then he began to travel Third Class and gave up Smoking Cigars. And they thought he was waiting till the Stock Exchange opened.

Then they noticed that he got no new Clothes and his old ones were not so smart as they used to be. And as the Stock Exchange was open by now they began to believe that he must have become a Miser and was getting meaner as he got older. And they all said it was a Pity. But he went on reading the Papers and pottering round the Garden much as before.



FOR NEUTRAL NATIONS.

BRITANNIA STILL SITTING ON THE COPPER.

And the Tradespeople found that the Books were not so big as they used to be, and they began to say that it was a Pity when people who had Money didn't know how to spend it.

But the Truth is that they were all wrong; he was a Collector. That was how the Money went.

He never told anyone about his Collection, but he kept it in the Top Drawer of his Desk till it got too big and overflowed into the Second Drawer, and then into the Third, and so on.

He was quite determined that his Collection should be complete and should contain Every Sound Specimen—that was partly why he kept reading the Papers. But he didn't mind having Duplicates as long as they had Different Dates. There was one Specimen of which he got a Duplicate every Week.

One of his Rules was never to allow any Specimen into his Collection unless it had a Stamp on it.

It was quite a New Sort of Collection. It was made up of Receipts from the People who were running All The Different War Funds.

THE SOLDIER'S COAT.

AFTER his ample dinner, William sank into the big chair before the fire, and with a book on his knee became lost in thought.

He woke half-an-hour later to observe that Margaret was knitting.

"It's sheer waste of time," he told her, "to make anything of wool that colour."

"Is it?" she asked sweetly.

"If there's no more khaki or brown wool left in the shops, you should make something of flannel. Any self-respecting soldier would rather be frost-bitten to death a dozen times than wear a garment of pink wool."

"Do you think so?" asked Margaret, smiling.

"Besides, you really ought to stick to the beaten track—belts, mufflers and mittens. Nobody wants ear-muffs."

"This is going to be a coat," she said, holding it up and surveying it with satisfaction.

"A coat?—that handful of pink, a coat? That feeble likeness of an egg-cosy, a coat? A pink woollen coat for a British soldier! My poor friend over there in the trenches, whoever you are, may Heaven help you! And may Heaven forgive you, Margaret, for this night's work!"

"I shan't finish it to-night—it'll take days. And he'll be very proud of it, I know."

"Who will?"

"The so'dier-boy will. Bless his heart; he's a born fighter—anyone can see it with half an eye. Mabel says——"

"Oh, one of Mabel's pals, is it? Well, what's Donald doing to allow Mabel to take such an interest in this precious soldier-boy who is prepared to be proud of a coat of soft pink wool? Who is the idiot?"

"He's no idiot, and his name's Peter," said Margaret.

"Peter! Peter what?"

"Dear old thing, I wish you'd pull yourself together, and try to realise that you have been an uncle for at least three weeks. Donald and Mabel are going to call him 'Peter'—didn't I tell you?"

"South Wales. Safe Southern shelter from shells and shrapnel."—*Advt. in "The Times."*

Just the place for our shy young sister Susie to sew shirts for soldiers in.

"On the outbreak of war M. F. van Droogenbroeck, an engineer, joined the Belgian Flying Corps, and did most useful work, being complimented by his King for his invention of a new kind of aircomb."

Daily Mirror.

Our own 'air-comb is the old kind with a couple of spikes missing.

THE KEEP-IT-DARK CITY.

[Even the more obscure of the American papers often contain important news of the doings of the British army many days before the Censor allows the information to be published in England.]

I AM told that few exploits are finer
Than a battle our Blankshires have won,
So bring me *The Michigan Miner*,
For I'm anxious to read how 'twas done;
If *The Miner*'s not easy to hit on,
Get *The Maryland Trumpet;* it treats
Of a story that's kept, to the Briton,
As dark as the Westminster streets!

As our soldiers from north of the Border
Some vital positions have stormed,
Put *The Oregon Message* on order
To keep me completely informed!
One moment! I've just heard a rumour
That the Germans' whole front has been cleft—
Quick! Rush for *The Tennessee Boomer;*
Heaven grant that a copy is left!

Each day in this keep-it-dark city,
Officials, to us, seem unkind
To censor such news without pity,
But, of course, they've an object in mind;
For a man, when his spirits touch zero
Through a natural yearning for facts,
Will enlist, and *himself* be a hero
Where no one can censor his ACTS!

AN ESSAY IN CRITICISM.

O AUTHORS, remember to join your flats!

The novel was going splendidly. I had been revelling in it. I was sitting in one chair, with my feet in another, not far from the fire, plunged in the story, when all of a sudden my pleasure went.

It was in Chapter xvii., where the young doctor takes a taxi and rushes up to the actress's flat so as to be there first, before Lord Burlington. You must understand that the young doctor is newly in practice and has the greatest difficulty in making both ends meet. Well, it says that he sprang from the cab and was half-way up the stairs in a moment. That was all right, but the point is that he stayed two hours hunting for the missing letter. Now this is a very exciting passage, because we know that the detective may be here any minute, and Lord Burlington is coming too, and if either of them—well, the point is that, owing to the author forgetting to make the young doctor pay the taxi-man, all my pleasure went.

I am not unduly economical, but I hate downright waste, and here was the taximeter ticking all through the rest of that chapter and the next, and further still. Had it been Lord Burlington's cab I should have cared less, for he was rich; had it been the detective's I should not have cared at all, because the driver might have gone to Scotland Yard for his money. But the young doctor was so poor, and sooner or later he would have to come out of the flat again, and then he would be caught and faced with an impossible bill; and this got on my nerves.

As I say, the story was frightfully exciting just there, but I found myself, instead of participating in the excitement, saying, "Another twopence"; "Twopence more"; It must be four shillings by now," "Five shillings," and so on. Not even when the face of the Chinaman appeared at the window—he had climbed up the water-pipe and had a dagger in his teeth—could I really concentrate. "Seven-and-six by now," was all I said.

The result was that the effect of the book was lost on me and I cared nothing for what happened to any one. The taximeter ticked through every subsequent page. Long after we got away from London altogether and the young doctor was on his way to Hong Kong, racing the detective, I still heard the taximeter ticking; just because the man had never been paid. It ticked through the wedding bells; and it ticked through the strangling of Lord Burlington in one of the Adelphi arches, with which the story closes.

And that is why I say, O authors, remember to join your flats.



First Patriot. "AH! I SEE YOU HAVEN'T YET CHANGED THE NAME OF YOUR EAU-DE-COLOGNE."

Second Patriot. "PARDON ME, MADAM. I HAVE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF LABELLING MY NEW SUPPLY 'COLOGNE WATER.'"

The Slump in Prussians.

(SORTES VERGILIANÆ.)

"*Procumbit humi Bosch.*"

AT THE PLAY.

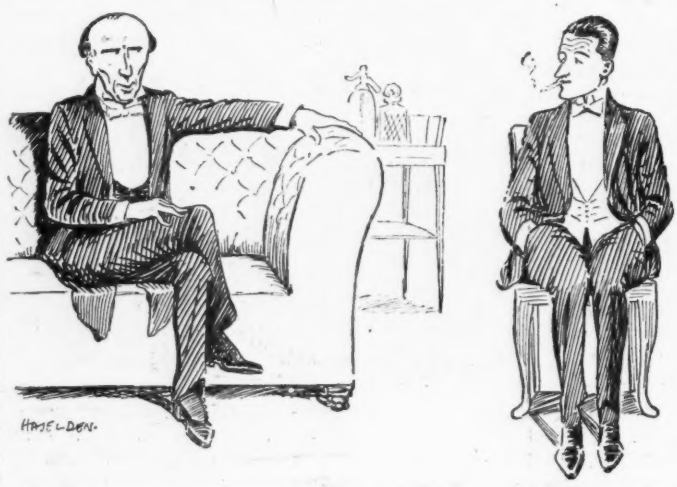
"SEARCHLIGHTS."

THE title was not, of course, meant to deceive, for Mr. VACHELL is an honest man; and anyhow the critics, for that is their business, would be swift to disillusionize the public; but in our permissible state of suspicion, the audience might easily be led to suppose from the word "Searchlights," combined with the early appearance of an imported Teuton in the person of *Sir Adalbert Schmaltz*, that spy-work was in the air. But the genial domesticity of this naturalized Scot quickly disposed of our unworthy apprehensions, and we soon learned that his *provenance* had no bearing upon the issue.

That issue was concerned with a question of paternity, whose acuteness happened to be contemporaneous with that of the present European crisis. I say "happened"; for here again I cast no reflection upon Mr. VACHELL'S intent, or suggest that the war-element in his play was introduced as an afterthought into his original scheme. If it was, which I doubt, then the patchwork was cleverly concealed; and my only complaint must be of a certain obscurity in the relation between the two patterns in his design. For if the title implied that the effect of the War was to throw a searchlight into the dark places of the human heart (as distinguished from its influence upon our City streets), I do not think that in the case of *Robert Blaine's* heart, if he had one, the author has made this operation sufficiently clear.

Mrs. Blaine had a grown-up son, born after five years of barren wedlock, who was the object of her husband's profound detestation. After some twenty years—a little late, perhaps, in the day, but the author wished us to be present when he did it—*Robert Blaine*, at a moment when his wife is trying to get her boy out of a tight corner, declares an inveterate doubt of his fatherhood, and she makes confession of her fault. Subsequently—in a "strong" scene—she recants, alleging that her confession was a work of creative art, produced in a spasm of spite; and everybody except the immovable *Blaine* is vastly relieved.

But not for long, for she presently recants her recantation. You will guess that, though a little shaken, we were not in despair, but looked hopefully for a re-recantation. But you are in error. Her second confession, though no words passed her lips, was obviously final. And what induced it? What was the piece of conviction? If you will believe me, it was just a photograph with which her husband confronted her—an old photograph of her lover that she mistook for her son's, so close was the likeness. This was surely a flaw in Mr. VACHELL'S scheme, for it is unbelievable that she should have hitherto overlooked this fatal resemblance, even if her attention had not as a fact been called to it by a garrulous friend at quite an early stage in the proceedings of the play.



ROBERT BLAINE EXPERIENCING HOW VERY MUCH SHARPER THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH IT IS TO HAVE SOMEBODY ELSE'S THANKLESS CHILD.

Robert Blaine . . . . . MR. H. B. IRVING.
Harry Blaine . . . . . MR. REGINALD OWEN.

Another weakness, common enough where an author wants to show a variety of types and excuses himself from the trouble of assorting them, was to be seen in the extreme improbability of the friendship between *Blaine* and *Sir Adalbert Schmaltz*. These two were always staying in one another's houses yet there never could have been the smallest of tastes in common between the dour and moody financier and the light-hearted consumer of lager beer and *delikatessen*.

But I prefer, if you please, to dwell upon the shining virtues of Mr. VACHELL'S *Searchlights*. With the exception of an interlude or two of needless triviality—*Lady Schmaltz's* sobbing scene, for instance—the essentials of the tragic theme held us grimly in their grasp. But always we could find relief in the author's humanity, revealed not only in the passionate devotion of the mother's heart, but in the persuasive character of her boy, and the unaffected quality of his relations both to her and to the girl who wanted his love.

Mr. VACHELL would be the first to acknowledge, and generously, how much he owes to the really remarkable performance, as *Mrs. Blaine*, of Miss FAY DAVIS, who can never before have accomplished so high an achievement. But the matter was there for her clever hands to shape, and that was the author's doing.

Mr. HARRY IRVING'S, too, was a fine performance, though, from the moment of his entrance, a figure of sinister portent, he lacked all contrast of light and shade. But, to be just, that was hardly in the part, as made—deliberately, so it seemed—for those particular methods of which he is the master.

As for Mr. HOLMAN CLARK, if all Teutons, naturalized or other, were like his *Sir Adalbert Schmaltz* (or *Sir Keith Howard*, as he called himself after the War began, on the principle that the best was good enough for him) I should have small ground of quarrel with the race. But how this joyous German ever came to wear a kilt and own a deer-forest I cannot hope to understand, for there was no hint of Semitic origin in his face or composition.

Mr. REGINALD OWEN made a most human soldier-boy, and I shall never want to meet a Guardsman with a better manner or an easier sense of humour. I remark, by the way, that young *Blaine* is the second stage-hero (the first was in *The Cost*) whom the War has affected in the head.

Miss MARGERY MAUDE, though she had the rather ungrateful part of a girl who is quite ready, thank you, to be loved as soon as you feel like it, played, as always, with a very perfect tact and charm.

Finally, Miss KATE BISHOP was her dear old self, and Mr. TOM REYNOLDS' sketch of a solicitor was as bright as it was brief.

I venture to offer my best compliments both to the cast and to the author, and to hope that his *Searchlights* may serve well to pierce the shadows of the night through which we are passing. O. S.



Tommy (late gamekeeper). "MARK OVER!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

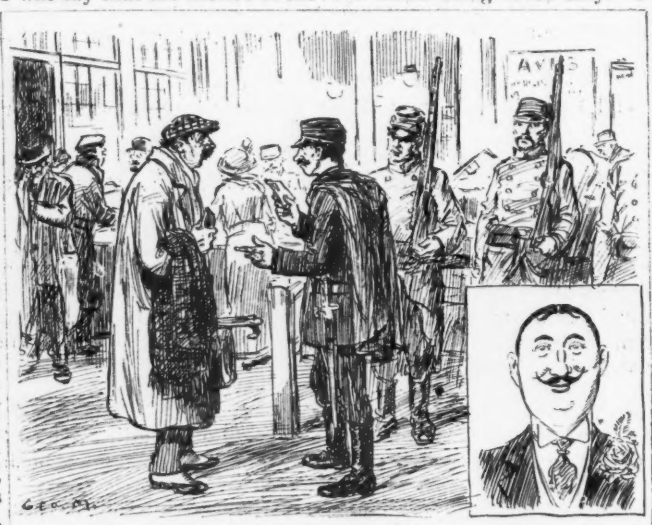
(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

MISS VIOLA MEYNELL brings to her analysis of character an astonishingly acute observation and insight, an intimate sympathy, a quiet, leavening, sometimes faintly malicious, humour; and to her synthesis a conscientious and dexterous artistry in selection and arrangement which gives a vividly objective reality to her creations. So that you may put down her *Columbine* (SECKER) with something like the guilty feeling of an eavesdropper. Love in its effect upon three girls is her main theme, and it is difficult to over-praise her skill and restraint in the handling of it. *Lily Peak*, the actress, beautiful, passionless, incompetent, with her irrelevant banality and her second-hand philosophy of living, is a veritable *tour de force* of characterisation which cleverly avoids the easy pit of caricature. And between this pretty nonentity and *Jennifer*, the competent, the loyal and the deep, with her occasional flashes of beauty and her innocent provocativeness, *Dixon Parrish*, one of those self-analytic, essentially cool-blooded modern young men, wavers to the tragic hurt of all the three. *Alison*, his sister, full of moodiness and passionate pre-occupations, moves unquiet on the well-planned background which holds that genially absurd pseudo-intellectual, her father; the kindly negative *Mrs. Parrish*; *Gilbert*, *Alison's* lover (the least satisfactory of the portraits); the pleasantly pretentious *Madame Barrett* of the elocution classes; and "that *Mrs. Smith*," who is only (but adroitly) shown through *Lily's* artless chatter. Miss MEYNELL chooses to write chiefly of little moments in little lives. But she has adequate reserves of power for bigger work, as passages of warm colour placed with a fine judgment on her low-toned canvas abundantly prove, and meanwhile she has shown herself mistress of a method singularly skilful and restrained. She does not describe or explain or soliloquise. All her points are made through the speech, the actions or the expressed thought of her characters—the manifestly excellent way which so few have the wit or the courage to follow.

Mr. Leo Brandish, so Miss PEGGY WEBLING assures me, intends to write the professional biography of their mutual hero, that notable actor and admirable gentleman, *Edgar Chirrup* (METHUEN). In the meantime she has told us all about the man himself, at least as far as the last page that he has turned, the one where the dogs and the rocking-horse are included in the family portrait, with his children and the wife whom you and I, and everyone else for that matter, realised was the one for him long before he did. Some of the other pages in his life were less satisfactory, more particularly those on which Fate had inscribed, not in the most convincing fashion (but perhaps the authoress jogged Fate's elbow), the history of his sudden unworthy infatuation. If I could not forget or ever quite understand this episode, neither could "*Chirps*" himself in the years that followed, when the lovableness and loyalty that had already won my affections were pleading for his release, with the ladies (Fate and Miss WEBLING, I mean) collaborating over his destiny. It would indeed be pitiful if any but the happiest of endings had been in store for the hero and his *Ruth*, for sweeter and simpler folk have seldom been persuaded by any writer to smile a genial public into arm-chair content. And the secret of their charm would

seem to be just that they have been able to catch the qualities of sympathy and sincerity that belonged in the first case to the manner of the telling of their story; so perhaps, after all, nothing but good was meant them from the start. At any rate from first to last there is not a page in this book that is not sweet, wholesome and entirely readable. Here is tenderness without mawkishness, humour without noise, a sufficiency of action without harshness of outline; most surprising, here is a story, in which many of the characters are of the Stage, presented with an entire absence of limelight or any other vulgarity. All this, indeed, one expects from the title-page; but none the less it is no mean achievement. And so—my congratulations.

Through the Ages Beloved (HUTCHINSON) might be fairly described as an unusual story. I am bound to say that I both admired and enjoyed it; but at the same time a more tangled tale it was never my task to unravel. For the benefit of future explorers I will say that the motive of the plot—whose scene is laid in Japan—is reincarnation. Consequently, though the hero, *Kanaya*, begins as a modern student who has fought through the Russo-Japanese war, you must be prepared to find him and yourself switched suddenly without any warning into the remote past. I am not quite sure that Mr. H. GRAHAME RICHARDS has been playing the game here. So unheralded is the transference that even the close and careful reader will experience some bewilderment; as, for example, when the heroine, whose own name remains the same in both ages, re-enters with different parents. As for the skipper, his doom will be confusion unmitigated. However, once you have found your bearings again, there is much to admire in the treatment of a time and a place so eminently picturesque. Mr. RICHARDS' pen-pictures of Japanese scenery have all the delicate beauty of paintings upon ivory. The clear, clean air, the colour of sunrise flushing some exquisite landscape, a flight of birds crossing a garden of azaleas—all these are realized with obvious knowledge and enthusiasm, and more than compensate for the intricacy of the plot. But this is certainly there. Once only was I myself near vanquished. This was when the *Kanaya* of the past, himself the result of the modern *Kanaya* hitting his head on a stone, began to hint of uneasy visions pointing to a remote Port-Arthurian future. Here I confess that (like *Alice* and *The Red King*) I longed for some authoritative pronouncement as to who was the genuine dreamer, and who would "go out." Still, an original story, and one to be read, even if with knitting of brows.



THE PASSPORT WITH ACCOMPANYING PHOTOGRAPH SOMETIMES AROUSES SUSPICION. ONE SELDOM LOOKS LIKE ONESELF IMMEDIATELY AFTER A ROUGH CHANNEL CROSSING.

There seems some lack of proper respect in describing as a pot-boiler a story that, when no longer in its first youth, can enjoy a second blooming at ten shillings and sixpence net, in its own cardboard box, and embellished with any quantity of the liveliest coloured pictures. Yet I fear that this is my impression about *The Money Moon* (SAMPSON LOW). I have liked Mr. JEFFREY FARNOL'S other work too well to be able to accept this at its present sumptuous face-value. You remember no doubt how *George Bellew*, having been jilted by the girl of his original choice, set out upon a walking tour; how on the first day of this expedition he fought a bloody battle with a carter, about nothing in particular, and arrived at a village with the significant name of Dapplemere. You will not have forgotten that at Dapplemere there lived a small boy, who talked as boys do in books but nowhere else; a lavendery old lady-housekeeper whose name (need I remind you?) was *Miss Priscilla*; and a maiden as fair as she was impoverished. You recall too how all these charming people took *George* to their expansive hearts, and welcomed him as the ideal hero, without apparently once noticing that he must at the moment (on the author's own showing) have had a swollen nose and probably two black eyes. No, I repeat my verdict. The whole thing is too easy. I understand, however, that in America, where *The Money Moon* is at present shining more brightly than with us, there exists a steady demand for this rather saccharine fiction. So let us leave it at that.

There must be many persons (I am one of them myself) who, when confronted with a topical burlesque of *Alice in Wonderland*, would confess to a little regret. The book is such a treasured joy that one hates to have any hands, even the cleverest, laid upon it. Yet the deed is so often done that there is clearly a large public that does not share this view. Therefore a welcome seems assured for what is certainly, so far, the wittiest of the attempts, *Malice in Kulturland* (THE CAR ILLUSTRATED), written by HORACE WYATT, with pictures by TELL. The ingenuity with which the parodists have handled their task makes me wish that my personal prejudice had allowed me to appreciate it more whole-heartedly. Especially neat is the transformation of the *Cheshire Cat* into a *Russian Bear*, seen everywhere in the wood (there is a clever drawing of this). You remember how, at *Alice's* request, the *Cat* kindly obliged with a gradual disappearance from tail to grin? The *Bear* does the same, "beginning with an official statement, and ending with a rumour, which was still very persistent for some time afterwards." Mr. WYATT has certainly a pretty turn of wit, which I shall look to see him developing in other and more virgin fields.

"CAN WINKLES BE ELIMINATED?"
Bristol Observer.

They can be withdrawn with a pin.

"An ewe, owned by Mr. Sydney Crowther, of Oak View Farm, Plompton, near Harrogate, has given birth to a lamb."
Yorkshire Evening Post.

One would have expected a lion in these martial days.

CHARIVARIA.

DR. RICHARD STRAUSS has composed a new March for the KAISER. It is presumably one with the Ides left out.

* * *

It is not only to their enemies that the Germans are cruel. The WAR LORD is said to have forbidden the stout gentlemen who form the Landwehr to wear body-belts, on the ground that these would make them appear stouter still.

* * *

The KAISER, a Berlin message informs us, took a stroll in the Zoo the other day. We doubt however whether the wild beasts can teach him anything.

* * *

"If I had my way," writes a correspondent, "I would shoot every spy on the spot." Yes, but supposing he hasn't got a spot?

* * *

"Why," asks a silly fellow, "should not our ships fly the flag of the Swiss Navy? To this no possible exception could be taken."

* * *

We have heard a good deal about a wonderful long-distance gun which the Germans are said to have in reserve, but an official communiqué issued from Berlin shows that this has been easily outclassed by guns in the possession of the despised Yankees. "On the Western front," we are told, "shells have been found which undoubtedly came from American factories."

* * *

It is semi-officially announced at Athens that the report which has appeared in the Italian Press of the intended marriage of the Crown Prince of GREECE and Princess ELIZABETH of ROUMANIA is an invention. It is possible, however, that it may be considered in the light of a suggestion, and we understand that the parties concerned are much obliged to the newspapers for the idea.

* * *

Yet another change of name is announced. We learn from a German source that JOAN OF ARC has now become JOHANNA VON AACHEN.

* * *

We note that a corps of "Optimists" has been formed. Why not a battalion of Pessimists as well? We have plenty of material to hand, and, if these came into contact with the enemy, they could do incalculable harm with their powers of depression.

* * *

"What," asks *Ignoramus*, "is the meaning of the little pieces of black ribbon which the Welsh Regiment wears at the back of its tunic collars? Has it anything to do with what the Germans call 'Der Tag'?"

* * *

The inmates of a certain London *pension* were interested to hear, the other day, that their late cook is in the German Navy, and they are now picturing him in the foremost rank when the order is given, "Prepare to repel boarders."

* * *

In Germany, cat-skins are being converted into garments for the troops, and it is said to be a heartrending sight to see the poor pussies shivering without their fur. However, at the instigation of an animal-lovers' society, kind-hearted women are now reported to be knitting costumes for the poor derelicts.

* * *

"Mr. John Gibson, a schoolmaster of Rotherham, Yorkshire, has, *The Mail* informs us, "caught a white cabbage butterfly." We are left to presume that this aviator was a German.

* * *

Answer to a Correspondent:—We quite agree with you that among the worst peculiarities of the KAISER are his marked pro-German tendencies.

* * *

Hairdressers all over the country, says *The Express*, are complaining that, with so many men at the Front or in the various training camps, they are finding it difficult to earn a living. Even those persons who have not enlisted are keeping their hair on.

* * *

Owing to the fact that nearly 250 elementary schools have been utilised for military purposes about 13,000 children have been compelled to take a holiday. Thanks, no doubt, to the splendid patriotic spirit which is sweeping the country, in no single instance was it necessary to use force.

* * *

A gentleman writes from Half Moon Street to *The Times* to complain of the "high-handed methods" of our Passports Department. On the form provided for the purpose he described his face as "intelligent," but the passport called it "oval." This, we suppose, is one of the drawbacks of a photograph having to be provided. Possibly it might still be practicable to compromise by getting the description altered to "Half Moon face"?



Father (on leave from the front). "I THINK WE 'D BETTER BE GOING HOME NOW, MARGERY."

Margery. "OH, NO, DAD—NOT YET. THERE ARE A LOT MORE PEOPLE I WANT TO SHOW YOU TO."

Another Scotch Raid on Ireland.

The retiring IRISH VICEROY's attempt to annex Tara to Aberdeen appears to have infected his countrymen. There is an evident conspiracy among the Scottish Press to alter the date of Ireland's patron saint, doubtless with some ulterior motive. "To-morrow is St. Patrick's Day," boldly asserts *The Stirling Sentinel* of February 16th, while *The Strathearn Herald* of the 13th declares with equal assurance that "Wednesday first is St. Patrick's Day." Until they can agree among themselves, *Mr. Punch* will continue to celebrate March 17th.

From *The Times*, "On Giving Advice":—

"... If a man comes and tells you that he disapproves of you, you can reply that you disapprove of him; and there is an end of it."

We should have thought that it had only just begun.

Recording KING ALBERT's flight in a Belgian bi-plane, the Exchange Telegraph Company says:—

"This is the first aerial reconnaissance, *at all events in recent times*, undertaken by a crowned King."

We like the Company's caution, and have gone so far as to italicize it. In these days of sweeping statements we cannot be too guarded in our language.

A FLAW IN THE ENEMY'S ARMOUR.

[*German Admiralty.* "We propose to attack all British merchantmen at sight."

Great Britain. "In that case our merchantmen will defend themselves."

German Admiralty. "O well, if they go and do a dastardly thing like that, of course we shall be justified in attacking them."

See paraphrase, issued to the Press by the German Embassy at Washington, of a Note handed to the State Department by Count BERNSTORFF.]

No, 'twas not Sir WILLIAM GILBERT
Who composed (the funny dog),
Full of flavour as a filbert,
This delightful dialogue;
British wits may not usurp its
Claim to beauty, which is due
To the tedious Admiral TIRPITZ
And the solemn pirate crew
Who 've arranged to scare us badly with their bolts from out the Blue.

Often I politely wonder,
As I watch the tranquil sea,
How these peals of paper thunder
Strike the natives on the Spree;
When they heard "The Jolly Roger"
Meant to scuttle our Marine,
And (from Thursday last) dislodge her
Off the surface of the scene—
How they took it all so gravely, with a heart so fresh and green.

Many virtues, past denying,
They possess without a peer—
That capacity for lying,
That amazing gift for beer;
As for pushfulness, no nation
Shows their match in shop or mart,
And, for pure self-admiration,
They 've reduced it to an art;
But in elementary humour they have still to make a start.

Though we 're not engaged in sport, I 'm
Rather sorry for a race
Which amid the stress of war-time
Does without this saving grace;
Much we others find to weary us
Where we wait for March to blow,
But our boredom can't be serious
While we still enjoy a foe
Which has got, in point of humour, such a dam long way to go.

O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XV.

(*From* SAMUEL PORTER, *generally known as* SHINING SAMMY, *aboard H.M.S.* —— *in the North Sea.*)

YOUR HIGH MIGHTINESS,—They tell me, and by what I can read about it it 's right, that you 're very angry with us sailormen. Well, you can go on being angry for all we care. Your being annoyed don't do us any manner of injury, although I daresay it frightens some of the chaps that hang round you and go on licking your boots till your head swells. But we 're not built that way. We 've got our duty to do and we 're going to do it, even if we do manage to hurt your Imperial German feelings—yours and old Turps's and all your other Admirals' into the bargain. If we hear of you setting to work to smash all your own crockery and kick the stuffing out of the Sunday chairs in the parlour, and tear up the carpets, and put your fist through the window-panes, d' you think that 's going to make any difference to us?

I had an uncle once, my mother's half-brother, but much older than her, their father having married a second time when he was well on in years. He was just one of your sort was my uncle, a big man and proud, and couldn't bear to be contradicted by his family. Consequence was his wife and all my cousins used to tremble before him, and it was "Get your father's boots and be quick about it," or "Sally, you 're sitting in your father's favourite chair; get a move on you, do;" and all that kind of thing, till he got to think he couldn't do wrong. Well, one night he come home in a temper through slipping up on a piece of banana skin and the pavement being a bit too hard for him. First thing he did when he got home, after kicking the door in, was to fall out with my aunt about there being no sausages for supper, and then they had it up and down through the whole house with him carrying on like a madman, until at last the policeman come in very quiet and sudden through the open door and asked to know what all the noise and scatteration meant. You never saw a man change so quick as that half-uncle of mine. All the wind went out of him pop, and he turned as quiet as a lamb, and said there'd been a slight misunderstanding; and ever afterwards, when he began to look ugly, my aunt could tone him down by whispering the word "misunderstanding."

It strikes me you 're just such another as uncle, and you 'll have to knuckle down same as he did. You 're not going to take command of the sea by shouting out loud that you 've got it. We 're there to see to that, and don't you forget it. All this talk of yours about sinking innocent merchant ships and sending their crews to Kingdom Come is what a real sailorman can't swallow. It only shows what you and Admiral Turps and the rest of you are made of. Mind, I don't say you 're not capable of it if you think you won't get your own skins hurt. You 've shown yourselves great chaps for the sneaking game, but you can't keep the old rule of the sea, which orders a man to save life as well as destroy it. You 're a great hand at blowing poor women and children to bits at fortified towns like Scarborough and Whitby, but when your Admiral got his chance of picking a few fellows out of the sea at Coronel, what did he do? Sailed away and left them to drown, and then said the sea was too rough. No real sailor could have said that, or even thought it, for a sailor thinks of the waves as his brothers and the winds as his sisters, and when the big guns have done speaking he 's out to rescue them as can't help themselves no more. When our men picked up yours they didn't stop to think about it or reason it out to themselves. They did it prompt because it was the old rule and they had to keep it or look on themselves as curs. I 'm sorry to have to say all this because I 'm not one for boasting; but the long and the short of it is that you don't understand the sea and your men don't understand the ways of sailors. And that 's why I think you 're not going to out us just yet. I don't respect you, not a bit, and when you 're angry and go racketing about the world, you mustn't take it unkind of me if you hear me laugh. There, I feel better now.

Yours, SHINING SAMMY.

The War in the Air.

In view of the alarming rumours as to the German preparations for invading us it is really comforting to learn, from a headline in *The Vancouver Daily Province* (*B.C.*), that there is—

"No foundation for Report of German Warships over Dover."

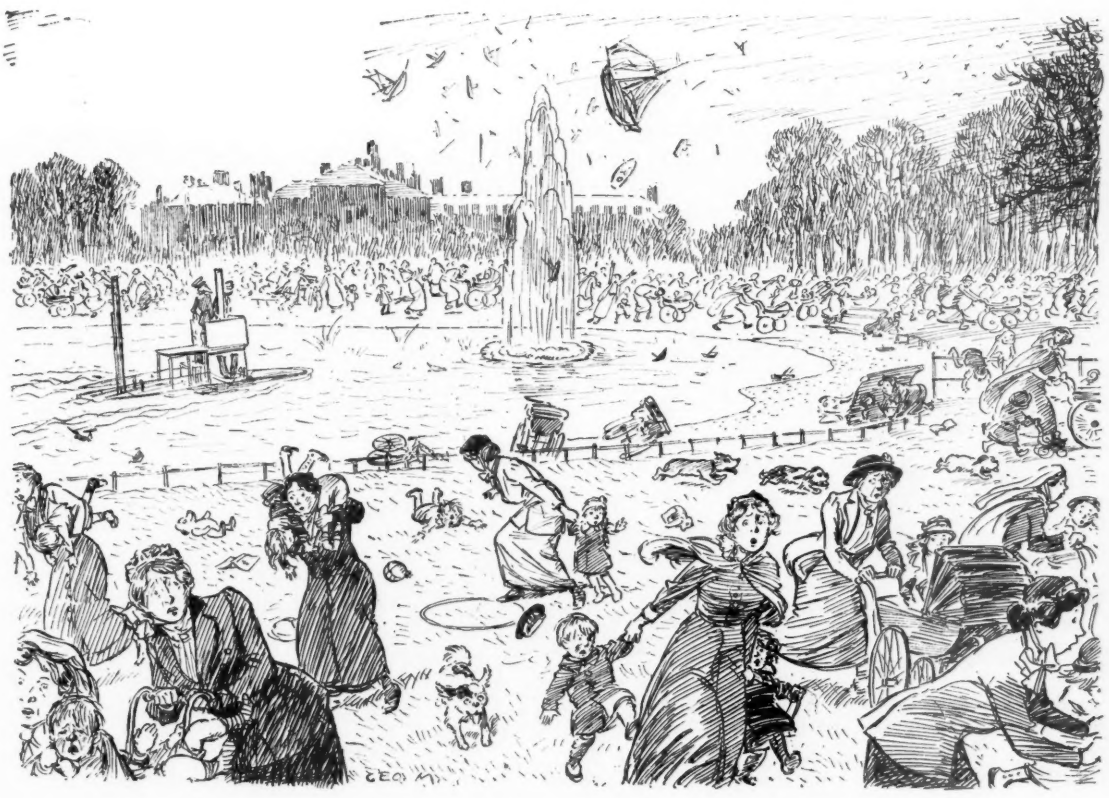
B.C. is evidently not so far behind the times as it sounds.



RIDERS OF THE WIND.

John Prospero Bull. "ARIEL, THY CHARGE
EXACTLY IS PERFORM'D; BUT THERE'S MORE WORK."

The Tempest, Act I., Sc. 2.



TIRPITZ'S DREAM: A SUBMARINE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

ENGLISH CONVERSATIONS FOR GERMAN RAIDERS.

THE German Expeditionary Force especially designed to land on our shores have been supplied with a little book entitled, *Tornister Wörterbuch Englisch*, or *An English Dictionary for the Knapsack*, supposed to have been published in 1912. From a cursory examination of this dictionary we notice that, with characteristic thoroughness, most things have been thought of, but no provision has been made for certain highly probable contingencies which might arise when the KAISER'S troops occupy London. We attempt to supply a few omissions on the lines of the phrases set down in the book.

IN THE 'BUS.

"Conductor, stop at the wine-cellars."

"Kindly get up, Madam; I desire to sit down."

"What is the time? Truly your watch is a handsome one! I will mind it for you. Pray take this receipt."

"Conductor, remove these passengers; I desire to doze. Call me when we reach the Bank."

"Your waterproof looks somewhat superior than mine, does it not? Let us exchange."

"Take me to the beer-gardens."

"I have eaten and drunk too much. Bring me an apothecary."

AT THE OFFICE OF THE CENSOR OF PLAYS.

"Withdraw forthwith all plays excepting those written by BERNARD SHAW, and also *The Flag-Lieutenant*."

"Re-write *The Flag-Lieutenant* so that ten British battleships, three cruisers and twelve destroyers are sunk by the German Navy twice nightly and thrice at each matinée performance."

"CHURCHILL, FISHER and BERESFORD, who will be present in the stage box at each performance, will lead the applause. During each *entr'acte* they will shout twice in chorus, 'Hoch! der Kaiser.'"

IN THE PRESS BUREAU OFFICE.

"Produce three German victories for each edition of the evening newspapers."

AT THE ZOO.

"Take me to the British lion house."

"Keeper, attention! If within two days the tails of these lions are not trained to droop you will spend the night in the den. Do not argue!"

IN THE RESTAURANT.

"I desire to pay my bill, and also that of my four friends. Five dinners, five magnums, ten cigars, fifteen liqueurs. Here are two shillings and fourpence."

"Silence, waiter! Do not fidget. Do not blink."

"It is forbidden to talk or argue with a Prussian officer."

"Remove that lady with the astrachan collar; it offends me."

Mr. Punch regrets that some little time ago he appears to have been misled by another paper into a wrong estimate of the attitude of the Mayor of SUNDERLAND in regard to the local formation of an Artillery Brigade. He now understands that, though as a member of the Society of Friends the Mayor of SUNDERLAND objects to engage personally in the work of recruiting, he gave his loyal co-operation to the Recruiting Committee in their efforts, already well advanced, to raise the Brigade.

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

My brother's wife and her husband had decided before the event that, if it was a boy, Smith and I were to be its godfathers; if it was a girl, I was to drop out. Smith, I should mention, was our rich friend, with the fur overcoat and no ties (family ties, that is), a man who could be safely depended on for a really solid silver mug. As matters fell out, it proved to be a girl. This, from my point of view, was just as well, since in any case I could not have risen above electro-plate, and quite possibly invidious comparisons between Smith and myself might have suggested themselves to the mind of my nephew. I am a sensitive man, one who does not care to be sniffed at, even by a godchild.

On a certain afternoon, when my niece was a little more than a month old, I dropped in on the family. I found my brother's wife sitting by the fire with her daughter on her lap.

"You are not looking well, Horace," she said.

I laughed a little thinly. "A slight cold," I replied.

As a matter of fact it was not a cold; it was the result of mental anxiety. I had seen the baby several times since its arrival, and the more I had studied it the more persistently had there grown in my mind a doubt as to how Smith, a man of æsthetic temperament, would be affected by it. If he jibbed, I knew I was pretty certain to be roped in to fill the gap.

"Baby is to be christened on Saturday," announced my brother's wife.

So it was all right after all. A wave of relief swept over me. I was so excited that I came close to my niece and smiled upon her. Her mother hastily lowered the child's flannel visor.

"Don't, Horace," she said.

"I suppose Smith was quite pleased to officiate?" I remarked.

"We haven't asked him yet," she answered; "but of course he will be delighted."

I sat down weakly. Saturday seemed very near.

"Has he seen her?" I asked in a low voice.

Something in my tone must have aroused her suspicions. "You don't mean to say, Horace, that you don't think she is perfectly beautiful? Look at her legs."

"The legs," I agreed, "are extremely *chic*, but the face——" I hesitated.

"Yes?" she said coldly.

"It has improved wonderfully, wonderfully; but don't you think it is still a little—er—lacking in finish, so to speak?"

"Several people have said," she observed icily, "that baby is very like you."

"Not in my hearing," I protested. "Besides, people always say kind things about babies."



1st Knut. "WAINING AGAIN! BEASTLY WOTTEN WEATHAH!"
2nd Knut. "YAAS, OLD MAN. THESE WEATHAH CONDITIONS GIVE ONE A VEWY VIVID IDEAH OF LIFE IN THE TWENCHES!"

"Except their uncles," she retorted.

"Believe me," I said earnestly, "I love this child. In all probability she will blossom into the apple of my eye. On the other hand, I happen to know that Smith, who has always led a strictly shielded life, has never yet been introduced to so young a baby; and speaking for the moment not as an uncle, but merely as a man, I am inclined to think that just at present she would, to put it plainly, frighten him. Now consider. You wish Smith to become your daughter's godfather. Is it wise, in the child's own interests, to run the risk of a refusal by precipitating matters? No, no; wait a few weeks longer; the delay will involve no extra charge. Baby is changing for the better every day, and I am confident that in a little while her countenance will have developed most of the customary details."

My brother's wife rose with her infant and walked across the room. "I think you are perfectly inhuman," she said. "I am writing to Mr. Smith myself to-night, and I shall ask him to call and see baby at once." She went out, banging the door, by a clever sleight of foot, behind her.

On the next day but one I received a note from my brother asking me to come round at once. With a heavy heart I complied with his request. He took me into his study and shut the door. "I'm afraid Smith is a non-starter," he said. "Yesterday morning, when I mentioned the matter to him, he seemed quite enthusiastic. In the afternoon he called to see the child. Unfortunately we were both out, and baby was in charge of her nurse. I cannot gather from the woman exactly what occurred at the interview; she is most evasive about it. But it appears that Smith was very much upset by something or other, and that he only stayed a minute or two. The housemaid, who let him out, declares that he was trembling violently. This morning I got a wire from him."

He handed me a telegram: "Very sorry cannot fulfil engagement have volunteered for motor section anti-aircraft service leaving for London immediately SMITH."

"I can hardly believe it," my brother went on; "it's one of the most dangerous branches of the service, and Smith never struck me as being a man of much physical courage."

"He is not," I replied, "but in this case he evidently fears the Front less than the font."

My brother looked at me thoughtfully. "I suppose we can rely on you for Saturday, Horace?"

"Yes," I answered sadly.

On my way home I went into the jeweller's and chose a very large and handsome silver mug, which I directed to be despatched to my godchild.

"Will you pay for it now, Sir?" the jeweller asked.

"No," I said; "put it down to Mr. Ebenezer Smith of the motor section of the anti-aircraft service."

ANOTHER DOG OF WAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—When my master got the mail a month old, he opened *Punch* first (as he always does), and when he saw the letter from the "Very Sad Dog," he sat me on the ward-room table and read it out to me. I wept till the tears rolled down my face, because of course every dog should be with his master at the Front. I am a very proud dog, and my Airedale father and Irish Terrier mother would yelp for joy if they knew, because of course I *insisted* on going to the Front with Master. When we mobilised, Master took me off on a ridey-walk to the stables, and he stayed a long time stroking his polo ponies, until I heard him say, "Good-bye, my darlings." Then I began to suspect something.

Concealing the jealous pangs I always feel when he is near these beasts, I hurried back to the depôt-ship and found his servant *packing!* I have been had that way once before. Never again. That evening I went on board our (master calls it his) torpedo boat destroyer and got into a locker in the ward-room pantry. The locker is two feet square and I weigh forty-five pounds, but I managed it. A ham was in the next locker, and I never budged an inch, although I have a passion for ham. At midnight I heard Master come on board, reading out from a signal pad about hostilities and shouting Hoorah! He hailed the quartermaster and said something about having lost his d——d dog (that's me) and wanting the mess to look after me. I quivered with anxiety.

Presently we cast off, and when I knew by the fact of the ham bumping against my partition that we were going at full speed I climbed on deck. I always rather funk the ordeal of meeting Master on these occasions, but the result is always the same: I stay. I did the usual performance of wagging my tail, then squirming on the deck and trying to look as if I'd got there by accident, etc., until I was forgiven, after having been called a stowaway and a possible German spy. Master's naval vocabulary is so extensive that if I were to repeat what he said when we met it would resemble one of those despatches that the —— Censor has to handle.

Living in a T.B.D. I don't get much exercise except when Master takes me over to see his friends in the other boats. A cat lives in one and a rabbit in the other. I come back feeling pleasantly tired.

I have to put up with a good deal of neglect nowadays. In the old days Master was always talking to me in a special language of our own, such as "Yarafattog" (which means you are a fat dog), but now he spends most of his time poring over charts and muttering to himself strange German names. I am sick of being at sea all day (and, between ourselves, have been several times) and am anxiously waiting for another splendid hunt like the one we had off Heligoland or some such place, though Master refers to it as the Helofafight. When the guns went off I growled all the time and the hair on my back stuck out so stiff that it took Master's servant a good week's combing and brushing to get it smooth again.

I am very useful on board. To mention only one instance, at lunch-time we were rolling about 50° each way and the corned beef came off the table. I actually succeeded in catching it before it fell on to the deck, and saved it from being rendered uneatable by the salt water on the deck. Master came down at that moment and called me a Hun (which is German for hound); but when he saw that the empty plates (which aren't eatable) had also fallen off the table, he apologised and said I was a British dog all right.

I sleep in the bunk with Master (we sometimes get a good four hours' sleep every third or fourth day) and then I dream I am back again in the old park at home chasing the rabbits. I had to apologise to Master the other night, as after a very fine run and just as I was about to catch a succulent rabbit I woke up to find I had nearly



Small boy (much interested in Shopman's reason for high price of eggs). "BUT, MUMMY, HOW DO THE HENS *KNOW* WE'RE AT WAR WITH GERMANY?"

kicked him out of the bunk. He looked at me and said, "You old ruffian, I know where you've been hunting, but it's weak to think of such things nowadays;" so I try not to dream any more.

When I am on watch with Master I wear a thing called a "Balaclava helmet." *She* sent it to Master, who spent half-an-hour trying to find out where and how to put it on. Then he offered it to the coxswain, who said he "didn't 'old with them new-fangled ideas." The crew looked at it and said the weather was too cold for bathing yet, and so Master decided it was just the thing for *me*. Where and how I wear it I cannot describe in case *she* sees my letter, but it keeps me nice and warm.

When I come back after the War Master has promised me a medal. If I don't come back, and I heard Master say once that "our graves are under our keel," you'll know I'm still with Master. With two licks and a wag-tail,

I remain, Yours faithfully,

A VERY GLAD DOG.

[Will the author, of the above letter kindly communicate to the Editor his full name and as much of his address as the Censor will pass?]

OVERCROWDING IN THE PARKS.

WE are faced with the overcrowding problem again—this time in the Parks. Last Sunday we were manœuvring against a convoy represented by our Motor Section. I was in the General Reserve—I always am. The principal business of the General Reserve is to catch cold. On this occasion the General Reserve consisted of two platoons, inclusive of Bailey and myself.

The trouble started with Dawkins. Dawkins was sent scouting. He had only just entered a convenient coppice, sat down and lit his pipe, when he was violently prodded in the back. It was then intimated to him that he was a prisoner. Dawkins, who has a good general knowledge of life, naturally demanded the nature of the charge and production of the warrant. Not receiving anything like the proper stereotyped reply, Dawkins correctly diagnosed that his captor was not a constable, common or special, and prepared to debate the matter. The allegation against Dawkins was that he was loitering within the lines of the Bermondsey Billposters in possession of arms and no satisfactory password. Dawkins asserts that he used every endeavour to preserve peace. He pointed out that the Billposters' pitch possessed no visible lines of demarcation; that the Park was not vested in the Billposters, and that "arms" was an exaggerated term to apply to his ancient but trusty musket. He even tried several guesses at the password, but, after drawing a blank with the word "paste," gave it up.

In the course of the ensuing argument they reached the edge of the coppice and our Company Commander mistook Dawkins' gesticulations with his rifle for the signal "Enemy in sight in large numbers." He at once dispatched No. 1 Platoon to hold the coppice.

The next incident was the discovery of a signaller on the rising ground east by north-east. Hammersley, our Semaphore expert, without hesitation declared that the message was being sent in Morse, while Holloway, our Morse expert, was equally emphatic that it was Semaphore. On my suggestion that it might be a code message, Jenkins, who once won an acrostic competition, was co-opted on to the committee. To everyone's astonishment the committee came to a decision. They announced that it was a code message sent partly in Morse and partly in Semaphore and that the true interpretation of it was that we were to make a flank attack on the right. It subsequently transpired that the signaller was an unattached individual practising what he believed to be Semaphore for his own edification.

Meanwhile our Commander marched off No. 2 Platoon with the exception of Bailey and myself. We were left to hold the position and "keep in touch." Having no precise instructions as to what we were to keep in touch with, we decided to start on Bailey's sandwiches. I was lodging a complaint at the parcity of mustard when an excited officer of cyclists appeared. He wanted the General Reserve, and we offered our services. He seemed dissatisfied with us, more, I presume, on the ground of quantity than quality. We assured him that there had been more of us, but that the others had gone off on some errand the nature of which we had forgotten, though Bailey thought that it had to do with mushrooms. When he wanted to know which of us was in command we were not in accord on the subject and offered to submit the matter to him for arbitration. Having ascertained that there was nothing between us in the matter of seniority, as we had both joined on the same day and both our subscriptions were in arrear *ab initio*, he curtly ordered us to reinforce the firing line and departed.

I won the toss and took command. After showing Bailey the proper way to salute his Superior Officer I put him through such parts of the manual and physical exercises as I could remember and ordered him to form fours. As Bailey isn't very well up in his drill and seemed at a loss how to carry out this somewhat intricate movement, I waived the point and decided to advance in file.

If we had thought of enquiring as to the position of the firing line the reinforcing business would have presented less difficulty. We started out in what I thought was a likely direction and were lucky to catch sight of them quite early on. I at once extended Bailey ten paces and directed him to advance by rushes. For some reason Bailey seemed to object to lying down in puddles and I had to threaten to report him for insubordination. I didn't intentionally choose swampy patches when I gave him the signal to lie down, but it is obvious that low-lying places afford the best cover. Bailey didn't understand that as an officer I didn't have to lie down, though everybody but Bailey knows that it is an officer's duty to expose himself as much as possible. This prevents panic among the men and encourages the junior officers by affording them an early prospect of promotion.

When we reached the firing line we found that they were doing practically nothing. As this appeared to be due to the inefficiency of their officers I at once gave the command for "five rounds rapid" and then "charge." Though I led it, I feel justified in saying that it was a good charge. If I had had time to ascertain that we had inadvertently reinforced the Tooting Borough Council, who were lying in ambush for the Limehouse Borough Council, I should probably have hesitated before taking over command. Our charge seems to have been premature, and the Limehouseites claimed to have gained some kind of advantage.

There didn't seem much use in staying to discuss the matter with a number of comparative strangers, so we did a route march to the nearest buses and so home. I gather that our Commandant was disappointed at not being reinforced and was inclined to be harsh with all with whom he came in contact. There was no real occasion for him to have been put out, as the convoy never got through. Their motor cyclist was run in for exceeding the speed limit; the cycle-car broke down before reaching the Park, and the Ford was ambushed by the Wapping Pawnbrokers, who had made that road impracticable by placing a few logs just round the bend.

I think that there is no doubt that the Park was overcrowded that day and that the authorities ought to do something about it.



OUR VOLUNTEER RESERVE.

"I DON'T BELIEVE IN PUTTING US INTO UNIFORM. IT'LL MAKE THE DRILLING MUCH HARDER." "WHY?"

"WELL, FOR INSTANCE, SUPPOSE THE COMMAND IS 'ON THE LEFT—FORM PLATOON,' I KNOW AS LONG AS I GET IN BETWEEN YOUR HAT AND THIS CHAP'S CAP I'M ALL RIGHT. BUT IF WE ALL LOOKED ALIKE WHERE SHOULD I BE?"

THE PRICE.

AMONG the working classes they do speak rather seriously sometimes of the high prices of food.

On the 7.21 the other morning, from somewhere in the East, the subject engaged the attention of the railway compartment.

"Bread at eightpence—and Britain mistress of the seas! Scand'lous! The Gover'ment ought to be ashamed of 'emselves."

"'Ark at old Charlie! What's the matter wi' you this mornin', Charlie my boy? Didn't the missis give you any breakfast afore you come out?"

"Never mind what the missis give me. What gets over me is that there's blokes like you as'll submit to it like bloomin' sheep, afraid to open your mouths. If the Gover'ment can find ships to take its soldiers across the Channel, and all the luxuries they get——"

"'Ere, none of that! You stop that, young Charlie, 'r else you get outed at the next station, if not before. Ain't that right, gen'lemen? Speakin' for meself, I'd a dam sight sooner pay eightpence for bread for my kids now than 'ave to find fivepence for 'em like I did last February, and nothin' comin' in."

"Yes, and when was you workin' overtime in February before, Charlie? Besides, it's worth payin' a bit extra to know that the KAYSER's gettin' it in the neck."

"KAYSER? What's the workin' classes got to do with your Kaysers and Kings?"

"That puts the lid on, my son; next station, and out you go. You can give your KEIR 'ARDIE chat to somebody else."

"Oh, leave 'im alone. 'E ain't 'appy unless 'e's sufferin'. Wait till 'e's earnin' four quid a week, with all this overtime 'e's gettin'—won't 'e 'ave somethin' to say about the income tax!"

The man in the corner had been listening, but had said nothing. He was older than any of the others. Now he spoke.

"You don't know what you're talkin' about," he said almost contemptuously.

"Who don't?"

"None of you don't. You don't know 'ow much bread costs. Eightpence!"

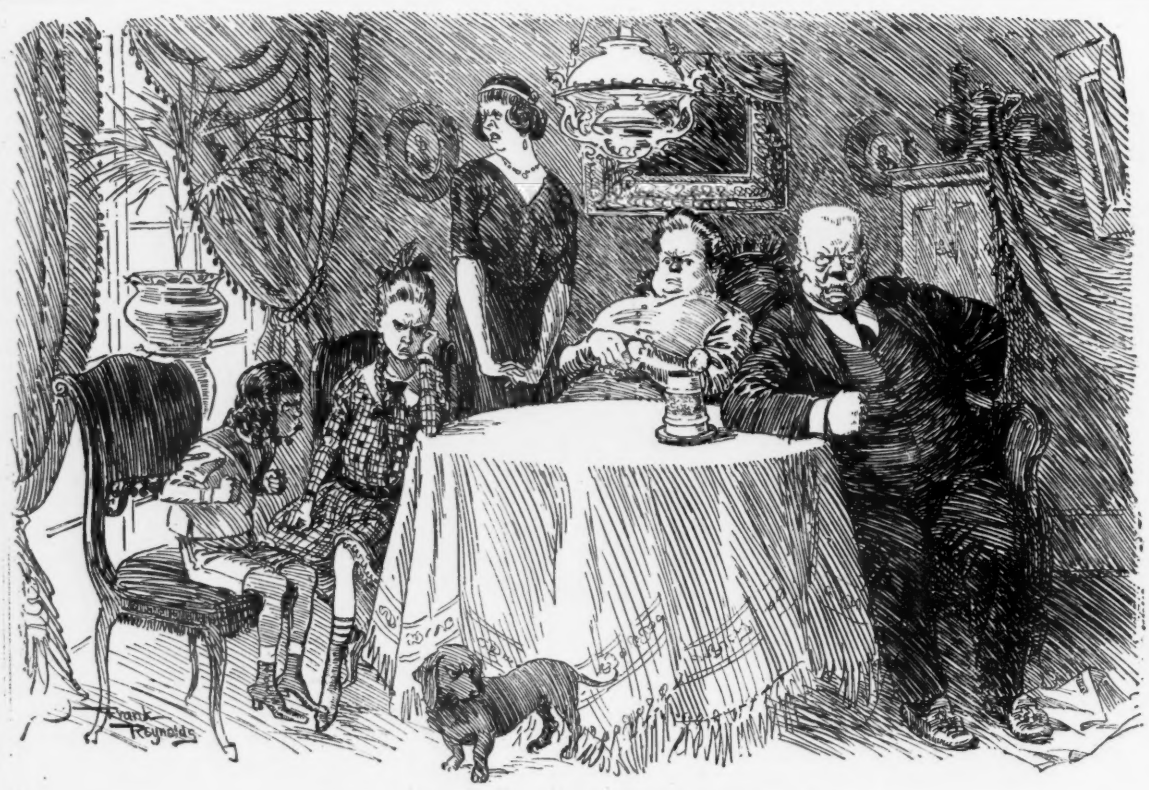
"Well, that's right, ain't it?"

"No, and I'll tell you the price of it. I've got my three boys out there—at least, I had. One's in hospital with his leg off—he'll be home next week. One's in the trenches—or was, when I heard last. And my Bill, he was on the *Monmouth*."

The train stopped. Nobody moved to put Charlie out, and nothing was said. Then the train went on; and presently the elderly man spoke again: "Eightpence! And what price my boys? You don't know anythin' about it. It ain't *you* that's payin'."

"By pouring boiling water down the barrels of their rifles our soldiers keep the rifles clear of dust."—*Daily Mirror.*

We were half afraid that our troops at the Front were having weather like ours. But it seems that, in addition to the usual corrosive acid deposit, there is dust in their barrels. They should collect this after blowing it out through the breech, as a peck of dust is known to be extremely valuable about this time of year.



STUDY OF A PRUSSIAN HOUSEHOLD HAVING ITS MORNING HATE.

THE RIGOURS OF WAR-TIME.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I should like your advice with regard to a most difficult situation which has arisen in my family.

I am the mother of two boys. Philip, the elder, has enlisted in a most correct Territorial Battalion—there is a son of a Knight in his platoon. My other son, Clarence, applied for a commission, and obtained one in the 27th Battalion of the —— Regiment. True, the mess is exclusively composed of Colonels and Second Lieutenants, but, as Clarence points out, this is an advantage, for when he is promoted he assures me that he will automatically become Lieutenant-Colonel, as there are no officers between him and this rank.

That, however, is not the point on which I wish to be advised. My troubles began over a week ago, when I was walking on the promenade at Brighton with Clarence. We were chatting gaily about the war when suddenly I saw Philip coming towards us. I went forward eagerly to embrace him, but when he saw Clarence he seemed to freeze and, assuming a very rigid attitude, saluted. Clarence returned the salute a trifle haughtily, I thought, considering that Philip is nearly two years older and much taller.

Well, will you believe it, Mr. Punch? they refused to walk together with me. Clarence maintained that it was not discipline, and Philip said that if he accompanied an officer he would be obliged to walk at attention, with a constant "eyes right," which might permanently affect his sight.

So there was nothing for it but to separate.

I have just this morning heard, independently from each of them, that they have obtained leave for next week-end and propose to spend it with me. What am I to do? If I put one of them off, that one will be deeply offended. If they both come I foresee endless complications. Normally, for our house is small, they share one bedroom. That, of course, is now impossible, as even in pyjamas I understand the King's Regulations are binding, and for Philip to sleep at attention might have serious results.

Again, what about meals? They cannot eat together at table, yet I should hesitate to ask Philip to take his meals in the kitchen; still worse I could not bear to see him standing bolt upright at the sideboard, debarred by Clarence's presence from taking part in the conversation.

Do please get me out of this difficulty.

Yours, etc.,

BRITISH MATRON.

P.S. Possibly Philip's Colonel would grant him commissioned rank just for the week-end if he knew how matters stood.

Always Merry and Bright.

"The Lighter Side of War: *Le Côté Plaisant de la Guerre*" is the heading of *The Continental Daily Mail* to a page of illustrations, one of which represents French soldiers burying German dead.

Metropolitan Water, February 16th.

Algy had his bath.
The bath was bilgy.
The bilge was *algæ*.

"FOR CHEAPER FOOD.
COUNTY COUNCIL ACTION.

The price of coal was also raised at the Council meeting."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Surely this was unnecessary; the producers, carriers and distributors do not appear to require any help in this direction.



RUNNING AMOK.

German Bull. "I KNOW I'M MAKING A ROTTEN EXHIBITION OF MYSELF; BUT I SHALL TELL EVERYBODY I WAS GOADED INTO IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 15th February.—Since Commons reassembled a fortnight ago attendance has been dismally slack, proceedings dolefully dull. Seemed as if House were on verge of dissolution by process of inanition. This afternoon startling change suddenly wrought. Every seat on floor occupied. Strangers' Gallery, including that reserved for the Diplomatic body, Westminster schoolboys and other eminent personages, crowded. A number of Peers awaiting opening of business in their own house flocked to their Gallery over the clock.

Explanation found in order of proceedings. Two stars billed to appear — CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER and FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY. LLOYD GEORGE scintillated first. Explained object of financial conference in Paris, where he met Finance Ministers of France and Russia. At present moment, as he pointed out, the Allies are fighting the full mobilised strength of Germany with one-third of their own. The problem faced by them is to bring at earliest possible moment remaining two-thirds of their resources into fighting line.

"That," added the CHANCELLOR emphatically, "is largely a question of finance."

Object of Conference was to arrive at basis of common action for raising and distributing necessary funds.

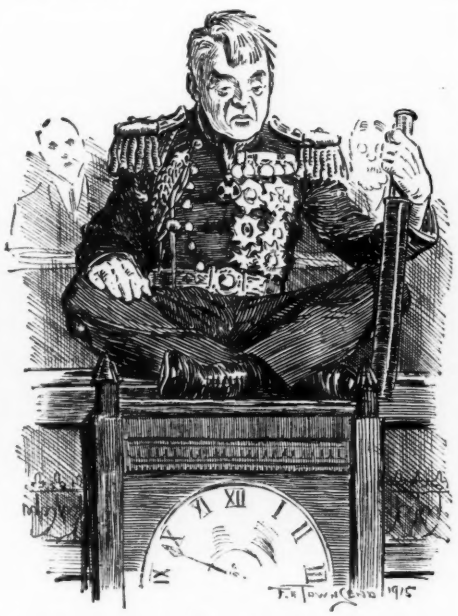
POPE once confessed

> "As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
> I lisp'd in numbers for the numbers came."

The three Ministers colloguing at Paris babbled in billions with serene confidence that, when called for, the billions would come. A couple must needs be spent on the aggregate War outlay of the Allies up to the 31st of December next. With pardonable pride the CHANCELLOR mentioned that Great Britain is spending from 100 to 150 millions more than the highest figure touched by either of its Allies. What matter? If necessary, we will spend the last sovereign in Britannia's stocking in finding the necessary means.

The note of quiet assurance, free from boast or blatancy, that marked this memorable statement was echoed in the WINSOME WINSTON'S more lengthy explanation of the condition, achievements and prospects of Navy. At outset won goodwill of House — an easy victory—by adroitly placing to its credit the remarkable, unprecedented state of efficiency and readiness in which outbreak of War found the Fleet. Forgetful, or strategically unmindful, of pitiless criticism levelled Session after Session at the Admiralty, lamenting its blind inertia, denouncing its unpatriotic disregard of efforts made by Germany to wrest from feeble hands supremacy of the sea, he insisted that credit was exclusively due to hon. gentlemen who hung attentive on his words.

"The House of Commons," he said with increasing winsomeness, "has a right to claim the Navy as its child, the unchanging object of its care and solicitude."



"A PROVIDENCE SITTING UP ALOFT."
(LORD FISHER.)

House thus put in good humour with itself punctuated glowing speech with frequent bursts of cheering, loudest volley rattling forth when, describing Germany as a State which, as a matter of deliberate policy, had placed herself outside all international obligations, he presaged a declaration on part of Allied Governments, promptly to be made, which will have effect of applying for the first time the full force of Naval pressure to the enemy.

Amongst most interested listeners to lucid address, occasionally lapsing into eloquence, was the FIRST SEA LORD, a Providence sitting up aloft, watching over interests of the Navy which in large measure owes its supremacy to him.

Business done.—Navy Estimates in Committee.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Diverting conversation on the distribution of administrative posts between Lords and Commons. Initiated by CURZON, jealous of full privileges of the Chamber he adorns and enlightens. Seems that out of Cabinet of twenty Members only six are seated in the Lords, whilst greedy House of Commons claims and enjoys attendance of thirty effective Ministers. Of principal departments of State ten have no direct representation in Lords. This state of things CURZON, amid murmur of assent, described as "not merely invidious but almost disrespectful to your Lordships' House."

True that at present crisis War Office and Admiralty are represented by two Peers of highest standing. No one knows more about War Office than KITCHENER, nor is any one more intimately acquainted with matters relating to the Navy than Lord FISHER OF KILVERSTONE, affectionately known on quarter-deck and lower decks as "Jacky."

That all very well on face of it. Unfortunately these high authorities take common view of their duty. Each believes that his business is not to talk but to work. Theirs not to reason why, whether in affirmative, negative or judicious non-committal style. What between them they have to do is to keep Army and Navy in highest state of efficiency.

A big job. Does not leave them much time to spend in what one irreverently describes as the "talking-shop." Are seldom seen within its precincts. When on rare occasions attendance appears compulsory their conduct not entirely satisfactory. Since he was made a Peer, FIRST SEA LORD has never opened his mouth in senatorial chamber except to yawn. When, in bleak December, House was summoned to special session, ostensibly in order to provide opportunity for important statement from our War Lord, KITCHENER read a paper conveying not a single item of information beyond what had been made familiar by the newspapers during preceding fortnight. Having made an end of reading he bolted back to War Office and diligently endeavoured to make up for what he regarded as sad waste of half an hour's time.

SELBORNE gave notice to raise on following day important debate on Army matters. In course of evening received short but polite note from K. OF K. expressing regret that owing to pressure of business he would not be able to be present.

This is magnificent; but it is not in accordance with custom observed by Peers



MORE LANGUAGE OF THE HOUR.

Hawker (after receiving a caution from a somewhat talkative Policeman). "YOU AIN'T 'ARF GOT A MUZZLE VELOCITY!"

representing important Departments of the State. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know, upon Sir JOHN FRENCH'S testimony published to-day, that the Army is doing splendidly. As for the Navy it is incomparable. Still, as Lord CURZON says—

Business done.—Lords having no work to do adjourn for a week. Commons vote officers and men for Navy, with a trifle of ten thousand pounds on account of wages. TIRPITZ will rub his eyes when he sees this grotesquely inadequate sum. Between you and me—hope the secret will not go further—it is again what is known as "a token vote," ingenious device evolved at War Office with intent to throw dust in eyes of simple-minded Germans.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Members always keenly interested in personal matters. Heard with pleasure statement which R. M'NEILL was authorised to make about a slice of luck befallen Sir HERBERT RAPHAEL. Recently, in burst of patriotism, he took the KING'S shilling and was enrolled a full private in the Army. Within a week his wife found herself in receipt of the statutory Separation Allowance. Does not amount to much, even in conjunction with the £400 a year (less income tax) received by Private RAPHAEL, M.P. It will not compare with the takings of the agent employed by the War Office for purchasing timber. These, it was made known in useful conversation on motion for adjournment, are at the rate of £60,000 a year. But we can't all have dealings with the War Office. With coal at current price a separation allowance is not to be sneezed at.

Business done.—Report of Army Vote and Civil Service Supplementary Estimates agreed to. The work of several sittings in ordinary times, they passed like winking. At a quarter past six House adjourned till Monday.

Another Chesterton Paradox.

"Mr. E. S. Mantagu (*sic*), Liberal, was on Saturday re-elected for Chesterton Division of Cambridgeshire, without opposition.

Mr. Cecil Beck (Liberal) was on Saturday re-elected for Chesterton division of Cambridgeshire without opposition.

Mr. Cecil Beck (Liberal) was also returned without opposition for Saffron Waldon Division of Essex."—*Freeman's Journal.*

A NOTE ON NURSES.

[Lines addressed to a friend who, on hearing that the writer was in a military hospital and "very well looked after," unjustly pictured him as surrounded by devoted females.]

BELGIUM'S maids are sad and sweet;
France's maids are passing fair;
England's—well, I can't repeat
All I wrote when living there;
These are rivals now to tend
Stricken warriors, it is true;
But I 'll have you note, my friend,
We have other nurses too

Life that made their language rude
Hath endowed them none the less
With a child's solicitude
And a woman's tenderness;
Happy he whom fickle chance
Takes to have his pains allayed
By the 9th Field Ambulance,
Third Division, 9th Brigade.

Extract from a schoolboy's essay on electricity:—

"Doctors use it a lot for X-rays, which is a very wonderful thing . . . They are using them a lot to find pullets in soldiers."

These must be the "eggs-rays."



SWEDISH DRILL.

First Weary "Special" to Second ditto. "I SAY, WHAT'S THE GOOD OF ALL THIS? WE'RE NOT AT WAR WITH SWEDEN, ARE WE?"

A PLEA FOR REPRIEVE.

[Removed from the old West London Police Court, which is being demolished, the last wooden dock in London has just been condemned for firewood.]

Good Sirs, in your merciless dealings
With the dock that you doom to be burned,
Have you paused to consider the feelings
Of the people most closely concerned?
Will the burglar feel angry or gracious
When, his liberty like to be lopped,
He finds himself first in your spacious
New coop for the copped?

Whatever his thoughts at that season,
This much I would dare to advance,
He would now have you show (within reason)
A proper respect for romance;
Is it seemly a structure so rich in
Connections with Sikes and his mates
Should perish in parlour and kitchen,
Mere fodder for grates?

If the dock's for the burning, so be it;
But sentiment wakes the desire
In my bosom (and Sikes's) to see it
Attain a more glorious pyre;
Allot it an eminent station,
Since its life is commanded to cease,
As a part of some vast conflagration
To celebrate peace.

THE MENACE OF PEACE.

"THE War has done you good, you know, Henry," said I, as he concluded a brilliant forecast as to what was really going to happen to HINDENBURG.

"How?" said the Reverend Henry. "I was pretty fit before."

"I mean morally. These occasional week-ends of ours have been much more harmonious than they were six months ago. You used to be such a quarrelsome brute."

"It's quite true," said Sinclair. "You used to fuss horribly about the Welsh Church and payment of Members, and all those queer old things."

"I'm sorry," said the Reverend Henry, very humbly. "But you fellows used to have such extreme views. And at least I was always out for a big Navy, you know."

"As for the House of Commons," said Sinclair, "the atmosphere of gentlemanly acquiescence that pervades that assembly in these days is most refreshing. For success in debate you only seem to require a repertoire of three remarks—'After you, Sir,' 'My mistake' and 'Don't mention it.'"

"The really ghastly thing," said the Reverend Henry, "is that as soon as the War is over they will be at it again. This is all very jolly while it lasts, they say in effect, but *of course* we reserve to ourselves the *absolute* right to begin all over again exactly where we left off. It is understood that no one need forego——"

"Yes, that's it," said I. "The great point is not to forego. As far as I remember—it is all so long ago—they left off at the stage where they were chucking things at one another."

"You don't mean that it will really break out again?" said Sinclair in a voice of horror. "Just as it was before?"

"Just like that," said Henry.

"Not Plural Voting?"

"Yes," said Henry.

"But not Tariff Reform and The Foreigner's Got My Job and all that?"

"Yes," said Henry.

"But hang it, man, you don't mean

Devolution and Exclusion, and the Servant Stamp, and Ninepence for Fourpence, and——"

"Yes," said Henry. "And all the Constitutional Lawbreakers and Conscientious Resisters and Passive Objectors will bob up again."

We looked at each other in dismay.

"And they call it," said Sinclair drearily, "a War of Liberty!"

THE LONELY SOLDIER.

DARLING DELIA,—I am in the most lacerating *fix*, and it all comes of my tender heart!

It gets an one's nerves saying good-bye to the boys, and sitting at home doing nothing oneself. For weeks I 've been longing for something to do, and at last Lady Anne asked me to join the "Lonely Soldiers' Consolation League," and of course I jumped. The Lonely Soldiers send in their names, and they are put in a hat and handed round, and each member writes to her special Lonely once a week, and sends him a parcel once a month.

I haven't come to the parcel stage, but I sent a gushing letter. It was just after the last attack, when they 'd been for *days* in the trenches, and their poor dear boots had stuck fast in the mud, and one was strung up to feeling that we 'd love them, bless them, *kiss* them, when they came home again! I said so to Ted Johnson (that 's my Lonely), quoting the refrain of the song in the actual words; I said he must never feel lonely or forgotten, for *I* remembered him, *I* thought of him, *I* looked forward to his return!

What else could one say? You write to them because they are lonely, and if they are lonely you can only cheer them by saying that you remember!

I *spread* myself upon Ted Johnson. And in due time his answer came. Prestwick brought it in with the tea-things (we have had no footman since the last Jeames enlisted), and I tore it open, and read it aloud to Ella, too eager to wait even until we were alone. Besides I was rather proud that Prestwick should see that I 've been working too.

This was the letter:—

"DEAR MISS,—I was glad to hear you missed me and was looking forward to my return. It 's a long way to Eaton Gardens and the sweetest girl I know. We are having a deal of rain. With fond love from Yours truly,

Private TED JOHNSON."

"How perfectly *dinkie!*" Ella said. "Isn't he sweet? Isn't he brave? Isn't he *cheerful?* Wouldn't you love to see him, Flora, and know him in real life?"

Then Prestwick spoke. He was standing with the tea-tray in his hand, staring across the room.

"Pardon me, Madam," he said, "you *have* seen him! Ted Johnson was our last footman!"

Oh, my Delia! before you correspond with a Lonely Soldier, be warned by me and make sure *who he is!* I have engaged to kiss Jeames on his return; he has sent me his fond love; *and Father has promised to take him back!*

Your distracted FLORA.

THE HYMN OF EIGHT.

EIGHT o'clock is the hour I hate,
For it knocks all fun on the head.
It 's no use telling them, not a bit,
That you don't feel tired, for they laugh at it;
And Nurse comes in, looking just like Fate—
"Tut! tut!" she says, "but it 's terribly late;
It 's time you were all in bed."

Eight o'clock! how the hands draw near!
Nothing will make them slow.
Although in the midst of a beautiful game
We have to stop (what a horrible shame!)
When Nurse comes in with her glance severe,
And her talk of "The Dustman" being here,
And into the cold we go.

Now when I 'm a man and have nothing but fun
(As the grown-ups always do)
I won't have a nurse in a starchy cap
To interfere with my children's "snap,"
And I won't have a clock in the house, not one,
But we 'll all sit tight till our games are done,
And not go to bed till two.

On the High C.

"The singing at sight, without search or parley, of merchant ships by submarine agency is a totally novel and unprecedented departure."—*Western Morning News.*

Usually, of course, they take a little practice before they give these vocal performances.

"Mr. Herbert Samuel, President of the Board of Trade, has appointed a Committee to consider the important question of employment for soldiers and sailors in the war."
Daily Telegraph.

We understand that Sir JOHN FRENCH and Admiral JELLICOE are venturing to send suggestions and are willing themselves to find employment for quite a number.

THE MARTYR.

"AND now," I said, when the nice question of food had been carefully settled, "what about drink?" and I called for the wine list. "What shall it be, red or white?" I ran my eye down the clarets.

"No," said my old friend sadly, "none for me. I am having to be very careful. Just water."

I looked at him in astonishment. I had known him for nearly two-and-twenty years and never in that time had he set up an attitude of hostility to any of the good things of the earth, solid or fluid. Not that I had ever known him to overstep the bounds; but he had tasted and enjoyed, and flourished on his catholicity. And now to have declined upon water, or dry ginger ale, which was the joyless alternative that he subsequently proposed.

I looked at him in pity too, for I knew that he must be ill indeed for such a sacrifice to have been forced upon him.

"Yes," he said, "I am dieting myself. I find it necessary." He sighed as one sighs who accepts the distasteful inevitable.

"Well," I said, "I won't tempt you. That 's not fair."

He looked at me almost as though he wished that I would, and that he might prove vulnerable; but I did not. I felt too sorry for him and his plight to put any obstacle in the way of recovery.

"Very well," I said and ordered the ginger ale, and we then settled down to talk. But all the while I was watching him sympathetically and remembering pleasant occasions on which I had been his guest in his own house and he had dived into the cellar and complacently emerged in the blessed company of bottles—bottles white and bottles red, and, even on special nights of ceremony, bottles bearing the light-brown label of The Widow. ("Butler's Analogy" was his description of himself on these occasions.) Such evenings I remembered, together with other convivial meetings at clubs and restaurants, where the juices of the grape had been carefully put to their predestined friendly uses; and now here he was, in the slang of the day, firmly and dolefully seated on the water wagon.

Poor chap! poor chap! I thought; what a time he has been having! and then—

"How long have you been a tee-totaler?" I asked him, with a vista of dreary months in my mind.

"Oh, I only began it this morning," he said. "I had rather a heavy day yesterday."



Aunt. "SO YOUR FATHER'S GOING TO BE A SOLDIER?" *Elder Boy.* "WELL, YOU SEE, ONE OF US *HAD* TO JOIN."

FROM THE BACK OF THE FRONT.

SOME people say that the authorities have at last come to understand our true merits; some people say that they have come to despair of us as private soldiers. Some even identify the two allegations. Howbeit, from whatsoever cause, certain of us are in imminent danger of losing our private status. We are assembled together by companies and instructed in the arts of inspecting water-bottles, telling the time on starless nights by radium-pointed watches, and in all practical and tactical usages that fall to the lot of a platoon-commander. In due course we shall pass out and take the war into our own hands; pending which we meditate on our future responsibilities. Private Ingleby lives abstracted days wondering whether a machine-gun officer may without offence wear puce-coloured riding-breeches, while Edward spends sleepless nights theorising on his procedure if unexpectedly put in charge of a brigade.

Our course of training is rapid and comprehensive; nor are we vowed only to destruction. We think nothing, for instance, of building a bridge between breakfast and lunch, though of course we'd think a whole heap before treading on it. We are here to risk our lives, but not to throw them upon the waters.

No secret of military art is hidden from us; not one of us but can conduct a grand attack on his little own, and that without losing as much as a platoon. Watch General Private Williamson exercising his brief authority over his skeleton battalion. We arrive at the kick-off site. The General halts us, breaks us off, and begins his preliminary reconnaissance. In the far distance loom the twin flags representing enemy's position—an indication, we regret to report, frequently neglected by the Bosches. A lesser man than Private Williamson might immediately plump forward line upon line of extended platoons. *Pas si vite.* What is the first question our General asks himself—or anyone else present? He enquires the whereabouts of the nearest *estaminet.* Seated over his coffee he conducts, with the assistance of his staff (the attacking force), the preliminary reconnaissance. First of all we touch lightly on the proximity of the enemy. The General puts it at 2,000 yards; the chief of staff at 800. That makes it, by a simple mathematical compromise, 1,400; which gives you your range chart, without which no attack is quite itself.

But the work of the General does not end here. The land must be spied out; the country which we are—for some obscure reason—fighting for is one-half lake and one-half swamp. Accordingly, as the attack has to have clean boots on parade next day, scouts go forward to select the most land-like portions of the morass. Then at last we advance, and with only an occasional halt for coffee—this depending on the number of farms *en route*—we sweep on to the rallying position, where we sit down nonchalantly in a hail of bullets and discuss a haversack ration while a real officer tells us how. His telling is competence itself, except in one respect;

he never makes sufficient allowance for coffee. No one has told him that the arms of our service battalion are an *estaminet couchant* in a field sodden.

Anon we study billeting. There is in the North of France a crazy old farmhouse full of tumultuous children and their mother. It has, I believe, been condemned as a billet by all the sanitary authorities in France. The accommodation is an antique barn with a leaky roof above, a cesspool underneath, and the four winds of heaven raging between. We visit by parties. The party arrives at the farmhouse and knocks timidly. The door sways open, and four or so children hurl themselves upon the leader's puttees, demanding souvenirs. Madame appears capaciously from a cookery-pervaded interior.

"What is it that it is?"

Has she, we ask, place for some soldiers?

"But yes," says Madame (contrary to the custom, but she knows well how safe she is). "See you! It is by here!"

We go by there and see, while Madame tells us, of her sons at the war — only five, fortunately — their names, ranks, localities, ages, and prospects. We appreciate; we admire; and, when her vocabulary, even at the killing pace she subjects it to, outlasts ours, we fall back on sympathetic grunts that sound as if we were learning German or sickening for diphtheria. Arrived at the barn we mark and measure duly, and find to our surprise that it would still—as on our last visit—hold sixty-four men if it would hold any (without chains we fear it wouldn't). Then we relieve the lady by assuring her that we already have the offer of an even better billet elsewhere; and she beams more maternally than ever and announces that coffee is now served; and we for our part realize that even War has its beautiful moments.

Smart Staff Work.

The following Divisional Order gives us some idea of the rapidity of movement of the Staff of our New Armies:—

"Divisional Headquarters will move on the 20th. The Divisional Office will close at Cholderton at 12 noon that day and open at Blackdown Barracks at the same hour."

Fifty miles in no time!

Journalistic Candour.

"SPEND 5/- TO DO WHAT IT COSTS THE GERMANS THOUSANDS.

The Germans are spending thousands of pounds on the prosecution of a campaign of falsehoods in our Colonies and abroad. If you will send us 5s. we will arrange to post for three months to any address in Canada the Overseas Edition of the DAILY SKETCH."

Advt. in "Manchester Evening Chronicle."

THE WAR CURE.

WHEN, summoned by untimely Fate,
Ralph Snow died suddenly at Luxor,
Leaving his Warwickshire estate,
His house and *placens uxor;*
His son, though handsomely endowed—
Chiefly through ground rents in the City—
And envied by the heedless crowd,
Moved all his friends to pity.

Young Ralph had brains as well as wealth;
He was unusually gifted;
But on the score of fragile health
From school to school was shifted;
And having taken his degree,
And then become a vegetarian,
He was, for all the world to see,
A valetudinarian.

Racked by imaginary pain
Ralph threw away his social chances,
And stayed at home to study QUAIN,
Instead of going out to dances,
Until, so parlous grew his plight,
He saw in healthy yawns and sneezes
Proof positive of several quite
Incurable diseases.

His heart's peculiar action moved
The doctor's keen commiseration;
His brain—or so that worthy proved—
"Worked like a railway station;"
I cannot properly recall
The strange shortcomings of his liver,
Whether it was too large or small—
I know it made me shiver.

The doctor took a solemn oath
No board would certify his fitness;
His mother was extremely loth
To doubt such welcome witness;
But Ralph, already in whose ears
His country's clarion call was pealing,
Forgot his symptoms and his fears,
For War had brought him healing.

In boyhood, ere he came to yield
To pathologic introspection,
His tastes and interests revealed
A martial predilection;
And when his fellows, to a man,
Whate'er their class or creed or faction,
Had volunteered, he cursed the ban
That doomed him to inaction.

Some said, "At least the boy is safe;"
But that, I thought, was comfort chilly,
When lo! I met a radiant Ralph
Last week in Piccadilly;
So gay his look, so light his tread,
He almost baffled recognition;
"What cheer?" I asked. "The best," he said;
"I'm promised a commission!

"Our doctor was a ghastly fraud;
Three specialists have overhauled me,
And say that I can serve abroad—
A 'first-class life' they called me;
The mater's wonderfully brave,
And, now that I can stand the racket,
She'd sooner see me in my grave
Than stay at home and slack it."

The object of these humble rhymes
Is not to slight a great profession;
The best of doctors err at times
From overmuch discretion;
I only wished to make it plain
That war's inhuman brutal medley
May work a cure and ease a pain
When peace has made it deadly.

A BREAD-AND-BUTTER POSTCARD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Might not the excellent idea of the Field Service Postcard be more extensively used? I would suggest the following as likely to fulfil a long-felt want of the week-end visitor. Yours truly,

ONE WHO LIKES THINGS DONE FOR HIM.

[NOTHING is to be written on this except the date and the signature of the sender. Words not required may be erased. *If anything is added the postcard will be destroyed.*]

I am quite { well. / ill.
I have arrived safely.
I have lost my luggage.
I will come again { first opportunity. / next month. / next year. / never.
I have { enjoyed / bored } myself awfully.
I have left behind { my tooth brush. / my hot-water bottle. / my umbrella. / my knitting.
Signature only—
Date—

More Impending Apologies.

"The postponement of his Excellency's departure, owing most probably to the state of the weather, has caused great disappointment."—*Limerick Chronicle.*

"Great enthusiasm was manifested at Dublin on the occasion of the departure of Lord and Lady Aberdeen."—*Scotsman.*

An Adaptable Fruit.

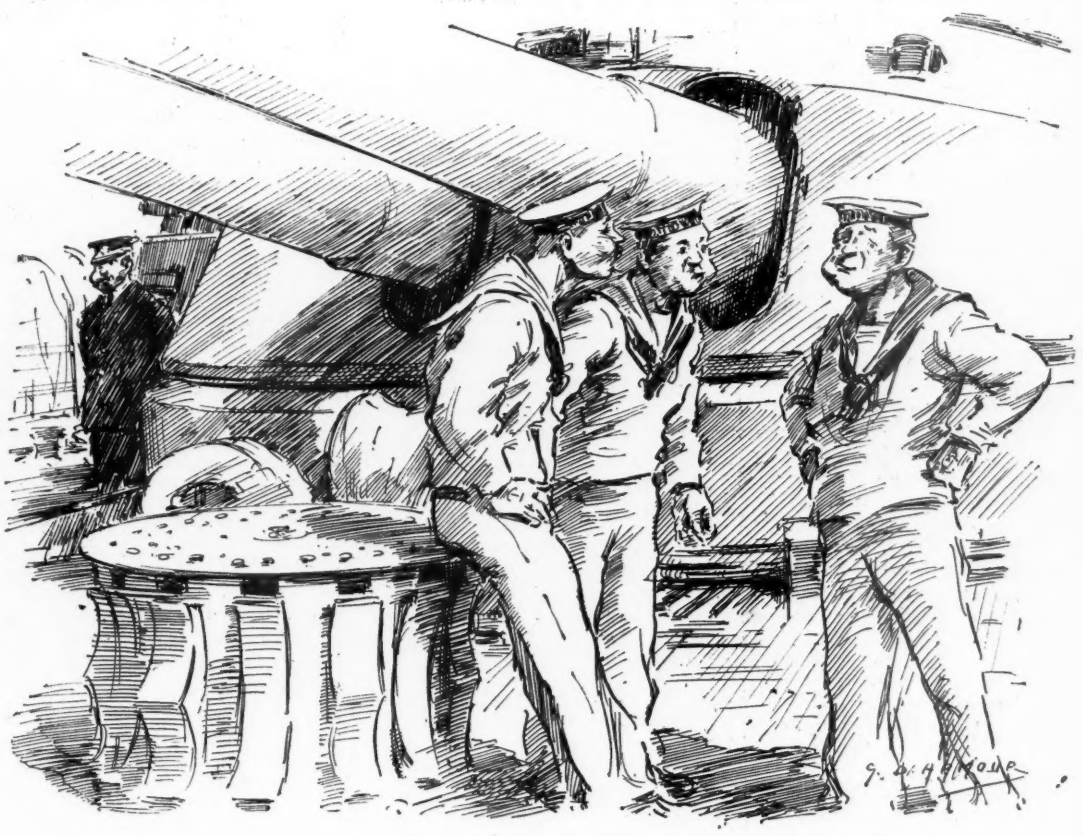
"PINEAPPLE (WHOLE).

Per large tin 0/8½; 6 tins 4/2; doz. 8/3
When sliced, these Pines make delicious Apple Fritters."—*Stores' Catalogue.*

"One cannot altogether regret having trodden on a hornets' nest, for the reason that the hornets themselves have raised so many interesting new points."

Manchester Guardian.

It is a little way hornets have, but their points are not often taken so philosophically.



A NAVAL OCCASION.

AWFUL EFFECT ON AN ENTIRE SHIP'S COMPANY OF DISTRIBUTING A CONSIGNMENT OF MONSTER PEPPERMINT-BALLS—A PRESENT FROM THE SHORE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IT came as something of a shock to me to find that the title of Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK'S latest novel was *In Other Days* (METHUEN). Because I have always regarded her as the historian essentially of the present, and a name like that might cover any age from powder and farthingales to woad and battleaxes. However, to spare you my alarm, I will explain at once that the "other days" are those that ended in July of last year. So, as most of us have at least a dim memory of that placid time, and as all will enjoy being pleasantly reminded of it, there is no cause for anxiety. *In Other Days* is to some extent the story of a black sheep, who obstinately refuses to point any kind of moral. Perhaps this is what makes it so human and generally comfortable. *Simeon Cloudesley* was an artist who deserted his wife and daughter, leaving them to find a refuge in the dreary home of some pompous in-laws. When the daughter was seventeen a visit to a school-friend opened her eyes to the fact that life contained happier places than her present abode, so she stirred her mother to revolt, and off went the pair of them to live on a tiny income in a Cornish artist colony. Which would have been all very well, for the colony was a delicious place, and full of just those delightful people whom Mrs. SIDGWICK can describe so attractively; but the trouble was that the colonists, being artists first and moralists afterwards, all simply worshipped the name of *Simeon Cloudesley;* and when that wicked man himself subsequently turned up, not only undeniably great but exasperatingly charming—well, you see what a difficult situation was created, above all for his violently disapproving daughter. Mrs. SIDGWICK deserves thanks not only for having written a pleasant and companionable story, but for a very original handling of an ancient theme. See if you do not think so.

Had I to go forth into the appallingly cold and blightingly windy parts of the world, I should without hesitation select Sir DOUGLAS MAWSON as my leader; and this not only because in *The Home of the Blizzard* (HEINEMANN) he proves himself possessed of the qualities that invite confidence and affection, but also because I remember vividly the genius for leadership that he showed—and to which Professor DAVID testified—in the journey to the South Magnetic Pole during the SHACKLETON Expedition of 1907-9. A few months after his return he was possessed with the idea of exploring the region, his "land of hope and glory," that lies between Cape Adare and Gaussberg; and now he gives us the story of the Australasian Expedition of 1911-14. To everyone concerned in the making of the history that is set forth in these two volumes the warmest praise must be given, but it will still fall short of their due. In every instance the leader of this band of young men was well

served, and although the tale of closest interest and most thrilling tragedy is reserved—as Fate willed it—for the leader himself, there is not one of his party who does not deserve his share of the honours gained. As everyone knows—or ought to know—MAWSON, with one of his sledge-companions, Lieutenant NINNIS, killed in a crevasse, and the other, Dr. MERTZ, dead from sheer exhaustion, was left to battle alone for over three weeks against every conceivable shape of ill-fortune. No one can read of this struggle without being amazed at the courage of man's heart and saluting it with reverent homage. One is impressed almost overwhelmingly, but one is also inspired and invigorated, and this is the reason—quite apart from the valuable scientific discoveries made on these expeditions—why we owe a greater debt to such pioneers than we can ever repay. Men of the type of SCOTT, WILSON, OATES, BOWERS and MAWSON have kept the pure flame of heroism still burning, and not even beside the great deeds of our soldiers and sailors can the splendour of their record be paled.

If you hanker for an agreeable fairy tale, about frankly improbable persons in a setting of tropic splendour, where spicy breezes blow soft o'er mango groves, and trenches cease from troubling, then *Flower of the Moon* (MILLS AND BOON) is the goods for your money. What happens in it was mainly the fault of a wandering tale-teller named *Uhtoo*, who had a pet story about a mythical maiden of rare beauty, the offspring of the mango and the moon. This *Uhtoo* must, as they say, have been some teller, because, having given his recitation to an Arab youth and an English officer, he left them both with no other passion in life than to prove the affair. I am only sorry that LOUISE GERARD failed to engender in me a like passion. Perhaps it was because of the name of the English officer: call a hero *Carlyon*, and my interest in him is dead at birth. Anyhow, *Whazi*, the Arab boy, had the first of the luck, since it was he who found the shipwrecked English maid sleeping beneath the mango and took her to his home. From the first I was exceedingly sorry for *Whazi*. True, he had not my own blighting experience of similar situations in fiction, which warned me that, with golden-haired *Carlyon* in reserve, poor *Whazi* hadn't an earthly—as indeed it turned out. But, though I laugh, there is enough real beauty in this episode of the boy lover to compel the sympathetic sigh. And, as in the writer's other work, a feeling for the heat and scent of the tropics stirs in these pages and saves them from becoming too obvious and commonplace.

To the majority of people Sussex is the county through which the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway runs on its way to Brighton, Eastbourne, Littlehampton and Portsmouth. For every traveller who alights at wayside stations, thousands are carried to the watering-places, and, once there, never leave the sea; but no county is so well worth exploring. In *The Book of Sussex Verse*, which the HOVE firm of Cambridge has put forth with a taste and comeliness that Metropolitan publishers might envy, Mr. C. F. COOK has brought together as large and excellent a collection of patriotic enthusiasm as any county could produce. Among the poets who have rejoiced to praise Sussex are pre-eminently TENNYSON, SWINBURNE, FRANCIS THOMPSON, Mr. BELLOC, whose "Envoi" to the volume is one of the most beautiful of recent lyrics, and Mr. KIPLING, who chose the land of the South Saxons for his English home, first by the sea and then inland. Among Mr. COOK's discoveries is a charming, topographical, familiar epistle written by WILLIAM STEWART ROSE to JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE, then in Malta. It is a pity that the notes take no account of ROSE, of whom one would like to know more. The only song that I miss is that complacent ditty which every soldier in Brighton, Shoreham, Seaford and elsewhere in the county is now singing, "Sussex by the Sea"; but that is not Mr. COOK's fault, for it was prepared, for military purposes, only the other day.



Captain (addressing team). "NOW, MIND YOU SPREAD YOURSELVES, 'COS FIGHTIN' IN CLOSE FORMATION AGAINST A 'EAVIER FORCE IS BOUND TER LEAD TER UTTER DEFEAT."

I heartily approve of *Makers of New France* (MILLS AND BOON). New France is a thing I should very much like to have made myself. But I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that those who had the job were better men; for instance, POINCARÉ, JOFFRE, DELCASSÉ, the late JAURÉS, METCHNIKOFF, ANATOLE FRANCE, BRIEUX and Madame PAQUIN appear from Mr. CHARLES DAWBARN's personal descriptions to have a very definite something in common, which I suppose is French and certainly is not English. The circumstances of the moment make it possible for an Anglo-Saxon to confess that here, at any rate, we are their inferiors. I leave the reader to discover for himself, since I cannot describe it, what this characteristic is; the author succeeds admirably in conveying the impression of it. Incidentally he leaves us wondering how England can ever have fought with Germany against France, even the old France.

Experience does not teach me to look forward very hopefully to a novel "by a well-known author who wishes to remain anonymous." *They Who Question* (SMITH, ELDER) is an incoherent and in many ways a tiresome book; and, seeing that it faces the eternal problem of the reconciliation of unmerited suffering with Divine compassion and justice, it is of necessity irremediably inconclusive. But it contains one well-conceived and capably drawn character, *Inez Bretherton*, the hard, cynical, ultra-maternal mother of the boy who is doomed to the heritage of his father's insanity. The vaguely unorthodox *Dean of Malinchester*, who alone seems left to uphold the hopeful view in face of the successive shattering strokes of fate, talks and preaches with sympathy and discretion. There is sincerity behind this book, hardly reinforced by any very clear or stiff thinking, the truth being that the thesis is beyond the scope of circulating library treatment.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is officially announced from Königsberg that the East Prussian district of Sensburg, Insterburg, and Heydekrug is now reopened for the return of East Prussian fugitives. Some of the less sanguine of them are reported to be taking season tickets.

* * *

The leader of the National Liberal Party in the Prussian Diet, speaking on the subject of the invasion, said that the Russians had proved to be not a civilised European nation, but half Asiatic. The modern Huns, on the other hand, have proved to be not an Asiatic nation, but a half-civilised European one.

* * *

"If," says the *Kölnische Zeitung*, "we are to breast the terrific wave of economic depression that threatens to overwhelm the Fatherland, we must eat not only differently but less." Those who have seen Germans eating will agree that there is ample scope for reform in their methods.

* * *

The *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, in an article on the great food question, cautions its readers against the use of starch in their washing. There can, of course, be no doubt that one of the most objectionable features of, anyhow, the German official classes, is the amount of starch which has entered into their composition.

* * *

Reuter informs us that a Turkish paper, in its account of the fighting at Korna, calls the British vessels "gumboats." Presumably because they know how to stick it.

* * *

Viscount BRYCE, in a lecture at King's College, gave currency to a theory that KING DAVID had German blood in his veins. The idea has been welcomed in Germany, where the hope is expressed that the distinguished monarch will in future be referred to as KAISER DAVID.

* * *

We do hope that Liverpool is not finding the influence of Germany irresistible, but frankly the Teutonic construction of the following sentence in *The Liverpool Echo* frightens us: "A large firm of motor manufacturers operating until its fall at Antwerp has decided to immediately at Letchworth Garden City recommence operations."

Aberdeen firms of herring exporters have been told by the Admiralty that they may send cured herrings to Petrograd, *viâ* Norway, if proof is supplied later that the consignments have reached Russia. A cautious Irishman suggests that the proof ought to be supplied before the fish leave Aberdeen.

* * *

The War Office has refused to accept the view of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce that HORACE GEE, of Redditch, is indispensable to the boot trade, and he is to remain in the Army. In Germany, we suspect, this will be taken to show that our Army is suffering from a shortage of remounts.

* * *

The newspapers are telling us of a certain young private at the Front who has the most marvellous capacity for sleeping at any time, even under shell fire. The explanation, no doubt, is that, when at home, his bedroom faced a motor-bus route.

* * *

A Sheffield invention now makes it possible, we are told, to produce stainless knives. It is thought that there will be a large demand for these among intending murderers.

* * *

From Melbourne comes the news that the export of leather to Great Britain has now been permitted by the Minister of Trade and Customs. There is, of course, an unwritten understanding that it shall be used for giving the Germans a hiding.

* * *

The Ritz and Carlton Hotels advertise that their staffs now consist solely of British, French, "and other neutral subjects." This insinuation that our country and France are indifferent to the War will, we feel sure, be resented, and the Ritz and Carlton Hotels had better try again.



Youngster (who has just related tall war-story). "I KNOW IT'S TRUE, 'COS BASIL SAID SO, AND HIS FATHER'S AT THE WAR OFFICE, WHERE THEY MAKE ALL THE NEWSPAPERS."

Congratulations to Baden.

"Prince Joachim the youngest son of the Kaiser who has been suffering from dysentery and influenza has undergone a fortnight's cure at Baden and Baden is now convalescent."—*Indian Daily Telegraph.*

Not every town visited by a Hohenzollern Prince gets off so easily.

"Under Which King, Bezonian?"

"Anton Lang, the peasant who took the part of Christus in the last Oberammergau play, has joined the new corps of soldiers on skis which the Germans have formed to fight the French in the Vosges."
Daily Express.

"Anton Lang, the peasant who played the part of Christus in the last Ober-Ammergau passion play, is now fighting on skis for France in the Vosges."—*Daily Sketch.*

We gather that LANG is in demand as a ski-pilot, but is very properly making an effort to preserve his neutrality.

"We have tested the battle cruisers' buns against the Dardanelles forts at long range."
Dublin Evening Mail.

On the homœopathic principle, no doubt. The currents of the Dardanelles are notoriously dangerous.

The Air-Raid over Colchester.

"The bomb buried itself in the garden of a house in Butt-road. The furniture in the back room of the house was smashed, and the widows of six neighbouring houses were shattered."—*Bournemouth Daily Echo.*

Shattered, but not killed, for the notice is headed "No Lives Lost." In Colchester the widows are as tough as the babies.

"CURSING.

WATERLOO CUP MEETING.

The Favourite Defeated."
Leicester Daily Mercury.

Disappointed backers are almost bound to use language sometimes.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

In the issue of this week *Mr. Punch* has the honour to offer to his readers a selection of his pictures illustrating the history of our Voluntary Army from its mid-Victorian origin to the present day. The harmless and friendly chaff in which he has permitted himself to indulge when recording the trials which this Army has so gallantly faced and overcome will not be misunderstood. The fine example which our Territorials have set, both at home and abroad, to the slacker and the shirker has been duly recorded in *Mr. Punch's* pages. For the rest—the lighter side of a serious loyalty—he has not much fear for a country which almost alone among nations can afford to laugh at its own foibles. And as the soldiers of our Voluntary Forces pass out to the Front it is in a spirit of high confidence and pride that he wishes them Godspeed and a great reward of their sacrifice; not forgetting those who, being past the age for foreign service, have volunteered to bear arms for the defence of our shores.

THE SORROWS OF THE SULTAN.

BORNE on the breezes of the West-Sou'-West,
What are these sounds one hears
That break upon my post-meridian rest,
And, falling on the ears
Of my beloved ladies of the harem,
Scare 'em?

I tell my people 'tis the conquering Huns
That let off fires of joy;
But I know better; they are British guns,
Intended to destroy
The peace I suck from my narcotic hubble-bubble.

How can I cope with these accursèd giaours
If once my forts give out?
I miss the usual Concert of the Powers,
I have no ships about,
Save where the ten-knot *Goeben*, crocked with bruises, Cruises.

O how I loathe that vessel! How her name
Stinks in my quivering nose,
Since that infernal juncture when she came
Flying before her foes,
And in my haven dropped her beastly anchor (Blank her!).

ABDUL! I would that I had shared your plight,
Or Europe seen my heels,
Before the hour when Allah bound me tight
To WILLIAM'S chariot-wheels!
Before, in fact, our two ways, mine and his, met.
Kismet! O. S.

POULTRY AND THE WAR.

"WHAT does this mean?" I asked, hastily withdrawing my spoon from the egg on my plate.

"It means," said Hilda, "that ours won't lay, and I had to go to the grocer's. I asked Mr. Thompson if it was new-laid, and he answered me that it was fresh in yesterday."

"What," said I, "does Mr. Thompson's electric bell do when you place your foot on the board immediately inside his door?"

"It rings."

"Quite so, and that is what Mr. Thompson does. His 'fresh in yesterday' is a purely automatic response to a certain stimulus. He has, in fact, never owned, nor is it possible for him to own, an egg that was not fresh in yesterday."

"I shall speak to him severely," said my wife.

"My dear," I answered, "years and years and years ago, before we were married, before this house was built, before you were promoted to pinafores and when Mr. CHURCHILL and I were running about in sailor suits, people were speaking severely to Mr. Thompson; and they have been doing it ever since. No, there is only one way of getting the really reliable article. Our hens must lay. If they won't, we must make them. I will interview Christine."

Christine is our oldest hen. We have always looked to her to set the tone of our establishment, and her influence has on the whole been good.

"Somehow Christine seems to have changed lately," said my wife. "She has never been quite the same since her last brood of ducklings. You remember her trying to swim the pond, and our having to bring her round by artificial respiration?"

"You think that affected her?"

"Yes, it certainly shook her nerve. And I believe the War has been upsetting her lately."

"I suppose," I said thoughtfully, "that, if by any chance we were invaded, things would be rather awkward for the hen community of the Eastern Counties. The only accommodation we could provide for them would be internal, so to speak."

"Exactly; that is what Christine feels."

After breakfast I strolled round to the hen-roost. Its occupants were scattered about outside, engaged in their daily exhaustive examination of the ground adjoining their domicile. It struck me, however, that they looked, if anything, a trifle more absent-minded than usual. Christine stood apart from the rest by the water pan. She eyed me gloomily as I approached.

My intention had been to be extremely blunt with her, to express my pained surprise that she and her companions were not playing the game, and to remind her forcibly that the motto of every patriotic British hen in the present crisis was "eggs as usual." But as I marked her dejected attitude I doubted if such a course would prove effective. Besides, it has always been repugnant to me to deal harshly with the softer sex. So I bethought me of a better way. Standing squarely in front of her I said, in a clear, distinct voice, "It is rumoured from a trustworthy source that the KAISER is a prisoner at La Bassée." Then I turned and left her.

"Any news from the run?" I asked my wife on my return from Town. She smiled joyously. "There were ten eggs this afternoon." This was pretty good for six brace of hens. On the next evening there were eleven eggs, and on the next twelve. My wife was immensely pleased, but, after all, a household of four persons does not require a dozen eggs a day. There should be moderation in all things. It occurred to me, too, that such an excess of enthusiasm on the part of our friends, if allowed to continue unchecked, would probably overtax their energies. That night, before retiring to rest, I put my head inside the hen-roost and said, "The Russians have evacuated East Prussia. Official."

On the following day we had eight eggs.

Since that date, though the general trend of the war has been favourable, the Allies have suffered one or two minor reverses, and on one occasion there was a hint of trouble in Bulgaria. Still, on the whole, things are going satisfactorily. Our average in eggs has been 7·5 a day.



THE BREAD-WINNER.



FIRST CAUSES.

Scene.—*A very primitive seaside place.*

Ancient and Philosophic Mariner. "Ay, ay. This War has come on us for our vanity. Babylon fell for its vanity. And there never was as much vanity in Babylon as there was in Port Mugglesby last summer."

AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT.

When you are in the throes of War the great thing is to eat like a horse. Organisation is the keynote of efficient eating; hence our Mess. We are seven, and take turns at the duties of Mess orderly. When we get into a town, even horses aren't in it with us—for one thing they don't billet horses in towns much. But we have our failures. Witness our stay at Grande Choupe. (Note to Censor.—This name does not exist).

Grande Choupe is a town of no mean aspirations. It can sell you wine and vinegar under the same name. We went there for a seven days' rest, and the cooks promised roast meat nightly.

Wilmot was Mess orderly the first day; he got wine and prunes and hot fried potatoes and other exotics. The meat was a dream, but we had no salt. We almost expelled Wilmot from the Mess to get it; but War has softened us, and we forbore.

Robbins was on next day; he bettered Wilmot by finding a pot of Blunker's Manchester Marmalade in an obscure *épicerie*—an achievement which so impressed us that we all but forgave him for forgetting the salt; but some hard things were said to Maynard, who produced neither salt nor marmalade on the third day.

On the fourth Whipple alleged that he *had* bought salt and left it in the shop; he put on a great many airs about it and seemed to expect a D.S.O. His behaviour encouraged Decker to make the same omission on the next night.

Then came my turn. I made a knot in my equipment the night before, and thought on the morrow of nothing but salt until I met Warne of the North-East Yorkshires. What with having to salute Warne, and fixing up to feed with his Mess, and swopping lies with him, I somehow—well, anyhow, I was quite glad afterwards I hadn't to dine *chez nous*.

Then came the seventh and last day, with Dixon on duty. Dixon is one of those thorough men. He does his shopping with little bits of paper. Had Dixon been on earlier our stay would have been a perfect oasis of salt. Dixon went straight out after breakfast and bought salt—a good deal of salt—enough for anything between a battalion and a brigade. We all came and inspected it; we boasted of it to the rest of the section; its fame spread to the rest of the platoon. The rest of the platoon lacks initiative; it accepts saltless roasts in a spirit of dull acquiescence. We took pity on them and lent them salt—as much as they wanted.

That night the cooks—thanks to the A.S.C., and to a great effort on the part of our quartermaster—gave us a change, boiled salt beef.

We never speak of salt in our Mess now.

More Shipping Precautions.

"Stories of the liner *Orduna* having flown the American flag on the last stage of her voyage from America, were told by passengers landing at Liverpool last night. . . .

When the *Oruna* arrived at the landing stage she was not flying the American flag; it was said she lowered it before entering the Mersey. . . .

The *Ondura* was not bearing her name in the usual prominent places."

Daily Dispatch.

We believe the above vessel is leaving Liverpool again in a few days as the *Odruna*, and returning from America as the *Orduan*. It is hoped that before the possible variations of the name have been fully exhausted submarines will have ceased from troubling.

Report from Berlin:—

"Air Raid on Colchester.
Many thousands of natives destroyed in their beds."

THE MAGIC WORD.

No ordeal in life so terrifies me as a visit to the dentist.

I do not claim any originality for this feeling. Most persons have it, and writers for the Comic Press have flourished on it for years. I merely state it here not as a joke but as a fact, because everything that follows depends upon it. I wish to say also that, though everyone's teeth are more sensitive than anyone else's, my teeth are more sensitive still. The slightest touch of metal upon them plunges me into agony.

So much being premised, I pass on to the tragic circumstance of a compulsory visit to the dentist last week after two or three days of pain. The appointment hung over me like a—well, you know what it is like, and I went through all the usual preliminary stages, only in my case they were more distressing. The whole point of this truthful history is to show by what means I in the end conquered the flesh.

I reached the door, suddenly and totally (as usual) free from pain, and, overcoming the impulse to retreat, pressed the bell with a reluctant and trembling finger. The usual gigantic footman opened the door—a man with thirty-two of the soundest teeth in Europe, and therefore the least sympathetic sight to the eyes at this moment. Why my dentist keeps such a servant I cannot imagine. And yet, on the other hand, one would not choose as janitor a poor creature with a swollen cheek or his head in a bandage. I cannot say what the perfect dentist's footman should be like—I have no time to bother about it just now—but I am sure he ought not to be so healthy and happy-looking as this fellow. He relieved me of my coat and hat and showed me into the waiting-room, where all the illustrated papers of a month or two ago are to be seen, provided you can find them among the heaps of yesteryear's.

I was punctual, because that is my invariable habit. My dentist was late, because that is his. It is indeed all dentists' invariable habit. What, I always wonder, do they suppose we should think of them if they were on time? That they were not busy, probably; for that seems to be the darkest disgrace that the professional mind can imagine. They pull out the wrong tooth without any compunction and consider a light apology obliterates the fault, but the thought that someone might not think them overworked breaks their hearts.

He was so late on this occasion that I had time to look through a score of papers and lose myself in the pictures of the War. Illustrated papers being not much in my line, I was peculiarly interested in these, and the privations and triumphs, the heroisms and sacrifices of the great struggle took on a new vividness, and more than ever I wished myself younger so that I too might join in the fray.

I was in the midst of these reflections when the giant footman entered with the dread summons, and I returned with a jolt to my drab pacific existence once more, and faltered behind him up the stairs with a beating heart. Absurd to be so cowardly, and yet there it is.

My dentist greeted me with his usual loathsome cheerfulness, although I cannot say that I really want him solemnly to assume the black cap as one enters; and he prepared the fatal chair and rattled among his weapons with all his customary gaiety. I thought again of Sir KENELM DIGBY's fable, and "What's fun to you is death to me," I murmured to myself as I took up position and opened my mouth. And as I did so I was only too conscious that I was shaking; not purely from fear but because two nights of toothache make one a jelly.

The examination began . . .

Now, at last, comes the point of this tedious narrative.

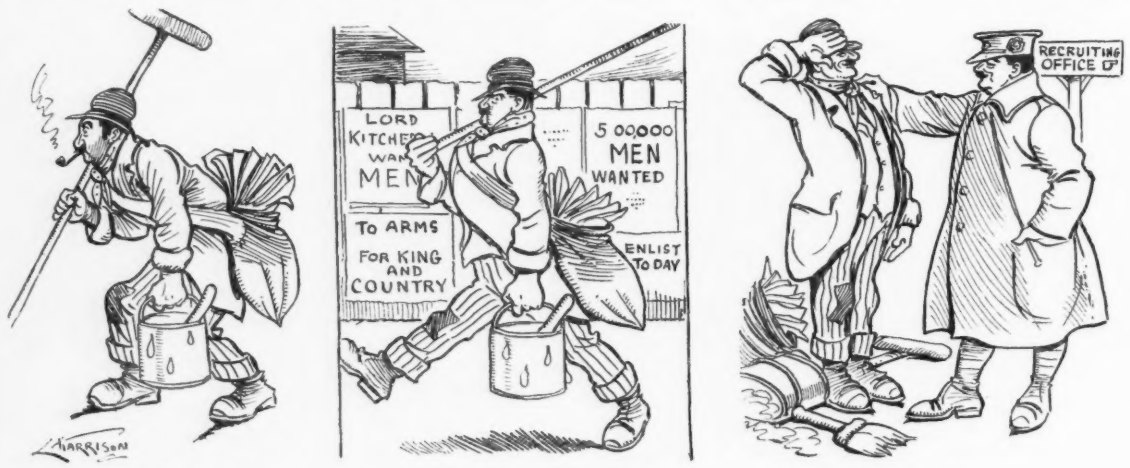
"Well," said the dentist, "you're in a pretty bad way, I can tell you. Why they've been going so quickly of late I can't say, but you want patching up in all directions. Two of the nerves are quite exposed." (My heart fell three or four inches with a thud.) "It will be a long and rather uncomfortable job, I'm afraid." (It fell again, for I know only too well what horrors are contained in the word "uncomfortable" as used by a dentist.) "All I can do to-day," he added, "is to drill two or three of the worst of them."

I sat up. Drill! Had I heard him aright?

"Did you say drill?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "Two or three must be drilled at once."

My fears suddenly left me. I grew firm and resolute, careless of pain; for I too, after all, was to be in the military movement. At least my teeth were.



WHEN HE STARTED. AFTER A FEW WEEKS OF IT. THE RESULT.

THE EFFECT OF RECRUITING POSTERS ON AN IMPRESSIONABLE BILL-STICKER.

"FOOD SUPPLIES IN GERMANY.
PIGS EATING TOO MUCH."
The Evening Times.

This seems rather a crude way of referring to the enemy's preference for a liberal diet.

FRIGHTFULNESS.

Coombes Minor was sitting on the hot-water pipes after prep. There is no need to rush off to bed nowadays, for Jagger, our beast of a house-prefect, does company drill in the gymnasium every night. It is a wonderful thing that KITCHENER always picks out the decent prefects for coms. and gives the brutes a miss. We were just taking it out of young Lepping for swank. His brother is a casualty, so we were rotting Lepping by saying that he was not wounded by a German sniper, but kicked by a British army-mule when ten miles from the trenches. All at once Coombes Minor broke in, "You chaps don't take this war seriously enough. We want to be frightful, like the Germans." No doubt Coombes would have explained his plan, but just then young Lepping switched the light off and threw inkpots.

However, Coombes began next morning when we went to old Giles. Old Giles is one of those polite beasts who always say "Good morning" when they come into the class-room, and then hand out the punishments wholesale. He said it this morning. Everyone but Coombes answered "Good morning," but Coombes said "Death to Germany."

"H'm," said old Giles; "Coombes is defying an empire of seventy millions. His defiance would be more impressive from an elevation. Stand on the form, Coombes, and write me out *Delenda est Carthago* five hundred times in detention."

Then we went to Newbold for Maths. Coombes preferred to spend his time writing a hymn of hate. He had got the first line done all right, but then he stuck. Second lines in poetry are horribly difficult. Well, Coombes had written, "I hate thee, William, oh, I hate," when Newbold collared his paper. Would you believe that Newbold took it as applying to himself? We always called him "Bodger," and I'm sure that Coombes never knew his name was William. Well, Newbold, thinking he was the only William in the world, reported Coombes to the Head for gross impertinence.

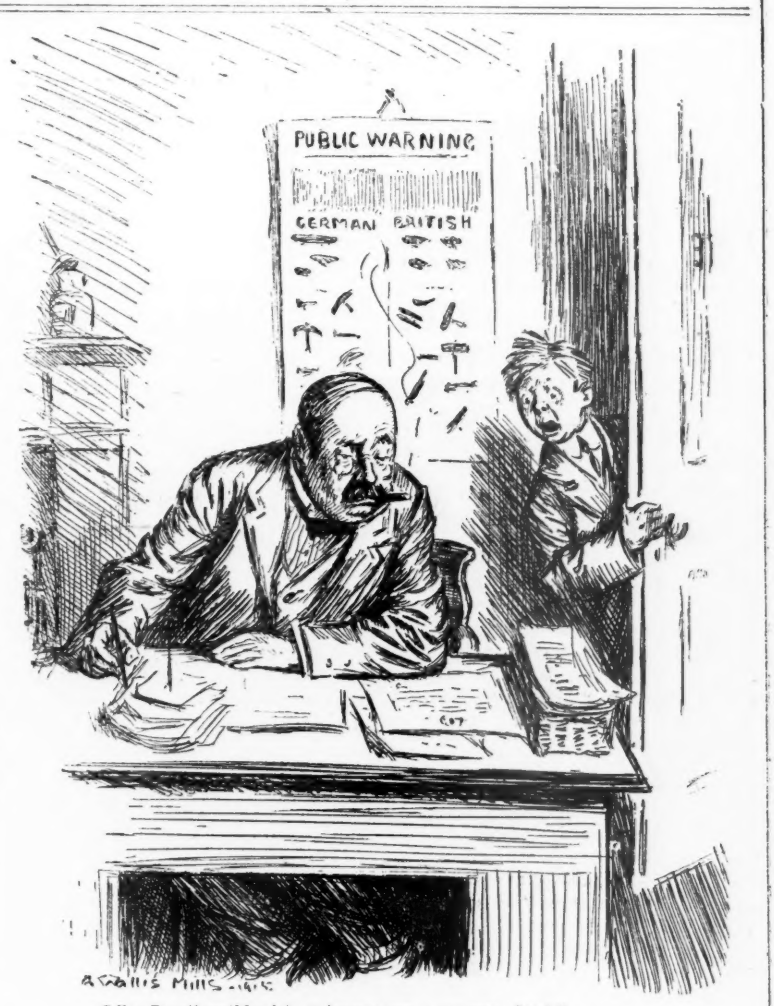
Coombes was so occupied thinking of trouble to come that he forgot all about his campaign till dinner. Now Progers, our housemaster, makes what he thinks is intelligent and elevating conversation at meal-times. The gravy gets like glue while he is dismembering Austria instead of the joint.

"If you please, Sir," said Coombes, "don't you think it would help the Empire if we used less bread and helped to pull prices down?"

Progers smiled and said, "I like your patriotic self-sacrifice, Coombes. We must preserve our stocks of flour. It seems to me that flour should be utilised in its most nutritious forms. Bread, for example, and not pastry. Do I understand that you purpose abstaining from apple-pie?"

"Yes, Sir," said Coombes, with a wild look in his eye. He confided to me afterwards that he felt convinced that Progers was a naturalised German. Nothing else could account for such treacherous conduct.

Then Coombes began to argue that we ought to give up our gold to the Government. I agreed, of course. The Government can have all my gold in mid-term and welcome. When it came to be settled it was found that the only gold in the form was Lepping's scarf-pin. We all thought it a grand idea, and we were wondering whether it would be safe to send it to LLOYD GEORGE (even if he has turned over a new leaf), or whether it had better go straight to KITCHENER, when all at once someone noticed that Lepping was missing. Would you believe that he had slipped out to town and popped his scarf-pin for seven-and-six? Coombes said that Lepping was a traitor to the country and must be made to run the gauntlet, when old Progers came in and announced that Jagger, our beast of a house-prefect, had got his com. and was leaving that night. We gave three-times-three and a few more for KITCHENER, and three very small cheers for Jagger. Lepping announced that what was left of the seven-and-six should be spent in a bedroom feast to celebrate the occasion. Then Coombes said that if Jagger was going against the Germans his "frightfulness" campaign was off. The Huns with Jagger on their track had his deepest sympathy.



Office Boy (*breathlessly*). "AEROPLANE A-COMING, SIR!"
Employer (*strictly businesslike*). "TAKE THE CHART AND CHECK IT."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

RAIDS AND THINGS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The prospect of a *raid* is the great attraction just now at week-end parties. Dick and Dottie Flummery sent round invitations, a little while ago, when Dick was home from the Front for a few days' leave: "Come from Friday to Monday. Raid expected." As they're lucky enough to have a place on the East coast, people were simply slaying each other to get there, and Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, wrote to say she didn't mind *where* they put her up, in the garage or even with the dogs, she said, if only she might come! Pompom and I were invited, and went off at once to get raid-wraps. "Olga" is making quite a feature of these big, cosy, fur-lined satin wraps with hoods lined with the Union Jack, great enamelled buttons with one of our Allies' flags on each, a design of bombs, guns, aeroplanes and submarines in steel embroidery down the fronts and round the skirts, and a little *precious* pistol pocket on the hip. For dogsies she makes them all sizes, down to the weeniest, and my angel looks too darling for words in his.

Dick and Dottie, whose place is not far from Herrinport and so in the thick of the fun, were all ready for anything. But nothing happened for three days, and on Monday evening we were feeling very cheap at the thought of going away the next day *raidless*. We stayed up, hoping against hope, till some of us gave up in despair and went to bed. Dick and the rest of the men went out to make observations and report if anything was coming. Suddenly, at past midnight, we heard the sound of firing close to the coast.

"They're here!" I screamed, and, with *wonderful* self-possession, I at once put on my own and darling Pompom's raid-wraps.

"They're landing!" shrieked all the others in chorus. "Oh! why don't Dick and the others come back and defend us?"

One of the gardeners came rushing in. "There's a lot of they Germans landing close by, ladies!" he shouted. "Herrinport's all in a buzz and they be goin' to fire off the old cannon. But they chaps be comin' straight for this house!"

"Keep your heads!" I said (*wasn't* I wonderful, my Daphne?). "Let's all stand in a row, with our raid-wraps on and our revolvers pointed!"

However, they wouldn't stand in a row, and they wouldn't do anything but rush about and make a noise, and, when I had the lights switched off, someone else had them switched on again, and then in another moment the invaders were upon us and had burst into the house, a crowd of them, all muffled up in cloaks and caps.

"Ach Himmel!" one of them cried. "You are prisoners, mein littel ladies. We take you back to de Vaterland!"

"You don't take me or Pompon back to your immensely odious Vaterland!" I said, putting my little petty-pet behind me in his basket. "You'll have to step over my dead body before you touch my own darling!" and I pointed my revolver.

At that moment Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, who was one of those that had given up in despair and gone to bed, came rushing down without her raid-wrap and without several other things that would have improved her appearance. Brandishing an umbrella, the only kind of weapon she had managed to snatch up, she charged the invaders with a shrill cry of, "You dreadful wretches! Go back to your horrid country!" And then there was a great shout of laughter, and the cloaks and caps were pulled off—and there were Dick and the rest of them and the Delamonts from Delamont Hall three miles away! It was a put-up thing. They had used the Delamonts' yacht and let off squibs before landing, and Herrinport replied by firing off its one little old cannon, which burst in the process!

So there's our raid, *m'amie!* Dick and the others got a small wigging from the powers that be, but as they were going back to the Front it was all kept quiet and allowed to blow over.

I've Mélanie de Vieuxchateau with me on a long visit. The Comte is with the army. Vieuxchateau, their lovely old place in the North of France has been spoiled by those *creatures*. Mélanie only just got away in time, but the dear thing, though in such a tearing hurry, actually went and saw that the bolts of the concealed trap-doors in the old part of the chateau were drawn back, so that anybody treading on one of them would fall down into an oubliette.

In the delicious romantic old times, people who weren't wanted quite *often* fell down into these lovely old underground donjons and were never heard of again; and a former Comte, who was Hereditary-Chief-Great-Wig-Comber to Louis XIV., kept his nephew for *two years* in the worst of *all* the donjons for sneezing in the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles when the Roi Soleil was passing through. What darling old days those were!

Well, soon after dear Mélanie had escaped, those creatures occupied the chateau, led by a *certain Prince*, who *loaded* himself with valuables, and, when his hands and arms and pockets were *quite* full, *filled* his *mouth* with small jewellery, and then trod on one of the unbolted trap-doors and fell down into the worst of all the oubliettes (the one where the sneezing nephew was kept), and when he was got out had to be operated on, as he was being *suffocated* with brooches and ear-rings going down his throat in the fall. It has been given out that he was wounded in battle, but Mélanie says the *truth* is that he *still* has a small lace-brooch sticking in his throat, and there's a diamond ear-ring in one of his lungs, and he'll never be the same man again! However, he's got a whole row of iron crosses and eagles and things for the "Great Victory of Vieux-chateau!"

My dearest, I've such an *adorable* secret for your own, own ear. I believe your Blanche is going to influence this dreadful war and have a little, *little* niche in *history*. You remember how popular the King of Rowdydaria was when, as Prince Blorin, he was over here some time ago. He and I were great pals—he gave me that little sapphire lucky-pig that I wear as a mascot. So the idea came to me to write to him and get him, for *my* sake, to leave off being so *wretchedly neutral* and join us and our allies with his army, which is considered one of the —— in ——. (I'm censoring this myself, as one can't be too reticent about these things). I wrote him a perfectly sweet letter, reminding him of the happy times at Jinkshigh Manor, when he distinguished himself so gloriously in a pillow fight in the corridors one evening. I said I still wore his mascot, and then I asked him to leave off being so neutral, as it was *utterly* unworthy of him, and, for *my* sake, to come into the war on the right side *at once*.

I got his answer the other day—a most *sweet* one! He says he remembers his *fair* and *charming* friend *only too well for his peace of mind*; that he's honoured that I still wear his little gift, that he *only lives to please me*, and that he kisses my hands and is my "devoted Blorin." So, *of course*, he means to come into the War, and *I* shall have been the means of ending it sooner, and I shall be in history, and I shall be—but I'm still

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

P.S.—I've just read in the morning papers that "the King of Rowdydaria has made a formal proclamation of *strict neutrality*"! That Blorin is a pig of the first magnitude!

THE CELTIC REVUE.

THE movement towards the literary *revue* makes progress. Sir JAMES BARRIE has long been a convert. The statement that Mr. W. B. YEATS has been approached by the management of a West-end hall should, however, be received with caution, in spite of the following sketch of an opening scene, which reaches us from an unreliable quarter:—

SCENE.—*Behind the stage at some theatre. A large dim space. At the back one sees, perhaps, a door leading to nowhere in particular, with a light burning above it; or it may be the corner of a passage, or any old thing.* Shemus, *a worn pale man in the black-and-white garb of a business manager, sits staring before him into vacancy.* Shawn, *a producer, is poring over a book of figures.*

Shemus (*speaking as though with a great effort*). There is no money in the house to-night.

Shawn (*absently*). Will you be saying that?

Shemus. A while ago
Came two with passes in their hands, who sat
Some little space, then groaned and passed away,
As the wind passes o'er a cairn of stones;
But made more noise, for you could hear them go.

Shawn. I did not see them.

Shemus (*bitterly*). You did not miss much.
Pot-bellied fools that lacked the wit to smile,
Dead-heads, with hearts already moribund.

Shawn (*looking up*). There is that here I do not understand;
In this great book is written all the tale
Of what 's been spent upon the present show
(Red gold enough to buy a thousand souls);
And all the ancient names of the old Stars
We pinned our faith to, yet they help us not.

Shemus (*as before*). There is no money in the house to-night.
Nothing to speak of.

Shawn. Then why speak it twice
When once was almost more than I could bear?
[*A distant noise as of owls hooting.*
Did you not hear them? That 's the curtain down;
He should be here by now.

Shemus. I hear a step;
It is himself.

[*The door at the back opens to admit the figure of* Braudgrin, *the leading man. His face is very white. About his shoulders there is for the moment a suggestion as of geese fluttering.*

Shawn (*awed*). And he has got the Bird.

Braudgrin. I am full weary of this foolish piece
And all the scenes that come, yet never go,
And all the hours when, like a fisherman,
I drop my lines into a yawning pit
And have no good of them. It makes me sick,
So sick I feel I could throw up my part.

Shemus (*as though quoting*). "Artists will please remember that their speech
Must stand as free from all vulgarity."
That was the contract when you were engaged.

Shawn (*whispers*). It is the Bird that worketh on him thus,
Ruffling his temper with its evil wings.
Let us not heed him.

Braudgrin. Never one can say
But I did everything within my power
With gags and quips to wake the piece to life,
And yet it hangs, like a provincial sketch
Or blasted palm-tree—things that get no dates.

Shawn. They oft will swear when they have had the Bird.

Shemus (*as before*). There is no money in the house to-night.

Braudgrin (*suddenly*). I have a vision of a crock of gold
That 's ours for lifting. Let us change the bill



"IS MRS. BROWN AT HOME?" "NO, MUM—ROUTE MARCHIN'."
"AND MR. BROWN?" "GONE TO CAMP."
"AND THE CHILDREN?" "GONE SCOUTIN'; AN' I 'OPE YOU 'LL EXCUSE ME, MUM, BUT I 'M DUE AT THE DRILL 'ALL MESELF."



THE TERRORS OF WAR.

WHAT WE HAVE TO SUFFER IN OUR SELECT CLUB NOW THAT ALL SERVANTS OF ELIGIBLE AGE HAVE JOINED THE COLOURS.

Temporary Waiter. "'Oo said 'MUFFINGS'?"

(Word of ill sound) and put on a revue;
Celtic, not French, and full of shadowy girls,
Colleens, they call them, clad in shamrock green,
And on their lips and feet attractive brogues.
Then let us have a scene with lots of pigs
And call it Bally-something.
Shawn (doubtfully). Bally rot
It sounds to me. But we might try the thing.
Shemus. There 's money in a ballet—always was.
Braudgrin (ecstatic). Already in my ears there is a sound,
A lowing murmur as of crowded stalls
And the deep thunder of approving gods
That frights away the Bird. Come, let us go.
[*They go out. The scene closes.*

"Russian Joan of Arc Was Wounded in Foot While Fighting in Poland—Gets Cross."
Headline in a British Columbia paper.

This sort of thing makes even a saint swear.

SIR SVEN HEDIN.

As an Asiatic digger
You have laboured like a nigger
And few travellers loom bigger
On that scene,
So we thought that you were wiser
Than to bolster up the KAISER
As the only civiliser,
SVEN HEDIN.

Here your claims were never slighted,
You were fêted, honoured, knighted,
And appeared to be delighted
By your mien.
Now you aim at something higher
And as England's vilifier
Join Professor KUNO MEYER,
SVEN HEDIN.

In the work of exploration
To no other foreign nation
Under such an obligation
Have you been;
Yet you bite the hand that fed you,
And within the land that bred you
Many friends are like to shed you,
SVEN HEDIN.

THE MARTIAL MUSE.

No self-respecting music publisher has fewer than twenty new patriotic songs to-day on his list and many have more. Of their patriotism there can be no doubt, for one has but to look at the titles, which may be considered under two headings, Pro-Allies and Anti-German.

In the former category we are especially attracted by the following:—

Annette of the Aisne.
Boy with the Bayonet, The.
Bulldog's Bark and Bite, The.
Empty Piccadilly, Lonely Leicester Square.
Pipers at Wipers, The.
Russians are to have Constantinople, The.

Turning to the Anti-German songs we may single out:—

Baby and the Bomb, The.
Bashing the Bosches.
Boys of the Dachshund Breed.
Champagne Willy is my name.
Erring on the Rhine.
O Willy, we shan't miss you.



WILLIAM O' THE WISP.



A COMBINED NAVAL AND MILITARY ATTACK.

MR. M'NEILL (NOT SWIFT), SIR C. KINLOCH-COOKE AND LORD CHARLES BERESFORD GO FOR MR. TENNANT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 22nd February.—NAPOLEON, if he were still with us, would be interested and corrected by discovering how thoroughly "a nation of shopkeepers," dragged into a great war, becomes imbued with the military spirit. Striking example occurred this afternoon. Announcement officially made that Colonel SEELY, one of the earliest volunteers for the Front, had been appointed, with temporary rank of Brigadier-General, to command of brigade largely composed of Canadian troops.

A time of political truce, party prejudice and animosities happily laid aside. But, really, this appointment of what M'NEILL (not SWIFT but another) scornfully calls "an ex-Yeomanry officer" to important command is going a little too far, don't you think? M'NEILL does, and so does CHARLIE BERESFORD, and they find valuable support in my colleague in the representation of Barks, KINLOCH-COOKE, in whose modest person few recognise H.M. Counsel for Mint in Berkshire.

Understand from friend who, though undistinguishable in mufti, is a section-commander in the Inns of Court Reserve Corps, that one of the most elementary manœuvres in squad-drill is to Form Fours. Obviously that impossible in this particular assault. The gallant trio do the next best thing possible to their number. They Form Three and attack UNDER-SECRETARY OF WAR with fusillade of questions.

Completeness of design shown in circumstance that this is a combined naval and military attack, something after the fashion of the bombardment of the Belgian coast. KINLOCH-COOKE, inadequately appreciated in military circles, knows enough, *inter alia*, to have written a book settling crucial question of Australian Defences and New Guinea. Long before the hand-grenade became a recognised weapon in the trenches in Flanders, M'NEILL distinguished himself by flinging one across the Table of House of Commons, administering to FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY what is colloquially known as "one in the eye." Fact that the projectile was bound copy of Rules Preserving Order in Debate flashed over the incident a gleam of humour that greatly pleased the House.

As for CHARLIE BERESFORD, his renown is world-wide. Coming down this afternoon ready to take his part in combined attack on War Office he observed that attention to detail which long experience has taught him is, though comparatively trivial, essential to full success. Instead of driving across Palace Yard, he arrived at Westminster Stairs in trim-built wherry, with the name *Condor* painted in large letters on its bow, lest he should be suspected of concealing himself under guise of anonymous neutrality.

Attack effected without a hitch. H.M.'s Counsel for Mint in Berkshire led off with enquiry whether report of SEELY'S appointment was well-founded? M'NEILL made brilliant flank attack by demand to know whether such promotion of an ex-Yeomanry officer implied dearth of competent officers in Regular Army? Then the gallant little *Condor* ran in and raked batteries of Treasury Bench by wanting to know whether affair had not only led to revolt on part of Canadian contingent but had spread



"YOU CAN BE OLE TIRPZ IN A SUBMARINE, AN' I'LL BE HADMIRAL JERICHO ON MY MAN-O'-WAR. YOU'VE GOT TO TRY AN' GIT 'OLD O' MY FOOT AFORE I COPS YOU ONE OVER THE 'ED—SEE?"

feeling of irritation throughout the Dominion?

UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR quietly answered that the nomination had been made by Sir JOHN FRENCH, upon whose staff SEELY has served for six months. As for alleged Canadian dissatisfaction, the only Canadian officer with whom he had conversed on the subject informed him that the arrangement was highly popular not only with the troops but throughout the Dominion.

'OGGE, with pertinacity reminiscent of late King of BASHAN and testifying afresh to influence of heredity, wanted to know whether Lord SALISBURY has also been made a Brigadier-General, and what are his military qualifications?

House, indisposed further to consider matter, got into Committee of Supply and talked learnedly on aniline dyes.

Business done.—£35,853,000 voted for Civil Service Estimates.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—In casual lull of work undertaken on behalf of Empire noble lords to-day turned for five minutes to think about themselves. One of the odd things that go to building up of British constitution is that House of Lords practically have no commissariat department. Commons, as is well known, have elaborate establishment under direction of Committee annually elected.

Less well known that in these dire circumstances remote end of Terrace, corresponding with that at t'other end where in due season wife of the SPEAKER privily entertains her friends to tea, is reserved for the peerage. SARK retains vivid recollection of one summer afternoon when he saw HALSBURY, while still Lord Chancellor, seated at a Table set in this remote quarter and pouring tea out of a large brown pot for refreshment of two ladies.

Sacred reserve little frequented. Fact is, eight times out of ten, at the hour commonly appointed for taking tea—five o'clock, to wit—noble lords, their daily task accomplished, have shut up shop and are wending their way homeward or clubward.

This practice makes more remarkable a movement formally approved at to-day's sitting. If noble lords approaching public business at half-past four habitually conclude it at five o'clock, what do they want with dinner prepared on the premises at eight or half-past? On the rare occasions in the Session when debate is prolonged their custom is to adjourn at eight o'clock, resuming the sitting at half-past nine, having in the meantime been home to dinner. Now resolved, by acceptance of report of Select Committee presided over by DONOUGHMORE, to have Refreshment Department under management of Kitchen Committee, on same lines as that which looks after comfort of the Commons. Of course this includes engagement of chef, staffs of cooks and waiters, with daily provision of wherewithal to cook dinners for indefinite number of guests.

Seems a sound business arrangement. Its working will be watched with interest.

Business done.—LORD CHANCELLOR seated on Woolsack at 4.15. Prayers. Batch of Private Bills read second time. At 4.30 public business brought on. Resolved to have Refreshment Department, so that dinners may be served as in House of Commons. At 4.35 House adjourned.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Board of Trade and Board of Works had bad quarter of an hour in respect of the contract for purchase of timber.

HOPE of Sheffield, rapidly working out a sum, showed the minimum com-

mission pocketed by fortunate contractor will exceed £35,000, three years' salary of a Lord Chancellor or the salary of six Prime Ministers. (To be accurate, he should have said seven). ARTHUR MARKHAM, who speaks as one having authority, not as a member of the Board of Works, mentioned that in his business as a coal-owner he bought timber to the amount of £100,000 a year, paying his agent £500 a year. DALZIEL, who has keen scent for a job, hinted at others of similar character that would presently be dealt with.

FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO WAR OFFICE attempted to dispose of awkward business by curt assurance that he was perfectly satisfied with the affair. FREDERICK HANDEL BOOTH reminded him that subject had not been raised "in order that one might be fobbed off like that on a foggy evening."

Matter looking serious, BECK put up on behalf of Board of Works to invite any business men in the House who cared to call at the Works Office to consider details of the transaction which would be open for their inspection. FREDERICK HANDEL knew the sort of man for the job.

"I 'll go," he shouted.

There for a moment matter rests.

Business done.—Vote on Account of Civil Service Estimates agreed to.

LETTERS TO VON TIRPITZ.

[It is not surprising that the submarine activities of the German Navy have led to the German Admiralty receiving a large number of communications.]

The Homestead, Dovedale.

DEAR SIR,—I have read in the newspapers that in submarine ships your men can go under water for several hours. I wish you would be kind enough to let me know how they manage to hold their breath all that time, as I remember that, when younger and given to sea bathing, I could only hold mine for ten or twelve seconds at the most. Yours sincerely,

(Miss) PRUDENCE PIFFLE.

The Nuts' Club, Piccadilly, London, W.

DEAR SIR,—Your chaps don't seem to realise that what they are doing only helps to increase recruiting over here. Take my own case. I may have been a bit slow in doing what I am going to do now, but I 've finally made up my mind to rough it as others are roughing it. So mark this! If you persist in murdering non-combatants on the high seas, as sure as I 'm twenty-five next 1st of April, *I 'll make my man enlist.*

Yours, ADOLPHUS FITZ.



Tramp (detailing his day's work). "YUS, AN' WHEN I TOLD 'ER THAT BESIDES BEIN' TOO OLD FOR THE ARMY ME 'EART WAS WEAK, SHE SEZ, 'WELL, CAN YER KNIT?'"

The Pets Protection Society.

DEAR SIR,—I am requested by the committee of the above society to write to you. Doubtless the loss of human life caused by the sinking of a submarine is very regrettable, but just as sad is the death, consequent upon the loss of the vessel, of the white mice always carried. Will you kindly state, therefore, what arrangements you have made or are making for safeguarding the lives of the white mice on your submarines? If no such arrangements have been made we should be prepared to promote a fund for providing them with life-belts.

Yours faithfully,

(For the P.P.S.)

JAMES SMOOTHER, *Hon. Sec.*

Crack Kinemas, Ld.

DEAR SIR,—Please quote lowest terms for sending submarine to be sunk by British warship or merchantman outside Dover harbour for kinematograph purposes. Would arrange to rescue your crew immediately your vessel was struck. I believe that British Admiralty will on its part be perfectly willing to oblige, so trust you will do same. Yours faithfully,

ALBERT FLASHER, *Sec.*

Our Diplomatic Press.

"THE PIRATES.
U.S. CABINET
MEETS."
"Evening Standard" Poster.

"TO-DAY'S NOTABLE DICTA.

A soberer British Army never took the field.—Rev. W. Beveridge."

Glasgow Citizen.

Obviously an authority.

The German Food Regulations.

"We do not know how they are taking to the new Government rations, and we advise readers to accept with caution reports of internal disturbances received through roundabout channels."—*Times.*

Perhaps a rather too Johnsonian phrase for indigestion.

THE WOOL-WINDER.

"THE Dardanelles," I said, "are now——"

"I'm sorry I can't attend to the Dardanelles just at present," said Francesca.

"Why not?" I said. "Do you take no interest in them?"

"Yes," she said, "lots. But at this moment I'm knitting a bed-sock for some frost-bitten soldier, and it's got to be finished to-night."

"Won't to-morrow do?" I said.

"No," she said, "it won't. The whole parcel must go off to-morrow morning to the hospital."

"Oh, very well," I said, "if you won't listen, you won't, and there's an end of it. I only thought you might like to have a little intellectual conversation even while you were knitting. Some people would prefer to have a certain amount of outside intellect thrown into a bed-sock, especially as I understand that bed-socks have no heels and are, therefore, not in themselves of the highest interest."

"This bed-sock," said Francesca, "doesn't aim at being interesting; it hopes to be comfortable. So please go on reading your evening paper to yourself. I'm not one of those geniuses who can knit and talk and write letters and read papers all at one and the same time."

"All right," I said; "but when Mrs. Archdale comes into the room I warn you I shall talk to her whether she's knitting or not, if I simply insist on telling her about the Dardanelles."

"And that," said Francesca, "would be conduct unworthy of a host. But she hasn't brought her knitting with her."

"How terrible for her," I said. "What does it feel like to forget one's knitting?"

At this moment Mrs. Archdale entered the room. She was staying with us for two nights, and, having left her knitting behind, she was for the moment a sort of free lance among women. Now Mrs. Archdale, who is the kindest of women, has two main characteristics. Either she is wanting to help somebody else or she is actually helping somebody else. She came in trailing clouds of glory behind her in the shape of a huge skein of white wool and she showed only a faint interest in the Dardanelles.

"I *must* help," she said, "and as all the knitting needles in the house are occupied I am going to wind this wool into a ball."

"And he," said Francesca, thus lightly indicating me, "will help you. It's time he did something. He can hold the skein while you wind off."

"Splendid!" I said with an alacrity which, I am sure, was hollow. "Give me the skein. Let me hold it. Of course I'm a champion tangler. All the skeins I've ever held have had thousands of knots in them. I suppose it's because of my thumbs; but a man can't help his thumbs, can he? Let us begin at once;" and I sprang from my chair and seized the nearer parts of Mrs. Archdale's skein.

Gently, but with the utmost firmness, Mrs. Archdale declined my help. She could never dream, she said, of separating a man from his evening paper. It would be unforgivable. Besides, she could manage quite well without me.

"Use the back of his armchair," said Francesca. "It's the only suitable one in the room. He can bend forward."

"Yes," I said, "I'm the best bend-forward in the neighbourhood. You'll miss me nearly every time. Besides, if you do catch me, what *does* it matter? To be strangled is nothing so long as it's in a good cause."

But Mrs. Archdale said No, it was quite unnecessary. She thanked me warmly for my offer of assistance, but she had a patent and infallible plan for winding wool unaided. All she had to do was to put the skein round her foot and knee—like this—and the thing was as good as done. Even if she did happen to want a chair-back, there were plenty in the room that she could use at a pinch without inconveniencing me. Thereupon she began.

It might be supposed that in the contest which followed all the odds were on the side of a resolute and resourceful woman, as against a mere inanimate bundle of wool, but to suppose thus would be doing an injustice to the innumerable wiles and the worse than devilish traps of this memorable skein. It was not one duel, but a whole series of duels, in which Mrs. Archdale seemed to compose herself against her will into a succession of momentary *tableaux vivants*. Sometimes she was foiled, sometimes she triumphed. Her arms, her hands, her feet, her head involved themselves in the most remarkable positions, but, though the dastardly skein seemed never to diminish, the white ball, the symbol of hope, the proof of a woman's unconquerable mind, steadily grew in size. I could not remove my fascinated eyes from her, but Francesca kept hers imperturbably on her bed-sock, while her fingers moved and her needles clicked with a dreadful and dauntless celerity. Let me describe what I saw.

Tableau No. 1. *Industry Depressed by Care.*—Mrs. Archdale on the sofa, with the skein firmly bound round her right foot and knee. She makes a few rapid passes with both hands, meets an obstruction, attempts in vain to separate it into its component parts, says "Tut-tut" several times, bends down suddenly and seizes her feet in an attitude of lowly despair.

Tableau No. 2. *Victory Crowning the Brave.*—Mrs. Archdale disengages the skein from her foot and knee, hangs it over the back of a chair and rises to her full height. She then winds wool feverishly round her waist and neck, and, with strands of wool dependent from her hands, spreads out both her arms in a posture strongly resembling that of the Crimean monument in Waterloo Place.

Tableau No. 3. *Thought Ruling the World.*—Mrs. Archdale, still standing, passes the wool round the back of her head, bites it, presses it against her breast with her chin and drops her arms to her sides.

After this there were several minor *tableaux*, and it was evident that both parties were feeling their punishment severely. Mrs. Archdale, however, lasted the better of the two, and eventually we came to

The Final Tableau. The Lure of the Spider.—Mrs. Archdale, standing, with tight strands of wool radiating from her feet, her body and head to all her fingers and both her wrists and elbows. Through these she looms, dimly visible. She attempts to untie herself, trips and falls backwards into the sofa. "At last," she murmurs, and, lo, with a few frantic circular movements the ball is completed and the spider emerges from her web.

After this it hardly seemed necessary to discuss the Dardanelles.

R. C. L.

Equity and Equitation.

"Riding Master in S.W. district will Exchange Lessons and loan of mounts for professional services of Solicitor resident in same district."—*Advt. in "Times."*

An excellent arrangement. The solicitor will send in his bill; the riding-master will reply, "To a mount rendered," and neither will be saddled with costs.

"ERRATUM.—In the December number 1914, under heading 'Our Church Bells,' for *Fleur de leys* read *Fleur de lys.*"—*Parish Magazine.*

It was, of course, her "lily hand" (not leg) that the lady waved.



C.O. (*to delinquent brought up for having a dirty rifle*). "AH! A *VERY* OLD SOLDIER! I SUPPOSE YOU MADE YOURSELF OUT TO BE YEARS YOUNGER THAN YOU ARE WHEN YOU RE-ENLISTED. WELL, WHAT WERE YOU CHARGED WITH THE LAST TIME YOU WERE BROUGHT UP TO THE ORDERLY-ROOM?"

Delinquent (*stung to irony*). "'AVIN' A DIRTY BOW-AN'-ARRER, SIR!"

MEANS OF COMMUNICATION.

THE offices I have just taken are very convenient.

I can sit in the inner sanctum and, by leaving the connecting door slightly ajar, can see right through to the outer door, and observe incomers before they have time to spot me. To a man starting without a *clientèle* this is extremely useful. It does not look well to be caught lolling back in one's arm-chair reading light literature at, say, 11.30 A.M., especially if one's feet are on one's writing-table.

When my typist is in the outer office of course I can throw precautions to the winds.

I only moved in last Wednesday, and if I happen to be alone and hear or see the outer door open I usually spring to attention and bring the telephone receiver smartly to my left ear, keeping the right ear and both eyes trained on the incomer.

Generally it is the typist coming in from lunch, or from the bank, or from wherever typists go for employers who are without business; but yesterday I received a shock. I was deeply engrossed in *Blank's Monthly* when a knock came at the outer door. I called out, "Come in," dropped the magazine into the waste-paper basket, and, taking the receiver off the hook laid it noisily on the table, then, putting my head round the connecting door, I said, "Please excuse me one moment. I'm talking to someone on the 'phone. Most important."

I had a fleeting glance of a man before I rushed back to the receiver, a man with a small black bag such as some solicitors wear. I motioned to him to be seated, and left the door ajar so that my visitor should not miss hearing anything that might be instructive from the inner office.

I disregarded the appeals of the telephone operator. "Please repeat that, Sir Robert," I said to the instrument. "I was called away for a moment by another client. Ah, yes, quite so. But I think you had better make up your mind. The duchess is after the property too. Yes, seven, fourteen or twenty-one years. Oh yes, the drains are in perfect order. Only stabling for six, I'm afraid. Well, yes. We have another in Hampshire. Don't like Hampshire? Well, let me think. Ah, of course, the very thing. Sir Carl Umptyum (I am afraid it sounded like that) has just put his place in our hands. Well, he finds the East Coast a little too warm just now. Oh, yes, stabling for thirty. Four greenhouses on cement foundations and—what? Yes, I'll have all particulars sent on to you by this post. Oh, certainly. Good-bye."

I hung up the receiver and threw open the connecting door. "I'm very sorry," I said, "to have kept you so long. Please come in."

Instead of speaking, my visitor handed me a piece of paper on which I read:—

"I am deaf and dumb; please help me by purchasing a typewriter ribbon or some ink-eraser."

The Literal Teuton.

Translation of extract from the *Prager Tagblatt*:—

"That at the present time acquaintance with the German language is none too widespread is plainly demonstrated by the issue of *Punch* for December 23rd, 1914. Here the German Crown Prince writes to his Father in an 'Unwritten Letter': 'Do not imagine that I am pulling your leg,' which is absurdly rendered: '*dass ich dir das Bein ziehe.*' It is equally unintelligible when the Crown Prince expresses the fear: '*dass wir es überall in dem Hals kriegen.*'"

Aren't they hopeless?

SPY RASH.

My cousin Charles has had spy rash. He lives on the East Coast. He caught it by running against a German. The German had taken a house on the cliff with a pleasant sea view. My cousin, who was taking a walk in the night air to help his digestion, noticed curious little flashes proceeding through the German's best bedroom window. Charles, who says he knows Morse code, mentioned the matter to the police. The police were very polite and thanked him and said that they would see to it. A week or so afterwards they came along and told Charles that he was quite right about the man being a German, but that there was no cause for alarm. The German didn't sleep very well at night through worrying about his German affairs, so he walked about his bedroom. If, as sometimes happened, he forgot to pull down the blind, his passing between the light and the window might give to a civilian unversed in such matters the appearance of signalling. The police assured Charles that this was the correct explanation of the phenomenon and that there couldn't be any mistake as they had it direct from the German himself.

They added that they quite understood people being nervous in wartime; that they were only too glad to be able to reassure them; that the matter had been scarcely any trouble, and that the weather was very cold. Charles, who is a suspicious person, wasn't oversatisfied with what the police told him. He didn't doubt their *bona fides*, but thought that they might conceivably have been misled by the German. He sacrificed several nights' rest watching the German's best bedroom window. He noticed that the German couldn't sleep most nights, and that he generally forgot to pull down the blind. He wrote to the M.P. for the district about it in case he should care to mention the matter to the House of Commons. The M.P. wrote back and thanked Charles. He said that, if the police had been informed, there was no need for alarm. He added that he could quite understand people getting nervous in wartime, that it had been no trouble, and that the weather in town was wretched.

After the Zeppelin raid the German gave up the house as the neighbourhood was none too safe. He forgot to pay his rent and forgot to take away a few little things, including a complete set of wireless. The landlord told Charles, and Charles was very cross with the German, the police and the M.P. He seemed to think that the safety of the country was being neglected and determined to take the question up himself.

He became most suspicious. He had a terrible down on pigeons. Since his cook forgot to ventilate a pie containing dead pigeons, he has never been fond of them. Now he never meets a pigeon without wanting to do it an injury. I think that he was justified in shooting at a prize carrier pigeon belonging to a local farmer. It's very difficult to detect the nationality of a pigeon on the wing, and Charles himself didn't expect to hit it first time. He wasn't so vexed at having to pay damages as at being fined for not having a gun licence.

It was silly of him to wring the neck of old Martha's favourite hen. Even a cursory inspection would have convinced him that it wasn't a pigeon. After all, old Martha has just as much right to carry a pet fowl about under her cloak as other ladies to carry pet dogs. The death of Jenkins' parrot was never brought home to Charles, and in any case no jury acquainted with the bird would have awarded damages. If Jenkins had any liking for the animal he shouldn't have let it wander about at night unaccompanied. Luckily the post office employee whom Charles clodded down from the top of a telegraph pole got well again, so that didn't cost very much. If Charles had discovered sooner that the foreigner lodging two doors away was a Swede, he wouldn't have spent three consecutive nights on the wet grass and caught pneumonia. I am glad that I dissuaded him from throwing the little elderly man off the railway bridge on to the line. It was stupid of the man to loiter on the bridge, but I still shudder when I think of the thud he would have made when he arrived.

The unpleasant-looking man who spent two hours on the cliff doing nothing but look suspicious ought to send Charles's wife a box of chocolates or something. But for her presence of mind his life would have been brought to an abrupt conclusion. Charles marked him down at once. Owing to his previous mistakes he thought that it would be better to have a second opinion before making away with the man. That's why he came and dug me out. I was reading a rather interesting book at the time, but as he was loading-up both his revolvers and seemed to think that the matter was urgent I went to have a look at the fellow. He was such an ill-favoured individual that I decided not to interfere. I wasn't going to be jealous because Charles got all the credit. On my way back to my book I met Charles's wife. She wanted to know where Charles was, and I told her that he was on the cliff shooting a man. I warned her to keep out of the danger-zone in case the man was a spy, as Charles suspected. He might have had bombs and things about him which would go off with the shooting.

She asked what would happen if the man turned out not to be a spy. I told her that if the jury viewed the corpse the verdict would possibly be "justifiable homicide"; probably, "murder." As she wanted to know how the latter verdict would affect Charles, I didn't feel that I ought to conceal from her that only the Court of Criminal Appeal and the HOME SECRETARY would stand between him and the hangman. She didn't seem to have much confidence in either the Court of Criminal Appeal or the HOME SECRETARY and decided to go and look for Charles. I advised her not to mix herself up in the affair; but women are obstinate creatures.

When she arrived Charles was just training his arsenal on to the man, and she had no difficulty in locating him. She at once identified the fellow as a harmless local parson and a great friend of her father. Charles believed her at the time, though she didn't offer to introduce them. I asked her why she didn't make him a dean or a bishop while she was about it. She said she would have done so only Charles is so suspicious that he might have insisted on the man showing his legs. This affair so disheartened Charles that he has declined the local Mayor's request that he should join the Special Constabulary.

A SECRET.

WHEN the morn is grim and ugly,
When the cold is harsh and crude,
When you've lain serene and snugly
Under blankets warm and good;

When its tone to pink is verging
As the frost your nose benumbs,
And your fingers, on emerging,
Feel like someone else's thumbs;

Rise, I say, for very pleasure;
Tread the oil-cloth then and there;
Take a full and ample measure
Of the icy morning air.

Take the bluff embrace of Winter;
Face the frost and fear is fled;
Then (if you're a speedy sprinter)
Sprint back instantly to bed!

Contrast makes our joys completer;
Warmth is warmer after chill;
You will doze an hour the sweeter
For a moment's strength of will.



Farmer. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY KNOCKING OFF WORK AT THIS TIME OF DAY?"

Ploughman (who has just seen an aircraft bomb drop in the field where he was working). "I BE GOIN' TO 'LIST FOR A SOLDIER. IF I BE GOIN' TO BE KILLED, DANGED IF I'LL BE KILLED PLOUGHIN'."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE are travel-books *and* travel-books. What have we not all endured from the linked boredom long drawn out of some of them, their depressing pictures and unleavened letterpress! Fortunately there exists also the kind written by Mr. NORMAN DOUGLAS, of which the present volume, *Old Calabria* (SECKER), is, I believe, the third. It is from first to last a most joyous production. Calabria is the part of Italy least explored by foreigners; probably this is what tempted Mr. DOUGLAS thither. I am certainly glad, since it gives us all the chance of enjoying the journey in his company. Better could hardly be found. Mr. DOUGLAS has, beyond everything, the gift of eternal youth, which is the ideal equipment of your travelling companion. More than that, one detects in him (for all his sly affectation of regarding himself as a cold-blooded Northerner) a sympathetic kinship with the South, which again and again smooths the path before him and incidentally explains much of the charm of his pages. Mr. DOUGLAS's style is, like his outlook upon life, a thing peculiar to himself and wholly irresistible. He is a philosopher, with a keenly appreciative eye, a fund of real and pertinent knowledge, and, above all, the gift of laughter. It is this chuckling humour, genial, ironic, a trifle Rabelaisian, that one remembers most in the journey; difficulties and even dangers seem to vanish before it. To read this book is in short to read the sort of letters that persons who are abroad ought to write to one at home, but seldom do. One seems to be chatting with Mr. DOUGLAS himself in some warm Southern garden, over an excellent dinner and a bottle (or perhaps two) of native wine. And in such company the wine and the stories would be, one feels, of vintage quality. I should perhaps mention that the cost of the present feast is fifteen shillings. It is worth every penny of it.

I have the feeling that your knowledgeable and expert critic of the higher sort would have no good word to say for *Grocer Greatheart* (LANE), though he might, in an exhilarated and generous moment, see some good in the analysis of the grocer mind and the picture of the shipwreck in the earlier chapters. The tale of desert island, treasure trove and intermittent revolver practice he would label rubbish, and not very new rubbish at that, and he would remark bitterly that never outside phantasy or farce had the arm of coincidence been stretched to such length as in the chance meeting of the various treasure-hunting parties. But I, being a common reader, entirely satisfied if I am kept breathlessly excited and hopelessly amused, confess to an unequivocal gratitude to Mr. ARTHUR H. ADAMS for a first-rate evening's pastime. The particularly fascinating features of his desert island, which by the way pretends to no fairy qualities, included the inexplicable apparition, in the absence of any human habitation, of a lady's stocking-suspender, the mysterious sounds of a brass band indifferently playing popular classical airs in the far distance, and the sudden intrusion of a tiger with an excessively ferocious mien but

the unusually childish habit of sulking when spoken to crossly. Altogether it is a most refreshing yet quite legitimate neighbourhood, my only complaint against it being that it did once or twice remind me rather too closely of that other island which BARRIE's *Admirable Crichton* so competently ruled. Be it noted, however, that Mr. ADAMS is not out for satire or any other latent purpose; his simple object is to entertain, and, in my common judgment, he has not failed.

We can't get to know half enough about the Navy these great days, and perhaps many of us are something stricken in conscience because (when we come to think of it) it was little enough we had learnt and a good deal too much we had taken for granted about the ships and the men that fight the ships. Mr. L. COPE CORNFORD, in *Echoes from the Fleet* (WILLIAMS AND NORGATE), presents various aspects of Naval life and work through the pleasantly refractive medium of sketches and stories, and no less a person than Lord CHARLES BERESFORD vouches for the accuracy of the presentment. So I merely hand on to you his recommendation. I can, indeed, well imagine that gallant Admiral particularly approving the prologue with its suggestion that all ministers hide a cloven hoof and all (well, nearly all) sailormen a halo. And if the half be true of what the author relates of *H.M.S. Cresset* (a pseudonym for discretion's sake) and its hazardous cruise with a rotten bottom and a wobbly screw that finally dropped off, so that her captain had to hoist sail, then some cheeseparer in authority badly needs impeaching. (Early eighties? No: 1912, by the guns of the *Lion*!) Yes, surely we ought to know about such doings and about the pleasanter and sterner things that Mr. CORNFORD tells us with a fine enthusiasm and no very carefully weighed phrases for those who are not of his school.



OUR VETERANS' CORPS.

Sergeant (to learned professor, greatest living authority on Greek particles, who has turned to the right instead of the left). "USE YOUR BRAINS, SIR! USE YOUR BRAINS—*IF YOU 'VE GOT ANY.*"

To pass in leisurely review
The Great White Army (CASSELL) you
Must turn your mind about, and go
To where, beneath the blinding snow
From Moscow France's arms recoiled
And staggered back to Paris foiled.
That is the period whereon
The author, Mr. PEMBERTON,
Has turned the searchlight of his brain
To wake it into life again.

Of mighty matters tells he, and
Of smaller, not less deftly planned—
Of gay young guardsmen, debonair,
Who succour ladies, passing fair;
Of various plottings and such things
As lovers' gentle whisperings;
All with the jaunty skill which he
Draws from some secret recipe.
And if to-day when we 've our fill,
God knows, of serious facts, you still
Would turn for solace (as is right)
To fiction not too deep nor light,
Well woven, not too closely knit,
With humour and a touch of wit,
Urbane and expert—this is it.

The reading of *Enter An American* (METHUEN), by E. CROSBY-HEATH, leaves me under the impression that the writer is an American lady who has spent some days in London. No English writer, I think, would have been capable of making the American hero so unobtrusively and yet so genuinely American in his externals as is *Spencer K. Wallace*, who intrudes as an earthly providence into the sacred circle of female paying guests assembled at Carabas Court, Carabas Square, and immediately sets to work to compose quarrels, bring parted relatives together, save wastrels, make marriages (his own fourth marriage, incidentally), and generally to confer upon suffering humanity such benefits as may spring from the possession of unaffected kindliness and unlimited wealth. The nationality of the writer is further indicated by the use, in her narrative and in the mouths of British characters, of such expressions as "stopped off," "to take around," "she was named for her aunt," and others of a similar nature. As for the sex, I think only a woman could have described with so much insight and shrewdly malicious humour the distinguishing characteristics of *Mrs. Golling*, *Mrs. Curran*, *Mrs. Bannister* and *Miss Spink*, the guests who adorn Carabas Court, and of *Miss Pewsey*, their landlady and host. Having accomplished this piece of detective work, I confidently expect to be assured on authority that E. CROSBY-HEATH is an Englishman who has never been out of London and has evolved his American out of his own inner consciousness. Be that as it may, the book itself, so long as it remains in the region of Carabas Court, is very bright and entertaining. I like particularly the passage in which *Mr. Wallace* describes the merits of his three deceased wives to the astonished "guests" of *Miss Pewsey*. If I might hint a fault it would be that the long arm of coincidence must be tired out by the work put upon it; that the flats are, perhaps, inadequately "jined," and that the sentiment is too freely sugared. I should add that *Mr. Spencer K. Wallace* has his moments of human weakness. As expectant Governor of his native State he promises benefits to one of his numerous *protégés*: "I shall fill my office but poorly," he says, "if I can't shake a few plums into your pocket." Nothing could well be franker as an avowal of political principles.

How to fill up a Leisure Hour.

"Portsmouth, 20 Feb., '15.

DEAR MOTHER,—I was married yesterday. The weather is a bit too stormy for mine sweeping. Your affectionate son, JIM."

OUR VOLUNTARY ARMY



BEST REST FOR THE QUEEN'S RIFLE.

July 7, 1860.

Queen Victoria reviewed, in Hyde Park, 18,000 Volunteers belonging to the National Volunteer Association, established in 1859.

"PUNCH" OFFICE, 10 BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.



THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

Jones and Family go under Canvas.



THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN!

Boy (to distinguished Volunteer). "Now, Capting! Clean yer Boots, and let yer 'ave a Shot at me for a Penny!"



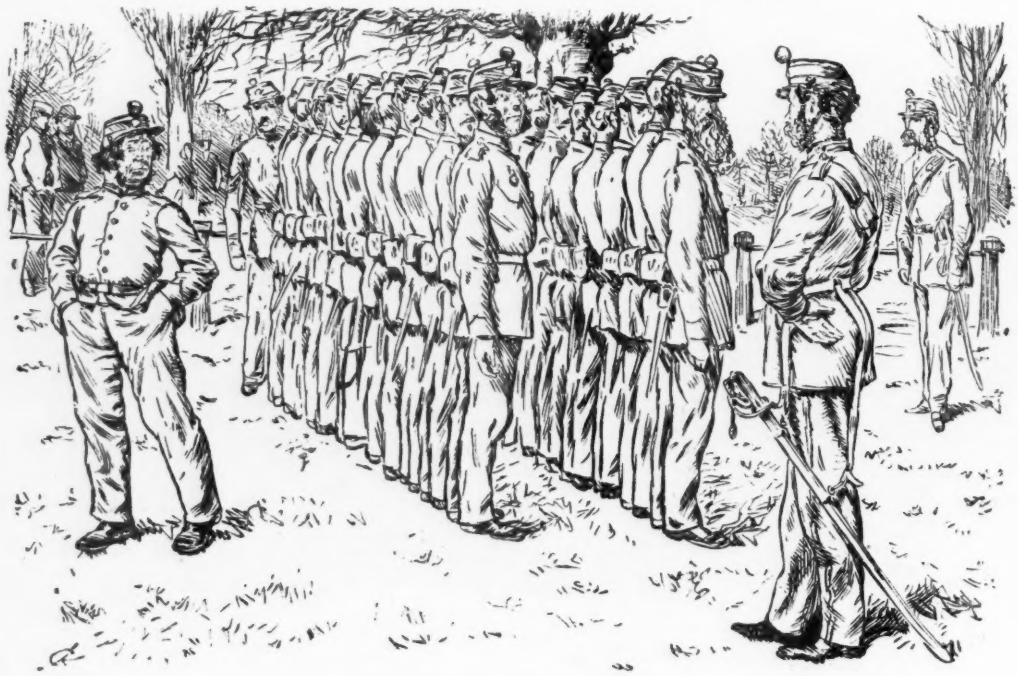
A CAUTION.

Old Gent (with difficulty). "Now really—Oh!—this dis—graceful crowding—I'm—I'm positive my Gun will Go Off!"



HARD ON COOK.

"The 'orrid mess Master made my kitching in, and hisself too, a-cleaning that there dratted Rifle, after he 'd been a booviackin'-in the Park."



DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

Insubordinate Recruit (falling out). "'Taint the fust time, Mister Adjutant, you 've called me a 'Odd File' —blowed if I stand it any longer—there!!"



RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REVIEW.

The Ground being very Uneven and full of Holes, the "Marching past" of our Company was less "like a Wall" than usual.



OUR INSPECTION.

Lieutenant-Colonel. "Hullo! Confound it! There's a Man blowing his Nose—and with a Pocket-Handkerchief, too! Tut-t-t-t-t!"



A LITTLE BRUTE.

First Boy. "That's a 'Ansom-cab Horse, that is!"

Second Boy. "What, 'im?"

First Boy. "Ah, 'cause he lives in our Mews; cost a lot o' Money, he did—Ten Sovereigns! 'cause my Father knows the Man as drives—" [*Further revelations drowned by thundering word of command from Adjutant, who wheels off in disgust.*



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Facetious Volunteer Sub. "LOOK HERE, CAPTAIN; I'M TIRED OF THIS FUN. DO YOU MIND LOOKING AFTER THE MEN WHILE I GO AND GET TAKEN PRISONER?"



THE ENEMY.

Horrid Boy (to newly-appointed Volunteer Major, who finds the military seat very awkward). "SIT FURTHER 'BACK, GENERAL! YOU 'LL MAKE HIS 'EAD ACHE!"



OUR YEOMANRY.

Sergeant-Major. "NUMBER THREE, WHERE'S YOUR SWORD?"
Recruit (who finds practice very different from theory). "ON THE GROUND. CARN'T SEE 'UN?"



OUR RESERVES.

Adjutant. "ARE YOU THE COSSACK POST?" *Yeomanry Sergeant.* "YES, SIR."
Adjutant. "WHERE IS YOUR DISMOUNTED SENTRY?" *Sergeant.* "UP THERE, SIR."
Adjutant. "WHERE ARE YOUR VEDETTES?" *Sergeant.* "OVER THERE, SIR."
Adjutant. "AH—WHAT *IS* A VEDETTE?" *Sergeant (producing drill-book).* "P'RAPS THIS LITTLE RED BOOK MIGHT HELP YOU, SIR."



VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

Subaltern. "Re-TIRE! Re-TIRE! Confound those fellows!"

Corporal. "'Tain't any use signalling to *them*, Sir. *They're* goin' to stay where they are, an' get took prisoners comfortable. An' they hain't no bad judge neither!"



AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

No, This is not Heroism; this is simply Discretion. Little Plumpleigh has just given "CHARGE!" and taken one look behind to see if his men are "Backing him up, don't you know," and he is now making for Safety!



ARMS OF PRECISION.

Volunteer Subaltern (as the enemy's scout continues to advance in spite of expenditure of much "blank" ammunition). "If that infernal Yeoman comes any nearer, shy Stones at him, some of you!"



GENTLE IRONY.

Instructor (to almost inaudible Sub. instructing squad). "Not quite so many of these *confidential* orders, Sir!"



OUR YEOMANRY MANŒUVRES.

"We were posted on the extreme right, and had nothing to do until the critical moment of the engagement. We then attacked the enemy in flank. Our charge across the level was grand, and would have been perfect but for a slight check at a ditch."



OUR REVIEW.

The Colonel is wondering what Manœuvre he ought to execute in the circumstances.



FORE AND—

Sergeant. "Back a little, Number Five!"



—AFT!

Sergeant. "Up a little, Number Five!"



A FORLORN HOPE.

Captain O'Dowd (of the Firm of O'Dowd and Jones, Stock-Jobbers). "WHAT'LL I DO NOW? IT'S BEYOND ME JUMPIN' POWERS, AN' IF I WADE I'LL BE WET TO THE WAIST." *(To Private Halloran, who in civil life is a stockbroker's clerk)* "HERE, HALLORAN, I WANT A CARRY OVER. YOU DO IT FOR ME, AN' I'LL NOT FORGET IT TO YOU, ME LAD."

Private Halloran. "SORRY, I CAN'T, CAPTAIN. YOU KNOW CARRYIN'-OVER DAY IS NOT TILL THE SIXTEENTH, AN' THIS IS ONLY THE SEVENTH!"



THE PERILS OF MIMIC WAR.

Motor Lieutenant, Motor Volun'eer Corps (to General in his charge). "I SAY, SIR, IF WE"—*(bump!)*—"UPSET"—*(bang!)*—"SHALL I GET"—*(bump! bang!)*—"A MILITARY FUNERAL TOO?"



EASTER MANŒUVRES.

Adjutant. "Your orders are, that when you are attacked, Captain Slasher, you are to fall back **slowly.**"

Capt. Slasher. "In which direction am I to retire, Sir?"

Adjutant. "Well, the proper way, of course, would be over that hill, but——*they intend to have lunch behind that Farmhouse in the Valley.*"



CIVILIAN AND SOLDIER TOO.

"*Haldane Terrier*" (*a little late for parade*). "I wonder what the deuce they want to bother me about now?"



A VERISIMILITUDE.

First Territorial. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR MANŒUVRES, BILL?"

Second Territorial (hitherto unacquainted with field-d ys). "THANK 'EVIN WE 'VE GOT A NIVY!"



HORATIA HOLDS THE BRIDGE.

Territorial Officer. "BUT, MY GOOD WOMAN, IT 'S ALL NONSENSE TO EXPECT US TO PAY; WE 'RE NOT ORDINARY CIVILIANS, WE 'RE ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE, DON'T YOU KNOW."

Toll-keeper. "I DON'T KNOW NOTHINK ABOUT THAT. IF YOU COMES OVER THE BRIDGE, IT 'S HA'PENNY EACH PUSSON AN' HA'PENNY EACH BICYCLE."

Territorial Officer. "BUT—ER—SUPPOSE THE GERMANS CAME AND WANTED TO GET ACROSS—WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"

Toll-keeper. "MAKE 'EM PAY!"



THE EMBARRASSMENTS OF WAR.

Outpost Sentry and Enemy's Scout (simultaneously). "Halt! Hands up!" *Sentry.* "'Ere! I said it first!"



PROBLEMS OF WAR.

Excited Recruit (on outpost duty for the first time). "Yon man says I'm captured, Sir. Could he capture me, Sir? There was only one of him, an' one of me."

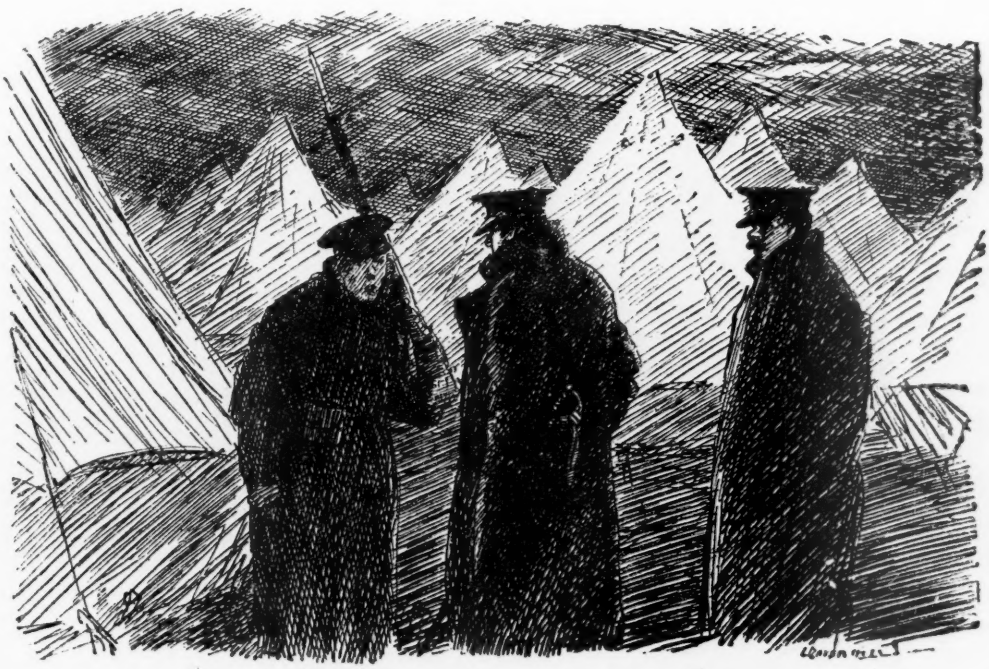
OUR VOLUNTARY ARMY.



Sentry (fiercely). "Halt! Who goes there?"—*(Pause, then mildly)*—"I say, you *might* 'alt when I asks you."



Territorial (his first experience as sentry, going over his instructions). "If any one comes along, I say, 'Halt! who goes there?' Then he says, 'Friend,' and I says, 'Pass, Friend; all's well.' But some silly ass 'll say, 'Enemy,' and then I shan't know what to do. Rotten job, I call it."



Officer of the Day. "Repeat your orders."

Sentry. "On no account to wake the Sergeant, Sir!"



Adjutant of Imperial Yeomanry (to sentry). "Why the deuce didn't you challenge?"
Raw Recruit (who has been warned of a possible surprise visit). "Aw—aw kenned ye wus comin'."

OUR VOLUNTARY ARMY.



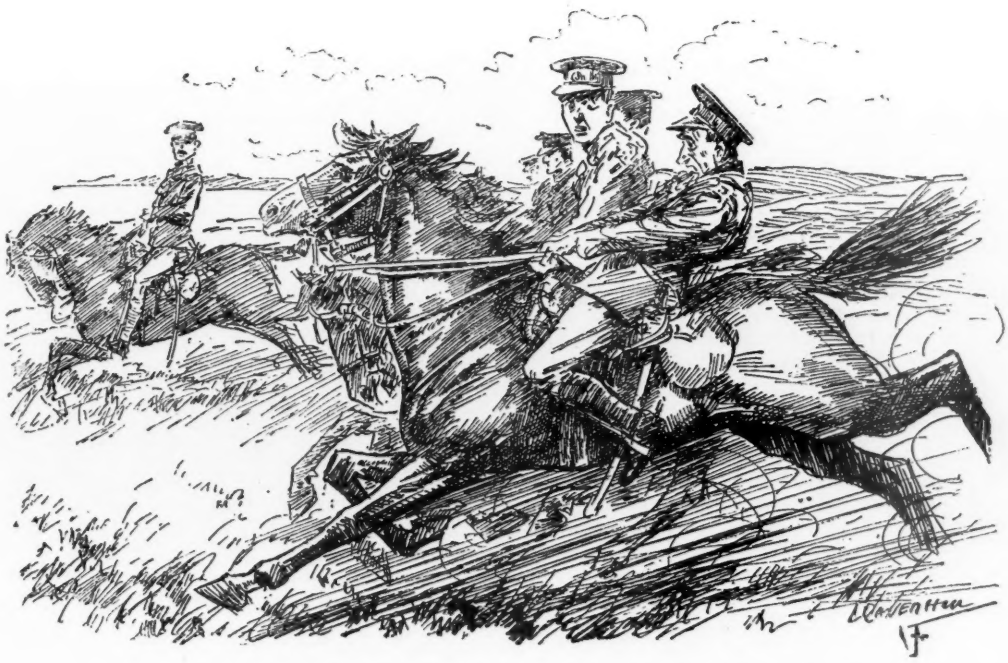
Time—Early Spring. Weather—Wintry.

Ribald Spectator (to energetic Territorial busily flag-wagging). "FANNIN' YERSELF, CAPTING?"



Quartermaster (examining candidates for the Territorial Medical Corps). "AND, NOW, WHEREABOUTS IS YOUR SPLEEN?"

Jones (at a venture). "IN MY KIT-BAG, SIR."



Incomplete Yeoman. "Bill! *Bill!* This 'ere 'oss is getting away with me!"
Comrade. "Then for goodness' sake take your foot out of my stirrup!"



First Trooper Imperial Yeomanry (discussing a new officer). "Swears a bit, don't 'e, sometimes?"
Second Trooper. "'E's a masterpiece, 'e is; just opens 'is mouth and lets it say wot it likes."



EASTER MANŒUVRES.

Medical Officer. "What did you do first of all?" *Ambulance Man.* "Gave 'im some brandy, Sir."
Medical Officer. "Quite right; but what would you have done if you hadn't had any brandy?"
Ambulance Man (promptly). "Promised 'im some!"



A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

Officer (visiting outpost). "If you saw one of the enemy, what would you do?" *Sentry.* "I calls 'im to 'alt."
Officer. "Suppose he won't halt?" *Sentry (with relish).* "I takes and 'unts 'im wiv me bayonnit."



PLAUSIBLE.

Irate Major. "Why don't you come and help me out instead of standing there grinning like a typhoid idiot?"
Scout. "I thought perhaps you was taking cover, Sir?"



THE IMPATIENT WARRIOR.

Territorial (put on sentry over stores). "Arf-past four and no bloomin' war yet!"



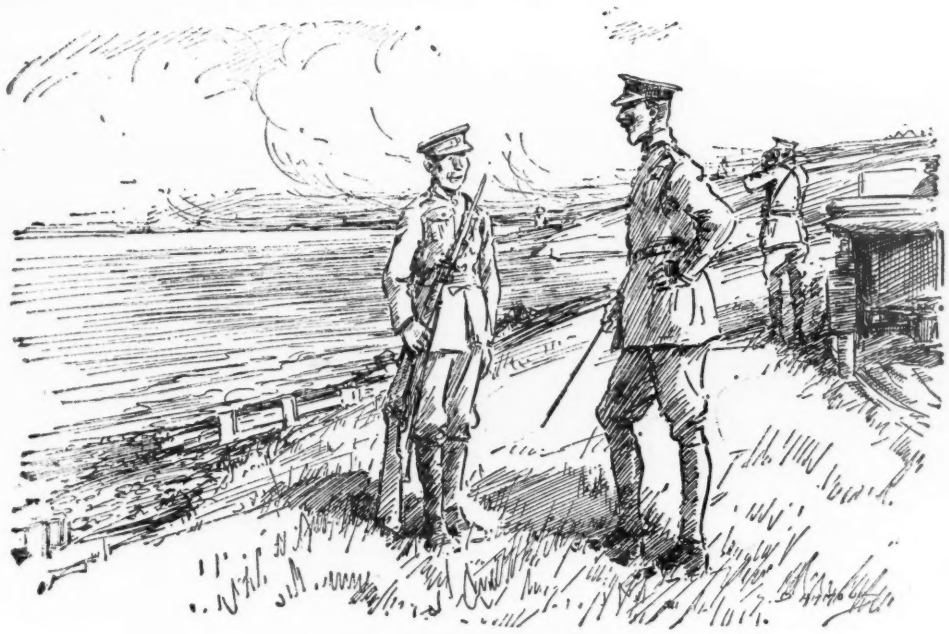
THE RULING SPIRIT.

Territorial Sentry (by profession a telephone operator). "ARE YOU THERE?"



O. H. M. S.

Territorial (giving himself away to proprietor of coal-heap). "COULD YOU LEND US A BUCKET OF COAL UNTIL IT'S DARK?"



THE BULL-DOG BREED.

Officer. "Now, my lad, do you know what you are placed here for?"
Recruit. "To prevent the henemy from landin', Sir."
Officer. "And do you think that you could prevent him landing all by yourself?"
Recruit. "Don't know, Sir, I'm sure. But I'd have a dam good try!"



TRAINING IN THE PARK.

Old Gentleman engaged in quiet siesta in Kensington Gardens suddenly wakes to find himself in the above alarming situation and hastily concludes that the Germans have arrived.

OUR VOLUNTARY ARMY.



AU REVOIR!

Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd., Printers,
London & Tonbridge.

CHARIVARIA.

THE *Kölnische Zeitung* has paid *Mr. Punch* the compliment of devoting to him an entire article—written by no less a personage than a Herr Professor. To our unspeakable regret he finds some of our cartoons lacking in reverence for the KAISER; he even uses the word "blasphemous" in one passage. *Mr. Punch* will, of course, be more careful in the future; one is so dreadfully apt to forget that the KAISER is a Divinity.

***

"Germany," says a Berlin contemporary, "has no intention of fighting with kid gloves." Quite so. Captain KIDD didn't wear any.

***

The fact that the War is costing us over a million a day makes one wonder whether there may not be an opening for cheaper wars. Estimates are being invited from a few of the South American republics.

***

There are many signs that the Sale Season is now on us. For instance, we read the other day in our Near Eastern news, "FOUR FORTS REDUCED"—and the Turks themselves, we understand, are now feeling very cheap, and may wake up any day to find that they have been sold at under cost price.

***

"ALLIED FLEET IN DESPERATE STRAITS"

is no doubt how the Germans, exercising their natural gift for garbling facts, described our visit to the Dardanelles.

***

"God is only with the armies of believers," declared the KAISER in one of his latest speeches. And as the Germans seem capable of believing anything that is told them by their newspapers it is evident that we are badly handicapped.

***

The new spirit in France! The Moulin Rouge has been burnt down.

***

Dr. SVEN HEDIN has again been invited to be the KAISER'S guest at the Front, and we should say that he runs some danger of becoming Sveld Hedin.

***

"DRAMATIC OUTBURST AGAINST WIDOW.

DEFENDANT IN BANK-NOTE SUIT CALLS HER A 'MONSTER.'"

Daily Mirror.

Check suits we have heard of, but a bank-note suit is something new, and we are surprised that our contemporary did not publish a picture of this costume in its Monster Fashion Number.

***

It is not uninteresting to note that Italy's desire to be of service to the Allies is of no mushroom growth. We are told that some of the Belgian canals which permitted such a stubborn defence against the German invaders were constructed during the Roman occupation by NERO CLAUDIUS DRUSUS.

***

A correspondent writes to inform us that a well-known Dairy Company supplied him, on February 28th, with some eggs dated March 1st. It certainly speaks well for the patriotism of our British hens that, in their anxiety that there should be no shortage of food here, they should actually be laying eggs a day in advance.

***

Mr. FRANK CURZON is producing at the Prince of Wales's Theatre a new farce entitled "He didn't want to do it." It sounds like a play about the KAISER.

***

Mr. EDWIN EVANS writes to *The Observer*:—"Allow me to correct the 'Saying of the Week' in yours of the 21st inst., that Mr. Edwin Evans considers German ascendency in music to belong to the remote past. Readers of my translation of Wagner's 'Opera and Drama,' or of my 'Brahms,' are sure to wonder at this view, which, however, is really that of Mr. Edwin Evans, junr." Now what we want to know is this: Has Mr. EDWIN EVANS, junr., been spanked by Mr. EDWIN EVANS, senr., for placing his poor father in such an awkward position?

***

We are not surprised to hear that Corporal JENKIN of the 1st Battalion London Rifle Brigade succeeded in capturing a German flag at the Front. Corporal JENKIN is an artist, and it was only natural that he should make for the colours.

***

Life's little tragedies! Extract from the current number of *The Author*:—"We regret that the work 'Vidyapati,' translated by Ananda Coomaraswamy and Arun Sen, was wrongly classified in our February issue under 'Miscellaneous.' The correct classification is 'Poetry.'"

***

"RADIUM FOR SPRING CATARRH."

Globe.

We are always willing to make the exchange.



"ALL RIGHT, PASHA—WE'VE GOT 'ALF THE DARDANELLES TER WASH IN!"

A Great Enfilading Feat.

"Mr. R. J. H. writes—'I am extremely pleased with the ·22-Bore High Power Savage Rifle. It is a marvellous rifle for the size of the bore. You will be pleased to hear I have shot one Blue Bull, one Cheetah, two Black Buck, two Leopards, and a Mugger all with a single shot.'"—*Advt. in "Allahabad Pioneer."*

The attention of the War Office ought to be drawn to the killing powers of this wonderful weapon. But "R. J. H." deserves some credit, too, for manœuvring so as to get all his victims, including the Mugger, into line before he fired.

The Eternal Masculine.

"By some gratuitous malice of nature these bachelor survivals seem to be generally cock birds."—*Field.*

The Turkey-Trot—New Version.

From *The Daily Mail's* account of the attack on the Suez Canal:—

"The enemy remaining entrenched dashed forward to the attack in the Plain of the Hyenas."

How the natives must have laughed!

"Ernest was at home assisting his father in his dying and finishing business and was an enthusiastic member of the U.V.F., being half company commander in his father's company. He followed Sir Edward Carson's advice, and joined the New Army."

Mid-Ulster Mail.

So now ERNEST will assist the KAISER in *his* "dying and finishing business."

THE EPSOM-AND-ASCOT BRIGADE.

WHO fears to speak of Derby Day?
What foot that ever trod its floor
From Ascot Heath would turn away
Just for a little thing like War?
Be it not said, to Britain's shame,
That any sporting man forsook his
Devotion to the noble Game,
The hallowed trade of touts and bookies.

Each to his task. On land or foam
Others may figure at the Front,
But we have duties nearer home;
England expects that we should punt;
She also holds that on our heads
Is laid the patriot's obligation
To exercise her thoroughbreds
And keep them worthy of the nation.

If merely galloped in a string,
Without a Derby or a Cup,
Nor taught to face the betting-ring,
The breed would simply crumple up;
Unless for heavy stakes they run,
The chivalry that we so cherish,
By which our pride of race was won,
Is ultimately bound to perish.

And what about their knightly dues,
Those heirs of ARTHUR'S Table Round,
Who ride for honour—shall they lose
Their annual thirty thousand pound?
Yet, if you close your paddock gates,
Our jockeys, poor embarrassed phantoms,
Would pine away upon the rates
(Unless they went and joined the Bantams).

Let Oxford echo with the tramp
Of athletes on the fighting quest;
Let Cambridge be an armèd camp
With Henley scratched and all the rest;
These are but amateurs of sport
Without a decent bet to flavour it,
Not like the true and turfy sort
Whose business is to back the favourite.

Don't tell me how our neighbours view
Our sporting schemes with eyes askance;
What do they know of England—pooh!—
Who only know the ways of France?
Her sport is just to fight and die,
Forgetting Longchamps' proud tradition;
But, War or no War, *we* will cry,
"RACING AS USUAL—that's our mission!"

O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XVI.

(*From the Rev. HENRY MOLESWORTH, Fairwell Vicarage, Bucks.*)

WILL your Majesty pardon me if I venture for a few moments to address myself to a person so sublime as yourself? I am encouraged to do so by the belief that, when all is said and done, you, with your store of gorgeous uniforms, with your immense armies moving obediently at your word, with your millions of subjects and the serried ranks of your flatterers commending your wisdom as though it were divine and chanting your power as though it were infinite and immutable—you, I think, are only a man like myself, an unfeathered two-legged thing, tossed by circumstance and blown about by the gusty winds of merely human passion. Your work, such as it is, is done in the glare of publicity and to the sound of big guns dooming thousands to death. I have my duty laid out for me in this quiet village; but some day the tremendous hour will begin to strike for each of us; our dear familiar things will fade and we shall be summoned to that dread tribunal where each shall give an account of his deeds. When that comes about it will profit you as little to have been great and worn a crown as it will avail me to plead my own obscurity and the humble nature of my tasks. Howitzers on that day will be as useless as hymns, and a military cloak will be no better defence for you than a cassock for me. I conclude, therefore, that we may talk together on equal terms.

This, as I say, is a quiet village, and we are said to be a slow folk. We discuss the weather, the price of wheat, the heavy amount of the rates, the poor supply of cottages and their high rent, and the more obvious aspects of political affairs. Before last August the thought of war had not been in our minds, and even when war came and we realised that we must take our share of it there was no sudden flame of excitement, but rather a steady glow of earnest resolution, deepening as the days went by. Since then we have come to know what war is. Fifty of the men of this district, splendid fellows from all ranks of life, have joined the colours. Six of these will never see their home and their village again. Four others have come back maimed and drag their slow steps about the roads, but the only thought of these is to get well quickly and return to the fighting-line. We speak now of Belgium and the unforgettable sufferings and outrages you have put upon her, and our prayers go forth for the success of our arms and those of our allies. Yes, the thoughts of men and the values of things have been deeply changed by six months of war.

For me, too, there has been much searching of heart. When Belgium was laid waste and her people massacred; when Scarborough and Whitby were bombarded and women and children were wantonly done to death; when your Admirals threatened to sink inoffensive merchantmen with their crews—then, I confess it, a flame leapt up within me and I asked myself of what use my manhood and my strength, and my thews and sinews hardened by the sports of youth, could be to me unless I employed them in fighting actively with my brothers for the country that gave me birth and sheltered me. Even a clergyman of thirty-three might learn his drill and in a short time help to fill a trench. So I thought and all but decided to present myself at the recruiting station and take my chance with the rest. But I paused and, as I think, I rightly paused. Here was my duty; to this my vows had bound me and I had no right to shirk doing it in order to follow the easier path. After all it was no small thing to be allowed to pray, to sustain, to comfort, and in carrying out my profession with all my heart and soul I might yet be helping to strike a blow at the accursed system which you represent and glorify. Thus reasoning I have stayed at home with my people. We help one another in the daily round and bear with such resignation as we can command the many shocks and fevers of the War, not faltering in our determination and rejoicing that we have so dear a country to serve.

HENRY MOLESWORTH.

"We are informed that many British officers have arrived in Cairo from the Canal on short furlongs."—*Times of Egypt.*

The way seems shorter when the end is joy.



THE SULTAN "OVER THE WATER."

MEHMED V. (*to Constantinople*). "I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE YOU, BUT I THINK I OUGHT TO GO."



A PATRIOTIC SACRIFICE.

Very British Guest. "What! Brahms? You're surely not going to sing German?"
Hostess (apologetically). "Well, of course I shall take care to sing it flat."

A SINGING REFUGEE.

Gabrielle couldn't make it out. In the first place she had a conversational turn of mind, but, excepting her father and mother, three sisters and three brothers, there was nobody in this dull Sussex village to whom her remarks conveyed anything whatsoever. Men patted her on the head, women kissed her, and because her father had fought and bled for the brave King Albert little English *gamins* loudly cheered him and his family when he limped down the street. All these people had kind faces, but what was the use of that? In essentials they were precisely alike—she couldn't understand one of them, and it was very, very dull. And here was Gabrielle sitting on a hedge-bank, playing with the fallen berries in her black pinafore, while overhead sang the chaffinch—a song she had heard before.

It was some silly rhyme about the big black tree-buds, perhaps, or the first celandine, with now and again a little "chink, chink, chinking" call to his mate, but the queer part was that he sang *in Flemish*. Only last Spring she had heard the very same song; he had sung it from the red-tiled roof at home, he had sung it from the stiff garden hedgerow, till Gabrielle, clattering over the stone-paved paths with her brothers and sisters, all in wooden sabots, frightened him away.

There could be no mistaking him; clearly they wouldn't have the chaffinch in Flanders this year. This was the reason he had followed Gabrielle all the way to England. But when she asked him questions about home at the rate of twenty a minute he didn't know the answers. Had he by any chance come across her big conscript brother, François; and how was Gustave getting on?—Gustave, who was to have married her sister Victorine next Easter, but instead was lying in a French hospital with a bullet through his leg. The chaffinch didn't know, didn't care, and merely hopped to the longest budding twig in sight, singing his heartless song, with the refrain over and over again: "Pink, pink, chinkety chink"—or sounds to that effect.

Perhaps he had called to pay his respects on Gabrielle at home and found her out; perhaps, looking into the white-walled cottage with his blue-capped head on one side, he had seen the old black cat playing with the bobbins of Victorine's lace pillow; that would have scared him off the window-sill, but not out of Flanders. What did it all mean? And why couldn't he tell her things that she wanted to know?

But the chaffinch couldn't, and Gabrielle, after calling him rude names, suddenly fell a-laughing and skipped about the road just because it was Springtime, and she was nine years old and had heard the first chaffinch of the year singing his careless chinking song—a song she had heard before.

At dinner, over the ragoût and leeks, Gabrielle told her three sisters and three brothers how that another little Fleming, whom she knew very well indeed at home, had come to live in that village; he wore a red waistcoat and a chestnut-coloured coat with white-slashed sleeves, and sang sweet foolish songs about the Spring—*and he didn't even know there was a War.*

A CAT OF WAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I 'm sure I don't want to be spiteful, and I 'm as ready to sink class and party differences as anyone, if only some people who think they 're gentlemen just because they belong to officers would do the same, and if I *have* a private quarrel I 'm not one who can't keep it to herself instead of writing to the papers and rousing public feeling: but if others like to start that game, why, I can play it too; and I 'm better British any day than that mongrel that writes to you and calls himself "A Very Glad Dog," and boasts of his Airedale father and Irish Terrier mother—and, if you ask me, between ourselves there wasn't much gladness about him when I 'd finished with him on our T.B.D. And I 've heard his grandfather was a Dachshund, and, though I don't hold with repeating scandal, there 's a story I wouldn't say isn't true, that his mother used to go to Sinn Fein meetings and wag her tail at the dynamite speeches, and I 'm sure I hope he 's proud of her—though he did say that I was a dirty Persian and much the same thing as a Turk, just out of spite because I have a coat that he might well envy with his ugly, tously, yellowy thing; it 's a beautiful steel-grey, and only the other day the Admiral complimented me on it when he came aboard after the North Sea business—but I 'll tell you about that later—and said he liked to see a Service animal the Service colour. What 's more, if one of my ancestors *was* a Persian he came from the British sphere of influence, and, anyway, we 've been naturalised for generations, and the only time I ever tasted sherbet it made me sick.

If you 'll believe me, too, there was a rat on that boat of his for a whole month, and the only time one came near mine since the War I had him before he reached the deck from the dock wall; and I 'll have Mr. Glad Dog know that when he comes aboard us he 'll salute the quarter-deck like the rest of us, or get his face scratched like last time, or my name 's not Susy.

That 's what started it all, you know, *Mr. Punch*. I won't say I 'm fond of dogs, but I give you my word as a perfect lady—and if you don't believe me ask Jim, that 's our cook—that I 'd never even have spat in his face, it being war time, if he 'd observed the traditions of the Service. You might think from his saying that he "came back feeling pleasantly tired" that he had it all his own way, but I may tell you he hadn't, in spite of his superior gun power, and if he 's afraid to go up the rigging a ship 's no place for him, anyway. All he could do was to sit below and talk big about the 13·5 guns on his boat, and that a destroyer, which shows how much he knows about our Service.

I 'm sure you 're tired of hearing about him now, *Mr. Punch*, and I don't wonder; but I must just tell you one thing more to show you the kind of dog he is. *He hobnobbed with all the German prisoners that they picked up.* They didn't get as many as we, of course, and I scratched three, and would have done the lot, only Jim shut me up in the galley. If you can't scratch your enemies, all I can say is patriotism will go to the dogs, and a precious mess *they 'll* make of it.

They might have given me a free claw with the prisoners too, because, though I don't say that the men and the guns and the ships didn't all do their work as well as it could be done, and I was never one to boast, *I* was really responsible for that victory. You see we were the first boat to sight the German cruisers, and I knew there was big business going, because Jim had forgotten my milk, and the light was bad, so I was up on the look-out to help Bill. *I* saw them a long time before I could make him notice, and he nearly threw me down because I scratched his hand, but he told everyone afterwards about my having discovered them, and I 'm not the sort to bear malice. "Couldn't make out what was wrong with Susy, mate," he went about saying to one after another. "She kept clawing and yowling like mad, and she 'd been purring quite quiet a minute before; and then I sees she was staring all the time to starboard, and, 'Begob, old lady,' says I, 'you 're right.' And then she makes for the wireless room, and the chap he tells me she was purring louder than the engines while he sends off the message." Do you wonder that they all say they wouldn't go into action without me?

I told you we had the Admiral aboard just afterwards, and he was introduced to me, but I must say that, though I 'm no snob and don't want to be prejudiced against him just because he 's an Admiral and has a bigger yellow band on his fur than *I 'd* call good taste, I didn't care for him as much as Jim or Bill for all his politeness. He never picked me up, though I stood up against his legs without ever putting a claw out and purred my hardest. Still, I 'm a ship's cat, and I leave toadying to them that like it.

Well, good-bye now, *Mr. Punch*. We don't see you as regularly as we 'd like on active service, but I 'll be watching out for this, and trust you 'll let your readers know the rights of the matter.

I have, Sir the honour to be,

Your obedient Servant,

A RESPECTABLE H.M. CAT.

P.S.—Perhaps you 'd like to know that I always purr when I hear any of the four national anthems. Of course, if people haven't any ear for music and can only make a raspy noise when they try to sing, I don't blame them if they don't pay proper respect, but I thought I 'd just mention it.



Irish Sergeant (drilling recruits). "STIDDY THERE—STIDDY! SHURE, ONE NEEDS AS MANY EYES AS A CENTIPEDE TO BE AFTHER WATCHIN' YE."

Intelligent Anticipation.

"Miss ——, of Lower-street, Stroud, will be engaged to Mr. ——, son of Mr. and Mrs. ——, Througham, near Stroud, on the 28th February."—*Gloucestershire Echo*, Feb. 27th.

We rather deprecate this premature publicity. Suppose there had been a hitch.

ARS IMMORTALIS.

Betsey, when all the stalwarts left
  Us women to our tasks befitting,
Your little fingers, far from deft,
  Coped for an arduous week with knitting;
And, though the meekness of your hair,
  Drooped o'er the task, disarmed my strictures,
The army gained when in despair
  You dropped its socks to paint it pictures.

I, knowing well your guileless brush,
  Urged that there wanted something subtler
To put MEISSONIER to the blush
  And snatch the bays from Lady BUTLER;
And so your skies retained their blue,
  Nor reddened with the wrath of nations,
To prove at least one artist knew
  Her public and her limitations.

A dozen warriors far away
  Craved of your skill to keep them posted
With coloured pictures day by day,
  In aught of note their birthplace boasted;
Hence these "Arriving Refugees"
  (Cheerful in burnt sienna) hurry
To soothe your uncle's hours of ease
  In some congested hut in Surrey.

I hear that Nurse's David gets
  (*His* valour is already FRENCH'S)
Your "Market" with the cigarettes
  His sister forwards to the trenches;
This "Cat" (for Rupert in the East),
  Limned in its moments of inertia,
You send that he may show the beast
  To its progenitors in Persia.

Daily your brush depicts a home
  Such as our duller pens are mute on;
Squanders vermilion, lake and chrome
  And Prussian blue—that furious Teuton;
Paper beneath your fingers calls
  For forms and figures to divide it,
Colours and cock-eyed capitals
  And kisses cruciform to hide it;

Till, brushes sucked and laid apart,
  And candles lit and daylight dying,
And you asleep, your works of art
  Ranged on the mantelpiece and drying—
We elders (older when you 're gone)
  Muse on our country's gains and losses . . .
Ah, Betsey, is it you alone
  Who send your kisses shaped like crosses?

How to get your Literature for nothing.

"READ 'POULTRY' AND MAKE YOUR FOWLS PAY."—*Poster.*



"OH! WHAT ARE THESE?"
"BOOTS, MADAM—FOR DOGS IN WET WEATHER."
"WHAT A SWEET IDEA! AND TELL ME—HAVE YOU THE PUTTEES?"

THE ISLE OF WAS.

IT is said that the inhabitants of the lonely island of Tristan da Cunha, in the South Atlantic, have not yet heard of the War. In view of a possible rush to the peaceful shores of this resort it may be well to print a few facts about the island from the pen of one who has never been there and, all being well, will never go.

This quaint little island is the only place in the world that does not possess a brass band or a bagpipe, and the simple folk living there believe khaki to be a vegetable popular in Bessarabia.

One of the present advantages of life in the island is that it enjoys complete immunity from blockade. If a German submarine were to approach its shores the residents of Tristan da Cunha would sally forth in their boats and proceed to cut it open to extract its blubber.

Local opinion of the KAISER, based on the latest information to hand concerning him, is that he is a potentate of considerable energy, whose world-wide notoriety rests upon his activities in the studio and the pulpit.

Anyone visiting Tristan da Cunha should take his music with him. It is almost certain that "Sister Susie" and "It 's a Long Way to Tipperary" will be all the rage there next Christmas.

The sportsmen of the island are eagerly awaiting the result of the great fight between CARPENTIER and Bombardier WELLS, and bets on the result of last year's Derby are still being made.

The inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha are great gossips. "Have you heard the latest?" one native will ask another; "I got it from a man on the *Caroline* when she called here for water a year ago last August."

Visitors should not fail to see the Post Office. It is open on every ninety-third day, from 10 to 2.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.

AMONG certain much-needed journalistic reforms I should put almost first the necessity of printing photographs of the ladies and gentlemen who write letters to the Press. It is of the highest importance that we should know what they are like, should be able, so to speak, to feel their bumps. It would also be a means of eliminating the anonymous correspondent.

The principal runners in the Correspondence Stakes to-day is no longer ALGERNON ASHTON. What has happened to ALGERNON? It is true that he retired formally from the lists some few years ago, leaving a book of his letters behind; but he returned in full force, with a baby. The baby did wonderful things in his father's missives—expressed his opinion of the KAISER in no lethargic manner; but even with this domestic incentive ALGERNON is not what he was. He seems to have lost his nerve. That bold pen no longer rushes in as once it did. It is now quite safe for a journalist to mention 1828 as the year of BEETHOVEN'S death. No one would mind. But once ALGERNON, more in sorrow than in anger, yet enormously surprised, would have set right a misled world by stating that the year was really 1827. And mortar can now drop like rain from interstices in the brickwork of MARTIN TUPPER'S grave and no editor be asked to find room for ALGERNON'S grief and horror. Not that he is wholly mute. Not at all. But he is not what he was; *le roi est mort.*

Yet he has successors.

Le roi est mort! Vivent les rois! For the successors to the throne are twain. It is like that of Brentford—it has two occupants, and their names are J. LANDFEAR LUCAS and A. KIPLING COMMON.

Both these gentlemen are a notch above ALGERNON. They deal with larger events; are more or less publicists, while ALGERNON was content to necrologise and quote *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.* They deal also with ideas, which ALGERNON scorned to do. You find them everywhere; and J. LANDFEAR LUCAS never omits to add to his name the fact that he belongs to the Spectacle Makers' Company. A. KIPLING COMMON may or not make spectacles: he withholds all information about it; it is the only point on which he is reticent. Perhaps he makes lorgnettes or pince-nez. Perhaps the only pair of spectacles he ever made was at cricket. Whatever he makes, he keeps the fact to himself. What kind of spectacles J. LANDFEAR LUCAS makes I do not know; but the next time I have need of any I shall insist upon trying his. "Give me a pair of J. LANDFEAR LUCAS'S," I shall say to the optician, and insist upon having those and no others. The signature of the maker will, I am sure, be on the case. The only fear I have is that wearing them will force me into writing letters to the Press. Perhaps A. KIPLING COMMON wears a pair, and hence his downfall.

J. LANDFEAR LUCAS'S letters would make an enormous volume of very mixed reading, and would need a good index, which might be prepared by Sir SIDNEY LEE or the Editor of *Notes and Queries.* The only subject on which he has never written is his middle name. Why, I always want to know, does he so dread the soil? What has it done to him? His terror cannot be complete, because I find a letter from him in a recent issue of *Land and Water.* One must suppose that the presence of water just saved the situation.

A. KIPLING COMMON is a more inspiring name to me. There is something breezy in it—a suggestion of gorse bushes and heather. It cheers up any paper in which it occurs, irrespective of the subject of the letter above it. "And did you once see Shelley Plain?" was the old question. The next generation will be asked, "And did you once see Kipling Common?" All will be able to reply, "Yes—in all the papers."

I imagine these two gentlemen's day to be one long excitement. They rise early after a sleepless night and straightway fall on the morning papers. J. LANDFEAR LUCAS has his spectacles on in a jiffy, and, blue pencil in hand, searches for slips, misapprehensions, incomplete references, and defective information. Meanwhile A. KIPLING COMMON is similarly at work elsewhere. Terrible fellows, they miss nothing. And the joy of settling down to the delight of composing their epistles! "There is a pleasure in poetic pains," wrote COWPER, but how much greater the pleasure in writing letters that shall instruct and correct! One wonders how the Lucasian spectacles are made at all—that he has time for anything but single eye-glasses.

Among students of cryptograms and such entertaining mysteries it has been suggested that J. LANDFEAR LUCAS and A. KIPLING COMMON are the same. Knowing that a point comes when editors kick, one of these indomitable correspondents invented the other in order to be able to write just twice as many letters as he would otherwise be permitted. The late IGNATIUS DONNELLY firmly believed this; just as FRANCIS BACON (who in Mr. SNAITH'S new romance passes a bad half-crown on the Master of Balliol) and WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE were the same, or, at any rate, wrote each other's works.

A comparison of the signatures reveals extraordinary, nay, uncanny, resemblances. Look at them: J. LANDFEAR LUCAS, A. KIPLING COMMON. Each, you will see, begins with an initial, and these initials rhyme: A. and J. We then pass on to a middle name printed in full, each having two syllables; and then to the final surnames again, each of two syllables. And the two signatures exactly balance: J. LANDFEAR LUCAS and A. KIPLING COMMON. The student will observe that each has the same number of letters—fourteen—only one more than the fatal thirteen: a very significant point to newspaper readers. Note too the remarkable association between Land and Common. It is only after the signature that any marked difference begins, for it is then that J. LANDFEAR LUCAS always adds "Spectacle Makers' Company." This is, however, probably merely a blind.

I do not press the double theory. To me it is fantastic; but in occult circles it is much canvassed and many extremely interesting discussions have been held. It is even rumoured that, one midnight recently, an investigator was shown, by a man in an iron mask, in the faint light of a dark lantern, beneath one of the Adelphi arches, a letter signed K. Lipfear Commas; but of this I have no proof.

I must add that no such mystery attaches to the name of ALGERNON ASHTON. He, at any rate, is real, and has been seen playing dominoes in the Café Royal.

"THE CAT I' TH' ADAGE."

["There is . . . much exhortation of the Administration to 'stand pat' upon American rights, to avoid being made the cat's paw of anybody's diplomacy."—"*Times*" *Washington Correspondent.*]

Bold words! But cats who'd keep their freedom,
Nor go where other folks would lead 'em,
Must not "stand pat" till mischiefs hatch
But come up promptly to the scratch.
For cats and Cabinets alike
'Tis vain with velvet paw to strike;
The force of international laws
Is *nil*—without their penal clause.

"His eyes light up as he recalls the song which the Alpins sang that day: 'Nous n'aurez pas l'Alsace et la Lorraine!'"
Daily News.

Those Chasseurs Alpins got off lightly. We remember an incident at school when we made no worse a mistake in our French lesson and there was a great deal of trouble about it.

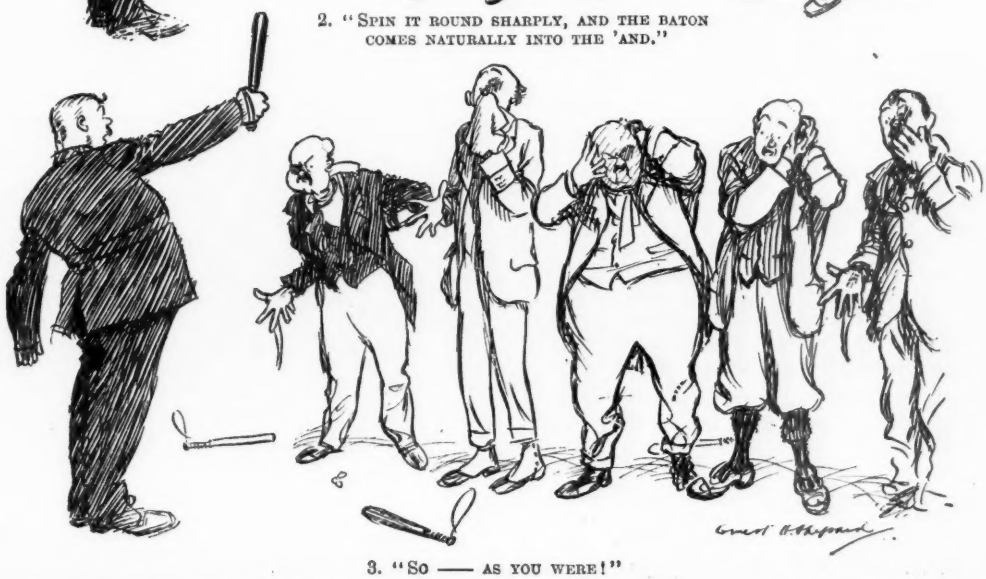
OUR LONG-SUFFERING SPECIALS.



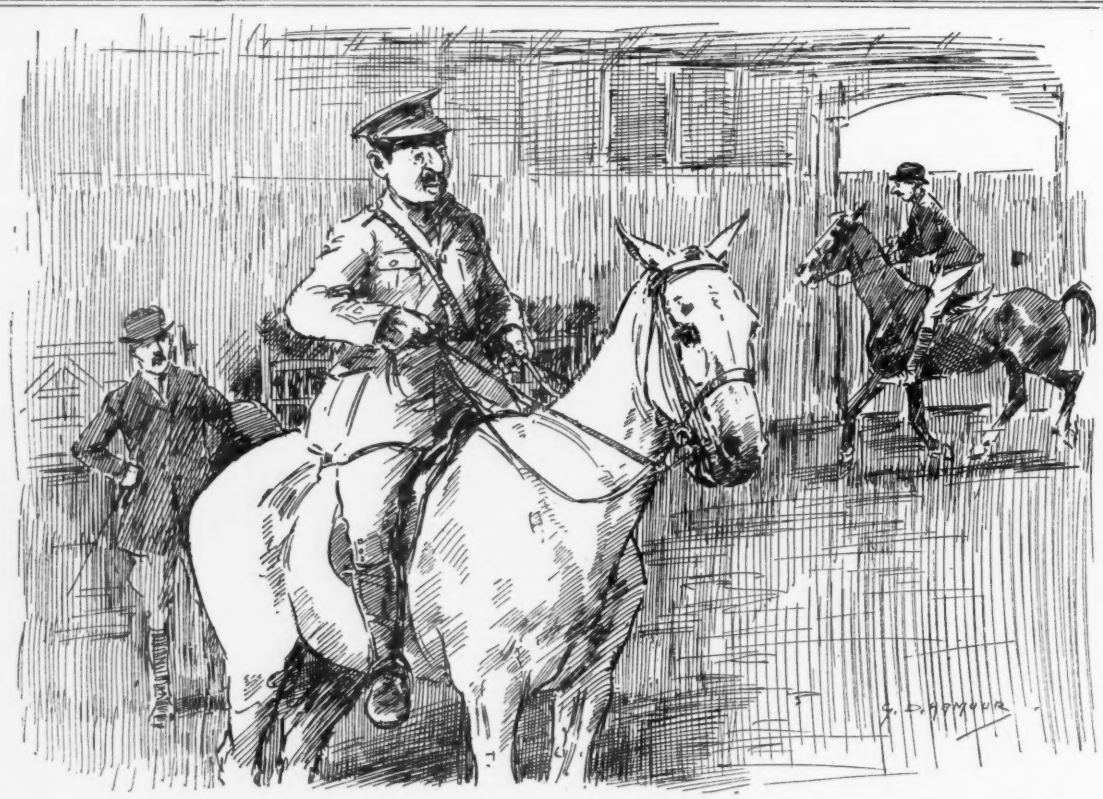
1. "'Ang the baton upon the right thumb—so."



2. "Spin it round sharply, and the baton comes naturally into the 'and."



3. "So —— as you were!"



Fritz Goldenstein (who, though of Teutonic extraction, has joined the force for home defence, addressing his steed for the first time). "NOW—COMMENCE!"

A BARD OF THE BASEMENT.

[A contemporary informs us that the Secretary of the Poetry Society considers that much more interest is taken in poetry now than in peace time, and instances the case of a cook who was found in her kitchen busily writing a poem on the War.]

WITH furrowed brow and wild disordered tresses
Our former treasure, Bridget, courts the Muse;
Of JELLICOE (while jelly coalesces)
She hymns the praise, and over Irish stews
Commemorates, in rather rocky metre,
The Dublin Fusiliers' intrepid deeds,
Deaf to the call of martyrs who entreat her
To minister to their internal needs.

The kitchener that claimed her close attention
Possesses little charm indeed to-day;
In rugged stanzas, baffling comprehension,
She crowns with laurels silent "K. OF K";
Stagnant the soup and greasy grows the gravy;
She lauds the "Buffs" regardless of the greens,
Or girds with caustic pen at WILHELM'S Navy,
Spurning the spuds to give VON TIRPITZ beans.

Though in the poet's craft success we wish her,
Nor grudge the loss of many a toothsome dish,
We mourn the halcyon days ere thoughts of FISHER
Engrossed her, to the detriment of fish;
Yet, when the steak is tough, the pie-crust leaden,
We voice no plaint; we do not even frown;
Knowing her mind intent on Armageddon,
We simply have to take it lying down.

WHAT WE HAVE LOST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I don't know if you have noticed what Professor SCHROER, of Cologne, has been saying about you, but even at the risk of causing you pain I feel I ought to draw your attention to the unfortunate impression you have created out there. The nastiest knock is when he says that your cartoons "lack modest refinement." I am only raking up this unpleasant story because the Professor fortunately explains the reason why we have got so far astray. It seems that we "have lost the good old Low German sense of humour which Englishmen inherited from their German ancestors."

Now, Sir, this is a time to examine ourselves, and, if that be true, should we not enquire whether we have not also lost other of our national characteristics which have reached us from the same source? At least let us see to it that we do not lose our love of sportsmanship, our custom of speaking the truth, our humane conception of warfare, or any of those other excellent qualities which we have as obviously inherited from our "German ancestors."

I am, Yours faithfully,
PATRIOT.

Contempt of Court?

"Mr. W. P. Hodgson (Vallazzi the Juggler) leaving the Law Courts, where it was said he threw eggs while flying in an aeroplane."
Daily Mirror.

The Patriotic Spirit.

Host (looking through wine list) to guest: "Well, what will you drink—red, white or blue?"



SOLDIERS ALL.

"Tommy" (*home from the Front, to disaffected Workman*). "WHAT 'LD YOU THINK O' ME, MATE, IF I STRUCK FOR EXTRA PAY IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ACTION? WELL, THAT'S WHAT *YOU* 'VE BEEN DOING."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 1st March.—Another crisis in the War. Again a crowded House. Once more a great speech from PRIME MINISTER. A special Providence ordains that at such a crisis we have at head of affairs a strong man endowed with gift of lucid speech, which from its very qualities of simplicity and honesty of purpose frequently, without visible effort, rises to height of eloquence. Rarely in its history, perhaps never, has House found its sympathies, convictions and aspirations so faithfully, so fully, so forcefully expressed as on several occasions during last seven months when ASQUITH has stood at Table and talked about the War, its purpose, its prospects, and its inevitable accomplishment.

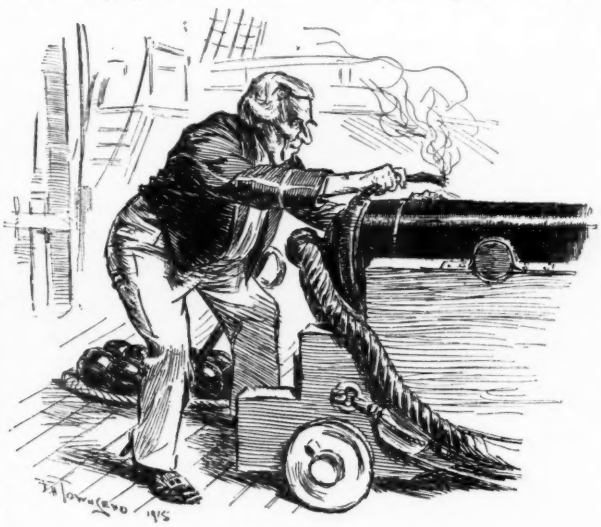
True, few Prime Ministers have been sustained and inspired in equal degree by assurance of the confidence and sympathy of a unanimous nation represented by a united Parliament. That is a position difficult to win, hard daily to live up to. With increasing success the PREMIER has achieved both successes. His personality is worth to the Empire an army in the field, a squadron of *Queen Elizabeths* at sea.

There was notable in the speech—as usual brief, since it was not attenuated by a superfluous word—increased confidence in the triumphant ending of the War. From the day when, standing in the same place, on the part of Great Britain he practically declared war against Germany, PREMIER has always spoken with quiet assurance of certain victory. Without boastfulness he has reiterated that conviction. This afternoon he was more definite.

"I assure the Committee," he said, "that with all the knowledge and experience we have gained His Majesty's Government have never been more confident than they are to-day in the power of the Allies to achieve ultimate and durable victory."

Coming in the course of his speech to the submarine "campaign of piracy and pillage" undertaken by Germany under the name of blockade, he spread out a scrap of paper on the brass-bound box, and amid repeated volleys of cheering from both sides read the terms of British reply. It was terse and effective. Germany, having systematically violated the restraining rules and humane usages of civilised warfare, will, to quote an historic phrase peculiarly appropriate to the situation, be left to stew in her own juice. The Allied Fleets of Great Britain and France—not sneaking under water with intent to destroy peaceful merchant ships, but openly sailing the seas in defiance of the German fleet cooped up, as the PREMIER said, in "the safe seclusion of their mine-fields and their closely guarded forts"—will prevent commodities of any kind from reaching or leaving German ports.

Business done.—Supplementary Vote of Credit of 37 millions to meet War expenditure to end of financial year and a fresh Vote of Credit of 250 millions agreed to by acclamation.



REPRISALS.

Tuesday.—Oxford University and her sister at Cambridge have between them many proud records. None more stirring than that recited by PRIME MINISTER in moving Second Reading of awkwardly named Universities and Colleges (Emergency Powers) Bill. The attendance was scanty, but there was strong muster of University men, who listened with profound interest to words falling from lips of one in whom, as WALTER LONG felicitously said, "Oxford men claim a common possession, in regard to whom they feel they have abundant reason to be proud, not only for his record at the University but for the great part he is at the present moment playing in the history of the country."

PREMIER had moving story to tell of transformation wrought at the Universities. Their halls are deserted. Their examination schools and playing fields are occupied by hospitals. The pick of their scholars and the flower of their athletes have alike gone off to the War. No fewer than 4,000 University men, two-thirds of the full muster, are under arms. Of those that remain all the physically fit have joined the Officers' Training Corps.

Amongst innumerable evidences of patriotism forthcoming since the KAISER wantonly dragged unwilling Europe into the war pit this example of the Universities surely shines with unmatched splendour.

Financial consequences embarrassing. No undergraduates, no fees. At Cambridge revenue from this source, amounting in normal times to over £60,000 a year, is reduced by one-half. "As an old Oxford man, with great, undiminished, undying devotion to my own University," the PREMIER pleaded for new power to be conferred upon the heads of the Universities to meet the special claims and responsibilities that have sprung up. WALTER LONG, formerly of Christ Church, speaking on behalf of the Opposition, warmly welcomed the Bill, which was forthwith read a second time.

Business done.—Defence of the Realm Bill passed through Committee.

Thursday.—The case of Mr. MEYER, his timber purchases, and his modest commission, up again for discussion. BECK, on behalf of his Chief at Board of Works, gives frank and full explanation. BONAR LAW chivalrously declares that method adopted by Government was "best possible in circumstances."

In interesting study of proclivities of contractors in war time, Mr. BARLOW, who represents Salford in present Parliament, leaving for a while the company of his young friends, *Sandford* and *Merton*, told in his best form one of his many stories. A battalion of recruits being raised in provinces, a purchase of boots was arranged. It was found that the soles were liable to contract an inconvenient habit of parting from the uppers before first mile of march was completed.

Boots returned to contractor. A few months later further supplies required for increasing number of recruits. Application made to another firm. Goods delivered. There were found among them 1,500 pairs of the old lot.

"The only difference," Mr. BARLOW added in his persuasive voice, "was that



WHAT THE WAR OFFICE HAS TO PUT UP WITH FROM INVENTORS.

1. THE BOMB-CATCHER.

the price had been increased by 1*s.* 9*d.* a pair."

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read a second time. Army Annual Bill passed.

A Study in Pronunciation.

A correspondent kindly sends us a page from the "English - Flemish Military Guide for the present campaign." Under the heading "How to Prounonce (*sic*) some vowels" is the following direction:—

"UI as giving to the first *e* in eye the sound of *a* in pluck."

This seems sufficient to explain why our Army swore so terribly in Flanders.

A Miltonian Lay.

"Mrs. Milton Henn can supply twice weekly in Limerick; new laid buttered eggs —1/6 a dozen."—*Limerick Chronicle.*

From a Variety programme:—

"MAMMOTH BEAUTY CHORUS OF OVER 70."

Still they must be quite young for mammoths.

The Decline of a German Verb.

I hate,	We hate,
Thou hatest.	U 8,
He hates.	They hate.

GOD'S AFFLICTED.

[*A Tribute to the Kaiser's Agents in British India, who have added to the gaiety of Nations.*]

THERE lived a man in Germanie
(*Hey! Ho! The Goth and the Hun*)
Who said, "These British wax too free;
By air and water, land and sea
They now shall be outdone.
'Tis ours to lift their tyrant yoke
From off all God-respecting folk;
In a word, to undermine their Empire."
Thus was the game begun.

So he sent his word to the Elder Folk
(*Sing hey! for India's coral strand*),
And they heard the things his hirelings spoke
As those who list to a tasteless joke—
But they let him show his hand.
And some waxed merry and soon forgot,
And many were they who heard him not,
But most said, "This is a God's Afflicted:
There let the matter stand."

But some sat down by the village well
(*Sixteen annas make one rupee*)
Reasoning thus—"There are tales to sell;
They are not true, but who will tell?
What shall the story be?
Rice and toddy are cruelly dear;
Can there be no sedition here?
This Creature pays for talk of mutiny;
Set the invention free."

There were three poor men of Chatnampore
(*And Chatnampore is but the least*),
But these three men are poor no more,
For one has bought himself land galore
And one had a wedding feast.
When rents were heavy and rains delayed,
They lied—and God's Afflicted paid,
And the wife of the third has now gold earrings;
Greatly are all increased.

The cloud has broken, the song is sung
(*Hey! Ho! for the lies they told*),
For the man of Germanie was young
And like to a colt by the gadfly stung,
While they of the East are old.
But some there are whose wealth has sped,
Who rend the beard and shave the head
For the dear dead days of God's Afflicted,
Whose madness turned to gold.



British Officer as seen by the Military Tailor.



As he actually appears on leaving for the front.



After three weeks in the trenches.

DACHSHUND CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. Punch,—As an Anglo-Italian dachshund, with a Russian grandmother, I must thank you from the bottom of my heart for publishing Fritz's letter,* and so doing *your* best (and your best is very good, my Missus says, because you voice "the real England") to right the almost Hunnish injustice done to my race.

If a Dachs is to be considered an alien, and, as *you* know, dear Mr. Punch, we were originally of good old English stock, and never "made in Germany" at all, what about Poms and Pekies?

For my own part I feel doubly hurt by caricatures, for I have done my little bit for the Allies. I claim to be the very first British dog who took a piece out of the leg of an Austrian enemy—it belonged to the son of the luggage-porter—in the early days of August, and my Missus, engaged in escaping from the country, was not as pleased as she should have been.

My little friend Franzl, another Briton born in Italy like myself, disputes my claim to the first bite. I must add with sorrow that my poor friend is now among the British subjects interned in Austria.

I am one of the very few dogs who travelled across Europe, in the early days of the War, by mobilization trains. I barked at the "great new siege-guns," as our fellow-travellers (and enemies) called them, as they passed me on their way to Germany; and when my Missus got arrested at Bozen station I made a point of telling the Polizei-Chef what I thought of him, hinting plainly that I had no objection to trying a second Austrian leg.

Meanwhile I cannot sufficiently thank you for the stand you have taken against this grave and almost Hunnish injustice (forgive me for repeating this expression, but I feel it strongly) to a true British race.

I am personally, as I have mentioned, part Russian by descent, but my silly Missus mixed up Poland with Russia proper, so I must sign myself,

Your very faithful (and always ready to bite your enemies) black-and-tan friend, Clementina Sobieski.

P.S.—How soon do *you* think the War will end? Because it seems that till it does I must not grumble about (nor roll upon) a huge tickly red-white-and-blue bow, but wear it with pride and circumstance. Do I not suffer for my country?

Dear Mr. Punch,—With much interest and sympathy I read the pathetic letters of my kinsman Fritz in a recent issue of *Punch*. Having myself suffered from the same sudden coldness—not to say hostility—on the part of former friends, and knowing that I possess an undoubtedly authentic pedigree of at least eight generations of British-born Dachshunds, the time has I think arrived when I may justly claim to be a British dog. I therefore venture to suggest that in future we should be given an English name.

Dachs is the German for badger, and badgers are just as indigenous to the British Isles as to Germany. In Scotland and the North of England the country name for a badger is "brock." Why not then in future call us Brock-hounds? The word has a true British ring.

Entrusting our cause to your all-powerful influence, believe me, dear Mr. Punch, with profound respect and fidelity, Your most obedient Servitor,

Charles Brock
(sometime Karl Dachs).

* "The Plaint of a British Dachshund," *Punch*, Feb. 10, 1915.

A Bold Stroke.

"An officer of the *Lion* says the *Indomitable* steamed at a rate undreamt of by her builders. The strokers off duty swarmed to the hold to help their comrades. Sir David Beatty at the end of the action signalled 'Well done strokers of the *Indomitable*.'"
Statesman (*India*).

We always had somebody to stroke our boats at Cambridge, but never at such a pace.

From *Le Journal de Petrograd*:—

"Lorsque le Kaiser est à Berlin, le repas est plus simple encore: l'Empereur mange un potage et la viande qui a servi à faire ce potage avec du pain K K."

K K bread is, of course, Kartoffelbrod, and not provender supplied by Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

THE FLAT-HUNTER.

WHEN I met Gladwyn—an elderly and pessimistic bachelor—at the club the other night I was agreeably surprised to find him looking so cheerful. Since the War began I have sedulously avoided him, but, encouraged by his comparatively radiant appearance, I returned his nod and asked him if he had been out of town. "No," he replied, "I've been flat-hunting for the last three weeks—got to turn out of my present quarters — nuisance, of course; but, good Lord! what right has a non-combatant to talk of nuisances?" This astonishing sentiment, coming from the most self-centred man I know, prompted me to make some sympathetic remark; and Gladwyn, who loves talking about himself, at once started off on a long recital of his experiences. Gladwyn, I should explain, is a hopeless conversationalist, but excels in monologue.

"I've been to about twenty house-agents," he went on, "and nothing could exceed their attention. The urbanity, graciousness and splendid appearance of their young men fills me with admiration. Stout fellows, I believe, from what I know of one or two of them, who drill hard in their leisure hours and all that sort of thing, but in the office miracles of gentleness and persuasion. Beautifully dressed, too, in a style of quiet elegance which makes me painfully conscious of my own shortcomings. But they never presume upon it, and I marvel at their condescension in writing out endless orders to view small flats, 'upper parts' and 'maisonettes' suited to my humble requirements. It seems to me that half London is being converted into 'maisonettes,' at least the unfashionable half. Mine always begin on the third floor and generally consist of bedrooms turned into sitting-rooms, and box-rooms into kitchens. Lots of rooms, endless stairs and no lifts. 'Maisonettes' are generally near railway stations, about a stone's-throw off, and they look out at the back on the Underground or garages or the yards of breweries. To appreciate them fully you want to be strong in the heart and legs and hard of hearing—in short, to combine the activity of the goat with the deafness of the adder. 'Upper parts' are always over shops on main arteries of traffic.

With regard to flats my experience has been that more often than not there was nobody in when I called, or it was inconvenient for the tenant to let me see it at that moment, or the flat was already let through another agent. Still, when I have been admitted, the behaviour of the tenants has filled me with admiration. They never give away the agents. They never want to leave. They always give the flat a good character for quietness and commodiousness. In one that was slap over the Underground the lady admitted that sometimes a 'slight humming' was audible—that was all. There are those who volunteer the reasons of their moving, but for the most part they are reticent, and that I can understand, since in a good many cases it is the same as my own—a rise in the rent on renewal.

"I have seen some charming flats, with plenty of room, bright and airy, and at a moderate rent, but they were never lower than the fourth floor and there was no lift. Why does no man of science invent wings for ascending stairs?



THE FUSION OF CROSS AND CRESCENT.

"I admire the house agents, and the tenants—when they are at home—but my feelings towards estate agents who have offices on the same premises as the flats they want to let are mixed. They are extraordinarily affable, but they are inclined to overdo it. The flat that they want to let is always 'our show flat'— the brightest and airiest and most attractive in the whole block. They wax lyrical over the view if the flat is on the fifth floor, or the beauties of its geyser if it is in the basement. After all, they are professional eulogists, and praise is the hardest thing to swallow when it isn't about yourself. The porters are fine fellows, and when you see them in their uniforms they are worthy of a Blue Hungarian Band. One I saw the other day in Bloomsbury had a moustache that reminded me of old VICTOR EMMANUEL. But the people I admire most of all are the photographers who are responsible for the views of the immediate surroundings of Cortina Mansions or whatever it may be. I've got an illustrated booklet with pictures of a stately pile embosomed in verdure, with spreading lawns and apparently no other building for hundreds of miles. The stately pile is all right, but the verdure is all my eye. And yet people talk of the truthful camera."

Here Gladwyn paused for breath, and I asked, "Have you found anything to suit you?"

"No," he answered, "nothing yet, but I'm going to look at a fascinating 'maisonette' in Brondesbury to-morrow."

"Well, good luck," I said, getting up to go; "you seem to have had a pretty rotten time."

"Not a bit of it," replied Gladwyn with unaffected cheerfulness. "I haven't had time to think of the War for three weeks."

HOW NEWS IS "MADE IN GERMANY."

MONDAY.

A RUMOUR reached us late last night:—
Our submarines have sunk at sight
A brace of British fishing-smacks;
All honour to our German "Jacks."

TUESDAY.

We learn to-day without surprise
The "smacks" were of unusual size;
And we may safely now assume
Two merchantmen have met their doom.

WEDNESDAY.

The "merchantmen," our subs. avow,
Seemed rather down about the bow;
This points to quite a hefty haul;
No doubt their destiny was Gaul.

THURSDAY.

England in secrecy we learn
Regards her loss with grave concern;
She would not weep for fodder! No!
Doubtless we laid two Transports low.

FRIDAY.

An English regiment or two
Embarked last Sabbath on the blue;
And (this should make Herr WINSTON wince)
None of them has been heard of since.

SATURDAY.

Official wires confirm this fact:—
Our gallant submarines attacked
And sank, last Sunday night at ten,
Two Transports and Five Thousand Men.

A Marksman Indeed.

"At last she said, hesitatingly: 'I'm not quite sure; but I think I could manage on 400 francs.' He went a trifle pale, having reserved exactly that sum for the purchase of a sporting rifle for shooting swallows in summer."—*Globe.*

"HELP! HELP!"

Alan! Alan! is the name of a novel recently announced. If this is to set a new fashion in titles the question must arise, how should one ask for the latest story at the bookshop or the library?

"What may I get you, Sir?" the female assistant will say. "*Vivien! Vivien!*" the curate will murmur in reply. And then the young lady, with blushes, will explain, "My name is Susie, Sir."

Should the title be spoken in the level tones used for *A Faded Flower*, for instance? Or should the exclamation marks be noted and given their proper emphasis?

Would it be correct to enter the shop and shout, "*Clarence! Clarence!*" as if the end of all things had come? or would it be better to adopt a more peremptory tone, as of a strong father calling upstairs to his son, to whom he is about to administer that which, believe him, hurts the father's heart far more than it hurts the errant boy? Or should the cry be uttered as a last appeal? or on a note of hopeless resignation? or imperatively like the calling of a dog to heel? The problem bristles with difficulties.

And even when you have decided how this double vocative should be conveyed you will find that what is a simple thing to the elocutionist may be a grave trouble to the amateur.

DONATIONS INVITED.

AN announcement of considerable interest is made by the *Kreuz-Zeitung* to the effect that associations have been formed in Hanover and Hamburg and will shortly be formed in one hundred and fifty places to collect money which will be expended in gifts for German soldiers "as soon as it is officially announced that either German troops have occupied English soil or have achieved the overthrow of England."

We do not know if Lord KITCHENER and Sir JOHN FRENCH have fully considered the advisability of introducing some such system into our own conduct of the campaign. Perhaps the mercenary English might be induced by the offer of a tip of some sort——? But that is only a suggestion. Our present concern is with an alien publication which has fallen into our hands and which contains some interesting answers to correspondents upon the question. The following is a translation:—

J. B. (*Erfurt*).—No, you must have been misinformed by your local press. The overthrow of England has not been already achieved, technically—although it is well known that that perfidious Empire is tottering. The intrepid aviator to whom you refer cannot be said to have technically occupied English soil, as he was picked up in the Thames. No, we cannot accept bread-cards in lieu of cash.

Max Schneider (*Ansbach*).—Many thanks for your letter. We have some sympathy with your attitude when you say that "to have the thing merely officially announced is not good enough for you." No payment will be made, however, till it has been confirmed in the Paris communiqué. Meanwhile do not hesitate to contribute.

Cautious (*Kiel*).—We are bound to protest against the pessimistic and unpatriotic tone of your letter. We do not understand how you can possibly hold such views, living as you do in a neighbourhood where you have daily opportunity of contemplating the accumulated naval strength of Germany. No, money will not be returned under any circumstances.

A. K. (*Frankfort*).—Certainly not. No one has ever suggested that the gifts should take the form of iron crosses. Our never-to-be-even-for-a-moment-daunted troops are not to be fobbed off in this manner.

Financier (*Berlin*). We think your suggestion an excellent one. As you say, if the money were to be invested at compound interest it might well amount to a considerable sum before it becomes payable. It is understood however that it will all be compulsorily taken over for investment in the next War Loan.



"SING IT AHT, SONNY—LET'S 'EAR WOT IT SAHNDS LIKE."

"Young gentleman wants Job; something exciting: been abroad good deal."
Liverpool Echo.

Why not go abroad again and try Flanders, in khaki?

MAKING AN EXHIBITION OF THEMSELVES.

WE seem to recall that in the dim ages of last June something was being said about an Anglo-German Exhibition, and that the idea was subsequently abandoned. We should welcome its revival, though of course with modifications in accordance with our increased knowledge of the subject. As thus:—

GERMANY AT THE BLACK-AND-WHITE CITY.

A true picture of the most amazing people on earth. Open 10 till 10.

Native Arts and Crafts (especially Crafts) as practised in Blackest Berlin.

NATIVE GERMAN VILLAGE.

With continuous Performances by real Germans (never before brought into contact with civilisation). An illustration of Savage Life that must be seen to be believed.

Quaint Ceremonials and War Dances.

Sacrificing to Kultur.

Departure of Chiefs on Head-hunting Expedition. Chanting the Hymn of Hate (by a choir of genuine Professors).

Also Exact Reproduction of a

BRITISH SEASIDE WATERING PLACE AS THE GERMANS SEE IT.

Armour-plated Bathing Machines.

Penny-in-the-Slot Machine Guns.

Gigantic Super-Switchback, capable of hurling twenty-five tons of trippers at a hostile fleet.

SIDE SHOWS.

Herr Hohenzollern, the Potsdam Equilibrist, "Walking the Wireless."

The Great Wheel (as done on the Marne).

Cave of Illusion, "The Parisian Mirage," "The Calaisdoscope," etc., etc.

Admission One Mark.

LOOKING FORWARD.

ONE of the most inspiring and interesting of the ceremonies in connection with the Peace Celebrations occurred yesterday at Chelsea, when medals were awarded to a number of stalwart men and youths for their fine record of athleticism and self-denial during the War. They walked in, many hundred strong, to the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," the crowd, which was enormous, being kept in order by a regiment just back from the Front, who were given this task to keep them out of mischief. The procession evoked tremendous cheers, and no wonder, for it consisted of men in the pink of condition, who contrasted noticeably with many of the poor fellows from the War, some of whom had a battered and not too spruce appearance. A little company of wounded soldiers left during the proceedings.

The heroes being all assembled, a gentleman prominent in the Football world, supported by dignitaries, officials, and pressmen, welcomed them, in a few well-chosen words, in the name of himself and fellow-sportsmen. England, he said—and by England he meant the cream of the country, that is, the football enthusiasts—was proud of them. (Cheers.) They had stuck—well, he would not say to their guns, for that was perhaps an unfortunate phrase under the circumstances—but to their own calling—to their footballs—with a steady persistence that did them credit. In spite of all temptation, in spite of all the artful patriotic lures, their self-respect as footballers had conquered (Cheers and excitement.) Again and again it had been put before them by selfish and impulsive partisans that their services as fit and powerful men might be of use to England at the Front, or even for home military service, but nothing had shaken them. (Cheers.) They were adamant. They had been trained to play football, and play football they would. (Immense cheers.) They had manfully remained in the path they had chosen, and had refused to give up their great and noble and truly national pastime. (Hear, hear.) Nothing could shake them—not even the raid on Scarborough. They were gloriously firm—boys of the bulldog breed *par excellence*. (Cries of "Hurrah.") Football, they recognised, came first, country second, and they behaved accordingly; and the great-hearted public, always ready to acclaim doggedness and pluck, stood by them and rallied week after week to their gallant displays in the field. (Renewed cheers.)

To each man the Chairman then presented an iron cross amid the wildest excitement, and the proceedings terminated by the band playing "After the ball," in which everyone present joined.

Offence and Defence.

"In the Assembly General Hertzog has tried, with no success, to help the cause of friends of his who are in prison with charges of treason hanging over their heads. On Monday Mr. Burton, Minister of Railings, countered these efforts with a stingingly critical speech."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Judging by the reports of recent proceedings in the South African Parliament Mr. BURTON'S new post (or perhaps one should say post-and-rails) will be no sinecure.

THE LOWLAND SEA.

"OH sailed you by the Goodwins,
Oh came you by the Sound,
And saw you there my true love
That was homeward bound?"

"Oh never will he anchor
Again by England's shore;
A-sailing by the Lowlands
Your sailor comes no more.

"They gave his ship her death-blow
As she was sailing by,
And every soul aboard her,
Oh, they left them all to die.

"They were not common pirates
Nor rovers of Sallee,
But gentlemen of high estate
Come out of Germanie!

"It was no worthy gentleman
Though he were crowned King;
It was no honest seaman
That wrought so vile a thing!

"But the foulest of all pirates
That ever sailed the sea,
And they should swing as pirates swing
Upon the gallows tree,
A-sailing by the Lowlands
That took my lad from me!"

Ex Africa Semper Aliquid Novi.

"The authors tramped 17,000 miles from one side of Africa to the other—a journey which took nearly a year to accomplish."
Observer.

As the continent is only about 5,000 miles across at its widest part, we reckon that these great pedestrians must have crossed it at least three times, and walked over 45 miles a day the whole time.

N. S. P. C. C. Please Note.

"Unfurnished Room wanted by respectable woman (oven preferred), where baby could be minded while mother goes to work."
Evening News.

The Wallaby Again.

"In answer to the query, 'What is wrong with golf?' opinions of writers appear to have differed very much. G. Duncan, A. C. Croome, and Wallaby Deeley expressed the opinion that the greens might be made smaller and the holes enlarged."
West Australian.

"WALLABY" DEELEY is doubtless a local flier. Judging by the following extract his idea appears to have been adopted:—

"Since the beginning of the year some clearing has been effected, and a new green laid down, which will permit of the course being considerably lengthened, and provide a spare green should the 4-in. green become unplayable as happened last winter."
"*Southern Times*," *Bunbury, W. A.*



Mistress. "Well, cook, if you and the other maids are at all nervous of the Zeppelins, you can have your beds removed into the basement."

Cook. "No, thank you, Ma'am. We have every confidence in the policeman at the gate."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I have seldom met a volume of more pronounced "heart interest" than *Paris Waits* (Smith, Elder). Partly, of course, this is due to the skill with which Mrs. M. E. Clarke has written it; partly to outside causes. For in reading these thrilling pages one finds oneself oddly affected by an old idea, deep-rooted in all our minds, that when once a thing is in print it is over and done with, put away and no longer personal, like bones in a museum. And then, with the queerest shock, one realises suddenly that this story of Paris in her suspense goes no further back than a time whose distance can be measured by days. Perhaps Mrs. Clarke's method of telling helps this effect a little. As special correspondent of *The Times* and as herself long an intimate friend of Paris and the Parisians, she was well able to appreciate every phase of the critical weeks when the invaders threatened to storm its very walls. Not only are her pen-pictures remarkably vivid and realistic, but the camera has also helped, and included in the book are many most interesting photographs of Paris in war—a snapshot of the Avenue de l'Opéra, for example, empty of traffic but for a solitary cyclist, or a group of R.A.M.C. men lounging in the doorway of an hotel whose name suggests the coupons of economy and peace. It is all breathlessly interesting, and, as I say, there is that added stranger thrill. Of the close of a certain historic day you may read that it was filled with wonderful autumn sunshine, and suddenly you will say, "Of course it was!" and recall everything that you yourself were doing that afternoon. That I suppose is one of the minor compensations of living in history. It certainly adds profoundly to the effect of such a record of tragedy nobly faced as we may find here in *Paris Waits*, a record that even our descendants, without these advantages, will never read unmoved.

In the bald précis which Messrs. Methuen supply with *The Family*, by Elinor Mordaunt, they do her, it and themselves much less than justice. I had been prepared for boredom; I was in fact consistently entertained, and it is certainly no inconsiderable feat on the part of the author to make that truculent Spartan, *Squire Hebberton*, his faint wife, his seven sons and four daughters, separately and plausibly alive. We first see them on their own acres of Cranbourne very much of the county in blood but a little out of it in the matter of money, haunted by impending financial catastrophe, all the more inevitable because no *Hebberton* can really bring himself to face the possibility of such a paltry destiny. The blow falls and tosses them into situations which would have profoundly shocked their minor acquaintances and their tenantry. And I suspect some sort of indictment of their order is intended by the suggestion that they did not make much of their new life. It was rotten of the rather inhuman vicar to fall so desperately in love with *Pauline*, the nice, horsey, romantic tomboy, and spiritually mesmerise her into matrimony.

Any perceptive person could have foretold disaster, but there was none such at Cranbourne. *Pauline*, a dear, finds her salvation in the service of her hypersensitive brother, *Sebastian*, whose happiness has been wrecked by his parents' crass stupidity. The story opens in the eighties of last century; one did not perhaps quite appreciate that really heavy fatherhood survived to that date. Now it is our sons and daughters that tend to put on weight. Dare one, by the way, beg Miss MORDAUNT to engage a really nice proof-reader with powers of attorney to deal with such exuberant malapropisms as our dear old friend "immured to," and "anchorite" for "acolyte"; and to collect stragglers in the way of unfinished sentences? Her work is too good for these little flaws.

Arabia Infelix, or the Turks in Yamen (MACMILLAN), is a book the number of whose readers will probably be largely increased by the time and circumstance of its publication. Even to-day, when we read and talk and think so much about the Unspeakable One, I doubt if many persons could tell off-hand whether Yamen was a country or a costume. For their benefit let me hasten to pass on my own superior (if lately acquired) erudition. Yamen, then, is, roughly speaking, the left-hand strip of the Arabian peninsula, fringing the Red Sea; and this book about it has been written by Mr. G. WYMAN BURY, who evidently enjoys unique knowledge of his subject. Arabia is so far removed from most of us in language and history and customs that tales of it have always the fantastic and unreal atmosphere of another world. To me it remains a land that I am well content to explore at second-hand—but this is prejudice. It is certainly picturesque; Mr. BURY's illustrative photographs (some of the best I have ever seen) are evidence of this. One of the most attractive of them is called "Return of Zaptieh to the Hukoomah at Menakah," a title (or I am much mistaken) that will mean less than nothing to the majority. For its interpretation I must refer you to the author himself. I should, by the way, explain that, though seasoned here and there with an agreeable humour, this is in no sense a volume of frivolous entertainment. Mr. BURY writes as an expert for those who want expert and practical information; the chatter and small talk of travel is not in his scheme. But at a time when we are all speculating as to the future of the Turk this record of what he has done and left undone in a little known land has a peculiar interest and value.



HOW A TORN LABEL AROUSED THE SUSPICIONS OF AN ALERT RAILWAY PORTER.

The Dark Tower (SECKER) is an unusual and, in many ways, a remarkable work. Mr. F. BRETT YOUNG has already given evidence of being a writer a long way removed from the ordinary ruck of novelists; this book will confirm his reputation. At first, perhaps, the skill of his attack is not altogether apparent. The opening chapters of the tale seem to hesitate uncertainly, playing as it were for position. Then, just when you may be asking yourself, "Is anything definite ever going to happen?" pounce! the thing has you by the throat, not to struggle free before the last line is read. It is a sombre story enough, this of the two brothers living in their lonely farm high up on the mountains of the Welsh border—a place that itself becomes like a character in the tragedy, so well is the brooding spirit of it realised. *Charlie*, the elder brother, had been a pleasant wastrel till he married *Judith*, a slip of a Celt with red hair and green eyes; and the little money there was to begin with dwindled beneath the extortions of her poaching relatives. Then *Charlie* started to drink himself to death; and *Alaric*, who had failed as a musical journalist, returned to make his home in the tower of the farm. Thenceforward the tale is of a Welsh *Pelléas* and *Mélisande*, rushing swiftly to its inevitable doom. The vigour of it, told with an uncommon blend of realism and beauty, is what I found impossible to resist. The author has wonderfully conveyed an atmosphere of rarefied passion, without a hint of sentimentality. There is a distinction and austerity in his treatment, of which I can only record my appreciation and leave you to enjoy them for yourself. His style you will find a dry clear wine, sparkling, with never a taste of sugar—an unpicturesque metaphor, but one that fairly expresses the appeal of this quite uncommon book to the critical taste.

Not often has it been my good fortune to find amusement in publishers' announcements, but I confess to grinning broadly when I read Messrs. HUTCHINSON'S remarks upon *The Great Age*. "To attempt," they say, "to introduce Shakespeare into a novel would seem to be daring, if not courting disaster," and then go on to assure us that Mr. J. C. SNAITH has succeeded where others would have failed, because he has written a romance that teems with exciting incident. I trust that my sense of humour is not perverted, but I cannot help finding something extraordinarily laughable in the commandeering of SHAKESPEARE by Mr. SNAITH, and in the publishers' apologetic justification of his audacious act. Granted, however, that the rash deed demanded some apology, I say unhesitatingly that the poet could not have fallen into more reverent hands than those of Mr. SNAITH. The Bard is brought in as a sort of fairy godfather to a boy and a maid who wander through the land in a frantic attempt to escape from the clutches of the law. If I had to propose a vote of sympathy with any of the characters my choice would fall not on SHAKESPEARE but on QUEEN ELIZABETH, for she has but few friends among modern writers, and in this small company Mr. SNAITH is certainly not enrolled. The author has put to his credit a tale full of perils and hair-breadth escapes, and he has made an honest and, on the whole, successful attempt to reproduce the phraseology of the Elizabethan age; though I doubt if the word "sinister," which he works so hard, was really popular in those spacious days.

CHARIVARIA.

GERMANY has such a poor reputation for generosity that it seems only fair to point out that she is in favour of a certain portion of Austro-Hungarian territory being given to Italy.

* * *

"The bravest man in London," says *The Weekly Dispatch*, "is the barber in Wardour Street, who keeps on his window the inscription '*Man sprecht* [sic] *Deutsch.*'" This paragraph is headed "Does he know it?" If "it" refers to German, the answer is obviously in the negative.

* * *

It is said that, if things don't soon go better with them, the Germans threaten to say, "God punish England!" not only on meeting but also on parting. For the present this weapon is held in reserve.

* * *

The other day, *The Observer* reminds us, the Germans were claiming that they were, "the Lords of the Under-Water." If this claim fails, there is always the relatively easy *rôle* of Prince of the Under-World.

* * *

To induce the people of the Berlin suburb of Treptow to part with their gold for the benefit of the German Imperial Bank they are promised, *The Express* tells us, not only war bonds in exchange, but also a free ticket to view the heavens through the great telescope of the Observatory. This should be their best way of discovering their place in the sun.

* * *

The Turks, a Dardanelles correspondent tells us, cannot understand at all why we should want to silence their guns. The noise from ours, they complain, is a much greater nuisance.

* * *

The New York Sun says that there are admiring Germans in New York who insist that, when KAISER WILLIAM has won the War, one of his first appreciative acts will be to summon Mr. HERMAN RIDDER, the well-known pro-German propagandist, to Berlin, to make him a Prince. If Mr. RIDDER will take our advice he will be content with a lesser honour so long as he gets it at once.

* * *

With reference to the recent dropping of shells by French aircraft on the Rottweil Powder Factory, *The Daily News*, quoting an Official Note, says "Rottweil is on the Nectar." Here, then, we have a pretty instance of history repeating itself, for did not TENNYSON, in *The Lotus Eaters*, write:—

"For they lie beside their Nectar, and the bolts are hurl d"?

* * *

Says *Wehr und Waffen*:—"Our enemies the English and the French are fond of setting up some figure of the hour on a pedestal to worship it as a hero. We Germans are not hero worshippers; among us there are no heroes, for the simple reason that the entire German nation is a nation of heroes." By the same reasoning there are no liars in the German War Office.



The Peaceful One. "BUT THINK. THE KAISER MAY BE *QUITE* A NICE MAN AND BELOVED BY HIS FAMILY——"

The Old 'Un. "AY, MAY BE. BUT HE 'S GOT A DARNED BAD NAME ABOUT *THESE* PARTS!"

Ariel, which rammed and sank the submarine U 12, belongs to what is known as the "I" class of destroyers. "I," she said in effect, "am better than 'U.'"

* * *

We are glad to see that a delinquent has been sent to prison for obtaining money by fraud from money-lenders. A man who would not shrink from taking advantage of the helpless and innocent is a disgrace to his country.

"The fitting up of Donington Hall for German officers taken as prisoners of war was explained to the House of Commons yesterday by Mr. Tennant. He said that two bats were installed in one room."—*Daily Mail.*

No one will cavil at this delicate hint that up to now certain German officers have not been "playing cricket."

Our Stylists.

"Over the hill and away up into the illimitable nadir the great sword of the questing searchlight flashes."

"Daily News" Correspondent.

And then, we suppose, it does a dive into the unfathomable zenith.

"'In drawing a picture of Germany as she is,' wrote Martin Luther in 1528, 'one should represent her in the form of a sow. We Germans are Germans, and Germans we will remain—that is to say, pigs and brutish animals.'"

"The *Frankfurter Zeitung* reports that the Federal Council will shortly order a census of pigs to be taken throughout the German Empire."—*Manchester Evening News.*

We hope the War Office will take a hint from "Albert Flasher, Sec., Crack Kinemas, Ld.," and just ask what they want of the KAISER, for surely he will be as obliging as VON TIRPITZ, who supplied the submarine off Dover the very day after Albert Flasher wrote to him in a letter printed on page 175, *Punch*, March 3rd.

"German and German are favoured with instructions from Mr. John Bull, who is declining farming, to Sell by Auction, on Thursday, March 18th, 1915, the whole of his Live and Dead Farming Stock."

Nottingham Guardian.

This looks like the end of all things—John Bull in the hands of the Germans and giving up agriculture. We hasten to reassure our readers by informing them that this Mr. BULL is a real person, and not the top-booted embodiment of England, and that Messrs. GERMAN AND GERMAN are a highly respectable firm of genuine auctioneers, who would "knock down" the KAISER as soon as look at him.

An Italian "Entente."

"The return of Signor Salandra to Rome was a kind of triumphal procession, at each station cheers being raised. One person cried, 'Viva la Italy.' Signor Salandra, from the window of the carriage, retorted, 'No, friends; cry with me "Viva Italy."' The retort was enthusiastically received by the crowd."

Manchester Evening Chronicle.

It is now the turn of one of our Statesmen to shout, "Three cheers for Inghilterra."

Generous Foes.

"On Friday the whole of the 5th Welsh Reserve from Haverfordwest, under Colonel James and other officers, had a route march, reaching Fishguard at 4.30 after an exhilarating four hours' walk. The hostility of the town was on thoroughly generous lines. On Saturday morning the regiment formed up in the Square, the band playing lively airs. Three hearty cheers, led by Colonel James, were given for Fishguard hostility."

Pembroke Gazette.

THE ALTRUISTS.

[A semi-official message from Berlin to the *Cologne Gazette* contends that "the independent national life of the neutrals in the Balkans" is threatened by English and Russian ambitions. Germany and Austria, on the other hand, are fighting for "the independence of the small nations . . . for the conceptions of nationality and culture."]

NOT for ourselves! Oh, no! Our hands are pure.
We Germans ask no solid compensations,
Content if on our tombs these words endure:
"HERE LIE THE CHAMPIONS OF THE LITTLE NATIONS."

Babies we kill (and get misunderstood)
Not for our own joy, but for that of others,
Doing our best for Europe's common good,
But chiefly for our little Balkan brothers.

Money we spend—as much as we can spare;
Threats and appeals alternately we try on
To save them from the wicked, wicked Bear,
To snatch them from the horrid, horrid Lion.

We say what loot they 'll touch as our allies,
What larger spaces in the realm of Sol earn;
We mention bonds of blood and marriage-ties
That hitch them to the House of Hohenzollern.

We talk of nationality at stake,
Urging that in that holy cause we need 'em,
That, joined with us, they shall in turn partake
The germ of culture and the fruits of freedom.

And, should they call our spoken word in doubt,
And question if the evidence is ample,
For proof we trot our testimonials out,
And point to Belgium, saying "There 's a sample!"

O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XVII.

(From the KING OF ITALY.)

VERY DEAR BROTHER AND MOST POWERFUL FRIEND,—Prince VON BÜLOW has just left me after a most exhausting interview, and in the few moments of calm which remain to me before he returns for another visit (the ten thousandth, I think, in one short week), I venture to solace myself by writing direct to you. I want to tell you that this VON BÜLOW of yours is a tremendous fellow and has fully earned any reward you may think fit to offer him on the completion —may the time be soon!—of his mission. Certainly, he seizes time by every available forelock, and is never tired of singing your praises and of pouring contempt on those who are unfortunate enough to be at war with you. England, he says, is so strictly blockaded that not an ounce of food can be imported into that detestable country, and both her absurd army and her incompetent fleet—I quote his words—are on the point of surrendering to you. He affirms that France is continuing to fight merely in virtue of an arrangement made by you so as to enable you to win a crushing victory at the gates of Paris, after which you are to annex the whole country.. As for Russia, she is at the last gasp, and her whole Empire is shortly to be divided up between yourself and the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH and your glorious friend the Sultan of TURKEY.

Such are the stories which he relates to me every day. If I venture to ask for details he hints that I am doubting his princely word and produces letters from you in which you confirm by anticipation all that he has said to me. For the sake of a quiet life I do not push the controversy any further, but allow him to remain under the conviction that I believe every word of his statements. The fact is that, on æsthetic grounds, I cannot bear to see a German gentleman in a state of anger. The convulsive movements of his limbs and the deep purple tint which spreads over his face are highly disagreeable to me. These symptoms do not, of course, frighten me—nobody could possibly be frightened at so painful a spectacle—but they produce a disgust which is not favourable to the continuance of rational and friendly intercourse. I content myself, therefore, with a cursory mention of the bombardment of the Dardanelles, or of the French campaign in Alsace, or of the battle of Przasnysz, and as soon as poor BÜLOW begins to fume in the German manner I declare the interview at an end.

At the same time I am bound to admit that your Ambassador is a generous—I might almost say, an extravagantly generous man. He doesn't confine himself to threatening that Italy will have to be treated in the humane and justly celebrated style applied to Belgium. He offers in the most reckless and open-handed way to transfer to Italy various provinces now in the possession of Austria. If Italy can only make up her mind to join the German Powers she is to have the Trentino and heaven knows what besides as the price of her compliance. I note, however, that when I broach these subjects with the Austrian Ambassador he invariably changes the conversation and begins to talk about such matters as the disgraceful ingratitude of Serbia in fighting against those whose only desire is to confer on her the blessings of Germanic civilisation. You see we Italians know something of Austria and her fashion of dealing with those whom she thinks she can bully, and we are not likely to be taken in by soft words. Germany offers us Austrian provinces, but is Germany in a position to hand over the goods?

For the moment we are satisfied to remain as we are. The French, the Russians and the English are our good friends. Why should we seek to harm them? Austria we detest, and Germany—I am forced to say it—we distrust. "Italy will tread with no uncertain steps the glorious path of her destiny," or "When the King gives the word Italy will advance as one man where honour and necessity point out the way." By some such statement of policy we are still guided. I leave you and BÜLOW to draw what comfort you can from it.

Yours in fraternal friendship,
VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Δῶρον ἄδωρον.

A very poignant story reaches *Mr. Punch* indirectly from the trenches. A gallant Tommy, having received from England an anonymous gift of socks, entered them at once, for he was about to undertake a heavy march. He was soon a prey to the most excruciating agony in the big toe, and when, a mere cripple, he drew off his foot-gear at the end of a terrible day, he discovered inside the toe of the sock what had once been a piece of stiff writing-paper, now reduced to pulp; and on it appeared in bold feminine hand the almost illegible benediction:—"God bless the wearer of this pair of socks!"

"TO ARMY CONTRACTORS.—I have for Sale, Horses, Rifles, Barbed Wire Blankets, Socks, Boots, &c., and invite inquiries from buyers."
Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."

These must be the blankets referred to by Sister Susie's soldiers, who would "sooner sleep in thistles."

"The searchlight of the Turks failed to discover the small warships which were able to enter the Dardanelles by the light of the moon and sweep up the wines."—*Western Mail.*

Good luck to them, and may they soon get to the Sublime Porte.



ON THE FENCE.

All-Highest (*to certain Neutrals*). "ABOUT—TURN!" [*They sit tight.*]



CIVILIAN DIGNITY.

Sentry. "WHO GOES THERE?"
Sentry. "ADVANCE, SPECIAL CONSTABLE."
Special Constable. "SPECIAL CONSTABLE."
Special Constable. "ADVANCE YOURSELF!"

EVERYBODY WHO IS ANYBODY.

ONE by one the papers are coming into line with *The Daily Mirror* and *Daily Sketch*, and adding to their regular contributors a Society Autolycus. His principal qualifications are a capacity to eat several lunches and dinners every day; to be in more than one place at once; to know by sight every musical comedy actress, and to be well supplied with honeyed epithets. Mr. Punch, hating to be behind the times and recognising the unique value of this kind of article, has arranged a similar treat for his readers.

Billee Brette's Charity.

The War Fund established by pretty little Billee Brette to send photographs of favourite actresses to the boys in the trenches is booming, so she told me when I met her yesterday in her sables, pricing rings at Fabriano's, where by the way some wonderful new jewellery is to be seen. Already she has raised five hundred pounds, and stacks of her own portrait have gone out. How I envy their lucky recipients.

The Anti-Racing Cranks.

What is all this absurd talk about racing being discontinued or even discouraged? No one who lunched at Cyrano's yesterday, as I did, would have dared to mention any such rubbish, for half the biggest bookmakers of London were there and only a Bosch would have had the heart to spoil the excellent meal which, since it was at Cyrano's, they were of course eating. But Lord Carholme's letter has sufficiently answered the foolish objectors to our grand old sport. As he says, what would become of our bloodstock if racing were interrupted for two meetings? What indeed?

A Slight to Tommy.

But there is another side to the question too. All the officers from the Front whom I talk to in this restaurant tell me that the first thing they are asked on returning to work is, "Who will win the Grand National?" Now who, I ask you, would deprive Tommy Atkins of the simple pleasure of putting this very natural question?

Ruby Lily's Dresses.

Wherever I go I hear talk of the forthcoming revue at the Petroleum and the marvellous dresses which Ruby Lily is to wear. Only this day I saw Ruby herself in her pink motor in Bond Street, looking the picture of charm and health.

A Famous Suspect.

Talking to my tailor yesterday, I found that among his customers is the notorious Baron Keyhaull, who is just now so exercising the big-wigs. "A very particular gentleman," he called him; "always sent his coat back if it did not fit, and hated trousers that were too short or even too long for him." A suspicious circumstance is that the worthy Baron invariably had gamekeeper's pockets in his coats, no doubt for the secretion of bombs.

Dazzling Lunchers.

Lunching yesterday at the new fashionable mid-day resort, "The Let-em-all-come," as a wag has called it, I found the usual array of distinguished people. Vivacious Samis Effer, the leading lady in the new revue, had a choice party, which included her dear old mother, without whom London would now be flat indeed. At other tables I saw Teddie Central in an amazing hat, and piquante Jammy Delavie, whose *début* at the Fiasco is so eagerly anticipated. All were with handsome fellows in khaki.

True to their Colours.

"Below the 'black squad' kept grimy at work."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

THE WATER WAR.

(*With proper apologies to the Naval Expert of "Land and Water."*)

THE leading operations of the week have been confined to the Dardanelles. Events there have already proved—contrary to the freely expressed opinions of all other experts—the immense superiority of forts over ships. The people (like myself) who *really know* had of course anticipated this, though it may be necessary for me to explain what I mean in a manner to be "understanded of the people." It is true that at the first sight the fleet appears to be getting the best of it. But it must be borne in mind that (as I have so often had to point out in these Notes) war is not primarily a matter of ships or guns or men, but of psychology. I take off my hat to that word—it has been a good friend to me.

It must be remembered, and it cannot be too insistently repeated, that psychologically almost every victory is a defeat. Unfortunately that is a doctrine that is very comforting to the losing side, but there is no use blinking the fact. The difficulty has always been to *explain why*. When the *Monmouth* and the *Good Hope* went to their doom off the South Pacific Coast I said at the time (as you will remember) that this was really—if you turn it upside down and inside out according to the best psychological methods—a victory for our fleet, just as the enemy's apparent defeat in the Bight of Heligoland was a moral triumph for TIRPITZ. I need not, perhaps, go into all that now, for it is pretty complicated, nor into my other brilliant thesis, that the more food Germany gets the sooner the war will end. But I may say that as surely as we are only now recovering from our crushing reverses at Waterloo and Trafalgar, the moment when we occupy Constantinople will be a fit occasion for national humiliation.

Why should these things be? I know it is a little difficult. On land it is a simple thing to say that when a division has been exterminated it has suffered a defeat. But I have never been able to discover about land operations that *margin of psychology* which has so curious a bearing on naval operations. Nautically speaking, the effect of Sea Power is always mysterious. The best chess players suffer from headache when they try to work it out. Even then they rarely get an inkling. But it is immense; its results are always indirect, and it generally works backwards. The public cannot envisage that a destroyer aimlessly tossing on the surface of the sea, seemingly idle, miles and miles from anywhere in particular, may at that very moment be altering for good and all the history of the world. NAPOLEON never grasped that fact, possibly because destroyers were unknown in his day. The public blindly insists upon the significance of the mere *fighting* at sea. It has never been able to grasp that gunnery is of secondary importance, speed is only relative, torpedoes are only potentially effective. The only true way in which a fleet can make its power felt is by just moving about on the horizon, highly charged with psychology. Battles are mere unavoidable excrescences, and a ship at the bottom of the North Sea may in its *negative capacity* be unostentatiously exercising a terrific force upon the enemy. Things are not what they seem, and there is no use pretending that they are.



Heartless Gamin. "DON'T GO JEST YET, ELF. I WANT TER 'EAR 'IM SIT DOWN ON 'IS SPUR."

(It will be understood that one of my main ideas in writing in this way is to avoid the Censor. He never interferes with my work.)

All these concise facts have of course a direct bearing on the duration of the War. Let us get away from all doctrinaire conclusions; let us reverse all assumptions. If we can make it our main object to see that Germany gets all the food she can possibly use, the British Navy—always provided that it does not win a victory in the meantime—can conclude the War in six months.

To return to the Dardanelles. There is one more point that calls for special mention. My readers should note that the "Narrows" are situated at the widest parts of the Straits.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

J. B. (*Pimlico*).—(1) Your scheme of throwing an adhesive harpoon at the periscope is a novel idea to me. I shall have to consider it. (2) The idea is perfect in theory, but the chances of a merchant vessel being attacked by a submarine are not more than one in a thousand, whereas the cost of your apparatus would be quite one in a hundred, and the size of it about one in ten, while the colour and shape of it would have to be one in five. It seems hardly worth while.

THE HAPPY WARRIORS.

As here I toil amid the slums,
On high above the dingy street,
To jog my jaded ear there comes
The rub-a-dub of distant drums,
The pit-a-pat of hurrying feet;

And straight the drab and dreary square
Is all astir with war's alarms;
A martial host is mustering there—
Despite some obvious disrepair
A gallant infantry in arms.

The throbbing meat-tin's thunderous roll,
The shrill mouth-organ skirling high,
Set every fledgling patriot-soul
Afire to gain the warrior's goal,
Aflame to conquer or to die.

The conflict rages fierce and keen
With doughty buffets dealt and ta'en,
And, where the battle's brunt has been,
The courtyard cobbles—none too clean—
Are cumbered thick with cheery slain.

In reel and rally, raid and rout,
With varying fortune veers the strife,
Till rings the lusty victor-shout
That sets the issue clear of doubt
And lifts the very dead to life.

Then, singing, 'neath the sunset's flame
The happy warriors homeward go,
The War to them an empty name
That merely prompts a glorious game—
And God be thanked it can be so!

To the announcement of a benefit performance at the Capetown Opera House, *The Cape Times* appends the following:—

"NOTE.—With reference to the Governor-General's Fun, to which the whole of the nett profit will be devoted . . . ."

We should be the last to grudge Lord BUXTON a little light recreation.

FROM THE BACK OF THE FRONT.

WE are coming to the end of a long journey. The end is Victoria, and the next trip begins after four days. Some of us are taking lessons in English already, and Smithson has picked up a Guide to London in this town, so we ought to get on all right.

In the meantime we are finishing the first lap, as we began it, well to the back of all the fronts in the neighbourhood, learning the inner nature of the machine gun. In the trenches all you know about an m.g. is that it looks like a lump of mud with handles stuck on, and that its *modus operandi* is to wake up about 2 A.M., say pop-pop-pop, go to sleep again, and clear off in the morning just before the shells come along.

On closer acquaintance, machine guns have more in them than that. On account of these Germans I can't tell you everything about them, but the rough idea is that the m.g. is an accumulation of any number of odd-shaped bits which jam when you rotate the crank-handle. Gunnery consists in unjamming them. There are roughly 217 kinds of jam, not counting the one you can get by putting india-rubber and orange-peel into the gib-spring. The German gun is far superior, admitting of 532 variations, not counting those adventitiously induced by the insertion of *leberwurst* under the starboard buffer spring.

We grow handier day by day; this morning our brightest pair went into action in 4min. 29sec. It wasn't so much the time (standard, 40 seconds) that impressed the instructor as the ingenuity of the deed. We (I was one half) made the gun look so inoffensive that no Bosch cou'd possibly have taken a counter-offensive against such an object. Not even a baby-killer would think of issuing an order like "Dilapidated mangle, half left, apparently struck by lightning, 700 yards, fire!" so completely had we disguised the death-dealing terror. Not less completely did the instructor disguise his admiration.

You should see our class. At all times we are a hive of unremitting industry; but most of all when it comes to cleaning the gun after firing. The instructor himself monopolizes the gun, fiddling about with that air of deft sagacity peculiar to the born mechanic. Whitton stands at the ready with the cleaning rod, every fibre alert, as he supports his supple frame against a pillar. Ingleby, seated, is seeing that nothing happens to the lock, while Burfield is looking round busily for the oil-tin. Not one of us but has a special job.



Optimistic Old Gentleman (in darkened street). "WELL, THAT'S THE FIRST TIME FOR THREE WEEKS. I'M GETTING EVER SO MUCH BETTER AT DODGING 'EM!"

Those of us who meet our worries all the way are perturbed at the prospect of making our needs known in Teutonic. Ingleby only knows two words, to wit *höchste gefechtsbereitschaft*; and even with them he is not quite at ease. He can never remember whether they are one of the War Lord's shorter titles or the technical term for some breed of Westphalian sausage.

On the whole, however, we are too deeply absorbed in the machine gun to allow cosmopolitan predicaments of the near or far future to upset us. Whitton, who has undertaken to ring up about forty-five acquaintances on his arrival in town, is permanently depressed by the conviction that the only number he will be able to give the operator when called on will be "303 Maxim." And yet there are those among the authorities who complain that we take our instruction too light-heartedly.

Another Case for the N.S.P.C.C.

"Wanted, young girl to assist with kennel of toy dogs, sleep in, wages 3s. 6d. per week."
Daily Mail.

In Orders at a certain Volunteer Rifle Camp of Exercise in Central India:—

"Any Volunteer improbably dressed will be arrested."

It is to avoid this painful contingency that our Volunteers at home are trying to get uniforms.

THE USE OF THE RIFLE.

I HAVE developed quite a martial bearing lately, and this has led to a rumour that I am seeking promotion. This rumour appears to have reached our Company Commander. He found me in the canteen the other night and asked me if I could instruct a squad in the use of the rifle. I said, "Yes, Sir." One always says "Yes, Sir" in the army to an officer when he asks if you can do anything. He may take your word for it, in which case you get credit easily. He may pursue the matter further, and then you have to explain that you thought that he meant something else or trust to his putting down your answer to an excess of optimism. There is no punishment in the King's Regulations for optimism. My Company Commander pursued the matter further. He improvised a squad consisting of two Platoon Commanders, one Sergeant-major, two Section Commanders, one Private and himself. On his instructions the Sergeant-major dumped a rifle in my hands. I was told that my squad consisted of recruits and knew nothing and that I was to instruct them in the use of the rifle.

I admit that I was nervous. I didn't mind the squad so much, though the Sergeant-major fell in with an annoying grin on his face. It was the rifle that put me off; I have felt the same sensation when a female relative has unexpectedly handed a baby to me, and I believe that I nursed that rifle in somewhat the same way. It seemed to have a peevish look as though it knew that I was going to say slanderous things about it. However, I pulled myself together and assumed as nearly as possible the Sergeant-major's air and began.

"Gentlemen—I should say—Squad. Strictly speaking, I shouldn't have addressed you as 'Gentlemen,' you being recruits, though personally I see no reason why the courtesies of life should be disregarded even in the army, but I know certain people hold a different opinion."

I glanced at the Sergeant-major to see if he had grasped my point, but he hadn't properly finished his original grin, so I said, "No laughing in the ranks," and that brought his face into the normal with a jerk. This restored my confidence, and I felt that I should get through all right if I didn't have to particularise too minutely about the weapon, and I went on, "Now I'm going to instruct you in the use of the rifle. You're only recruits, so you don't know anything about it; I'm instructing you, and you've got to believe what I tell you. I don't want you to forget that. These are little things, but if you remember them you won't—forget them.

"Now this is a rifle. As you're recruits, you haven't seen one before and it may be a long time before you see one again. Look at it well so that if you should happen to meet one you will recognise it. The rifle is primarily used for drilling purposes. It can be carried in various positions which I won't trouble you about now. Its primary object is to accustom the soldier to carrying heavy weights and to restrain the exuberance of his spirits. You want to be careful how you carry it or you'll become a nuisance to your neighbours and an expense to your country. Its secondary object is to shoot at an enemy, if you happen to meet one and somebody has remembered to issue the cartridges. You will notice that the rifle has two ends. This is the butt end and this is—the other end. You want to remember this, as if you mistake the ends you may do unintentional damage. It is mostly held by the butt end, except when clubbing an enemy or other undesirable person. "Clubbing" is not recommended. If you hit the enemy you may strain the rifle; if you miss him you'll probably strain your arms.

"To load the rifle you pull this thing down"—I pulled at what I subsequently discovered to be the trigger guard, but nothing happened. I then tried another likely-looking piece of metal and to my gratification this gave way and disclosed a hole. I at once showed this hole to my squad and continued—

"You will observe that this part of the rifle, which is known as the barrel, has a hole at each end. You put your cartridge in this end, and, if your rifle is well constructed, the bullet comes out the other end. Of course the rifle won't as a general rule fire itself; you have to help it. You do this by pulling the trigger. This protuberance here is technically called the trigger. It's important that you should know this because, if you don't know the trigger, you can't be expected to pull it and your rifle as often as not won't go off. You'll look silly if your comrades are shooting Germans like rabbits and you don't get one through not finding the trigger.

"The rifle may be fired standing, sitting, kneeling or lying down, but in no other positions. You should remember this so as not to make stupid mistakes. And you want to be careful which way your rifle is pointing when it goes off. It's best to point it in the direction of the enemy, otherwise the bullet may fly off harmlessly or only strike one of your own men. This is a waste of Government ammunition and may tend to make you unpopular among your fellows. During training, inanimate targets will be supplied for shooting practice. Interned and imprisoned Germans are required by the Government to occupy first-class liners and expensive mansions and won't be let out for other purposes. Targets are not so interesting to shoot at as live enemies, but they have the merit of not being able to shoot back. To each target there is a marker. If the marker dislikes you he will signal "miss" every time you fire, and you'll be sent back for further instruction in aiming. You ought to be careful to hit the right target. If you get a bull on the wrong target it may be scored up to the man next to you and he will thus obtain an unfair advantage.

"Well, then, that's the rifle and how to use it. I haven't given it to you exactly in the words of the book, because it isn't expressed very clearly there and, being recruits, you mightn't understand it all. You can read what it says in the book at any time and you don't need me to repeat it to you. Now, don't say you haven't been told about the rifle if anyone asks you. Of course you haven't learnt everything about every rifle—nobody has. Rifles are like women and each one has its own little idiosyncrasies. The best rifles have a kind of hold-all in the butt where you carry your cigarettes and matches on active service and, if there's any room left, a cleaning outfit. This rifle is one of the simpler kind and doesn't seem to have such a thing about it. If it has, I haven't touched the right spring to open it, but then I'm not accustomed to handling second-rate goods.

"Now you'd better each go through what I've told you and I'll correct you when you're wrong."

* * * * *

The rumour of my promotion is still unconfirmed, but I gather this is due to red tape or jealousy.

Our Classical Stylists.

". . . . though his smile was fascinating as ever, his bow as magnificently gracious, black care, stowed under his broad shirt-front, gnawed ferociously, like the Spartan boy at his fox."—*Red Magazine.*

When Atra Cura deserted her usual position on the back of her victim it was quite justifiable for the Spartan boy to do a little inversion on his own account.

Submarine Coincidence.

"Both submarine and steamer were within a short distance of each other."

Daily Telegraph.



Nervous Old Lady. "YOUNG MAN, IF THAT GUN'S LOADED, WILL YOU PLEASE HOLD THE SPOUT OUT OF THE WINDOW?"

PESTS.

REPORTS from the Continent state that the soil of the whole of Belgium and part of France has been devastated by hordes of maggots, insects, mealy bugs, weevils, parasites, lice and slugs; and that scabs, blight and fungi lie thickly everywhere, especially where there is little light and a lack of proper means of ventilation. The following list, though by no means complete, may be found useful:—

GERMAN BLIGHT.—The bacteria producing this blight have a most remarkable culture. The blight destroys whatever it touches. A Joffre Sprayer, 75 millimetre nozzle, has been found to be most efficacious and is keeping the blight well under. Another method is to take some cuttings of the British oak and place them in trenches; these soon begin to shoot, and not only form an effective barrier but drive back the "blighters," as these devastating organisms are called.

THE KAISER PEST.—This preys everywhere. It is known by its bleeding heart and an insinuating proboscis associated with two upturned antennæ. It has an inflated head and is closely related to the Willy Bug. It likes a place in the sun or any strong light, and seems to thrive in close proximity to the Krupp plant. The only treatment for this loathsome pest is sulphur fumes and a constant temperature of 100° C.

THE KIEL SLUG.—This belongs to the order of Infanticidæ. Very few specimens have been seen, and these have at once succumbed to the application of a brush with British tar. The very excellent spirits of salts brought out by the firm Jellicoe has a paralysing effect upon this slug.

THE ZEPPELIN MOTH.—From its size this insect appears more harmful than it really is. It has been known to drop its eggs on and destroy cabbages. Many growers remove their young plants to cellars when they see this moth hovering about, as it seems to have an especial liking for anything young and tender.

THE SPY GLOWWORM.—This has been observed on the East Coast. It has a well-developed motor nerve, which causes it to move about quickly. After dark it emits a bright light, and this attracts the Zeppelin moth. Any good copper preparation will arrest this evil.

THE SNIPER MAGGOT.—This is a nocturnal feeding grub and difficult to locate. Some are spotted and some are not. The spotted variety does not live long. The only remedy is to pick off each one when located and to be very careful when potting.

Constantinopolitana.

In spite of war's alarms the more thoughtful among the Turks continue their interest in Culture. Literature is not neglected. It is stated that the book most in demand in the local circulating libraries is *Queen Elizabeth and Her anti-German Carden.*

A Turkish War Fund is now being organised, and contributions are beginning to come in. A leading pasha heads the list with a donation of ten wives.

A serious shortage of cash prevails. It is noticed that the tram-conductors, following instructions to take payment in kind, say, "Fez, please."



OUR VOLUNTEER RESERVE.

Admiring Wife (who has been to watch her husband's corps drill in uniform for the first time). "I THOUGHT YOU ALL LOOKED SPLENDID, DEAR. THERE'S JUST *ONE* THING I SHOULD LIKE TO SUGGEST; AND THAT IS THAT YOU ALL WEAR SOCKS TO MATCH YOUR PUTTEES."

RACING AND WAR.

NOTABLE PROTESTS.

MR. GEORGE LAMBTON'S eloquent plea on behalf of the trainers in last Wednesday's *Times* has brought us a great budget of letters in support of his views, from which we select the following:—

AN ILLUMINATING COMPARISON.

SIR,—Mr. LAMBTON has not in my opinion made enough of the appalling fact that no fewer than 174 trainers are likely to suffer seriously from any attempt to close down horse-racing. Have any of your readers taken the trouble to work out these figures? I have done so, and may point out that they represent something like one in 1,000 of our total casualties up to date, or one-tenth per cent. Comment is needless.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
ARITHMETICUS.

THE BLAMELESS "BOOKIE."

DEAR SIR,—Mr. LAMBTON'S letter is excellent so far as it goes, but it does not go anywhere near far enough. He speaks of the hardships of trainers, but he says nothing of the terrible privations likely to be inflicted on other classes of industrious and highly intelligent citizens. For example, I was recently informed by a Metropolitan magistrate that in the neighbourhood of Clapham Junction there exists a huge colony of bookmakers, who have chosen that neighbourhood because of its central position and facilities for communication. This fact indicates not only intelligence but a certain capacity for self-sacrifice, since no one would live near Clapham Junction for the amenities of the landscape. These men, as I have said, are to be reckoned not in scores, like trainers, but in thousands. They are extraordinarily interesting as types of a high civilisation, and as for their manners and conversation I can confidently appeal to those who have travelled in the train with them for confirmation of my estimate. To their liberality I can testify from personal experience. With my own eyes I saw one of them disburse a sovereign to a total stranger who had correctly "spotted" the knave in the three-card trick. Personally I was less fortunate, but that may have been due to my shortsightedness, which is hereditary in our family.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
OXFORD M.A.

MORE VICTIMS OF PURITANISM.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to add to Mr. LAMBTON'S list three other meritorious callings for which the discontinuance of our great race meetings would spell disaster:—(1) The makers of that particular form of luncheon-basket which is *de rigueur* at these gatherings; (2) the makers of champagne-bottle openers; (3) the manufacturers of that unique type of top hat worn by the "bookies." As the result of a careful investigation I have come to the conclusion that the course which a few fanatics are seeking to impose on the nation would affect at least fifty-four persons employed in these trades. And what of the brave fellows whose special function it is at these meetings to discover suitable horse- or duck-ponds in which to immerse "Welshers"? It would be indeed a lasting disgrace if they were to find their occupation gone.

Yours faithfully,
PHILANTHROPIST.

German "Official."

"Near Rava we repulsed two Russian night attacks. Russian attacks from the district of Novemiasto were unsuccessful. There we captured ·,005 prisoners."—*Star.*

We presume this means ·005. If they can't decimate the Russians they decimalize them.

"For Sale, Bull Calf, a toper.—Ross's Hotel yard, Parkgate Street."—*Irish Times.*

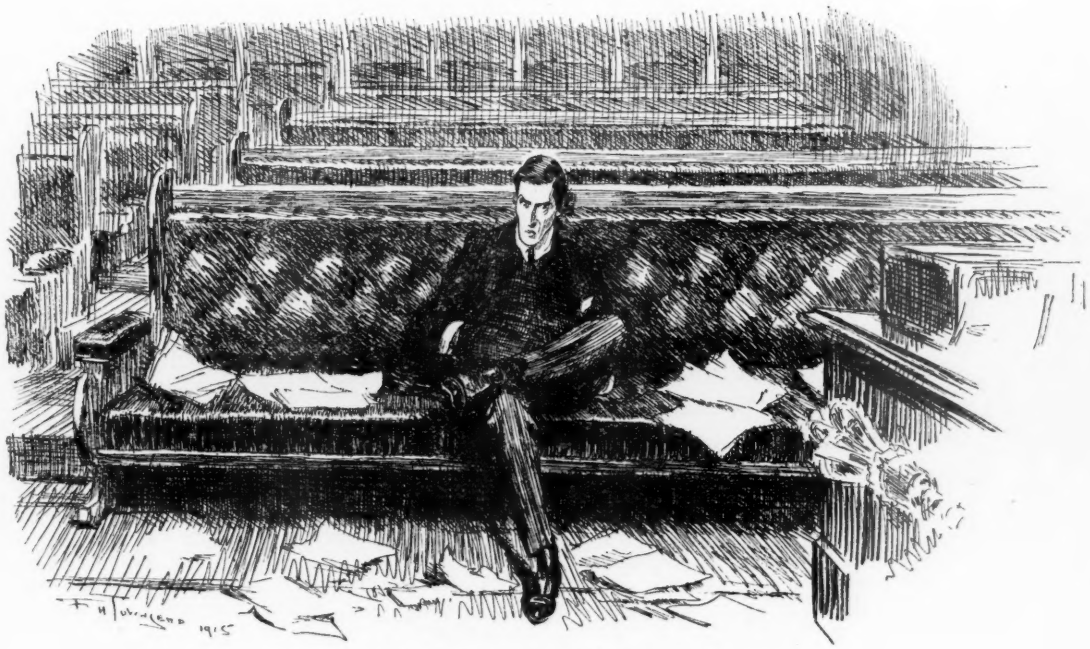
Sad, in one so young. The proximity of the hotel bar no doubt accounts for it.



QUEEN ELIZABETH ENTERS THE DARDANELLES.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)



Mr. F. D. Acland as "Casabianca."

House of Commons, Monday, 8th March. — Useful conversation about Donington Hall. Circumstantial report has transformed this long-uninhabited mansion, a sort of Bleak House in its locality, into a stately country residence, sumptuously furnished for the convenience and comfort of captive German officers, with suitable accommodation for their body-servants. Righteous indignation among patriots, who contrast this treatment not only with what our missing officers suffer in German prisons, but with accommodation provided at our home barracks.

Tennant read plain statement, showing that only necessary repairs to a dilapidated mansion had been undertaken. As to lavishness of interior arrangements he drew graphic picture of the captives each with a strip of cheap carpet by his bed, a plain washstand, half a cheap chest-of-drawers, and rather less floor space than is allowed per man in the barrack-room in peace time.

"It's the name of the house that's accountable for all this fuss," says the Member for Sark. "Reminds me of an old story about W. S. Gilbert. One night at the Club an ex-City official of pompous habits, desiring to impress the company with due sense of his importance, took occasion incidentally to mention that his country address was Dove Court, Chislehurst. (Dove wasn't his family name, but will serve.)

"'Dove Court,' cried Gilbert, pricking up his ears with feigned interest, 'what number?'

"If Donington Hall had been 15, 20 or any number you like in any street that occurs to you there would have been none of this fuss."

Business done.—Several emergency Bills advanced a stage.

Tuesday.—Can hardly be said that Rees treated his audience very well. Didn't mean anything rude; probably unconscious of offence. Nevertheless there it was, and may for months rankle in an honest bosom.

As things often do in House of Commons it fell out unexpectedly. At close of busy sitting adjournment moved a little before nine o'clock. In ordinary course motion would have been accepted and shutters forthwith put up. Rees, however, had prepared a short paper on contingency of further increase of taxation upon liquor, and meant to read it. Was master of situation since—to serve for blood-letting of Members threatened with vertigo owing to rush of words to the head—an hour must, if insisted on, elapse between the motion for adjournment and its being carried into effect.

The interval is at the service of any Member or group of Members who want to talk on miscellaneous matters.

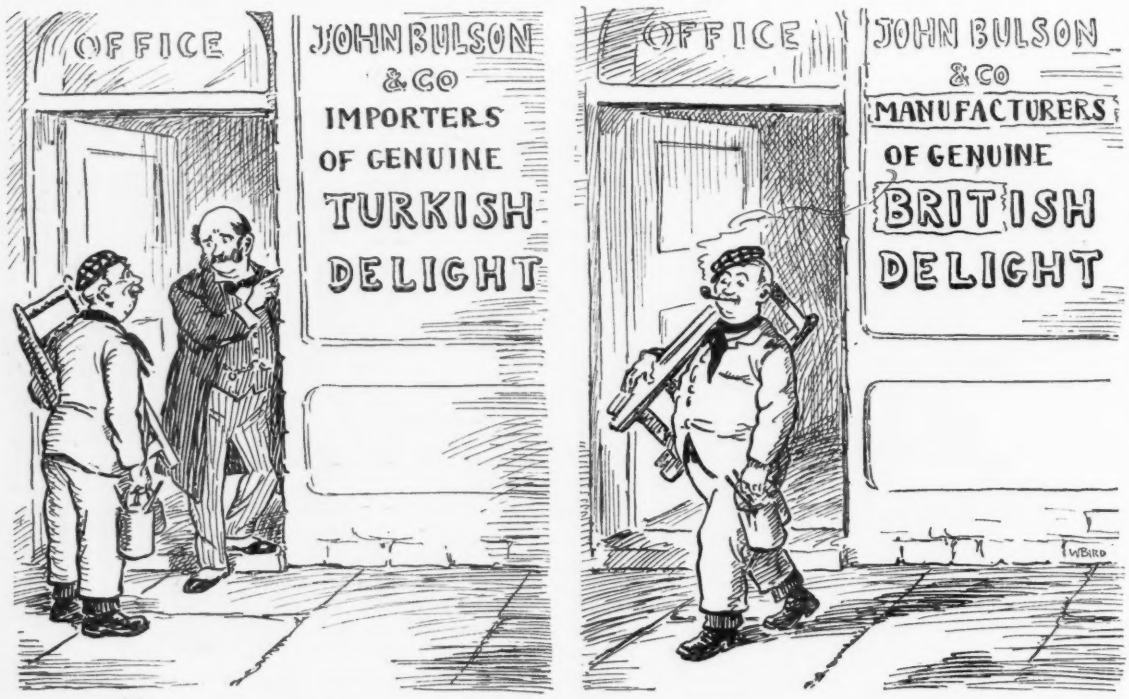
But you can't compel other Members to stay and listen. Accordingly, when Rees got up on his legs Members incontinently took to theirs. Only Acland, sole representative of the Government, Casabianca of House of Commons, remained on the benches whence all but he had fled. Even Speaker had withdrawn, leaving his Deputy to see the thing out from the Chair.

Nothing daunted, Rees proceeded to discourse about potential iniquity on part of absent Chancellor of Exchequer, whom he shrewdly suspected of intent to screw another penny out of the publican. There was a sound of revelry at the outer door where group of Members gathered.

"Time! time!" they called.

"Speak up!" one shouted.

Rees ignored the ribaldry. His audience sat attentive. Deputy-Speaker looked anxiously at the clock. This sort of thing might go on for another three-quarters of an hour. Hoped the Speaker was having a good



A CASE WHERE HONESTY IS AFTER ALL THE BEST POLICY.

time somewhere. (This sarcastically to himself.)

Suddenly one broke away from group at doorway; entered House; seated himself for a moment on front bench below Gangway; rising, moved a count and straightway bolted.

It was here that happened what in diplomatic language is sometimes alluded to as "a regrettable incident." In accordance with ordinary procedure REES, interrupted by a count, was obliged to resume his seat, while for space of two minutes the bells signalled the motion through all the rooms and corridors. Casabianca, M.P., the flames from the burning deck metaphorically creeping nearer, sat motionless on Treasury Bench. Not so REES. Anxiously watching the door and finding none came in to "make a House," he, before the two minutes' interval elapsed, fled.

This unchivalrous desertion of an audience that had stood by him to the last, may, as suggested, have wounded an honest breast. Casabianca made no sign. He was there to do his duty and there remained.

Task of DEPUTY-SPEAKER thus became an easy one. Rising with intention to discover whether the statutory quorum of forty Members was present he fixed his eye on the unmurmuring ACLAND.

"One," he counted. Then, after almost imperceptible pause, added, "The House will now adjourn."

Which it (meaning Casabianca) forthwith did.

Business done.—A good deal, including introduction of Bill to amend Defence of the Realm Act. "Probably the most drastic measure ever submitted to the House of Commons," said BONAR LAW. But he offered no opposition, leaving responsibility with Government.

Monday, 15th March.—Striking evidence of position of affairs in time of truce is dumbly presented by appearance of bench by exit door in central Lobby. In ordinary times here on guard sits one of the Ministerial Whips. Alert, imperative, it is his business to challenge any member of the Party attempting to pass out. Where was he going to? When would he be back? Certainly must be on the spot when bell sounded for pending division.

To-day and on all days since session was resumed no division has been expected. Members accordingly are free to come and go at their own sweet will. Only once was a division so much as threatened. It happened a fortnight ago, when Labour Members, thinking it time they reminded their constituents of continued existence, moved an amendment on question of food prices and alleged shortcoming of the Government in that connection. Instantly old familiar ways were returned to. The Whip reappeared on sentry duty at the doorway. Summonses were dispatched, by telephone and special messenger, to errant Members demanding their instant return to House. It was a wholesome whiff of a familiar breeze, usefully showing that, though peace reigned, powder was kept dry. As it happened threatened division was averted, and Whip's bench by doorway resumed deserted appearance it presents to-night.

Business done.—Work of pre-Easter section of Session completed. To-morrow both Houses adjourn for exceptionally long recess.

Reprisals.

The *Kölnische Zeitung* says "England wishes war to the knife and she shall have it." In return, England will be pleased to supply Germany with war to the knife and fork.

Set a Ewe to catch a U.

"At the same time the Commander of the torpedo boat, if on looking over the surface of the sea with a practised ewe saw no ship in sight, yet distinguished the sound of a screw, he would immediately conclude that there was a submarine in his neighbourhood sailing under water."—*Scotsman.*

We knew that many of our war-vessels were provided with rams, but this is a new development.

PORTSMOUTH BELLS.

A LAZY sea came washing in
  Right through the Harbour mouth,
Where grey and silent, half asleep,
The lords of all the oceans keep,
  West, East, and North and South.
The Summer sun spun cloth of gold
  Upon the twinkling sea,
And little t.b.d.'s lay close,
Stern near to stern and nose to nose,
  And slumbered peacefully.
    Oh, bells of Portsmouth Town,
    Oh, bells of Portsmouth Town,
  You rang of peace upon the seas
    Before the leaves turned brown.

A greyish sea goes sweeping in
  Beyond the boom to-day;
The Harbour is a cold, clear space,
For far beyond the Solent's race
  The grey-flanked cruisers play.
For it 's oh! the long, long night up
    North,
  The sullen twilit day,
Where Portsmouth men cruise up and
    down,
And all alone in Portsmouth Town
  Are women left to pray.
    Oh, bells of Portsmouth Town,
    Oh, bells of Portsmouth Town,
  What will ye ring when once again
    The green leaves turn to brown?

BÊTES NOIRES.

WE were indulging in one of the minor—or possibly major—pleasures of life. We were discussing the kind of people we most disliked. I don't mean the real criminals, such as those cabinet-makers who construct, and those furniture-dealers who sell, chests of drawers in which the drawers stick. They are miscreants for whom there should be government machinery of punishment. I mean the people who mean well—always a poisonous class—but irritate subtly and in such a way that you can't hit back: the people, for example, who take one of your own pet stories, begin to tell it to you and won't stop even when you say that you know it. People like that, and people who are so polite that they make ordinary decent manners appear brutish by contrast; and people who continually ask you if you know such and such a celebrity and seem shocked if you don't; and people who want to know if you are doing anything on Friday fortnight; and people who could have done such and such a thing for you if you had only asked them three minutes sooner.

Those are the kind of people I mean, and we had each named one variety when it came to the Traveller's turn.

"I'll tell you the people I most dislike," he said. "They are the people who have always seen, in foreign places, the best thing of all, and it is always something that you yourself have missed. You are comparing notes, say, on Italy (it is usually Italy, by the way). 'Of course you went to Castel Petrarca,' says your companion. 'No.' 'Why, it's perfectly wonderful and only half-an-hour's drive. There's the most exquisite view there in the world and a villa overlooking the river, with a garden—well, all other gardens are ridiculous ever after: even that jewel of a place near Savenna. You know—on the right of the road as you drive out to Acqua Forte.'"

He paused for breath and then continued: "Or you are talking of pictures—the work, say, of Binatello of Porli, that little known but supreme master. 'Of course' (they always begin with 'of course')—'of course you have seen the Annunciation in the little chapel at Branca Secca?' you are asked. 'No! But how appalling! You too!—to think of you missing it, of all people!' (This is a particularly horrid stab). 'Why, it's the best thing of all; it's Binatello at his very finest. It has all the charm of the Parmesan Madonna, with the broader, stronger manner of the Orefico Deposition added. It's marvellous. Fancy you not seeing that. Well, I am sorry.'

"Those are the people I most dislike," said the Traveller.



THE SHORTAGE OF MEN.

"NOW THEN! WHAT DO YOU LITTLE BOYS WANT?"
"'E'S VER BAKER, 'N' I'M VER BUTCHER. AN' WE'VE COME FOR ORDERS."

THE NEW ORDER.

"How old be you, Luther Cherriman—if I may ask it of you?"

"Welcome, I'm sure, to any knowledge as you can learn off of me. I be seventy-one last Eastertide—as 'll soon be 'ere agen."

"And I be sixty-nine. You carries your years uncommon well, Luther Cherriman—specially about your 'ead of 'air."

"That be 'long o' the way my darter do tip paraffin-can over it Saturday nights. Won'erful good thing for the 'air be paraffin. Ev'ry Saturday night my darter do brush my 'air, me sittin' in my arm-chair comfortable as you please. An' then over goes the paraffin-can."

"Your 'air be near as black as a crow's wing. If they judged a man by 'is 'air alone you'd be 'most too young for this 'ere Vet'rans' Brigade, Luther."

"Couldn't say' that same for you, George. You 'asn't a 'air to spare like, an' them as you 'as is grey."

"Still, for a Vet'rans' Brigade, 'oo shall say as grey 'air mayn't be most the thing?"

"You ain't truly thinkin' o' joinin', George?"

"I 'as been thinkin' as you an' me did ought to set the example, p'raps. What d' you say, Luther?"

"Badges on the arm, an' the chance o' rubbin' shoulders 'long o' Squire—them be the sets-off like to a lot o' standin' about an' a lot o' up-an'-down work, an' a lot o' jaw—so I understands 'em to say."

"The jaw 's what 's goin' to make 'em into proper soldier-men. Us, as 'ave 'ad to work for forty year an' more for Squire, 'as no cause to be shy of a taste o' jaw."

"'Andsome young sprig was Squire when 'e first stepped into the old man's shoes—so 'e was."

"'Igh an' mighty, too—stand-offish as you please."

"An' a wonner to jaw. But just an' upright in 'is comin's in an' 'is goin's out, as the Psalmses says."

"'Ardly a look to throw at a woman, let alone a man. Never seemed to know you from Adam unless you'd done some'at as 'e didn't like, an' then 'e'd know you 'nough to fasten upon you with 'is vials o' wrath—an' don't you make no mistake. Lay 'is tongue to some language 'as wouldn't be outspoke in no tap-room—nor it wouldn't."

"Gentleman with it, though, as you might say."

"That 's right. Gentleman o' the old school, my darter do say. But things is gettin' mixed up now, most uncommon. An' 'ere be Squire 'isself, so I 'ears, goin' about village an' pretty well beggin' folk to join this an' that. Fair supprisin' it be."

"It 's that old Keyser's doin', first an' last. 'Tis this 'ere War fair muddlin' up ev'rything an' changin' things so as a man can barely call 'is soul 'is own. Pretty soon there won't be no upper classes, an' no lower classes neither."

"Rare dull old spot world 'll be then."

"Not whiles there be men an' women in it—an' we be fast gettin' back into just men an' women. Years an' years we 've been sortin' of ourselves out like, an' now we be slippin' back to what things used to be in them old Scripture times. One man 's as good as t'other, as you might say."

"That be so. War be a terrible destroyin' thing . . ."



HEAD OF "PUNISH ENGLAND" BUREAU INVENTS NEW "STUNT." EDIBLE FISH TO BE BRANDED AND RETURNED TO OCEAN TO INFLUENCE WORLD OPINION AGAINST ENGLAND.

"Bless my soul, George, there be Squire."

"Lord, Luther—what be 'e goin' to say?"

"I ain't joinin' nothin' to please nobody."

"Darned if I be goin' to join neither. Free badges nor nothin' won't tempt me."

"Evening, George—evening, Cherriman; men I wanted—both of you. Now what about this Veterans' Brigade? Think yourselves a bit stiff, I dare say. But look at me! If I can join, you can—easily. If we can't keep it up we must drop out presently—when they 've got their numbers up. What?"

"I be sixty-nine, Sir, an' Cherriman 'ere seventy-one."

"Bit on the old side, all of us. Can't be helped. Dare say we shall look three old fools, but if we can't even make fools of ourselves at a time like this when can we? I 'll pick up the pair of you at this corner on Thursday evening — 7.45 sharp. What?"

"Us should like to say, Sir . . ."

"You 'll not desert me, I know. Man and boy we 've worked together in our different ways—I 'm depending on your support. Good night."

* * * *

"So us 'as got to rub shoulders 'long o' Squire whether us likes it or not. War be a won'erful thing! Us an' Squire drillin' 'long-side one another an' wearin' o' the same badges."

"Won'erful 'nough to change Squire's way o' doin' things, too, war be. Times 'e would 'ave said, 'You join or take the sack—one or t'other!'"

"Us must take care o' Squire. We be used to 'e, an' 'e be worth preservin' seemin'ly."

A Useful Aide for the Kaiser's Eagle.

"Chicken.—Laying Crosses, day to week old, 5s. 6d.; fortnight, 6s. 6d. dozen."
Bristol Evening Times and Echo.

Infantry Instruction.

The following is inscribed on the ticket of admission to a recent entertainment at Carlisle:—

"War Lecture and Lantern Slides, by Mr. H. K. Campbell, on Thursday, March 11th, at 2.30 p.m., at the Queen's Hall, West Walls. Price 2d. Only Babies in Arms admitted."



WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GERMAN HELMETS.

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

THE question was, how to break it to her father.

"Dad is always very difficult about it," said Angela pensively. An unworthy suspicion flitted through my mind, but fortunately her next words dispelled it.

"I was thinking," she went on, "of what happened when Marjorie got engaged last July, and Alice in April, and Muriel the Christmas before. They were three awfully nice men and we were frightfully keen on them. I remember how we watched them each time from behind the curtains of the old nursery window as they walked up the drive, and how extremely correct and nervous they looked. The same things happened on all three occasions. First they rang the bell, very gently. Then Parsons let them in, and we heard them from the first landing ask if the Admiral was at home. Then they had to wait for about ten minutes in the hall while Dad got ready for them in the library."

"Ah!" I murmured with a shiver.

"It must have been rather trying work waiting; at any rate, they seemed to fidget and wander round a good deal. Then Dad saw them in the library. This always took about twenty minutes. And then they came out again, and Parsons opened the door for them, and they went away looking——" She paused and sighed.

"Yes," I said anxiously, "looking—?"

"Absolutely crumpled," she replied. "But each time of course Dad relented afterwards. You see, they were all three Service men and quite eligible."

"And I am only a special constable," I said bitterly.

"Poor old boy! It isn't your fault," said Angela; "we all know you tried to get into the army, but couldn't pass the sight test."

"On the other hand," I continued a little more hopefully, "I suppose I'm all right from the money point of view and all that sort of thing. In fact, I may say, Angela, without boasting that I can afford to regard even the present price of coal with equanimity."

"That will certainly be a distinct point in your favour," said Angela.

At half-past six on the following evening I called to see the Admiral. Parsons relieved me of my hat and coat with the grave sympathy of a priest preparing a victim for the altar.

"The Admiral will see you directly, Sir," he said kindly, "if you will wait a few minutes. He is engaged at present."

"It's raining hard outside, Parsons," I said, as I wiped my boots.

"Yes, Sir, but it will be over presently, like all our troubles, Sir."

As he was going out an idea seemed to strike him. "You will pardon my suggesting it, Sir," he said in a low voice, "but sometimes a small glass of liqueur brandy is helpful; it has a very buoyant effect, Sir."

"No, thank you, Parsons," I answered, "I will wait till after dinner."

It was a quarter-of-an-hour before the Admiral was ready for me. As I entered the library and encountered his gaze I almost regretted for one brief moment that I had not accepted Parsons' offer of a stiffener. Though small in stature the Admiral has an eye of the destroyer pattern. When he steers it suddenly in your direction you realise at once that Britain rules the waves; you also experience an unpleasant sinking sensation. I decided to engage without delay. "Good evening, Admiral," I said; "I have called——"

"Sit down, Sir, pray sit down," he interrupted. I sat down.

"Now what can I do for you?" he demanded grimly.

I headed straight for his bows. "I have called," I repeated, "as an official of the local special constabulary to ask why you persistently disregard one of the most important police regulations recently issued to all inhabitants of this district."

"What the devil do you mean?" he snapped.

"Evening after evening," I said, "your windows are a blaze of light. Yet you have been ordered to darken every aperture. Why haven't you had them fitted with green blinds?"

"Because I don't choose to," he growled.

"I'm surprised at you; a man of your profession should understand the meaning of discipline. But that is not all. The night before last I detailed two of your keepers for duty as special constables from 1 to 5 A.M. They failed to put in an appearance, and pleaded in excuse that you wouldn't let them off their turn in the covers. Is that correct?"

This shot evidently got him in his boilers. "How am I to deal with poachers if I can't employ my keepers?" he asked.

"That," I said, "is your concern, not ours. It seems to me, Admiral, that you have got yourself into an extremely awkward corner. Of course, though, they *may* let you off with a fine."

"You don't mean to say," he exclaimed, "that your people are going to take proceedings against me? Why, man, I was on the Bench myself till last year!"

"We shall have to consider the matter," I replied. "The next point I have to bring to your notice is the conduct of your youngest daughter. I have met her several times lately——"

"So I believe," he said drily.

"——riding her bicycle on the footpath after lighting-up time without a lamp; a double misdemeanour, you understand. So far she has on each occasion been merely cautioned not to do it again, but it is my duty to warn you that there are limits to the patience even of a special constable."

"Is that all?" he asked. He was now listing heavily to port.

"By no means, but I will only mention one thing more this evening. I hear on trustworthy authority that you have been aiding and abetting your chauffeur, John Martin, in evading the law which requires him to have his child vaccinated before the age of six months, or lodge a conscientious objection to the operation. So far he has done neither, and he has only two days to run. John Martin is reported to have said that you said it would be all right, and you would see him through. It will probably cost you a considerable sum to do so."

"I didn't know your jurisdiction extended to vaccination," said the Admiral in a dull voice.

Nor did I, but I wasn't going to admit it. "Our powers are practically unlimited," I said.

He pondered for a minute or so, and I noted with satisfaction that he was sinking visibly by the head. "What the deuce am I to do about it all?" he asked at length.

"The best thing you can do, Admiral," I said, "is to allow your prospective son-in-law to tow you into port. I daresay I can put it all straight for you."

"How did you manage it?" asked Angela at about 10.30.

But I refused to give the Admiral away.

A TRIOLET.

WHEN you came in your jacket of green,
With a little red rose in each cheek,
The March wind was bitterly keen,
When you came in your jacket of green.
I saw you appear on the scene,
And I thought it was midsummer week,
When you came in your jacket of green,
With a little red rose in each cheek.

"Typist and Shorthorn Clerk wanted."
Newbury Weekly News.

If the advertiser succeeds in securing this horny-headed son of toil it will be a notable triumph of "breeding to type."



(Mr. TENNANT, replying to a question in the House of Commons regarding billets, said, "Ample cubic space is provided.")

1st Tommy. "ONLY ONE BED! 'OW 'VE WE GOT TO FIX IT, BILL?"

2nd Tommy. "WELL, SUPPOSIN' I TAKES THE BED, AND YOU CAN HAVE THE CUBIC SPACE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE of the pleasantest of Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT'S early short stories concerns, I remember, the tribulations of a man who, having endured torments for the sake of his lady-love, found, when rewarded by her hand, that fulfilment was not so much to his taste as hopeless worship. I am reminded of this because the same author's latest book, *A Lovers' Tale* (WARD, LOCK), is to some extent an amplification of this theme. *Cormac*, the hero—the story is laid in the Iceland of Viking times—loved *Stangerd;* nay more, being a skald, he gave free rein to a habit of dropping into indifferent poetry (like *Silas Wegg*) about her on all occasions. Which was fun enough for *Cormac*, not unpleasing to *Stangerd*, but simply infuriating to her father and relations. One rather feels for them. However, when various folk had set themselves, with axes and other arguments, to regulate the situation, the pair were formally betrothed, according to market rates, and with everything in order. Whereupon *Cormac* blew hot and cold, threw some harsh words at his unfortunate *fiancée*, and finally rode away, leaving her to become the bride of an elderly lover who at least knew his own mind. This is the matter of the tale which, as Mr. HEWLETT tells us in a note, is taken by him from an old Saga. He has re-dressed it well enough, with a direct simplicity of style very apt and becoming. But for all that I am bound to say I like him better when he makes up his own lovers and their tales. I should add that the book has been admirably illustrated with pictures of those large and heavy-browed supermen of whom that other MAURICE, Mr. GREIFFENHAGEN, has monopolised the secret.

The title, *His English Wife* (ARNOLD), the author's name, RUDOLPH STRATZ, and the fact, also announced on the cover, that the book won a wide popularity in Germany before the War broke out (note that "before") at once indicate the nature of the story and warn intending readers that they may find their nation described as decadent at the very least. I have never before found the seeing of myself as others see me so comfortable a process; whenever the author spoke poorly of me, I could always say to myself, "Ah, but he can't think that now!" Whenever, on the other hand, he spoke well of me I felt how right he was shown to be. Even before last August I already appeared to him to be a sportsman and a gentleman, and to have a baffling exterior suggestive of something indefinable behind. Upon consideration, he decided that something to be a rotten core, my constant habit of laughing having deceived him into suspecting a frivolous indifference to all the things that matter. Events have shown that my cloak of fun is modestly donned to conceal my multitude of virtues and prove that *Edith Wilding's* luck was out, or her judgment warped, when she passed me over and married that earnest and purposeful soldier-man, *Helmut Merker* . . . In the darkness of this hour we pray not least of all that Heaven may awake at last some sense of humour in our unhappy enemy. Their want of it is a positive "kink," and that, as the marching song runs, is the cause of all the trouble, cause of all the strife. If our author could only have been the exception—and his other merits made me hope to the last that he would be—he might have seen beneath the surface and warned his fellow-countrymen. His book might have been less popular before the War, but himself would be much more thought of now.

The only thing that I didn't admire about *Red Hair* (METHUEN) was the publisher's puff, describing it as a book "with a particular appeal to everybody who was ever called carrots or ginger." What I mean is, if this system of specialisation in literature is to be continued, why not "Fiction for the Freckled," or "Love-Lyrics of the Left-handed"? And anyhow Mr. ROBERT HALIFAX has written a story that stands in no need of any such appeal. Since he wrote *A Whistling Woman* I have always taken a very special pleasure in his work. *Red Hair* shows him with the same delicious humour sparkling upon a sombre background of mean circumstance, the same sympathy (perhaps a little nearer to sentiment than it used to be) and the same sureness of character-drawing. As with his other books, this is more a collection of happenings in one London neighbourhood than an ordered and arranged novel. There is little except geographical association between the episode of *Kate Whirl's* love-affair and that of *Mr. Bastable's* ejectment campaign for defaulting tenants. In this Islington district indeed Mr. HALIFAX finds every variety of material, from farce to the most searching and poignant pathos. His dialogue is (there is no other expression for it) a fair treat. I defy you to read *Mrs. Gundy*, for example, unmoved by laughter; *Mrs. Gundy*, whose oratorical flights were hampered by ill-fitting front teeth and an internal *malaise* which compelled her to the frequent apology of "Manners!" Then turn from this to the affair of the lodger's mother, so human and direct in its appeal; or to the whole treatment of *Mr. Whirl*, a beautifully-drawn character; and you will understand why I venture to put Mr. HALIFAX at the head of our mean-street realists.



THE SOCIAL SIDE OF WAR.

YOUNG CLYDESDALE CUTS TWO OLD NON-COMBATANT ACQUAINTANCES.

In *Russia and the World* (CASSELL) Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM tells us much of our Eastern Allies, whom he knows and loves as friends, which it is good and heartening for us to know. If the book has the scrappiness inherent in detached articles written on the march, it has also the freshness of unstudied impressions conveyed at random by a sincere observer. Mr. GRAHAM had the first news of war from a mounted courier spurring through a Cossack village on the Mongolian frontier, crying "War! War!" and trailing a blood-red flag. The men of the village were all eagerness to go, but none had the faintest notion as to who was the enemy. China? Japan? England? Verily a ready-made sermon for pacifists! Only some days after came an approximate version of the truth. Friendliness, simplicity, obstinate courage, a deep mystical piety—those characteristics Mr. GRAHAM finds pre-eminently in the Russian common soldier. Of course there's a reverse to the medal—but the medal itself is of pure gold. He gives a general impression of men fighting splendidly but without malice. You get a confirmation of what is perhaps the most dastardly of all the German systematised villainies—the teaching of their soldiery that the Russians would torture and kill their prisoners. So that the kindly captors, offering tea, are asked, "Is it not vitriol?" and "When are we to be hanged?" Unforgivable devil's work this, surely! And, again, you find the very methodically organised loot, the loaded plunder waggons in long columns creeping Kulturwards; and such imaginative pleasantries as the cutting of a famous Madonna out of her ikon frame and the substitution of the KAISER. When our author turns from impressions to reflections he is, perhaps, less happy. Much may be forgiven to a maker of books on so arduous a trek. But there's a sort of Pleasant-Sunday-Afternoon air about the later chapters that seems out of keeping with the rest. Still a welcome and informing work.

An exasperating person, *Robert MacWhinnie*, one of those strong, patient, big-souled men who go about asking for trouble and then bear up against it bravely. There were at least a dozen easy ways in which he could have avoided the tragedy which spoiled ten years of his life, and he deliberately selected the course which involved the most certain unhappiness. And even as regards the professional side of his life he showed no better judgment. He was the owner of engineering works on the Thames, and had the misfortune to have a brother who was a professional agitator. Did he say to him, "Thomas, old lad, blood is thicker than water and all that, but business is business. Much obliged if you wouldn't come round every day urging my men to strike?" No, he gave Thomas the run of the place, with the natural results. You cannot sympathise with a man like that. Pity is wasted. The *Robert MacWhinnie* type of man could not turn round without bumping into himself. It is true that Mr. ANDREW SOUTAR ends *Charity Corner* (CASSELL) on a note of optimism ("'Yesterday's gone.' He stooped and kissed her. 'And thus—thus we await to-morrow'"), but one knows perfectly well that *Robert's* troubles are not ended. Frankly he irritated me. Towards Mr. SOUTAR my feelings are more mixed. He has tried to write a bigger book than he has it in him to write, and he has failed. But whether he is to be blamed for having failed, or praised for having made a plucky attempt, to soar above his limitations, I do not know. The problem is one which must exercise the mind of every critic who wishes to be fair. And as I wish to be very fair I will confess that my verdict on *Charity Corner* may have been influenced by the fact that one of the characters uses expressions like "Hoots, hinny!" Constitutionally I am incapable of standing that kind of thing.

The following tribute to the value of a recent work on "Pulpit and Platform Oratory" seems worthy of a wider publicity:—

"Rev. J. Howl—'For four years I suffered from periodic loss of voice, and without Dr. ——'s instructions should never have been able to enter the Ministry.'"

"Why do people stay from church? Dr. ——'s book is an answer."
Expository Times.

CHARIVARIA.

IF proof were needed that Turkey knows that she will have to quit Europe very shortly, it is to be found in the report that she is now offering territorial concessions to Bulgaria.

* * *

A telegram from Panama states that the crews of two barques sunk by the *Prinz Eitel Friedrich* in the Pacific were landed on Easter Island and abandoned. This procedure is quite "correct." All the best pirates used to go in for marooning.

* * *

Among the new summer fabrics is a cotton material known as "Joffre"; and we hear that a muslin which is very easily seen through is to have the *sobriquet* of "Bernstorff."

* * *

Says the *Vorwärts*:—"Loud are the complaints among the Berlin population about the quantity of sand which they are finding in the municipal potato supply. For these complaints there seems to be but too much ground." "Too much ground" is distinctly good.

* * *

"Fleet Street," said *The Daily News* recently, "was all agog yesterday with the news that a Sunday newspaper was to be published next Sunday." One can even better imagine the excitement there would have been if its publication had been announced for a Monday!

* * *

Owing to the scarcity of male labour many women, it is said, are learning to become drivers of motor-vans. Some of them are taking it up so thoroughly that they are reported to be also receiving lessons in the art of repartee and other forms of road-language useful in case of collisions.

* * *

The fish market is said to be suffering from the prevalence of submarines; and patriotic fish are invited to migrate to our rivers, where they may be caught in comfort.

* * *

In a shop window, the other day, we came across a card on which were exhibited a number of "Patriotic Buttons." All must surely be well with the nation when even its buttons are so loyal.

* * *

Sir LAURENCE GOMME, on his retirement as Clerk to the London County Council, has been appointed honorary adviser to the Council on antiquarian matters. The tramway system will, we presume, now come within his purview.

* * *

The Alhambra Theatre recently offered a prize for the best name for its new Revue. This appeal to the great public for help would seem to have been justified. The witty title, "5064 Gerrard," has been adopted.



THE TEUTON TOUCH.

Importunate Pedlar (who has had door slammed in his face). "GAWD PUNISH 26!"

Mr. CHARLES GULLIVER is presenting at the Palladium a new Revue entitled "Passing Events." That he has not called it "Gulliver's Travails" does credit to his modesty.

* * *

It is announced that on and after the 29th inst. the B——y* Tower at the Tower of London will be open to the public. [*Excision by Censor Morum.]

Agoraphobia.

"Wide streets, says a fashion writer, do not look as extraordinary as we have been led to expect."—*Evening News.*

Still, we do not care for them in the dark shades which are in vogue at the present time.

"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

"A.B. Seaman George ——, of H.M.S. Zulu, had a brief furlough last week end at his father's home. His ship has been on patrol duty, and he had slept in his hammock since August, a proof of the ever watchfulness of our Navy."—*Lancaster Guardian.*

In accordance with the traditions of the Service, GEORGE of course slept all that time with one eye open.

Having sprinkled our entrenched soldiers in the West with flaming petrol, the Germans are now, according to a Petrograd report, squirting boiling pitch over our Russian allies. Another instance of the KAISER'S well-known piety:—"Let us spray."

Letter from a gunner, printed in *The Evening News*:—

"We get plenty of food, including fresh meat, coal, oil, tea, sugar, milk, cheese, bread, butter, jam (bacon every other day), and rum."

On the strength of the above statement the KAISER will doubtless redouble his efforts to break through the British lines, knowing that our gunners are, on their own confession, now fed up with "firing."

The Cleveland Plain Dealer (Ohio) tells us of the invention of a bullet whose head has a cavity for holding phosphorus. It is designed for dealing with Zeppelins. But its utility would seem to go further than that. "When the rifle is fired," says *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Ohio), "the bosphorus is ignited by the discharge." We commend it for use in the Constantinople campaign.

"The 'Russk Invalid' gratefully acknowledges this service, and speaks in flattening terms of the 'English heroes.'"
Western Morning News.

We do not like the word "flattening." It suggests the Steam Roller, a term of endearment to which our Allies have objected.

"Hints for those who wish to secure really fresh eggs from their own hens."
Saskatoon Phœnix.

According to the other Phœnix, the proper way is to roast the hens.

"Bachelor, age 40, small property, desires congenial employment; kill time. Salary secondary consideration."
Western Morning News.

Reply received (on a postcard)—"Why not kill Germans instead?"

TO ENGLISH GENTLEMEN AT HOME.

UNDER the heavy shadow of War's eclipse
None asks of you to wear a shroud of gloom,
To let the laughter fade upon your lips,
Or simulate an air of tragic doom.

Out in the trenches yonder, where they die
For love of country and our common birth,
There least of all they cast a jealous eye
Upon the healing medicine of mirth.

Light hearts—they know it well—we too must wear
If we would keep our courage high and fain;
Must find in nature's cure new strength to bear
With smiling face the burden and the pain.

But there's a limit fixed by decent pride.
The nations watch us close; they seek a test
To prove us, whether, when our hearts are tried,
We take this War in earnest or in jest.

And, if on carnival and noisy rout
You waste your spirit in the nations' sight,
Among our friends shall be mistrust and doubt,
And weary foes be heartened for the fight.

And something to yourselves you surely owe.
Imagination may not be your *forte*—
To see as others see you—yet I know
You love your heritage of English sport.

And under English eyes, slow to forget,
That ancient trust is yours to keep or break;
And in your hands, by old tradition set,
The name of English sportsmen lies at stake.

O. S.

RAISING THE WIND.

THERE is little doubt that our Recruiting Band has done yeoman service at our Thursday evening Recruiting Campaigns, and it would do even better if it only possessed a bass tuba. We have lots of bandsmen who play top and middle music, but only one (a euphonium) who plays ground-floor music. This is scarcely surprising when you come to think that low notes are much more expensive to produce than high ones. You can buy a very good cornet for two pounds, but in order to produce exactly the same notes as the cornet a few feet lower you have to invest in a bass tuba that may cost you six times as much.

All this was admirably explained by Mr. Fogge (the bandmaster), who one evening, when the Overture to *William Tell* had been rendered without any bass at all (owing to the indisposition of the euphonium), mounted the plinth of the drinking-fountain round which our campaign rages, and asked "our public-spirited fellow-townsmen" for more practical support for the band. In a powerful peroration he pointed out the increasing need for a bass tuba, and pleaded with a possible philanthropist in the crowd to earn his country's undying gratitude by supplying the deficiency.

Unfortunately, in the report of the proceedings which appeared in *The Poppleton Argus*, "tuba" was spelt "tuber," with the result that the Vicar, who goes in for market-gardening on an extended scale, sent to the band's headquarters the largest potato he could find.

This was literally the only fruit of Mr. Fogge's stirring appeal, and finally it devolved on me (I am only the hon. treasurer of the band, not an executant) to devise some other means of obtaining the money. To accept the offer of our senior curate to lecture on JOHN BUNYAN would, I felt sure, merely defeat my object. Happily I saw in *The Times* what I considered to be a highly novel and ingenious method of making an appeal for charity. I therefore despatched to the office of *The Argus* the following paragraph: "Will every 'Huggins' in Poppleton join together to provide an urgently required instrument for our Recruiting Band? Write, etc., etc."

This, I thought, would be sure to attract the necessary money, as Huggins is *the* name in Poppleton, just as Rees or Jenkins is in Swansea. Judge, then, of my annoyance when, on opening the paper, I found that the wretched printer had made my advertisement read, "Will every Juggins, etc., etc." I need scarcely say that the result was *nil*; though one dear old lady (who apologised for her name being Brigginshaw and not Juggins), having misinterpreted my appeal, forwarded me a Surgical Aid letter. My failure was all the more galling since there was a similar notice in the paper asking all the "Jemimas" of the neighbourhood to subscribe towards the purchase of cigars for all our Tommies who didn't like cigarettes. The notion was obviously not so novel as I had imagined it. Anyhow, I subsequently learned that the "Jemima" money subscribed would have been sufficient to buy a bass tuba, a tenor trombone and the best part of a French horn. I wanted to try again by addressing my appeal to all the "Williams" and "Johns," but Mr. Fogge said, No; all the Williams and Johns had already been bled for Christmas crackers for the Canadians. He said we didn't want a bass tuba as badly as all that.

Then one day a bright idea struck me. I devised another appeal, and took it down by hand myself to the office of *The Argus*. To ensure its being correctly printed I offered them double rates to be allowed to see a proof of it. They told me such a course was not usual. I told them that their mistakes were also somewhat out of the ordinary, and I eventually got my way. The appeal was worded:—

"Will all our townsfolk who are relatives (however distant) of, or connected by marriage (however remotely) with, persons of rank or title, contribute to a fund now being raised to provide our Recruiting Band with a much-needed bass tuba? A list of all subscribers, together with the names of their relatives or connections, will be duly published in these columns. Write, etc., etc."

The success of my appeal was instantaneous. We could have bought a large proportion of the London Symphony Orchestra with the proceeds. Not only did we purchase the biggest, bassest, most sonorous tuba that money could command, but we had sufficient funds in hand to engage the services of a tubaist to play it—a desideratum that had previously been overlooked. We are now doing great business with our band, and I do not hesitate to say that if Lord KITCHENER succeeds in getting all the recruits he wants it will be largely due to the generosity of 89 of his second-cousins thrice removed, 57 connexions-by-marriage of Sir JOHN FRENCH, and 142 step-nephews-in-law of His local Grace the Duke of Podmore and Lumpton.

The Punishment Fits the Crime.

"Cross-examined, he said he had been caned before for reading thrashy literature."

"The Earl of Crewe wrote:—'Is this' (racing) 'or is it not conducive to the prosecution of the war to a successful end? If it is, it is desirable; if it is not, it is undesirable. If it is neither, from the public standpoint it is immaterial.' "—*Daily Telegraph.*

Either Lord CREWE wrote this or he did not. If he did, he should read our book on the Included Middle; if he did not write it, he should demand an apology. If he neither did nor didn't—well, it is immaterial.



VICARIOUS GENEROSITY.

Kaiser. "SHOULD YOU WANT SOME MORE FEATHERS, I KNOW A TWO-HEADED EAGLE."



Child (to gardener in Kensington Gardens, mending the cotton cross-threads over the crocus blooms). "WOULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME—ARE THOSE THREADS TO KEEP THE ZEPPELINS OFF?"

A MORAL SCOOP.

["The day when news was *the* thing seems to be passing; papers now vie one with the other with free insurance and advertisement schemes; thousand-pound prizes for photography and vegetables . . . almost everything except the news."

The Newspaper World.]

By its existing insurance scheme, its war-poetry contest, and its generously endowed laundry competition, *The Daily Boom* already shows its solicitude for life and limb and its interest in the æsthetic and industrial pursuits of the people. By way of a change it launches to-day a mammoth prize offer of immense moral significance.

The Daily Boom has long felt that it might perhaps take some part in the encouragement of moral effort among all classes, irrespective of creed, party, position, taste or any other distinction. The management has therefore promulgated this new and amazing competition.

Every person anxious to add to his finances by improving his character should enter to-day, his first step being to hand a written order to his usual newsagent for the regular delivery of *The Daily Boom* at his house.

A sum of £50,000 (Fifty Thousand Pounds) has been set aside by *The Daily Boom*, from which substantial money prizes will be distributed among certified regular readers for:—

(1) The finest personal moral deed of the week.

(2) The noblest personal moral achievement of the (calendar) month.

(3) The most glorious personal moral triumph of the half-year ending on Michaelmas Day.

This is the most colossal inducement to the formation of noble character that the world has ever known.

In this competition the Editor's decision is final, whatever it may be in regard to political programmes and other matters.

Whether it be the servant-girl who tells of her free and uninvited confession to breaking the best teapot, or the clergyman who, under the stimulus of our offer, preaches his own sermon after all, and tells us the story of just what happens, all should compete.

Keep that five and four noughts in mind, and go out and do something noble so that you may become a competitor *to-day*. As you go do not forget to leave a written order with your newsagent; otherwise your efforts will be wasted.

Rewards will also be given to the street newsvendors who supply the lucky prize-winners. Each will receive one clean collar and a packet of voice jujubes per week for life.

Enter now (not forgetting that written order) and do your country good.

What the Censor saw.

Extract from sailor's letter to his wife (fact):—

"DEAR JANE,—I am sending you a postal order for 10s., which I hope you may get—but you may not—as this letter has to pass the Censor."

"A look-out must always be kept by the men in the trenches. Even while the photographer was busy one kept observation."

Daily Sketch.

After all, War is War—even in face of the Kodak's undeniable claims.

THE WATCH DOGS.

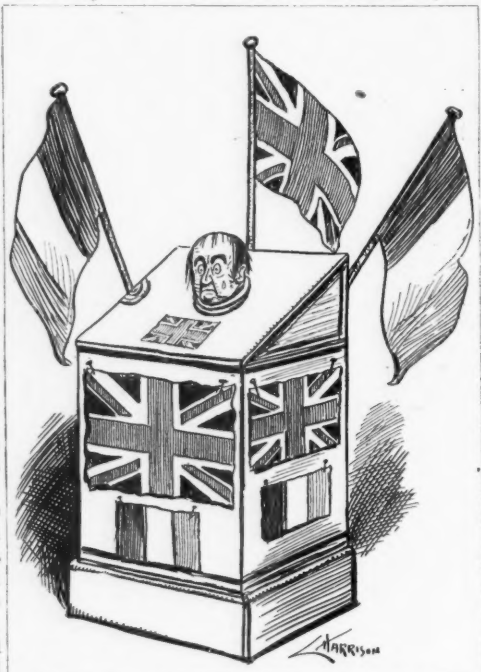
XIII.

DEAR CHARLES,—*Agréez, M'sieur, mes* what-d'-you-call-'ems, and have the goodness to believe that your old watch dog has broken loose from his kennel, swum the English Channel, and is now pushing along in cattle-trucks or on his flat feet towards the dog-fight proper. Up to now we have heard no more of it than the barking of very distant guns, but by the time you read this we hope to be getting our own first bite. I may say now that I think we should have had some difficulty in keeping our pack in order had it not been for this move to the area of more serious activities.

Our first performance upon landing in France was to whistle "The Marseillaise," an act of friendship and courtesy long premeditated in the ranks. This created a deep impression, but mostly among ourselves. In fact all of us were a little disappointed at the lack of enthusiasm upon our arrival; we had expected the inhabitants to turn out *en masse* (or *bloc*) and shout themselves hoarse at the sight of us. Two facts had, however, escaped our anticipation; the first, that the hour would be 7 A.M., an early time for wild enthusiasm; the second, that we should not be the first to arrive by some hundreds of thousands.

Our military ardour was not the only thing about us to be damped on that morning. There was a light drizzle, also sent from heaven to make us realise from the start that this outing is not a picnic; and when eventually we reached our temporary canvas home and nestled down as best we might amongst the mud, there were not a few of us who felt that there was, after all, something to be said for the dull but comfortable round of home life. From what I have seen already, I doubt if the domestic side of war has ever before been so well catered for, but even so it is distinguishable from a pure beano. It has, however, its lighter side, as for instance when I go shopping in the villages for the officers' mess. One has to have read with deep concentration to be able to remember at the pinch how to demand a dish-cloth in an intelligible fashion. We feed almost entirely off pork chops at the moment, owing to my personal tendency to crack my little jest with the village butchers. For when I have done with business my butchers and I turn to discuss the friendship of the Allies and the detestability of the foe. It is always, "*À bas le* KAISER!" from me; "*C'est un cochon*," from them, and the rejoinder from myself, "*Ça me gêne un peu d'acheter des côtelletes de cochon.*" And so that no butcher in France may miss this *jeu de mot*, my unhappy mess must continue eating pork chops till we have settled down.

I started composing this letter in a first-class carriage. I continued it in a lonely tent, writing upon a biscuit box, again in a cattle truck, again in an expansive château, deserted by its owner but furnished splendidly with every modern convenience. I conclude in the sole tap-room of a not unthirsty village. The room is fifteen feet square; it is at once the local bar, the battalion headquarters, the mess and the bedroom of half-a-dozen officers, including myself. And when you consider further that *le patron* and his family of five also inhabit it you may imagine that at times it is almost congested. But for the competence of *Madame* his wife I think we should not long survive. *M'sieur* stands always in the middle of the room contemplating the complex situation with an expression of inscrutable gloom. By the stove, upon which the meals of all of us are cooked, sits permanently the pallid eldest son, who is said to be an invalid but is really a wastrel. He is there when I go to sleep; he is there when I wake up. But I have my suspicions that he moves about a little in the meanwhile, when there is no one awake to be interested in his maladies. The younger son is as bright a lad as you could wish to meet. He smokes a pipe (with some inner reluctance, I think), swears in English, and has innumerable boon companions among the early-rising labourers of the place. I woke up this morning to find a couple of them sitting on the end of my valise and me, drinking their first cup of *café*. By the time I was thoroughly roused the whole family were at their several posts in various corners of the room. It was essential for me to rise and shave myself; it was also essential for *la patronne* to cook upon the stove. But "*toujours la politesse*," and the worst may be passed off with a jest, so as I lay upon the floor and *Madame* bustled about I conversed affably with her, starting with her business, proceeding to the general excellence of her cooking, suggesting dishes most worth eating, specifying pork chops in particular, and ending triumphantly with the *cochon* jest. After that an atmosphere was created in which anything might be done without offence.



STUDY OF A PATRIOTIC GENTLEMAN IN HIS HOME TURKISH BATH—OF COURSE BOUGHT BEFORE THE WAR.

Meanwhile, always in the distance (now the nearer distance) is the booming of the guns. I suppose the trenches are about a dozen miles away and that we may be in them at any time now. Well, we are all ready for it and are asking no questions. For my part, however, I cannot help wondering inwardly how it is that men can keep on killing each other in this methodical and deliberate fashion. Nobody is in a hurry; nobody is in the least excited, and I am quite sure that if there was a picture palace in the place we should all crowd into it for the sake of distraction. Châteaux or tap-rooms, battles or marketing, one takes it, apparently, as it comes, trusting that Mr. ASQUITH or someone has his eye on the progress of events. However, by the next time I write I hope I'll have something more moving to write about; but I doubt it, Charles, I doubt it. We shall have got there all right, but I am beginning to suspect that even when we do we shall find nothing but a turnip field and a deep ditch in which we shall stay till we are told to come out. There'll be a noise, of course; but what good will that be? Nobody will be able to look over the top and see what the noise is all about. None the less I will tell you the facts as soon as I get news of them.

Yours ever, HENRY.



Veteran (receiving instruction in the art of aiming). "I WAS ALWAYS TOLD AS A BOY, YOU KNOW, NEVER TO POINT A GUN AT ANYONE."

THE AWAKENING.

UNTIL last Tuesday I am certain Aunt Priscilla did not realise the War. Realise it as an actual awful thing, I mean.

But war and all that it means has at last been brought right home to her, and this is how it came about.

The pale cheeks of Jenson the parlour-maid began it; the recommendation of Winoria, the restorative wine, as a remedy directly contributed towards it, and the conscientious zeal of Snooks the grocer completed the great awakening. It was in this wise.

Jenson, as I say, was pale and out of sorts, a condition unlikely to escape my Aunt's all-seeing eye, and someone had suggested Winoria. Why not? Aunt Priscilla decided at once for this invigorating wine-tonic. The very thing.

Abroad early, Aunt herself swept into the establishment of Mr. Snooks and ordered a bottle of Winoria, with a request that it should be sent to Everest Place without delay.

"I regret, Madam, that we have no cart or cycle available at the moment; this afternoon . . ."

"Impossible. I must have it before lunch. Give it to me and I will myself convey it home."

The suave manner of the shopman instantly changed to a wary caution. With an uneasy glance at the clock he said firmly: "I regret, Madam, that we cannot serve women with intoxicants before eleven!"

Aunt Priscilla! But of course you don't know my Aunt Priscilla.

A TEMPORARY SUSPENSION.

TIME was (twelve months ago, in fact)
I sang my tuneful numbers
On catching Nature in the act
Of waking from her slumbers;
In March I found the hour was ripe
To twang the lyre or blow the pipe.

The crocus got its meed of song,
The snowdrop had its sonnet,
The daffy did not bloom for long
Ere I remarked upon it;
And business was extremely brisk
In lines on how the lambkins frisk.

But now, though Spring is in the air,
I cannot heed the lambkin;
For bloom and bud I do not care
A little dash (or damkin);
My musings always turn away
To men who 're arming for the fray.

But Spring, I feel, will not complain,
Though silent be her servant,
For bud and bloom shall come again
And find him fit and fervent;
Full many a song in coming years
Shall sweetly wipe out all arrears.

Extract from a Soldier's letter:—

"DEAR SISTER,—I send you these few lines hoping they find you as this leaves me at present. I have a bullet wound in the hand."

Warning to Mariners.

"A titre de première réponse à l'Allemagne, l'amirauté anglaise a pris une mesure de restriction concernant la navigation aux deux entrées de la mer d'Irlande. Les navires désirant traverser le canal du Nord devront passer au Sud-Ouest et à quatre mille au plus de l'Ile de Rathlin, entre Sunrise et Sunset."
XXe. Siècle, Havre.

Unfortunately these famous headlands are rarely visible in our foggy atmosphere.

For a "Château en Espagne."

Extract from a land company's circular:—

"The 'Sunnyside Estate' is beautifully situated, high up in the air, fronting good roads, along which water-mains run and is bounded by a very pretty avenue of trees."

Just the place for a retired aviator.

From the tape:—

"Enver Pasha has sent in the name of the Sultan the Grand Military Meal for Merit to Admiral von Tirpitz and Gen. Falkenhayn."

This was tactful of ENVER. The gift will in present circumstances be much more appreciated than a tawdry decoration.

From an article on "Jobbing Gardeners":—

"One has to know their man before we can trust him to work in our gardens."
Amateur Gardening.

Quite so; and they will have to learn our grammar before one can be let loose among his flowers of speech.

SENTRY-GO.

THE whole idea of posting sentries was ridiculous. Just because we had borrowed part of a man's country house and called it a week-end camp there was no real reason for turning three men out in the cold night and calling them sentries.

The first I heard of the business was a casual remark from our section-commander that I "was *on* two to four." I took this to be some silly attempt at a racing joke, so I said, "What price the field?" just to show that I knew the language; and I thought no more about it until I ran across Bailey. The same cryptic remark had been conveyed into Bailey's ear, but he had discovered the solution, though I don't believe he guessed it all by himself. The fact was that we had been picked with Holroyd to do sentry-go between 2 A.M. and 4 A.M. Personally I felt that the responsibility was too great, so I went in search of the section-commander. I told him what my doctor had said about the risk of exposing myself to the night air and pointed out the absurdity of posting sentries against a non-existent enemy. He wouldn't discuss the matter at length, and I suspect that he had heard some of the arguments before, though not so ably put.

Of course I didn't get any sleep before 2 A.M. This was partly due to the want of "give" in the floor, partly to the undue preference shown by Bailey's foot for my left ear, and partly to the necessity of stopping the tendency of certain members of the company to snore. Some injustice was done in the last process, as it was difficult to locate the offenders.

As I thought it might be wet I borrowed Higgs's overcoat and rifle. I hate getting my own overcoat soaked through, and I never was any good at cleaning rusty rifles.

It was a thoroughly dirty night, and I took up my position under a tree, leaving the others the easier task of guarding open ground. Owing to the discomfort of sitting in a puddle I never got properly asleep, and this accounts for the fact that my attention was attracted by a slight noise in my vicinity. I diagnosed a cat, dog or snake, all of which animals can be found in that neighbourhood. As I dislike things crawling about me at night-time I picked up a serviceable-looking brick and hurled it in the direction indicated. Naturally I didn't expect to draw a prize first shot, and was surprised and much gratified to hear a groan and the sound as of a body falling. I had evidently brought down a German spy and eagerly rushed forward to retrieve my game. It was a man right enough, and I found him quite easily. I found him with my feet and lost my initial advantage. However, my luck was in, and in the ensuing rough and tumble I came out on top. When Bailey and Holroyd arrived in response to my shouts I was well astride his shoulders and had his face concealed in the mud.

They both seemed a little jealous at my success and, when they heard the details, began to suggest that I had acted irregularly. Bailey, who is a special constable in his spare time, said I ought to have warned the man that "anything he said would be used in evidence against him." Holroyd said that I ought to have waited until he shot me before taking action, and then gone through some formula about "Halt, friend, and give the countersign." As they seemed to think they could still put the matter in order I appointed them my agents and gave them an opportunity to say their pieces.

Bailey retired two paces and solemnly delivered his warning. He got it off quite well, and I admit that it sounded impressive. Holroyd wasn't quite sure of his part, and Bailey tried to look it up in his "Manual" while Holroyd struck matches. Holroyd burnt his fingers three times while Bailey was trying to find the place, so he had to say it from memory after all. Holroyd presented arms and said, "Halt. Who goes there? Advance, friend, two paces, and give the countersign. Welcome." We thought he had gone wrong on the word "Welcome," but it sounded a courteous and harmless thing to say under the circumstances, so we let it pass.

The man, whose face was still firmly embedded in the mud, didn't do any of the things Holroyd told him. I put a little extra pressure on the back of his head to make sure he didn't say "Friend," and he had no real chance with the countersign as we hadn't fixed on one.

Everything being now in order we sent Holroyd to fetch the picket. Holroyd had some trouble over the picket, as they had forgotten to elect one and no one volunteered. He got very unpopular through having to wake up so many people to arrange about it.

In the meantime I caught cramp from sitting so long in the same position and allowed Bailey to relieve me. When the picket arrived they didn't get much fun out of the captive, because Bailey had spoilt him for the purposes of resistance by getting more of his weight than was necessary on the man's head. The picket had to carry him up to the house and pour quite a lot of brandy into him before he showed any signs of life. They got him breathing at last and told off a fatigue party to clear some of his mud. They hadn't properly got down to his skin when his power of speech revived. There seemed something familiar in his voice in spite of the fact that it was muffled by about a quarter-of-an-inch of mud, and it occurred to me that I had better resume my sentry duty without delay. I didn't call anyone's attention to my departure because I wasn't sure that I ought to have left my post. I took Bailey's military book and someone else's electric torch.

My remaining hour passed quite quickly and I was almost sorry to be relieved. When I got in I heard that our Commandant was up and wanted to see me. I found him in a dressing-gown sitting in an armchair. He wasn't looking very fit and had a nasty gash over the right eye. As he 's in the regular army and only lent to us I waited for him to start the conversation. He seemed to find some difficulty in getting off the mark, but on the whole performed very creditably for an invalid. I didn't attempt to answer half the questions he asked. He didn't seem to expect it—they don't in the army. I just said, "I was on sentry-go, Sir, at 2.35 A.M. when I heard a suspicious person. Being on active service at night I dispensed with the challenge and should have fired if any cartridges had been served out. Under the circumstances I did the best I could with the material to hand. I was fortunate in capturing the intruder and handed him over to the picket. I 've not yet heard whether he has been identified."

He wasn't quite himself, and I fancy my answer surprised him. He seemed to have a piece of mud in his throat, and before he could get it clear I had saluted and got away. Bailey's military book is quite a useful little thing.

I was astir early in the morning and took a walk in the direction of the post-office. Before eleven o'clock I had received a telegram calling me to town on urgent family affairs. I had got an idea that that part of the country would have proved unhealthy for me. My personal view of the whole matter is that our Commandant might have known that we should be awake at our posts without getting up in the middle of the night to find out.

We learn from America that General von BERNHARDI has joined the staff of the Press Bureau and by Imperial permission has given his exclusive services to a well-known New York paper. The KAISER is now assured of a place in the *Sun*.

A TEUTON TRAGEDY.

[It is reported that a small German outpost, occupying an isolated house amidst the floods of Flanders, is always warned of night attacks by the quacking of ducks. The following lines are alleged to have been written, for British consumption, by a German prisoner.]

Der gwack-gwack off der duckfowlbird
Ve haf von blackdark midnacht heard;
Denn kam a kry der Kaptan vrom,
"Der voemen kom, der voemen kom!"
Und so ve haf der arms uptake,
Und soon der Britisch backgive make.
O Gott mit uns! der gwack-gwack-gwack
Haf send der voemen homeways back.

In vlood dis housefarmisland stand;
No voodvlesh kom vrom dryground land,
Und ve vos fast be bone und skin,
Vile duckfowl schwamm der yard-court in,
Vor if ve neckscrew efry von,
Denn kom der vce at down off sonne,
Und, mit no gwackalarm, ve fall!
Ach! still ve long to chew dem all!

Last supmeal eat ve duckfowlmeat!
Ve schleep und tream off dat pig treat!
Ya, dat vos gut, kolossal gut!
Vot meatfull chest, vot schweet wing-foot!
Ve schleep und tream! Der duckbird fat
Vos dasty meat—Ach! vot vos dat?
Der voe! No mehr der duckfowls gwack,
But British rifles go krack-krack!

MILITARY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

[The Advice Column on Military Matters, now a special feature of many contemporaries, must not be supposed to belong only to the present day. That similar columns were in vogue in other times is proved by the following extracts from antique records.]

J. Cæsar (*Rome*).—By all means write an account of your experiences at the Front, but take care to find a striking title. The one you suggest, "The Gallic War," is very flat. Why not: "In the Neck, or How we gave it to the Gauls?"

Attila (*Hungary*).—Quite so, but are not your methods a little boisterous? What will the Germans think of you?

R. Bruce (*Scotland*).—The study of insect life is, of course, perfectly harmless and indeed admirable as a recreation, but it must be regarded strictly as such, and not be allowed to interfere with your serious profession of arms.

Joan (*Arc*).—Certainly not. If, however, you feel that you *must* be doing something military, is there no local body of girl guides which you could join?

Francis D. (*Plymouth Hoe*).—It is all very well for you to play games in war-time—quite picturesque and so forth, but does it not occur to you that in future days, when perhaps conditions will be more stringent, your example may be quoted by persons not wholly inspired by disinterested motives, who have reasons (financial and otherwise) undreamed of by you for continuing sports?

Horatio N.—See an oculist. We must tell you frankly, however, that the loss of the eye finally closes your naval career. You should think of taking up some civilian employment.

Wellesley (*Eton*).—We should be in a better position for offering you advice as to your chance of success in a military career if we knew more of your achievements on your school playing-fields.

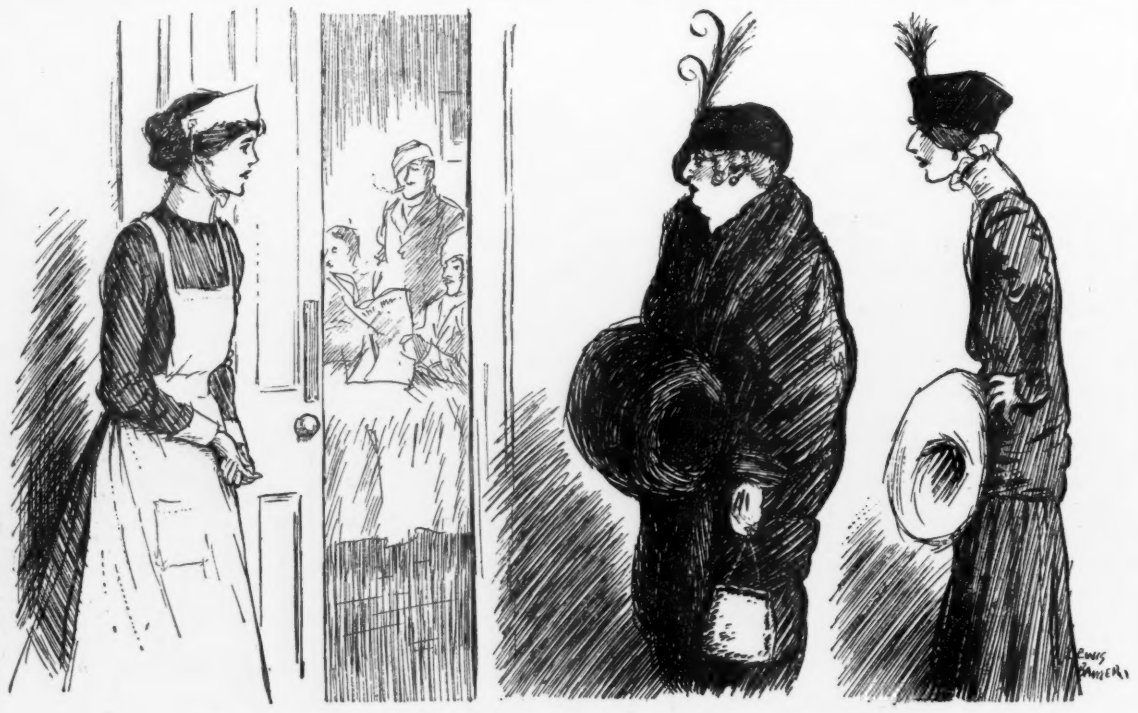
Napoleon B. (*Corsica*).—Your height would tell against your chances, and we should think that for other reasons as well you are hardly cut out for a soldier. Have you thought of the counter? If there is not much opening in your neighbourhood, you might think about coming to England, where, as you doubtless know, there are plenty of shopkeepers.



Outraged Artist (*about to paint important military subject*). "You pig! You've eaten the khaki!"

"Girl wanted to take care of quiet baby, who is fond of singing ragtime—Chinatown, etc."—*Montreal Star.*

A precocious infant, but surely a little old-fashioned.



MORE PEOPLE WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE INTERNED.

"WELL, WE'LL BRING THE CAR TO-MORROW, AND TAKE SOME OF YOUR PATIENTS FOR A DRIVE. AND, BY-THE-BY, NURSE, YOU MIGHT LOOK OUT SOME WITH BANDAGES THAT SHOW—THE LAST PARTY MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN WOUNDED AT ALL, AS FAR AS ANYBODY IN THE STREETS COULD SEE."

THE NORTH SEA GROUND.

Oh, Grimsby is a pleasant town as any man may find,
An' Grimsby wives are thrifty wives, an' Grimsby girls are kind,
An' Grimsby lads were never yet the lads to lag behind
When there 's men's work doin' on the North Sea ground.

An' it 's "Wake up, Johnnie!" for the high tide 's flowin',
An' off the misty waters a cold wind blowin';
Skipper 's come aboard, an' it 's time that we were goin',
An' there 's fine fish waitin' on the North Sea ground.

Soles in the Silver Pit—an' there we 'll let 'em lie;
Cod on the Dogger—oh, we 'll fetch 'em by-an'-by;
War on the water—an' it 's time to serve an' die,
For there 's wild work doin' on the North Sea ground.

An' it 's "Wake up, Johnnie!" they want you at the trawlin'
(With your long sea-boots and your tarry old tarpaulin');
All across the bitter seas duty comes a-callin'
In the Winter's weather off the North Sea ground.

It 's well we 've learned to laugh at fear—the sea has taught us how;
It 's well we 've shaken hands with death—we 'll not be strangers now,
With death in every climbin' wave before the trawler's bow,
An' the black spawn swimmin' on the North Sea ground.

Good luck to all our fightin' ships that rule the English sea;
Good luck to our brave merchantmen wherever they may be;
The sea it is their highway, an' we 've got to sweep it free
For the ships passin' over on the North Sea ground.

An' it 's "Wake up, Johnnie!" for the sea wind 's crying;
"Time an' time to go where the herrin' gulls are flyin';"
An' down below the stormy seas the dead men lyin',
Oh, the dead lying quiet on the North Sea ground!

CLUB CHANGES.

Drastic Economies.

At the Plutomobile Club it has been decided to import 500 Peruvian waiters. At a general meeting of the Club held last week a motion was passed by a small majority permitting the smoking of pipes after 12 P.M. and sanctioning the introduction of 6*d*. cigars. We understand that the performances of the Blue Bessarabian Band in the great porcelain swimming bath have been temporarily suspended.

A remarkable innovation is to be introduced at the Lantern Lectures which are so welcome a feature at the Benedicks' Club. It has been resolved to accept the offer of several distressed dowager peeresses to serve tea without wages, the "tips" being left to the discretion of the members.

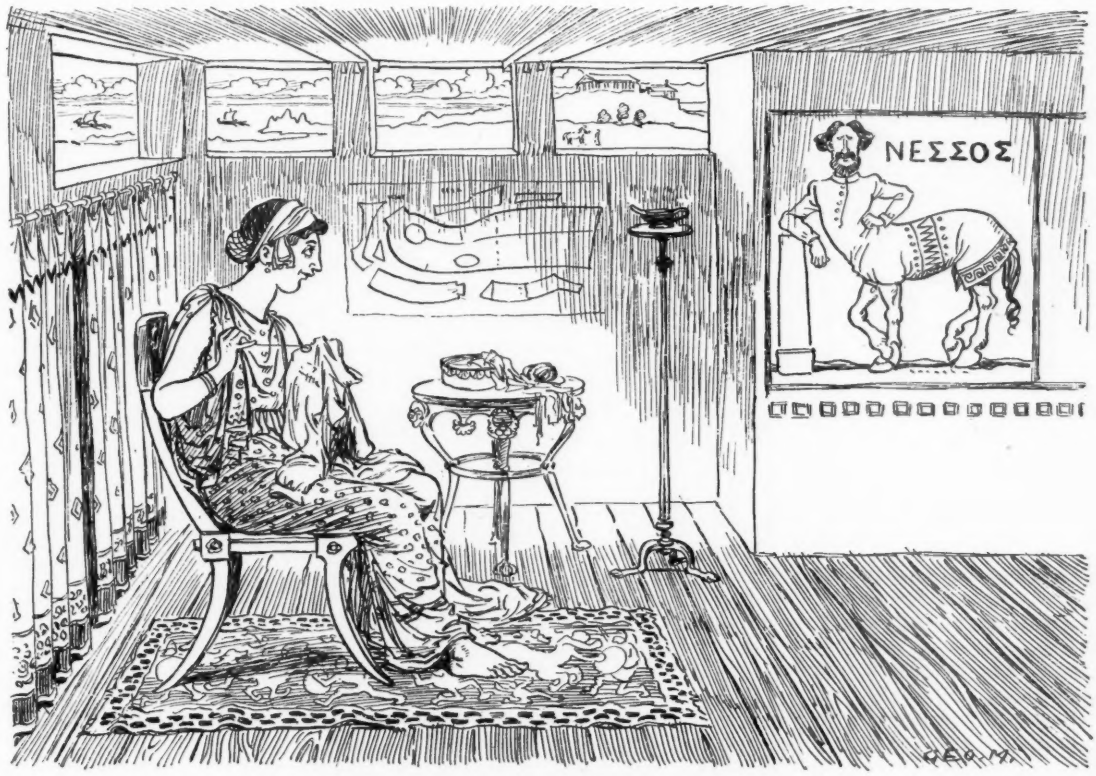
The tariff of the Caviare Club has recently undergone substantial alterations. The price of the house-dinner is now reduced to 15*s*. a head and champagne is no longer *de rigueur*. On the other hand an attempt to sanction the introduction of barley-water and cocoa nibs has been heavily defeated.

Visitors to the National Democratic Club cannot fail to notice the altered appearance of that famous caravanserai. The marble walls and staircases have all been whitewashed to discourage ostentation and promote moral uplift.



ENGLAND'S IDEAL IN WAR-TIME?

[The Jockey Club's decision to continue racing has been very well received in bookmaker circles.]



HOW HISTORY ANTICIPATES ITSELF.

Sister Sophie sewing shirts for Nessus.

ONE OF OUR CANDID FRIENDS.

[In *The Boston News Bureau*, a daily paper, Rear-Admiral Francis Tiffany Bowles, formerly Chief Constructor of the American Navy, who has recently travelled throughout Germany, has stated his belief that Germany will win. He adds: "The probable situation is that all the Allies are now ready to quit, and that means not only France and Russia but England; that Germany is ready to make peace with Russia and France, but never with England. The possible consequences of such a situation are easily discernible, and merit the most serious consideration by the people of the United States. The chance of a successful invasion of England cannot be lightly dismissed."]

Admiral Tiffany Bowles,
You've written a wonderful screed
For the good, no doubt, of the souls
Of the men of the British breed.
You've studied the Fatherland
Exhaustively from within,
And your statement affirms in the plainest of terms
That Germany will win.

You view the success of our foes—
Or so at least I learn—
So far as our own fate goes,
With singular unconcern;
But the thought that it may react
In time on the U.S.A.
Appears to impart to your sensitive heart
A certain amount of dismay.

You may glorify Germany's strength
As much as you goldarn please,
And hold she will win at length
The mastery of the seas;
But when you go on to assert
That we're "ready to quit," by goles,
You're talking rot and the thing that is not,
Admiral Tiffany Bowles.

Comforts for the Troops.

"Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.—Beautifully illuminated. Well warmed and Ventilated Heroes of the War."
Advt. in "The Times."

"It is quite feasible that more than one submarine has the same number. The result of this would be that an exaggerated idea of the possibilities of the under-water craft would be gained, since, for instance, the U 21 may be seen in the English Channel one day and in the English Channel almost immediately afterwards, or even at about the same time."
Liverpool Echo.

Even without this duplicity the feat does not appear insuperably difficult.

Has anyone seen our Provost?

"Help for Gallant Little Serbia.
Flag Day, Glasgow, Saturday, 27th March.
Under the patronage of the Rt. Hon. the Lost Provost and Magistrates of Glasgow."
Glasgow Daily Record.

"The only object of Prince von Buelow's remarks is to make the Italian Government believe that there still remains a possibility of diplomatic your-parlers being satisfactory."
Glasgow News.

Prince von Bülow. Will you walk into my parlour?
Signor Salandra. Thank you, we have had quite enough of your-parlers.

From a *Daily News'* description of "a town in France":—

"LUXURIES AS USUAL.
The fool supply is for all essential purposes unaffected."

It is the same with the German supply of Court jesters.

"At Findon on Wednesday morning the Grand National Candidate, Irish Mail, cantered a mile twice, and will probably do a good gallon on Thursday."
Gloucester Citizen.

This sounds like "doping," but perhaps Irish Mail is training for a "pint to pint."

THE SUSIE GAME.

"OH, Mr. Meyer," said my hostess, "you are so clever, you must think of a new game for us."

If there is any form of request more paralysing than this, I should like to hear of it. So clever! To be called so clever in a company containing several strangers, and then to have to prove it! Surely tact should be taught at schools, although, of course, after logarithms.

By some bewildering miracle an idea suddenly entered my head. "Why not play at 'Sister Susie'?" I said.

"You don't mean more sewing?" my hostess replied in dismay.

"No, no," I explained, seeing daylight as I talked. "First we want twenty-six little bits of paper. Will someone tear them up? Then on these we write the letters of the alphabet. Then they are put in a hat and shaken up, and we take out one each in turn. As there are twelve of us we shall have two each, and two of us will have three each, to make the twenty-six. Is that all clear?"

They said it was as clear as mud, and I went through it again with the crystal clarity of a teacher of one of those advertised systems which impart a perfect knowledge of French in three lessons.

"Then," I said, "you take a sheet of paper and fill up a line for each of your two (or it may be three) letters, in the manner of the famous Sister Susie line, which I am told is sung wherever the sun never sets:—

'Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers.'

That is to say," I added, "that supposing you had A you might write—

'Auntie Ann is asking aid for ambulances,'

or if B:—

'Bertha's boiling beef for bombardi-ers.'

It must be alliterative; it must be as much in the metre of the Sister Susie line as possible; and it must have reference to the War."

The company having intimated that this also was as clear as mud, I repeated it.

"But what about X?" a pretty girl asked.

"Yes, and Z?" asked someone else.

"And Y?" asked a third.

"I felt sure there would be some defects in the game," I replied. "We are only feeling our way, you see. We had better leave them out."

"Oh no," said Aunt Eliza; "let's try them."

Aunt Eliza spends quite half of her life in guessing acrostics and anagrams, and the difficulties of writing-games are food and drink to her.

Then the inevitable happened.

"Oh, but I can't play this," said one guest who had just begun to grasp its character.



Visitor. "IS IT A BOY OR A GIRL?"
Patriotic Mother. "OH, A BOY, MISS. WE DON'T WANT GIRLS NOWADAYS, AND DOCTOR SAYS EVERYBODY'S HAVING BOYS."

"I'm sure I can't," said another. "I'm hopelessly stupid."

"You must leave us out," they said.

Ten minutes having passed in fighting to retain them, during which time a third and fourth took courage and fell out too, we settled down to the hat with only eight players. That is to say, we were each to have three letters, and Aunt Eliza and I, being the most gifted, were to share X and Z.

We were just beginning when the pretty girl wanted to know how we were to manage about relationships. "'Sister Susie' is all right," she said, "and 'Auntie Alice' and 'Cousin Connie,' but there aren't any more; unless we say 'Father Freddy' and 'Mother Molly,' and 'Brother Bertie' and 'Uncle Ulrich.'"

It was therefore decided to cut out relationships and begin with the girls' names right away.

And so we started, five minutes being allowed. I saw at once that Z was useless. Zoe and Zuleika could be found easily enough, but there was nothing to set them to do. I therefore concentrated on my other letters, which were U and J, and with infinite agonies produced:—

"Jessie's jams and jellies go to JELLICOE,"

and

"Ursula's unpacking urns for Uhlans."

Our hostess came out strong with C:—

"Connie's cooking Coldstream captains' curry,"

and G was very passable:—

"Gertie's growing gherkins for the Ghurkas."

Y was ingenious but not of the best:—

"Yolande's yoking yaks for Ypres yeomanry."

I need hardly say that Aunt Eliza played it best. Aunts always do play this kind of game best. Her three letters were P, S and X. The first two she rendered thus:—

"Pamela pots poisoned prunes for Potsdam,"

and

"Sally's singing SAINT-SAËNS' songs to Serbians."

"But what about X?" we demanded.

"X isn't really possible," she said. "Xantippe is the only name, and there are no verbs for her.

'Xantippe X-pounds X-rays to X-lieutenants'

is all I can do."

Perhaps other players will get better results.

Feasting the Eyes.

"The view of the Euxine from the heights of Terapia, just seen through the end of the Straits, is like grazing upon eternity."
Devon and Exeter Gazette.

In the Elysian Fields, we presume.

"Dr. Macnamara, in reply, stated that there had been no case of tetanus at Osborne and no epidemic, but only isolated cases of the form of conjunctivitis, alluded to Lord Charles as 'pink eye,' during the last two years."—*Isle of Wight Evening News.*

This regrettable personality, continued over so long a period, should surely by this time have reached the ears of the SPEAKER.



Labouring Man (sorrowfully). "WOT IF I *DO* OWE YER A TANNER—WOT'S A *TANNER?* 'ERE'S ME *THINKING* IN MILLIONS—MILLIONS O' PAHNDS TO 'ELP KEEP THE OLD COUNTRY SAFE—AND THERE'S YOU GRAHSIN' ABAHT A MEASLY—PALTRY—BLOOMIN' LITTLE TANNER! WHERE'S YER PATRIOTISM?"

COPPER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having been fortunate enough to put your readers right on the question of Germany's War strength—one notices that there has been a cessation of newspaper bickering on the subject since my letter appeared—I propose to-day to deal with the burning question of the supply of Copper. We shall take horses next, of course, and after that rubber and petrol, and (if there is still no important movement in the West and the space *must* be filled) we may also have to treat of cotton before we are done.

Copper is a subject that I have completely at my finger ends. I need not say that it is of vital importance. When Germany's copper is done the War must end. And first let me point out, as no one else has done, a signal instance of German foresight, yet another proof that every detail of this adventure had been considered in advance. I refer to the institution of the Iron Cross. Let us suppose that WILHELM in a weak moment of vanity had preferred—what would have been much more effective—a Copper Cross. Think what a dilemma would have faced him now. Either from lack of ammunition or from want of decoration the contest must have come to an inglorious end.

What is Germany's expenditure of ammunition? East and West she holds a line of, let us say, 800 miles. This line is occupied by some 4,000,000 first-line troops. (We are counting in the Austrians here, for, though they may not always wait to pop it off, after all each one of them does carry a rifle.) This works out, in Flanders, at about 5,000 men to the mile, in Poland at about 3,333 men to the verst, and in France at about 2,999 men to the kilometre. I speak of course in general terms. Shall we say three men to the yard? Making all the usual allowances we may call it 2½ men to the yard. Keeping well within the mark let us admit only 2 men to the yard. Jealously avoiding extravagance, put it down at 1½ men. Reckoning conservatively, call it one.

Well, now, what is the number of shots per rifle per man (or per yard) per day? Frankly we shall have to make a guess at that. It might be simply anything. Naturally it all depends. But (omitting a series of rather abstruse calculations—in working yards into poods—which may be seen by anyone who cares to call at the office) we cannot be far wrong if we bring it out at 290 tons a day, for rifle fire, of copper alone. Adding 10 per cent. for maxim fire—though there is no special reason why we should select that particular figure—we get about 320 tons. But we must remember at this point that a good deal depends on the pitch. Nothing can be made out of mud, but on hard frozen ground rifle bullets may bounce and be recovered, provided that the enemy does not interfere. We must allow for that.

Now let us throw in shells. What about 200,000 a day? Let us say 150,000. That comes obviously to 309 tons 2 cwt. and a trifle. Near enough. Unburst shells of the enemy may also be gathered up sometimes, if you wait a bit. We must allow for that.

CONCLUSION.

We have now been led step by step to the solid fact—and there is no use

blinking it—that Germany will need exactly 217,000 tons of copper per annum for ammunition alone. Of her sources of supply it may be said with absolute certitude

(1) That her present imports from neutral countries are unknown.

(2) That her own production cannot be quite exactly estimated.

(3) That no one has the least idea what her stocks were before the war.

Much depends upon what she can gather up in the way of copper wire and odds and ends. And here it must be borne in mind that any tampering with the telegraph wires may interfere with the Imperial correspondence, without which war cannot be waged. But there are other sources. And here we come to the most striking instance of lack of preparation—the one important detail where German foresight failed. It is a point that no other commentator seems to have touched upon, although it is in truth the root of the whole matter. *Germany alone of all the leading belligerents is without a copper currency.* She cannot turn her pennies into shot and shell. We shall not be far wrong in assuming that this deficiency will be the final turning-point. The General Staff may if it will collect all manner of cooking utensils; the time may come, under the pressure of British sea power, when they will not be of much use, any way, with nothing to cook in them. They may commandeer electric-light fittings; they cannot thereby keep the people any more in the dark than they are already. But they will be baulked and thwarted if they look to retrieve their fortunes by an assault on the National Reservoir of the pfennig-in-the-slot-machine.

I am, Sir,
Yours, as before, Statistician.

BÊTES NOIRES.

A Postscript.

"Of course," writes a correspondent, "everyone has his own *bêtes noires*, as you said in last week's number, and one man's black beast may be another man's white angel. This matter can be settled only by personal opinion, and yet I have a feeling that there is a set of persons whom all must equally place on the *noiriest* list; I mean the people who talk clever to their dogs in public." We agree.

Extract from the latest War Office Drill Book as given recently by a N.C.O. :—

"Should a Mule break down in the shafts it should be replaced by an intelligent Non-Commissioned Officer."

THE SABBATH CAMERA

The New Sunday Paper

Read the epoch-making articles in the next issue

Why should not the War End next week?
by
Irratio Bullemly
The author of
The First and Second Battle Cries

The War and Week-Ends
by
Arnold Pennit
The leading fictionist and social observer

Will the War leave things exactly as they were?
by
Pax Emberton
The revue king and philosopher

The Future of Everything
by
W. G. Hells
The illustrious novelist and seer

The Kaiser as Emperor
by
Arnold Black
The famous Sunday publicist

Berlin and Brighton
by
Harry Austinson
The distinguished Editor of the *Revue du Monde*.

THE TALE THAT TOOK THE WRONG TURNING.

(A Magazine Study.)

Gerald Arbuthnot took his seat in the train with a frown of impatience. He had, of course, other things as well, such as a return-ticket, the usual quantity of luggage, and a copy of a journal that modesty forbids us further to specify—but the frown was the significant item. How irritating it was, he thought, to be obliged to make this journey! Still more vexing were the provisions of the preposterous will that had rendered it necessary.

Gerald was a bachelor, tall, wealthy, handsome and of the usual age. It is hardly worth while for me to describe him, since you have met so often before, and will meet as often again, in the pages of contemporaries. Still, there he was—for the artist to do his worst with. To his impatience the train seemed a long while in starting. At last, however, all was ready, doors banged, whistles blew, the platform began slowly to recede past the windows. . . .

Gerald, a little surprised, but undoubtedly relieved, settled himself comfortably in his corner. He was to enjoy the journey undisturbed. And then, just when it seemed too late, the thing happened which Gerald and you and every reader with experience had been looking out for. The door was flung open and the figure of a young girl, exquisitely, if indefinitely, clad, was thrust into the compartment.

It was the heroine.

"Here we are again," said poor Gerald wearily, but not aloud; for if he was one thing more than another it was well-mannered. "Up or down?" he asked, after a sufficient interval to allow the girl to settle herself into the opposite seat.

"I beg your pardon?" You know the voice in which she would answer, sweet yet cold—like ice-cream.

"I mean," explained Gerald, "that as some sort of dialogue is obviously expected of us we might as well begin about the window as about anything else."

She melted ever so little at this. "Possibly," she said; "but why not wait till the accident?"

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand. What accident?"

The bewilderment in Gerald's face was too apparent not to be genuine. At sight of it the last trace of chill in the girl's manner vanished utterly; as a short-story heroine she was naturally trained for speed in these matters. "Why," she said, with a little gasp of incredulity, "surely you know that I am here for you to rescue me in the railway accident?"

"It's—it's the first I've heard of it," stammered Gerald.

"But you must," persisted the girl, beginning now to be a little confused in her turn. "See, round my neck I have here the locket which falls open as you lay me unconscious upon the embankment." She unfastened it eagerly as she spoke, displaying the portrait of a young man like a cheap wax-work. "My brother" she said. "But of course you think I'm engaged to him, and you go away, and we don't meet again till long paragraphs, perhaps even pages, have rolled by."

There was a moment's rather embarrassed pause. Then she added shyly, "It—it all comes right in the end, though."

Gerald's colour matched her own. In black-and-white illustration you would have to take this for granted. But no illustrator could have made him look more foolish than was now the case.



Voice from the far-end of hut (to Sergeant, who is retiring after expressing himself strongly on the question of "lights out"). "SERGEANT! SERGEANT! YOU HAVEN'T KISSED ME GOOD-NIGHT!"

"Believe me," he said, "no one could more sincerely regret the fact than I do. But there has obviously been some mistake."

"Mistake? I don't understand you."

"What I mean is," said Gerald, "all this accident business. Of course, as a private individual I should at any time be delighted to rescue you from anything in reason. But as a hero, accidents are (if you will forgive me) not in my line."

"Your line?" cried the astonished girl.

"Light comedy," he explained, "with sparkling dialogue, and perhaps a touch of refined farce. At the present moment I am travelling into the country to meet an unknown heiress whom my late uncle's will constrains me to marry. So naturally when I saw you come in——"

"I see," said the girl. "It was an error," she added magnanimously, "that any hero might excusably make."

She looked so attractive in her own rather vague line-and-wash style as she said it that Gerald was moved to continue—

"I only wish it had been true."

The girl suddenly laughed, perhaps to cover her slight confusion.

"I was thinking," she explained, "that, as two short stories are apparently laid in the same train and have got mixed, in some other compartment there is probably a strong silent hero who specializes in rescues trying to make head or tail of your bright comedy heiress."

"Suppose," suggested Gerald suddenly, "that we leave them at it."

"How do you mean?"

"There's a station in five minutes. Let us slip out there, and leave them to explain matters to each other after the smash. That ending would be at least as satisfactory as the usual kind."

The train was already slowing down. "Will you?" he asked.

Still, though the paragraphs were running out, the girl hesitated. Then at last she turned to him with that wonderful smile of hers that has been the grave of so many artistic reputations.

"Yes," she said. She held out her arms.

"My mistake!" said Gerald apologetically; "I had nearly forgotten that little formality."

He kissed her.

Fine Head-work.

"The advance of the Allied Fleet up the Dardanelles is causing the heads of the Balkan States to stroke their chins thoughtfully."
Southern Daily Echo.

A Debt of Honour.

The Hon. Secretary of the Committee for the Relief of Belgian Soldiers writes to the Editor of *Punch*:—"M. Emile Vandervelde, Minister of State, would be very grateful if you would again help him, as the need of the Belgian Soldiers is very great, and as the earlier appeal which you were good enough to publish was very successful." Mr. Punch begs his kind readers to send further assistance to King Albert's gallant Army, addressing their gifts to M. Emile Vandervelde, Victoria Hotel, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

"He is again near the scene of his defeat at the said Przanysz."—*The Observer.*

This is mere swank. Mr. GARVIN has only written it; he never said it.

"The second of the Saturday afternoon lectures at Trinity College will take place to-morrow afternoon at half past three in the Convocation Hall, when Dr. Alexander Fraser will lecture on 'The Kiltie Church in Scotland and Its Missionary Work.'"
Toronto Daily News.

Is this the Church more widely known as the "Wee Frees," many members of which are doing excellent missionary work in Flanders in counteracting Kultur?

THE UNIFORM.

"So you've got it on," said Francesca, as she surprised me before the looking-glass in my dressing-room.

"Yes," I said, "I've got most of it on. There are a few straps I'm not sure about, but we can fit them in later."

"You'll never get those straps right," said Francesca; "there are too many of them. No civilian could possibly cope with them."

"But when I wear this uniform," I said, "I'm not a civilian. I'm a soldier, every inch of me."

"But you can't be said to wear the uniform properly until you've got it on, straps and all, so if you can't put on the straps you'll be a civilian to the last day of your miserable life."

"Things might go better," I said, "if you'd come and help a chap instead of splitting straws at him. This Sam Browne belt will be the death of me."

"Don't give in," said Francesca, "and don't get so suffused. An officer in a Volunteer Defence Corps should be more determined and less purple in the face. Infirm of purpose, give me the leather."

"Take it," I said, "and do the best you can. I'm fed up with all these brass rings and studs and buckles."

"I wonder," said Francesca, as she took stray shots with the strap-ends—"I wonder if Sam Browne, the inventor, can ever have dreamed of the agony his belt would some day cause to a thoroughly inoffensive family. There—the belt is safely on, the straps are all tucked up tight into something or other. You look fairly like the illustrated advertisements. Now let's study you at a distance."

"Not yet, Francesca. I haven't got my sword on yet. I refuse to be inspected without my sword."

"One sword forward! Quick! Isn't it a beauty? Which side ought it to go?"

"There is a prejudice in favour of the left side, and you'll find a place specially provided for it there."

She jammed it in and stood off to contemplate the effect.

"Of course," I said, "a sword is a superfluity. They don't really wear swords now-a-days at the Front."

"But you," she said, "are really wearing this one, and that's all I care about. Why, the hilt alone is worth all the money."

"Yes," I said, "the hilt is extraordinarily handsome."

"It's the most bloodthirsty and terrifying thing I've ever seen. But tell me, now that you've got the whole uniform on, what are you?"

"I am," I said proudly, "a Platoon Commander or a Commander of something of that kind. They won't let me call myself a Lieutenant for fear of my getting mixed up with the regular army, but I'm a subaltern all right."

"A grey-haired subaltern," she said, "one of the most pathetic things in literature. Don't you remember him in the old military novels? A most deserving man, but so poor that he could never rise in rank. The gilded popinjays turned into Captains and Majors and Colonels, but he, although he kept on winning battles and saving the army, remained a subaltern to the end. I never thought to have married a grey-haired subaltern."

"Well, you've done it," I said, "and you can't get out of it now. Another time you'll be more careful."

"Let's go out," she said, "and take a walk through the village and show you off."

"But I don't want to be shown off," I said. "This uniform is meant for work, not for show."

"And do you mean seriously to tell me," she said, "that, after bruising my fingers on your straps and rings and buckles and Sam Browne belts, I'm to get nothing out of it, not even a little innocent open-air amusement? Come, you can't mean that."

"Yes, I can. I'm not ready for the open-air yet. The uniform's not accustomed to it."

"But," she said, "you must begin some time or other."

"I know I must; but I shall do the thing gradually, so as to coax the uniform into the air. One day I shall stand in the lower passage, where there's always a draught, and the next I can open all the doors and windows in the library and walk about there, and then by the end of a week or so I might work out into the porch, and so, bit by bit, into the garden. But it'll be a slow business, I'm afraid."

"Volunteer uniforms," said Francesca, "seem to take a lot of hardening."

"They do," I said; "and besides there's another objection to going out."

"What's that? Your modesty?"

"No," I said, "my pride. We might meet a regular soldier."

"We should be sure," she said, "to meet dozens of them, and they'd all salute you. I should love to see them doing it."

"But suppose they didn't do it, where would you be then, Francesca, and how would you feel about your grey-haired soldier boy? These regulars might fail to realise the importance of my grey-green volunteer uniform or even to recognise its existence. Such things have happened."

"But Tommy Atkins is a hero, and no hero could be so cruel as that."

"Oh yes, he could," I said. "It wouldn't cost him a thought. All he would have to do would be to look straight at me and not to raise his hand to his cap. It's the easiest thing in the world."

"Then you're afraid?" she said.

"No," I said, "I'm not. I feel as if I could face fifty Germans, but just at present I'm not going to chance it with Tommy Atkins."

"You're the most disappointing Platoonist I ever knew," she said. "But perhaps you won't mind my calling the children. There's no reason why they shouldn't see their father, the Field Marshal."

"Yes," I said, "you may call in the children."

R. C. L.

THE PIG-IRON IN THEIR SOUL.

[Dr. PANNEWITZ, in an article in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, advocates the slaughter of 20,000,000 pigs, in order to preserve the potato supply, remarking that they are more dangerous than the English army, etc., put together.]

NOT for Old England now your deepest hate.
No; on a side track you appear to shunt her,
And doom to death at no far distant date
The Teuton grunter.

For he was wont with his unerring snout,
Out of the reach of every eye or missile,
To eat your own potatoes up without
Turning a bristle.

So the insulting hog's life you would take,
Banning all pity from your mental compass,
For twenty million dying pigs will make
A mighty rumpus.

And, oh! what feasts of sausages untold!
But who will eat up your potato peelings?
And won't you miss in other ways the old
Familiar squealings?

And muse, mayhap, with mournful countenance,
When those leal friends of earlier hours are taken,
That you have lost your last remaining chance
To "save your bacon"?



Bill (who has just acquired a trench periscope). "HERE Y' ARE, ALF. NOW YOU WATCH ME. THIS IS HOW TO GET 'EM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Peter Paragon, Mr. JOHN PALMER'S novel, which finds itself in MARTIN SECKER'S intriguing Spring list, is a version of the old Odyssey of youth in search of love. Unlike our latest fashionable heroes, who arrive at their approximate solutions through successive experiments of varying degrees of seriousness, *Peter*, a thoroughly serious person from his earliest years, steers clear of rocks of temptation and shoals of false emotion, finally bringing his unwrecked galley safe into harbour. So much distinctly to the good. But here's a curious book. On page 60, *Peter's* father, conscientious clerk, admirable gardener, ineffectual anarchist, whose relations with his son are quite charmingly described and realised, is brought home dead from a street meeting with a bullet through his brain. Some serious effect of so unusual a happening is no doubt intended? Not at all. It simply marks the end of a chapter and the beginning of others in a quite new key. *Peter*, made rich by a successful uncle, goes up to Oxford, to Gamaliel, becomes inevitably "*Peter Pagger*," and leads a set of intellectuals who sharpen their wit by elaborate ragging. An old Gamaliel man may be assumed to speak with authority, as here he certainly does with sprightliness, of several of the traditional rags of recent years, adding in a burst of creative exuberance the diverting adventure of the trousers of the *Junior Prior*. *Peter*, sent down, and established in London, wearies of the intellectuals of Golder's Green and Clement's Inn, and drifts reverently into upper circles. Here, to be candid, his creator slips into something perilously near *The Family Herald*, tempered of course by the Gamaliel manner. No, the part about the dying Earl, and *Lady Mary*, who believed so immensely in herself and her order, won't do. And if the other parts about the naughty granddaughter of the farmer, and *Vivette*, the musical comedian, and the return of *Miranda* will do (of which I'm not sure), at least they don't fit. In fact I'm not quite convinced that Mr. Palmer has not been indulging in a little literary rag of his own for our confusion.

Probably by this time most readers of memoirs have pleasant associations with the name of Mrs. HUGH FRASER, so that her latest volume, *More Italian Yesterdays* (HUTCHINSON), will need little recommendation. If you love Italy and enjoy anecdotal history, ancient and modern, served in a medium of pleasant gossipy talk, you will like this book. Much of it might perhaps more aptly be described as Italian days-before-yesterday. There are, for example, some chapters on the sanguinary affairs of mediæval Naples, and others—more interesting—about the rise and fall of KING MURAT. For these last alone the book would be well worth reading. But what I have always liked most about Mrs. HUGH FRASER'S style is its versatility. Discursive is an inadequate word. She is fully capable of ranging in a paragraph from the horrors of Bourbon cruelty to the engaging naughtiness of her nephews. As she herself says, "With the best intentions in the world I start to tell the story of some great person . . . and in the middle of the tale the sun strikes on my page—a child laughs across the street . . . and farewell to the historic train of thought! My hero or saint recedes into the shadows, and relinquishes the canvas to a thousand amiable little sprites of memory who hold it till they have frisked through the very last step of their dance." Which exactly, and far better than I could do it myself, indicates the charm of her book. I loved especially a story she tells—in connection with nothing—of how her

small sister and brother sent out widespread invitations for a party of "theatrakulls" to the number of some two hundred, and only by a happy accident was the grown-up hostess warned of this entertainment. It seems characteristic that no attempt was made to avoid the undesigned responsibility, and the "theatrakulls" duly took place, with enormous success. Surely, much of the jollity of a family like that survives in its daughter's pages.

There is, or was, to be seen in the papers an advertisement of some profit-sharing tobacco company, of which the chief feature was a happy-looking person with a cigar in his mouth who was supposed to be saying through the clouds of the same, "I am paid to smoke." I achieved something of this man's happiness while reading *The Voice of the Turtle*. The thought that I was actually being paid to read it made my pleasure perfect, for as a rule, when I become absorbed in a book, an inconvenient conscience worries me with suggestions that I am a lazy devil well on the road to the workhouse. It is a shame to take money for reading *The Voice of the Turtle*. It is the pleasantest, most engaging book. *Shallows*, Mr. FREDERICK WATSON'S last novel, good as it was, had not prepared me for this excellent comedy. If Messrs. METHUEN, who publish both books, have any influence with Mr. WATSON, they will urge him to stick to comedy, for it is his line. He has the style, the sureness of touch, the gift for characterization, the humour and the instinct for the good phrase which command success in this branch (or twig) of literature. He can be delightfully amusing, and, like the lady in Mr. GEORGE ADE'S fable, can "turn right around and be serious." As proof of the first statement I would adduce the description of *Mr. Martin Floss's* reasons for taking Deeping Hall, in Loamshire, his journey thither and his first attendance at church; as proof of the second, the various scenes in which the gradual alteration in his character is conveyed to the reader. Mr. WATSON, as a writer, is the exact opposite of his *Mr. Richards*, the choir-singer. The latter, "with a reckless debauch of strength," produced no results whatever. The former has written an excellent novel without seeming to exert himself at all. He has just quietly thrown off a little masterpiece.



MORE GERMAN LOSSES.

"MY BROTHER WRITES THAT HE'S FOUND ONE OF THOSE UHLANS' HELMETS, AND HE'S STICKING TO IT AS A KEEPSAKE."
"MY! WON'T THE KAISER BE MAD!"

Mrs. PARRY TRUSCOTT had intended to call her latest story *Such Is Life*, but discovered at the last minute that this title had been already requisitioned. She has hit on a second name that is meant, I suppose, to come to about the same thing as the first, since to be *Brother-in-Law to Potts* (WERNER LAURIE), or such as *Potts*, may be taken as a typical incident of every-day existence. For it is as a very ordinary person that he is introduced, and the same applies to his brother-in-law; in fact so humdrum did all my new acquaintances seem likely to be from the opening chapters that I had serious doubts whether I could ever call them friends. A fellowship in tube and bus is all very well, but on a winter evening I like the figures that people my hearthstone to bring in some finer air of mystery and romance. But the authoress, as I ought to have remembered, knew well what she was about, and showed me once more that the slangy bank clerk on the opposite seat was not only her hero, but a worthy knight of KING ARTHUR'S Table; that her commercial traveller carried about a life-work of regeneration with his bag. Indeed before I had gone far I was made to realise that, though the scene of the drama was a London common and a house or two in its dreary neighbourhood, the piece itself, humorous, romantic, tragic in turns, was really an old, old mystery play—consciously allegorical. Whether as an allegory it is entirely successful, or whether it will be remembered more for the fascinating intimacy of its characterisation and the almost uncanny penetration of its philosophy, I am not presuming to say. Perhaps you may think that the difficulty of knowing where to stop is not perfectly overcome—I admit I would rather have known either more or less of the *Beautiful Lady*—but that is a point you must consider after reading the book. Take my advice and do so at once.

Glad as I am to welcome Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS back to the Devonshire that is his by right of pen, I think that *Brunel's Tower* (HEINEMANN) is a little lacking in salt and also in West Country atmosphere. But it would be unfair to blame Mr. PHILLPOTTS for these regrettable omissions because his main object here is to give us a very complex psychological study. "A tall, thin boy was stealing turnips, and, chance sending a man to look over a gate, that accident determined the whole future life of the turnip-stealer." At once my sympathy was enlisted on behalf of this lad—*Harvey Porter*—who preferred stealing to starving, but after he had found refuge in the pottery called *Brunel's Tower* and had become a favourite with the owner my interest in him began sadly to wane. With meticulous care Mr. PHILLPOTTS sets forth his hero's character; no fairer statement of a case was ever made. But granted that a boy of *Harvey's* upbringing might be puzzled to distinguish clearly between right and wrong, I still wonder whether among his besetting foibles the vice of meanness need have figured so strongly. Specialists in the influences of heredity and environment will revel in a study that is marked by great sincerity, but I have such an affection for Mr. PHILLPOTTS' former work that I cannot offer him a very enthusiastic welcome in his new *rôle* of psychologist.

"The Guillaume was congratulated by the British Admiralty on its bombardment of Dardanos fort. This vessel demolished powerful batteries, and was struck by two 150 kilometre calibre projectiles."
Dublin Evening Mail.

These 94-mile calibre guns would have been used in the West, no doubt, but that they are somewhat lacking in mobility.

CHARIVARIA.

HALIL BEY, President of the Turkish Chamber, has informed an interviewer, "The attack on the Dardanelles leaves us cold in Constantinople." Of course our idea was that it should have a chilling effect.

* * *

"THE DARDANELLES
OPERATIONS DELAYED
BY GEORGE LYON"
Express.

It is really very handsome of Mr. LYON to take the responsibility upon himself when everyone else was blaming the weather.

* * *

A German airman last week dropped several bombs off Deal, but failed to do any permanent damage to the sea, the holes being closed up almost immediately.

* * *

From a description of the recent raid on Calais:—"As the Zeppelin drew farther away the firing gradually diminished." This, we believe, is in accordance with the best military precepts.

* * *

A German comic paper publishes a drawing of "Admiral John Bull" surrounded by a horde of submarines, and saying, "I suddenly see rats." The German submarines, we take it, are called rats because they leave sinking ships.

* * *

The following rhapsody appeared in a recent issue of the *Kölnische Zeitung*:—"The German hymn 'Deutschland über Alles' is the loftiest, the noblest, the most elevating, the manliest, the most inspiring, the most tuneful, the grandest, the most poetical and glorious song that has ever welled forth from human breast. It is divine, as is the origin of the people for whom it was composed." The *Kölnische Zeitung* may now fairly be called a pro-German paper.

* * *

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON has been discussing the question whether the War will hurt religion. There seems to be a general feeling that the religion of Odin will be rather badly hit.

* * *

According to the *Figaro*, the KAISER has a double. This explains the popular belief that he is beside himself.

* * *

Indeed, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE has recently published a book to prove that the KAISER is mad. We gather, however, that this must be a comparatively recent affliction, for it is stated in an article in *The Sunday Pictorial* that His Imperial Majesty once granted an interview to Mr. WHITE.

* * *

"£5,000 PAUPER
INVESTMENTS FOUND AFTER POOR-LAW
FUNERAL."

This gives one a vivid idea of the wealth of our country. German papers please note.

* * *

It is stated that, owing to the principal osier beds from which wicker canes are obtained being in Belgium, there is a marked shortage of cradles. This is serious, as children may hesitate to be born.

* * *

It is interesting to learn from the current number of *The Author* that there is something in the popular belief that authors write their own books and not each other's. Messrs. METHUEN, our contemporary informs us, have published "Mrs. Stanley Wrench's new novel *Lily Louisa*, by Mrs. Stanley Wrench."

From a confectioner's handbill:—

"Meat Pies (fresh daily) a Speciality. Parties catered for and neatly executed."

Even the Germans have not gone beyond this.



Desperate Scout. "PLEASE, SIR, DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE SUCH A THING AS A PERISCOPE ABOUT YOU?"

A Spring Tragedy.

"In the hedgerows precious primroses mildly gleamed; on the waving branches of the trees birds could be seen ready to burst. Some at least have bursted—on the elders especially."
Folkestone Herald.

This is, we fear, the regrettable result of overfeeding, and, if so, the elders (parents, we presume) have only themselves to blame for the disagreeable consequences.

Imperial Court News.

"Prince August Wilhelm recently underwent a slight throat operation at Clini Que, near Berlin. His condition is described as satisfactory."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

We understand that the PRINCE will presently leave Clini Que, near Berlin, for the fresher air and livelier surroundings of Point d'Appui, in the North of France.

From a letter in *The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*:—

"I had the pleasure of observing the beautiful meteorite on the evening of 9th March, walking eastwards.

I would see it for at least four seconds, and its velocity was somewhat slow."

Naturally, if it was walking. This case of pedestrian exercise on the part of a heavenly body is not unique. We all remember TENNYSON'S description of Orion, "Sloping slowly to the west."

"The 'Telegraaf' learns that one of the Prussian railway administrations recently sent a notice to all goods stations saying that the quantity of goods sent by combatants to their families at home has assumed such proportions that now and then suspicions have arisen that the packages contain illegally acquired war-booty or private property illegally seized in a hostile country, especially if the rank and social standing of the senders do not justify the supposition that the senders are men of means."
Reuter.

It was of course fully justified in the case of the CROWN PRINCE, who is quite well off.

A Hanging Judge.

"After being suspended during St. Patrick's Day County Court Judge Drummond resumed the civil cases on Thursday."
King's County Chronicle.

"New Books.

RELIGION.

THE IDEALS OF THE PROPHETS: SERMONS. By the late Canon S. R. Driver.
THE NEXT LIFE. By the Rev. J. Reid Howatt.
NAPOLEON III. AND THE WOMEN HE LOVED. By Hector Fleischmann."
The Glasgow Herald.

We should have preferred to see the last of these books classified under "Various."

BERNHARDI'S APOLOGIA.

[In the New York Press the author of *Germany and the Next War* has explained the purity of his own and his country's attitude; and has followed up this defence with a *résumé* of the War, completely favourable to Germany, and corresponding in scarcely a single detail with the facts.]

I'M told they ask for bread and find
Their staff of life a broken reed
(No doubt a Teuton bluff designed
To make the hearts of neutrals bleed);
But you, BERNHARDI, you at least
Need never know an aching hollow,
Who have, for your perpetual feast,
So many swelling words to swallow.

On these a siege you well might bear
Such as Przemysl never faced,
And show at last, with hands in air,
A heavy bulge about the waist;
For, though the cud that you have chewed
Has cost a deal of masticating,
I think you never handled food
So rich, so meaty, so inflating.

On this ambrosial forage fed
You leave your rôle of warrior-seer,
To re-create the past instead
For long and innocent ears to hear;
And in your twopence-coloured tract—
Its Teuton touch so light and airy—
Dull History, disengaged from Fact,
Debouches on the bounds of Faerie.

I ask myself, as I survey
Your effort in *The New York Sun*,
"What will the other liars say
When they perceive their gifts outdone;
When they suspect, what now I know
Who hitherto retained a bias
In favour of the WOLFF Bureau—
That you're the leading ANANIAS?" O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XVIII.

(*A Fragment from G**RG* B*RN**D SH*W.*)

. . . but when I am asked to go a step farther I really must cry Halt. For the truth is that you yourself, with your awful nod and your glittering uniforms and your loud meaningless talking and your sham religion and your fondness for poor jokes, are merely one of the superfluous things of which the world is full. Nobody who knows me will suppose that, because I have chosen an inappropriate moment for showing up my fellow-countrymen, I am therefore likely to sing hosannas in *your* praise. What I see in you is, as I say, a superfluity. What you see in me Heaven knows, and I think I can guess. It is intellect, pure intellect, and in paying attention to what is represented to you as intellect you imagine you are acting up to the traditions of your family.

To be sure your predecessor didn't make much of his intimacy with VOLTAIRE. When all is taken into account the sneering ill-conditioned old writer has the best of the quarrel, though no doubt the King had his happy moments when he set the philosopher shrieking his woes all over Europe. No, I don't like the precedent. I cannot imagine myself at Potsdam any more than I can imagine you at a general meeting of the Fabian Society. By this I don't mean that there are no worse places than Potsdam, any more than I mean that there are no more delectable discussions than those of my beloved Fabians. All I mean is that you and I, both of us admirable men in our way, had better keep ourselves to our own pasture grounds and not try, as you are trying, to encroach upon those of our neighbours. What should I do at Potsdam? It is possible, perhaps, for a German to have *esprit*—to be light and witty in conversation, sympathetic in his intercourse with others, unpedantic and rational in his judgments; but if we may assume the existence of such a German we may at the same time be quite certain that we shan't find him in Potsdam or in any place that has the true Potsdam qualities, with its tame Professors, its stiff military heel-clickers, its intolerable heaviness in the intellectual atmosphere and its calm assumption, maddening to a mind like mine, that Germans are necessarily right because they are Germans. To be patronised by a Professor or a General, and above all to be patronised in the German language, would be death to me in something less than ten minutes. I don't want to die and I do want to go on writing prefaces to my plays, so to Potsdam, the Canossa of the spirit, I, at any rate, refuse to go.

May I remind you, by the way, that FREDERICK, your supreme model and CARLYLE'S favourite, was in some points but a poor German. Prussians he thought excellent as material for filling up casualty lists, but beyond that he doesn't seem to have cared to give them much power. As to the German language, he had the utmost contempt for it as a medium of intercourse between civilised human beings. Next to his ambition to win fame and rob MARIA THERESA he had one ardent desire—to shine as a master of the French language. He deluged VOLTAIRE with his efforts in French poetry. After he had defeated SOUBISE in the battle of Rossbach he sat down and composed a perfectly execrable copy of French verses, in which he held his enemy up to the derision of mankind in an abominable series of insults. The badness of the lines may perhaps be taken as a strong proof of his patriotism. Have you ever read them? And, if you have, what do you think of them?

You are certainly wrong when you declare that the German case in this War must commend itself by its not-to-be-broken strength to any candid mind. No mind could well be more candid than mine, and I can only say that, having read with great reluctance much that has been written on the subject by Germans, I have come to the conclusion that your German case is the worst of all those produced by the War. In comparison the case of England is crystal clear, and even the case of Austria takes on a certain amount of reasonableness. If you ask me why I don't say that in England, I reply that that is not my way. To pour cold water on the opinions of one's countrymen is the best plan for getting oneself talked about—better even than putting on a silver helmet and spouting Imperial rubbish before an Army Corps. And if one makes a howler about the history of the United States and the proprietorship of Alaska so much the better. It isn't everybody who can get himself corrected by a schoolboy.

Yours at a distance, G. B. S.

The Truce.

"Our readers are earnestly requested to support heAdvertisers in the paper."—*The Common Cause.*

Appearing in an organ of the feminists this shows a most forgiving spirit.

"All Germany wanted from Russia was that she should not continue to be the hope of the Slaps."—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle.*

If Germany wanted to attract the Slaps to herself she has succeeded beyond her wildest hopes.



A BRAZEN BAND.

Imperial Conductor. "STICK TO IT, TIRPITZ; KEEP ON MELTING THEIR HEARTS!"



A TOO GREAT SACRIFICE.

Jones (after half-an-hour with the bugle band). "I MUST CHUCK THIS. AFTER ALL—WHY RUIN ONE'S FACE?"

A WAY WE HAVE.

Pte. 111111 Wilks had had a bad night. The result was that he found himself a few days later charged with:

(1) When on guard being drunk at his post.

(2) Mistaking the C.O. for a rabbit and shooting him in the leg.

(3) Striking several of his superior officers.

(4) Laying-out the Quartermaster.

(5) Losing by neglect one sock value fourpence.

Second-Lieutenant Smithson found himself attending the court-martial "for instruction." He was duly instructed.

* * * * *

The preliminary proceedings were lengthy, but with the help of Captain Hake's *Manual of Military Law* and Captain Halibut's *King's Regulations* and *Manual of Map Reading* the President got through them satisfactorily. After twenty minutes' hard writing he looked up at the junior officers under instruction, and, realizing that they were losing interest, gave them permission to think. Second-Lieutenant Smithson accordingly abandoned himself to thought . . .

The prisoner having been brought in, the Court was then sworn. The President swore Captains Hake and Halibut, and Captain Hake swore the President. It was now Captain Halibut's turn, and he swore the junior officers. There were about fifteen of them, and he decided to swear them all together on the same book. In the *mêlée* which ensued several thumbs were unplaced and most of the others were left unkissed.

The prisoner pleaded "Guilty" to the first four charges and "Not Guilty" to the fifth. The Court was completely upset by this, and Captain Hake had to lose himself in the 908 pages of *Military Law* for some hours before it regained its calm. The President then announced that he would take Charge 5 first. A very young subaltern, who was still suffering from the shock of having his thumb kissed simultaneously by two perfect strangers, dropped his sword with a clatter into the fender and spent the rest of the day trying to get it back into its scabbard. It seemed to have got bigger somehow. . .

The evidence was then read. It was to the effect that Company Quartermaster-Sergeant Sturgeon deposed that on-or-about-the-5th-ult.-he-had-served-out-one-pair-of-socks-value-eightpence to-the-accused-and-that-on-or-about-the-22nd-inst.-the-accused-was-found-in-possession-of-only-half-a-pair-of-socks-cross-examined-by-accused-did-I-only-have-half-a-pair-of-socks-Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant-you-did.

The Prosecutor rose. He said that the accused, on or about the something ult., had had one pair of socks served out to him, value eightpence, and that on or about a later date (inst.) he was only in possession of half-a-pair of socks. Consequently he was charged with losing by neglect one sock, value (approximately) fourpence.

Company Quartermaster-Sergeant Sturgeon was then called.

President. Now then, just tell us what happened.

C. Q.-M.-S. Sturgeon. — Sir, on or about the fifth of February, nineteen hundred and fifteen, I served out to the accused, one pair of socks, value eightpence. On or about the twenty-second of March, nineteen hundred and fifteen——

This was the third time Second-Lieutenant Smithson had had it in full, and he yawned slightly.

President. Yes. Now I must write that down. Begin again, and say it slowly.

C. Q.-M.-S. Sturgeon.—Sir, on or about the fifth——

President. On—or—about—the—

At this point the President's nib broke, and the youngest subaltern but one was sent out for a stronger one. He rose, put his cap on, walked to the door, turned round, saluted, went out, sent somebody for a nib, came in again, saluted, took his cap off and sat down. Second-Lieutenant Smithson sighed and envied him his busy morning.

President (*finishing his writing*). Yes. Now I 'll just read that to you. "On or about the——"

("That 's the fifth time I 've heard it," said Smithson to himself. "I hope it will be useful at the Front").

A junior officer, who had described himself as Prisoner's Counsel, but, on the emergence of Captain Hake from the middle of *Military Law* twenty minutes later, consented to answer to the name of Prisoner's Friend, rose to cross-examine.

Prisoner's Friend. What makes you think that——

The Prosecutor jumped up and said that on page 79 it was distinctly laid down that the Prisoner's Friend was not allowed to cross-examine until *after* the verdict.

Captain Halibut (*turning to page 79*). There 's nothing about it here.

The President pointed out to Captain Halibut that he was consulting the *Manual of Map Reading*. Captain Halibut apologised and suggested that a window should be opened.

A heated discussion followed. Prisoner's Friend said that he only wanted to ask the witness if he were *quite* certain. Witness said at once that he was. Prosecutor said that he wanted to say some time or other, and he didn't much mind when, that shooting your commanding officer in the leg was a very serious thing. President assured him that, as prisoner had already pleaded guilty to this, nothing more could be said on the subject. All Prosecutor could do was to point out the heinousness of losing half a pair of socks. Prosecutor promised to do this.

The day rolled on . .

At about 3.30 P.M. the Court was cleared. The Prosecutor went out under protest.

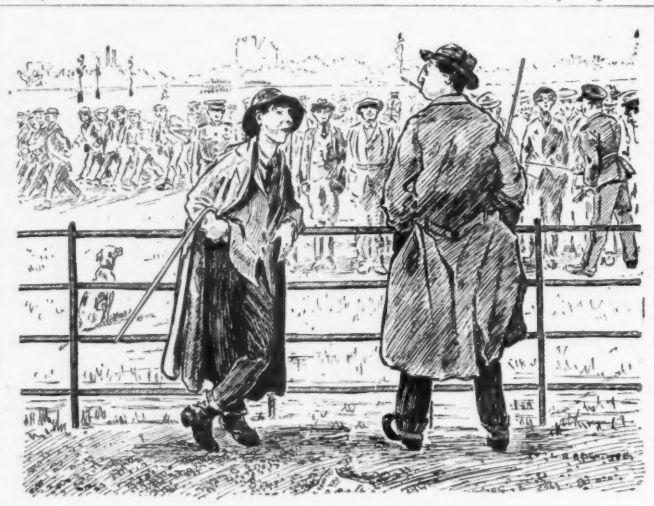
"Guilty?" said the President to the two captains.

"Does it matter?" said Captain Halibut. "He 's pleaded guilty to much worse things."

The President thought it didn't matter much, but Captain Hake pointed out severely that in that case the whole day of one major, two captains, an adjutant and fifteen subalterns had been wasted—an incredible thing to suggest. "Besides," he added, "it 's a question who is going to pay for the new sock."

"True," said the President; "then let 's give him the benefit and say, 'Not guilty.'"

Captain Hake fell into the *Manual of Military Law* and explained how this should be entered . . .



PERCY'S PROGRESS.

"CURIOUS THING, REGGIE—THESE CHAPS DRILLIN' EVERYWHERE USED TO BORE ME AWFULLY, ONCE; BUT NOW I FIND I RATHER LIKE WATCHIN' 'EM. SORT OF THING THAT SEEMS TO KIND OF GROW ON ONE."

Second-Lieutenant Smithson woke up for the third time.

"And now," said the President at last, "the sentence. He turned to the youngest subaltern. What do you suggest?" he asked.

The youngest subaltern had just got his sword into its scabbard at last. He jumped up, said "Death" huskily, thought of the prisoner's mother and altered it to "Admonished," and sat down.

The President turned to the next subaltern.

"Reduced to Corporal," said the next one briskly.

"He 's a private already," said the President, consulting his papers.

The subaltern lost his head. "Promoted to Corporal," he amended hastily, and hid himself behind his cap.

The President decided to consult the two Captains. . . .

* * * * *

And that, you think, is the end. How stupid of you. It turned out that Captain Hake's name was really Captain Hike, a fact which of course washed out the whole proceedings. So another court-martial was held, and Second-Lieutenant Smithson, again up for instruction, heard C. Q.-M.-S. Sturgeon's evidence five more times. And even that didn't settle it; for at the end of the second court-martial the convening officer made another discovery. Second-Lieutenant Smithson fancies it was that Prisoner's Friend had paraded in court with the upper lip shaved—contrary to the King's Regulations, Sect. XII., par. 1696; anyway there was a third court-martial, and for the fifteenth time Second-Lieutenant Smithson heard the words: "One pair of socks value eightpence." He knows them by heart now and is introducing them into a little handbook he is preparing. It is called *Lightning Training in War Time*.

A. A. M.

The New Hellenism.

Touching the advance on Constantinople "A. G. G." in *The Daily News* wrote recently:—

"It is not unduly fanciful to see in it a modern counterpart of that legend of the Greek fleet that sailed up those same waters to Troy to rescue the ravished bride of Agamemnon."

Pardon us, but we think it is unduly fanciful. AGAMEMNON had enough marital troubles of his own to bear without being saddled with those of brother MENELAUS.

Bane and Antidote.

"Wanted at once, chest of drawers and piano for learner."

Edinburgh Evening News.

"I wonder," writes the sender of the above, "what a learner can learn from a chest of drawers." We have found the answer. He can learn to shut up.

"All that is required is one yard of Zephyr or print, and a skein of white flax thread. The zephyr may be bought at 4d. a yard, and the flax thread will cost one penny. So you see, the cost of one overall will be 5¼d."

Woman's Weekly.

The arithmetic may seem peculiar, but something must be allowed for the labour, and besides, the ¾*d.* gives such a realistic touch.



Bus Driver (much annoyed at zigzag course of coal-cart). "HI! WOT YER THINK YOU 'RE DOIN'? DODGIN' A SUBMARINE?"

THE ROAD TO BERLIN.

I'M looking for the man who designed the "Silver Bullet" puzzle. I have something to say to him that won't keep.

What's so maddening is Peter's attitude towards the wretched thing. He comes in from school, sees it lying about, picks it up any old how, gives it a few really hard shakes, a pat here and a bang there, and the bullet is where good British bullets should be—in Berlin.

He doesn't even give his mind to it while he's doing it, but goes on whistling the air which was in progress when he arrived home.

Peter is rising nine, and I'm a few inches over forty-seven, and a special constable with prospects of early promotion, but I haven't succeeded in mastering the puzzle yet.

Yesterday Peter went over the course a dozen times in as many minutes. "You have another try, Daddy," he said.

"Well, only one," I said.

I got as far as Magdeburg for the first time in my life, and determined to have one more. "Absolutely the last," I said.

It was then 8.10, and at 8.46 I think Peter was sorry he had tempted me.

"Look here," I said, "you may stay up till I've done it, for a treat. I shan't be long. I nearly did it that time. I got past Hanover."

"Thanks," said Peter, "but I have to go to school in the morning. As you're busy, I'm going to bed now."

I was busy. I'd reached Hamburg three times, and the lust of conquest was heavy on me. It was at 11.15 that the flower-vase went. Dresden was responsible for that. There is a horrible swan-neck curve as you approach the town from Leipzig, and I tried one of Peter's sideway jerks. Still, if I hadn't been leaning over the table to get the full benefit of the electric light which hangs over it, Alison's favourite bit of glass might have gone on a little longer.

Towards midnight Alison called to know if I was aware of the time.

"Hush!" I said; "I'm just outside Berlin. The Germans might hear you. I've got to Potsdam."

I shouted the last syllable because at that moment the bullet slipped down the hole. By 12.30 I had reached Potsdam four times, and four times the accursed Bosches had mined the road and swallowed the advancing foe.

It was not till 1.17 that by an unparalleled feat of dexterity I got the bullet past Potsdam, and Berlin fell.

Unfortunately the rest of the apparatus fell with it, and the glass broke.

That was the price I had to pay for Peace, but it was worth it.

At G. H. Q.

"My interview took place in a large and well-lighted room, the sole furniture of which was a huge table spread with maps and some armchairs."—*Daily Telegraph.*

It must have been "some" table, too.

In the North Sea Squadron they refer to the Kiel Canal as Fleet Street.

"Those who may wish to supplement Loss of Capital sustained by depreciation in the value of investments which hitherto have been regarded as contributing the main provision for their families should write for particulars of a special scheme for this purpose."—*Advt. in "Irish Times."*

With "racing as usual" a special scheme seems superfluous.

WAR NEWS FROM ITALY.

Rome, March 26th, 1915.

I THINK it may interest you to know what the Press here is saying about the War. In Italy we do not have "Stop Press News" or "Latest News from the Front." We browse instead on "Ultimate Notices" and "Recentissimies" (an Ultimate Notice bearing about the same relationship to a Recentissimy as a London "egg" to a London "new-laid egg"). The language also possesses the advantage of enabling one to make short work of places like Lwow (Leopoli is both elegant and practicable), though towns consisting purely of consonants remain the same Shibboleths here as elsewhere. We have apparently several sources of information, and from a general sifting of telegrams I have come to the conclusion that those headed G.E. are trustworthy, while those preceded by E.V. are not. Caterina, who makes periodical sorties from the kitchen to proffer pantomimic assistance when I am in difficulties, suggests that they all emanate from the Devil; but then she is a Sicilian.

"(G.E.) One announces from Londra, and *The Daily Mews* annexes grand importance to this telegram," etc., is read with interest and only slight mental reservation. "(E.V.) From Berlino by radiotelegrafy" (we read on for fun) "one is informed that ten English ships of war became sunk in the sea of the North after a sconflict with our torpedoes"; or telegrams headed, "The War *reflected* from Berlino," are frankly dismissed with a smile of superior wisdom or an impatient shrug.

You must not suppose that because Italy is neutral she is sparing of headlines and large type; on the contrary, we indulge in these in a most liberal manner. Then, too, regarding our official news, we are not to be put off with such dry stuff as the consolidation of positions round Perthes or slight progress near to Berry-au-Bac. We have instead strictly neutral guesses of an agreeably titillating nature:—

"The Russians respinted from Polonia?" "The defunct general Haddanuffsky shall have been resurrected?" "80,000 prisoners and four mitragliatrices impadronited by the Austrians?"

Unfortunately other sentences apparently guileless are not all that they seem, and Caterina's gestabulary is not always equal to coping with them. On the other hand, "The German State Major has prepared since a long time a vast and complex piano," etc., is obviously sheer rubbish.

Some gems I secrete from Caterina, and hug them in all their fascinating obscurantism to my British bosom. For example—"*Scontri fra pattuglie di cavalleria nelle trincee nel pomeriggio del* 24." I often brood over this. "Scounters between pattugles of cavalry" opens well enough; but the rest seems to be a conundrum.

The Italian language is nothing if not courteous. Note how amiably it refers to its but lately bitterest enemies: "*Discomfiture* of two Turkish divisions." On another page of the same issue popular satisfaction would appear to have outrun editorial courtesy: "Turks slogged from Tschoroch. Ottoman defeat complete." Caterina was too mild over "sloggiati," inferring a pushing movement; perhaps, however, the Italians, being a Southern race, slog more gently than the Russians.

We do not feed solely on Allied and German telegrams. We have independent comments of our own on the War in general. We examine the conditions on the two fronts dispassionately, and though one writer in *The Courier of the Evening* is inclined to believe that it will take the Allies thirteen years to reach Cologne, on the other hand a more hopeful gentleman entertains the opinion that the new English armies will upset the *squilibrio* (apple-cart?).

Caterina and I discourse non-committally on the chances of the "War of Dirigibles and Submergibles," Caterina on the whole favouring the Zipiloins. Colourless anecdotes and recently-fulfilled prophecies round up our daily mental fare. Sometimes by way of a *bonne bouche* we have a horoscope of the KAISER (Guglielmo). And so from the huge Recentissimies of the War we descend to the small beer or "Little Chronicles":—"The Parisian Pythoness;" "Grave suicide of promised spouses; identification of these." Finally we peruse with languor the advertisements or "Little Publicities," for after all the journalistic emotion we have been through we feel as though we had actually been struggling with the Germans in Sciampagna and Fiandra, and were really taking our share in the great *cataclismo* (world-sconflict).

"18,000 words often mispronounced, W. H. P. Phpfe."

Advt. in "Hong Kong Daily Press."

If Mr. PHPFE can pronounce his own name correctly, there can scarcely be 18,000 words that present difficulties to him.

"The Railway Department announces that arrangements have been made for a reduced train service, whereby a million males per year will be 'saved.'"—*Sydney Daily Telegraph.*

Saved for the line, we hope. With this splendid Australian example before them our own railways can surely spare a few more men for the colours.

OUR SKI SECTION.

ON the whole ours is a good corps. We have bits of most things, but for a long time lacked a ski section. I mentioned the matter to our Commandant, not in the spirit of reproach but of suggestion. After considerable hesitation he gave me permission to raise one. He is rather old-fashioned in his ideas and seemed to doubt the practical utility of the section. He even talked about the approach of Summer. He has spent the last few years in India and forgotten the rigours of an English May. I pointed out to him that France might well reproach us with not taking the War seriously when we were not even training skiers to meet ANTON LANG on equal terms should he land on the East Coast from Oberammergau.

I was lucky in getting a nucleus, consisting of two men who had skied before, three who had seen skis, and four who had heard of them. We bought up a derelict stock laid in before the War in anticipation of Winter sports.

As the snow harvest in this country is somewhat uncertain, I decided to start drilling without waiting for a fall. I had some difficulty in getting the squad to form fours neatly. I had to reprimand Bailey several times for treading on the skis of his rear-rank man. Bailey didn't properly understand the things and would insist that they had sent him an odd pair.

Our most effective turn was marking time. I am told that we could be heard two miles off, and that a number of people mistook us for a pom-pom in action.

I have had several offers of Music Hall engagements if I can get my men a little more effective.

The section had standing orders to mobilize at the top of Ludgate Hill at the first sign of snow. I thought that this would be a nice easy slope for them to start practising on. Our first mobilisation was rather a fiasco owing to the unsatisfactory nature of the snow. Several flakes looked like setting, but were run over by motor-buses in their early infancy.

On the second occasion our manœuvres were spoilt by the obstinacy of the Commissioner of Police and the Corporation. The former refused to stop the traffic, whilst the employés of the latter made spasmodic efforts to steal our snow. This led to confusion, the permanent loss of one man to our corps and the ruin of three pair of skis. It was unfortunate that the motor-bus and our casualty both skidded at the same time and in one another's direction. I think that the motor-bus was to blame, because the skier started his

skid first. Bailey carelessly did the "splits" in front of a taxi and got his skis run over. I have launched an action against the motorist who got my right ski mixed up with the spokes of his off back wheel. He oughtn't to have come so close just as I was getting up from a lying-down position.

Before we were really used to the business the Corporation men got away with the best part of the snow and we had to adjourn to Hampstead Heath.

We lost three more men on the Heath, as the snow wouldn't lie evenly on the slopy bits. I hadn't much sympathy for one man who would go down the hills backwards. I told him that he was sure to bump the back of his face.

Those of us who took train to Derbyshire found some good snow and got some useful experience. We mightn't have had so many serious accidents if I had kept them to extended order drill. They confused battalion drill with company drill. When I ordered them to "form section" they usually "formed mass," and the subsequent sorting wasted a lot of time. Our professor of mathematics confused the order up with conic sections and spent his time describing parabolas. Higgs went back at the end of the first day in anger because we refused to waste the whole afternoon looking for half-a-sovereign which he said he had lost in the snow.

We found our rifles a nuisance, and Bailey and Holroyd nearly came to blows. Holroyd declared that Bailey had wantonly tried to bite off the foresight of his rifle so as to prevent his winning the shooting trophy. Bailey was most unfortunate. He seemed to go out of his way to get hurt. It's quite an acrobatic feat to get the point of one's ski in one's own eye, but Bailey managed it. I never could get the section to lie down simultaneously; nor could we find any satisfactory method of keeping in touch with our rifles or concealing our legs and skis from the enemy.

As soon as I found out how rusty other men's rifles got I wasn't so upset at having overlooked mine in the snow.

When the thaw set in the four of us who were still out of hospital decided not to volunteer for service with the Alpine Chasseurs but to stick to Home Defence. We have arranged to suspend operations until we get some more recruits to fill up the vacancies. Ski-ing isn't as simple as it looks in the pictures; there's always the chance that a damp cartridge won't go off.

I may have more to say on the subject when we begin manœuvring with fixed bayonets.



THE REFINING INFLUENCE OF WAR.

The Victor. "NOW, I S'POSE I GOT TO GIVE YOU FIRST AID."

Another Dog of War.

"With her wounded bull hound in collision mats . . . she remained afloat and was safely guided into drydock."

Montreal Daily Star.

This hitherto unrecorded casualty will be read with sympathy by his brethren of "the bull-dog breed."

A Generous Administration.

"PERTH, Sunday.

Some time ago members of the Scaddan Ministry mutually agreed among themselves to give at least 0 per cent. of their salaries to the War Distress Fund.

Payments of the kind were kept up for some time, but lately they have ceased. The matter is now the theme of general comment."

Sydney Morning Herald.

If this statement is accurate—which we take leave to doubt—the West Australian Ministers would appear to have acted upon the time-honoured principle—"What I gives is nothing to nobody."

Our Veterans.

"St. James's Palace, where Lord Kitchener is now settled, has not been used as his Royal residence since the time of George IV. . . .

Vice-Admiral Carden, who is in command of the fleet at the Dardanelles, has been in the navy since 1807!"—*Lurgan Mail.*

Lord KITCHENER seems to have the advantage in rank (being apparently of Royal blood), but Admiral CARDEN beats him by several years in seniority.

"Let nobody say to himself, 'Among the untold millions of money our Anna's 100 marks do not count.' Rather let everybody consider how many Annas there are in the German Empire with a hundred or several hundred marks. All these hundred marks together make several millions. If every Hausfrau were to think 'Our Anna's 100 marks do not matter,' all these millions would lie unused."

North German Gazette.

We understand that in India 16 Annas go to a Rupee. How many will Germany require to cover the War Loan?



Old Lady (to nephew on leave from the Front). "GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR BOY, AND TRY AND FIND TIME TO SEND A POSTCARD TO LET ME KNOW YOU ARE SAFELY BACK IN THE TRENCHES."

THE BIRDS OF ST. JAMES'S.

I RAMBLED round St. James's Park
(A pleasant after-luncheon jaunt)
To woo digestion and to mark
The varied waterfowl that haunt
St. James's lake; the scene was drear,
For men have drained the local mere.

Where dimpled waters danced of late
Lies arid concrete, chill and bare,
But just beside the Whitehall gate
One sorry pool remains, and there
Such homeless birds as love the damp
Have formed a concentration camp.

And where before the lake ran dry,
The pelicans' exclusive club
Contrived to win from passers-by
Most of the notice (and the grub),
Coarse rowdy riff-raff throng the plat,
A vulgar proletariat.

The pelicans, so ill equipped
To race with widgeon, coot or teal,
Nine times in ten get badly pipped
When sprinting for the casual meal;
From their demeanour I inferred
That this is apt to sour a bird.

For now they darkly brood apart,
Observing an unwelcome fast,
Each mourning in his secret heart
The dear undemocratic past,
Before the ebbing of the flood
Had set aside the claims of blood.

AN EASTER CALL FOR SACRIFICE.

Londell's rooms are two—one to sleep in, and the other to bolt toast in. I found him in the breakfasting chamber. On the table was a basin of hot water; Londell, with a small sponge in his hand, was gazing sadly at a Gladstone bag.

"Forgive me for intruding on this busy bath night," I said. "I have looked in to remind you of our Easter engagement. This time, try to avoid packing odd boots for your spare pair."

"I don't think I can come away for Easter," he said gloomily; and he fingered the sponge as one in a dream.

Something had depressed Londell; he wanted rousing. I went and helped myself to one of his three remaining cigars, but it had no effect.

"If I had another bag," he went on, "it might be different; but this is the only one I have."

"What's the matter with it? Quite a good bag, it seems to me."

Londell pointed to it in a way that made me think I had never before seen him so like the late Sir HENRY IRVING. "There," he said, "is the work of half a lifetime. That collection is among the best in the Temple. I have lavished time and thought, ay, and money upon it. It has cost me two hundred pounds if it has cost me a penny. Am I to sacrifice all for the sake of a paltry four or five days at the sea?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, but I feel sure you're wrong."

"I don't mind the Chamonix one, or that little chap under the buckle there—the one from the Canaries. But how could I face Bournemouth with all those German and Austrian hotel labels on my bag?"

The Trojan Horse Outdone.

"PARIS, Tuesday.—After the Frenchmen's fruitless efforts to capture the strongly-held position at the Great Dune, twenty-four Algerians, concealed in the bellies of horses, appeared in the German trenches at nightfall. When the Germans were about to capture the horses, the response was a sharp cry, and the Algerians galloped back to the French lines, whereupon twenty-four grey forms rose from the ground, and threw themselves into the trenches."

Sydney Daily Telegraph.

The Arab horse's powers of initiative have evidently been under-estimated.

"The Kaiser, on a white horse caparisoned in purple, angrily stepped into a motor-car and went to Lille."—*Waikato Times, N.Z.*

A remarkable instance of putting the car before the horse.



THE HAUNTED SHIP.

Ghost of the Old Pilot. "I WONDER IF HE WOULD DROP ME *NOW!*"

[April 1st is the hundredth anniversary of BISMARCK'S birth.]

A NORTH-COUNTRY IDEAL.

THE Belgian army stood on the top of a mound brandishing its trusty pine-wood blade. The rabble of Germans, recovered from one rebuff, was gathering forces for another charge. The Belgian army changed its sword from the right to the left hand, drew out an imaginary watch, and consulted it severely.

Its defiant voice rang out through the sharp air. "I 'll give you," it cried—"I 'll give you *ten minutes* to clear out of Belgium."

The dramatic hush after this ultimatum was broken by the hurried clamour of the school bell. Allies and enemy alike showed a jumble of red knees and flying heels as they rushed schoolwards across the field.

The Mistress paused on the way to her desk.

"Take your slates," said she, "and with very good writing and very good spelling tell me what you are going to be when you grow up. Even betting on Frenches and Jellicoes," she murmured as she sat down.

A busy silence fell on the schoolroom. The open fire crackled cheerily and warmed away the circles of frosty air each little combatant had carried in with him. Pencils scraped, or were sucked audibly as a help to intellectual wrestling. Bobby—the army of the Belgians—had rubbed out his beginning three times with a wet and grubby forefinger, and was squeaking along the dark wake in a fourth attempt. Spelling was no trouble to him. A difficulty is not a difficulty if you sternly refuse to recognise it as such; but he had worries not unconnected with the shape of the more knobbly letters.

The voice of the Mistress broke the silence. "Boys, stop writing; stand and turn your slates."

The little line of boys stood, slates held firmly forward to be read. The Mistress went slowly along. Outwardly she marked with thin chalk and talked of spelling and capitals and suchlike mysteries. Inwardly, she kept count. One small finger of the left hand was tightly folded in for each Admiral, while the Generals, Lance-Corporals and Field-Marshals were counted with the right. At the end of the line five fingers of each hand were firmly doubled in and it was difficult to hold the chalk.

"All square," said the Mistress softly, "and one to go. Bobby for the casting vote."

Bobby's slate was still turned towards him. With infinite pains and much puffing he was putting the final touches to his treatise.



Sandy (member of a martial family, returning from tea with some friends of a like age). "I'M GLAD I TOOK MY GUN, MOTHER. JACK AND MOLLIE HAVEN'T A SINGLE WEAPON IN THE PLACE. WHY, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A WAR ON!"

"Come, Bobby," said the Mistress, with interest, "are you a brave defender too?"

"Yes 'm," said Bobby.

"What is it with you? Land or sea? A soldier?"

"Yes 'm," said Bobby, beaming.

The chalk, held in her right hand, snapped.

"Well," she said, "is it a Captain? or a General? or"—with awe, as the vision of a burly three-striper, much adored by the boys, crossed her mind—"can it be a Sergeant, Bobby?"

For rank Bobby cared nothing. A soldier, to him, was a man who stood against fearful odds, Uhlans and things, and beat back the rascally foe. One word, heard often of late, had come in his mind to stand for this. He had IT in his essay.

"Come, let me see," said the Mistress.

Proudly he turned the slate. Bobby's essay ran clear through the smudges of much strife—

"Im goin to be a Beljum."

An Oxford correspondent kindly sends us the following extract from the catalogue of Sir ARTHUR EVANS' *Cretan Monographs*:—

"ERRATUM.—Page 17, note 1: *for* 'skytotes' *read* 'rhytons.'"

We are sorry that Sir ARTHUR thought it necessary to part with "skytotes"; it is just the short word we have been wanting for aeroplanes.

JIMMY.

I DON'T know if you are having the measles at your house. We are. They're on me. They are not half bad, really. You have to sicken for them first and then you get them. The doctor came to see me have them. He gave me a cynical thermometer to suck. He tied a piece of string to it first because he said that it was a one-minute one. I don't like the taste of thermometers. I bit one once and the end came off and disagreed with me. Jimmy says when they put the thermometer in your mouth you have to see how far you can make the mercury move up the tube. Jimmy can make it move up to the top every time. He says you have to hold your breath and then blow. The thermometer wouldn't boil, so the doctor told me to put out my tongue at him. The last time I put out my tongue at someone I had to have it impressed on my mind not to; it was over a chair.

So I asked the doctor if it wouldn't do if I made a face at him instead. I am not so very good at making faces. Not as good as old Jimmy. He can move his ears. And his scalp. Jimmy says very few people can move their ears really well. He can do it one at a time, but he won't do it now unless you give him two pen-nibs. He is collecting pen-nibs. He says if you collect a thousand pen-nibs you get a bed in a hospital.

They made me put out my tongue at the doctor. When it was all out the doctor said it was a very nice one. Then he took hold of my wrist and looked at his watch. I asked Jimmy what the doctor looked at his watch for. He told me that measles made the watch go slower, and if it stopped you were dead. Jimmy said that his wrist always made the doctor's watch stop. I asked him why he wasn't dead then, and he told me it was because he could move his ears. Jimmy says he always kept moving his ears while the doctor was busy with him.

I had the measles all right. I had only a few at first, five, I think, and the doctor said I ought to keep them tucked up or else I should catch the complications. I asked Jimmy what the complications were. He had come quietly up our backstairs to see me and the measles. I told him he would catch them too. But he said he wouldn't if he kept moving his ears. Jimmy said he knew all about the complications. He said he had done them in arithmetic; they came next to decimals and were things where the numerator was bigger than the thermometer.

When the doctor saw me next day he said the rash was well out. I knew that, because I had given up counting them. The doctor said I should have to have the quarantine next.

I asked Jimmy if he had ever had the quarantine. He said it was stuff you put on your hair to make it shine.

Jimmy brought me a caterpillar and two thrush's eggs in a matchbox. I asked him why the rash came out all over me. He said it was the measles and that they had to come up to the surface to breathe. He said if I would let him vaccinate me with his penknife they would all go away. Jimmy is going to be a doctor—when he grows up. He said it wouldn't hurt me if I held my breath. But I wouldn't let him. I said he might taste some of my medicine though, and he said he knew what it was made of. He said he could make me up some much better medicine than that. It was medicine that the Indians always used. They made it out of the bark of trees, and it would cure warts as well as measles. He said there was a certain way of making it that wasn't found in books, because it was only when an Indian was going to die that he told anyone how to make it. Jimmy said it was splendid stuff, and that, besides curing warts and measles, it would make boots waterproof. Only the cleverest doctors know about it, Jimmy said, and they daren't tell anyone lest the Indians should get to know, and kill them.

The doctor said I might get up and have the quarantine downstairs. He said I wasn't to go near anyone or they would catch it. He said I looked very happy. I was. You see the doctor had sat down on the chair on which I had placed the thrush's eggs. Jimmy says it is unlucky to sit on thrush's eggs, but that you can make it all right again by counting ten backwards. That was what the Indians did, he said.

I didn't mind the quarantine a bit, though it made me feel weak in my legs at first. Jimmy said that the best thing for weak legs was to walk barefoot through nettles. He said that the Indians made their children do that, and that was why they could run so well. Jimmy made me some medicine out of a rare kind of root he had found by accident. It smelt like cabbage. He said it would make me feel very hungry and that he always took some at Christmas time. A gipsy had told him the secret in confidence in exchange for a pair of his father's boots which he thought his father had done with.

When I was nearly well from the quarantine Jimmy and I arranged to go fishing. He said he had some stuff which attracted all the fish if you poured some in the river. He said that a poacher told him how to make it.

Jimmy says next to being a doctor he would like to be a poacher. He told me how to catch pheasants. All you had to do was to put some stuff out of a bottle on the ground, near where the pheasants roosted at night, and it would stupefy them. Then, he said, they fell out of the trees and you put them in a bag. He said the stuff was made out of herbs which came from Australia. It was very strong stuff, he said. Two drops placed on the tongue of a dog would kill the strongest elephant, Jimmy said.

We didn't go fishing after all. I waited for Jimmy for over an hour, but he didn't turn up. So I went to his mother's house. Jimmy lives with his mother. Jimmy's mother said that he was in bed very busy with the measles and that he wanted to be left alone.



PROOF POSITIVE.

Village Haberdasher. "YEW TAKE IT FROM ME, SIR, FOLK IN OUR VILLAGE BE VERY SPITEFUL AGIN THE GERMANS. WHY, OI RECKON OI 'VE SOLD FIFTY 'ANKERCHERS WI' KITCHENER'S FACE ON 'EM!"

A CHIMNEY-SWEEP FOR ENGLAND.

My lads have gone to do their bit,
God bless 'em, in the khaki line,
And I 'd be in the thick of it,
With ten years off this back o' mine.

Old England put me in a trade
What 's little cash and plenty black,
And kept me there, but still she 's paid
Summat I 'd die to give her back.

And so I 'd worried for a share
To let me feel I didn't shirk—
Some job as younger men could spare
For my two hands to grip and work.

And now my sweeping 's brought a stroke
Of luck at last. I 've cleaned to-day
The chimneys at a house where folk
From Belgium 's being asked to stay.

When I was done and packed to go,
A lady got up off her knees—
She 'd been a scrubbing—wants to know
How much I 'm charging for it, please.

"My bit, this is—I wish 'twas more;
I 'm charging nothing, Ma'am," says I;
"My hands was plaguing me afore
To let 'em work or tell 'em why.

"And any more there is to sweep,
Don't you forget as I 'm the man
As wants a chance that lets him keep
On doing summat as he can."

She didn't ask to pay again—
A lady, her, and no mistake—
But smiled and held her hand and then,
Sooty or not, I had to shake.

"That 's just the way I 'm feeling too,"
Was all she said. I stepped out where
The kids was playing, sky was blue—
And me no cheat to see 'em there.



Head of Firm. "Come in, Sir. All my staff 's enlisted. I 'm office boy for the moment. If you 'll tell me your business I 'll communicate with myself and let you know immediately whether I 'm free to see you."

P———.

Among the advantages which we expected to result from the capture of a certain fortress in Galicia was a change of its name to something more easily pronounceable by British lips. Our hopes were a little dashed when we read in *The Star*:—

"The correspondent of *The Daily News* in Petrograd makes the interesting announcement that in future Przemysl will be known by its old Russian name of Przemysl."

On turning to *The Daily News* itself we were comforted by reading that the fortress "now resumes its old Russian name of Permysl," but were again thrown into some perplexity by learning on the same authority that the Archduke Friedrich had sent "greetings and thanks to the unconquered heroes of Permsyl." The spelling, however, is a comparatively trifling matter. The really crucial question is the pronunciation. *The Daily News* says, "Prushemizel — the first syllable is very short"; but *The Daily Express*, in *ppp* tones, remarks, "Please pronounce it as Pschemeezel." From the newspaper authorities we then turned to the experts. Mr. Sydney Whitman boldly writes in *The Evening News*:—

"The true Slavonic pronunciation of Przemysl is 'Priz-ee-missile,' pronouncing these syllables in the way we pronounce 'quiz,' 'ea' and a 'missile'—a cannon-ball."

This seemed almost too simple to be true; so, seeing that Mr. Hilaire Belloc had been lecturing in Glasgow, we eagerly perused the report in *The Glasgow Evening Times*, hoping to come upon a really authoritative utterance. Alas! for once Mr. Belloc failed to have the courage of his opinions, for this is what we read:—

"Mr. Belloc . . . pronounced it emisil,' though he cautiously gave no guarantee of correctness."

The great oracle having failed to give a certain sound, we were almost in despair. But rescue came from an unexpected quarter. "Our milkman," writes a correspondent in North London, "told us yesterday of the great Russian victory of Prymrosill." Light at last! A star has fallen from the Milky Way.

"While the capture of Memel, with its shipbuilding yards, manufactories of cement, fortifications, garrison and buns is regarded as unimportant from the strategic standpoint, it is recognised that it will have a great moral effect upon German opinion."—*Star*.

We understand now why the Germans were so determined to recapture it.

THE WATCH DOGS.

XIV.

Dear Charles,—A perfect spring morning; a clean, but rather idle street leading to an even cleaner and more idle railway station. Facing the station, half right, a café, and also facing the station, half right, myself and my brother officers full of good will towards humanity in general in spite of the execrable coffee and bacon we have just eaten. We sit on chairs on the *pavé*, and far above us in the blue sky flutters gracefully an aeroplane. It is an exceedingly pretty sight; it becomes even prettier when little white clouds suddenly appear round it from nowhere. If one happened to be looking when the little white cloud arrives, one sees a flash, but whether it is an English aeroplane being shelled by a German gun, or the other way on, no one seems to know, except perhaps the gentleman who is being shot at. From this picture you are requested *not* to recognise the nameless spot to which our thoroughly Unsentimental Journey through France has brought us.

The peace of the day was rudely disturbed at noon by the arrival of a more personal shell in the very midst of our billets. I am told that this was probably our own faults for being much too interested in that aeroplane. Apparently it was hostile after all, and experience goes to show that if people look up at these intruders their faces become apparent to the observer, and the notice taken of him encourages the enemy to do worse. The proper attitude is one of complete indifference. You should look the other way and then the enemy sulks and does nothing more. The arrival of this shell produced a most dreadful effect; it killed no one, but it caused every single soldier in the battalion to sit down at once and write to everybody he could think of, simply in order that he might mention, by the way, the bursting of a shell in his midst. This meant that every platoon-commander had to read and censor fifty letters before he could sit down and write his own casual references to bursting shells. This censoring of letters is altogether an inhuman and cruel affair; the lovesick private pours out his soul to his lady, concludes with all the intimate messages and signs known amongst lovers, and seals the note with the most personal of nicknames. What the lady must feel who reads the missive and finds at the end of it my own prosaic signature, I dare not think.

Since I last wrote we have stepped very many miles over the cobbles and have laid ourselves down to sleep in some very odd places. It is surprising how rapidly one can settle down to anything, and it is even more surprising how the men acquire the trick of getting what they want without learning a word of the language. They do it by a nice mixture of kindness and persistence; they go on naming the article in their own dialect until the peasant is fascinated or hypnotized into producing it. The most conspicuous success up to date is the case of our peculiarly insular sergeant-major, who, taking up a firm position before a simple maid-servant, continued tapping his forehead and smiling fatuously until the woman eventually led him up the street and pointed out to him the nearest way to the lunatic asylum. This was exactly what he wanted to know. When the Adjutant attempted to obtain the same information by mere conversation, he could get nothing better than a bucket out of the obsequious concierge.

Our entrance into the danger zone was very striking. We had been wandering about behind the lines, just within earshot of the guns, and looking for trouble, when the luminous idea occurred to some red-hat that, since we were dressed and looked like soldiers, we might as well fight. So we were sent for. A note came from someone, saying that they were giving a little party up-country, and they would be very pleased to see us there next day; would we mind walking, if it wasn't too much trouble? and also it would save the horses if we would carry all our luggage ourselves. Thus, armed with 120 rounds of ball, a tin of corned beef and an air of sinister importance, we tramped off in the direction of the noise.

Had Mr. Arthur Collins staged our night arrival on the battle-field in absolute accordance with the reality, the stalls would have said to each other, as they supped afterwards at the Savoy, "Very impressive, and essentially dramatic; but too theatrical to be real." It was exactly as in the picture: the long column advancing spasmodically along the straight road, bounded by rigid trees at regular intervals, and on the horizon the constant flashes of battle—the gun, the star-shell and the search-light. For myself I felt certain that it was all a show, and to encourage me in this opinion there were periods of inactivity followed by bursts of excessive energy, for all the world as if the electrician was sleepy and not attending to his business. War is, in fact, a disappointing imitation of The Lane, without the Savoy supper to follow. I should add that things went so well in our part of the line that we in reserve were not called upon: our baptism of fire was postponed; it is, in fact, taking place now, half the battalion being in the trenches as I write, and the other half (including myself) being for it to-morrow. I'll tell you all about it in due course.

As I write I can see out of my window all over the town (the owner of the house, by the way, lives in the cellar); my impression is of a vast area of urban and rural land, entirely at peace with itself and all the world; but there is a corner of it, about 200 yards from my window, which has a quarrel on with another corner about a mile away. These two little districts are making a terrible noise and even throwing things at each other. Sometimes they get very violent about it, sometimes they almost let the matter drop. It is like two large dogs barking at each other on Sunday, to the great annoyance of the rest of a respectable neighbourhood. And when the big dogs keep on doing it, the little dogs in the middle wake up and start snapping at each other, and particularly that quarrelsome breed, the Maxim. The main thing, however, is always the air of peacefulness, almost exaggerated peacefulness.

Yours ever, Henry.

BOAT-RACE DAY, 1915.

No sweatered men in scanty shorts
This morning brings upon the slip;
To-day no anxious cox exhorts
Care for that frail and shining ship;
The grey stream runs; the March winds blow;
These things were long and long ago.

Now at the need of this dear land
All that is theirs is Hers to take:
Unfaltering service—heart and hand
Wont to give all for honour's sake;
They builded better than they knew
Who "kept it long" and "pulled it through."

Not here their hour of great emprise;
No mounting cheer toward Mortlake roars;
Lulled to full tide the river lies
Unfretted by the fighting oars;
The long high toil of strenuous play
Serves England elsewhere well to-day.

A Triumph of Breeding.

"Mr. William Wallet disposed of about 150 head of Ayrshire and cross-bred calving queys and cows at Castle-Douglas yesterday. There was a large attendance of buyers in quest of the best class of Ayrshire queys, which, however, were scarce. Anything showing tea and milking properties realised the highest prices."
Scotsman.



THE WAR SPIRIT AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Ardent Egyptologist (who has lately joined the Civic Guard). "NO, I SEEM TO HAVE LOST MY ENTHUSIASM FOR THIS GROUP SINCE I NOTICED THAT BES-HATHOR-HORUS WAS OUT OF STEP WITH THE OTHER TWO."

THE COLD CURE.

AFTER a long period of immunity I have had a cold. To be precise, I still have it as I write, although it has once been cured.

The miscreant who cured it was a chemist in a West-end thoroughfare to whom I was so misguided as to confide my trouble. He had all the appearance of a man and a brother—in fact he looked benigner than most—and I trusted him. He listened with the utmost sympathy, his expression indicated grief and concern, and his voice took on a tenderness beyond that of a mother.

"I can set you right very quickly," were his brave words. "I have here a cold-cure that has never been known to fail. You take one of these little tabloids every three hours, and to-morrow morning you will wake up well. Be sure not to take more than six in the day," he added.

He held up the little bottle as though it were a jewel.

"And how much?" I asked, feeling that for such a boon no money was adequate.

"Two shillings," he replied; "and you might perhaps like to take one now."

I agreed, and with infinite solicitude he prepared a small glass of *aqua pura* and smiled at me like a bearded Madonna.

I went away feeling that complete recovery was merely a matter of hours, and for the rest of the day I was punctual with the tabloids. By night I had taken four.

I awoke the next morning not only full of cold, as usual, but with a splitting headache. When it was time to get up the room began to rush round me. Returning to bed, I fainted.

With great difficulty I dragged myself up, but all day my head swam and throbbed, and periodically I found it impossible to focus my sight on anything near by. Meanwhile I sneezed and coughed with more than accustomed vigour.

An instinct warned me not to go on with the cold-cure, and a medical friend corroborated my good sense by explaining later that it evidently contained some very powerful drugs, of which quinine was the chief, and I was suffering from them.

The next day my cold was worse but my head slightly better.

To-day my head is normal but my cold is terrific.

And now I want to know where I should be, in English law, if I were to stand outside that chemist's shop, as I long to do, preventing people from buying his cold-cure. What should I get, beyond Mr. Justice DARLING'S quips, if the chemist ran me in? Is it worth trying?

Missing.

"THE BUKOWINA.

AUSTRIANS REPORTED TO HAVE LEFT TRUTH HERE."

Liverpool Echo.

Recent "official" telegrams from Vienna tend to confirm the report.

AT THE PLAY.

"ROSY RAPTURE"; "THE NEW WORD."

NOBODY would think of looking for intelligible motives or sequence of design in an ordinary Revue. But when Sir JAMES BARRIE writes one it 's a different thing. He may deviate into fantastic episodes, but we suspect an ordered meaning in his main design, and if we fail to find it we feel that the fault must lie with ourselves.

This was our trouble from the very start of *Rosy Rapture*. There was, in the first scene, a wardrobe, obviously full of portent, whose secretive purpose gave to the play a note of obscurity from which I never wholly recovered. Though this was not a bedroom scene, the wardrobe was hung with female garments, and from it emerged, now and again, a husband in lieu of the regulation lover. After suffering a good deal of mental strain I reached the rather intelligent conclusion that we were supposed to be ridiculing the tendency of the modern stage to substitute the drama of clothes for that of intrigue. I recalled that in *Kings and Queens*, which was then still running at the St. James's, much stress was laid upon the young wife's passion for Parisian gowns, while the interest she took in her lover was merely casual and abortive.

It is not for me to question the cleverness of this solution, but it was wrong. I have since been credibly informed that the author was harking back allusively to certain plays of the past, not of great importance and long forgotten, in which a wardrobe was a prominent feature. But not even his ingenuous explanations offered at the close of the first scene lifted for us the veil of mystery that shrouded the motive of this piece of furniture. Nor was this obscurity relieved by the lighting of the auditorium, which was kept in darkness without intermission during the entire performance. In a mood of devotion I can persuade myself to support this arrangement when I assist at a WAGNER rite; but the atmosphere of a Revue is seldom really religious.

It would have been more satisfactory if the author, in what was partly a burlesque of the legitimate stage, and partly a sort of Revue of Revues, had simply given us a succession of inconsequent scenes, and not attempted to weave his detached episodes into a connected scheme. Perhaps the best of them was a scene between a Flemish peasant girl (I call her Flemish by way of compromise, for she spoke French and looked Dutch) and a Tommy (American in the humorous person of Mr. NORWORTH), who had rescued her from the violent attentions of a Bosch. Excellent fun was made of their limited means of communication; but the chaff of Lord KITCHENER's advice to soldiers about their relations with women was, for those of us who remembered the whole of it, of rather doubtful propriety. A most delightful feature of the Sixth Scene (and I am glad to hear that it is to be extended) was a freak-film of an automobile perambulator, the work of that clever artist Mr. LANCELOT SPEED, author of the popular "Bully Boy" series. The scene of the Supper Club of the Receding Chins (where "one chin excludes") was a sound burlesque upon a certain phase of the modern Revue. Indeed, this imitation of vulgar banality was so close that the Pit



A "FINE CARELESS RAPTURE."
MISS GABY DESLYS AS *Rosy Rapture*.

mistook it for the real thing and were loud in their approval.

But the chief attraction of the play, both for a bewildered audience and, I suspect, for Sir JAMES BARRIE himself, was the bizarre collaboration between Miss GABY DESLYS and the author of *The Little Minister*. Her best friends could scarcely have been disappointed if she failed to impart any very noticeable refinement into the proceedings, but many must have been surprised to discover how well and with what an energy she could act. All the same, it would surely have been easy to find an actress who could have spoken the part at least as cleverly through the medium of an all-British accent. But perhaps it was just part of the scheme of burlesque that the two principal rôles in an English Revue should be played by foreigners. However, the native element was admirably represented by Mr. ERIC LEWIS as a butler on terms of marked intimacy with his employers; by Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE as a villain with an awkward strain of hereditary virtue; and by Miss GERTRUDE LANG as a singer whose efforts were always being obliterated by the intervention of a fatuous Beauty Chorus.

Much of what may seem uncomplimentary in this first-night criticism will have lost its point by the time it appears in print. As is the way with Revues, there has, I hear, been a drastic overhauling of the original, and I anticipate many changes for the better.

But no change could add to the charm of Sir JAMES BARRIE's one-Act play, *The New Word*, which precedes his Revue. Here the author is at his very best (and not too sentimental) self; and Mr. O. B. CLARENCE as the middle-aged father, never on easy terms with his son, but now recognising a new relationship created by the War in which the boy is to play a part, gave a very fine performance; and Miss HELEN HAYE, as the mother, found, for once, a chance of showing her gentler gifts. I look forward to a still greater pleasure when I can read this delightful play in my private chair, and leave to my imagination those pauses and embarrassments which, when they occur on the stage—and they are of the essence of this dialogue between father and son—are apt to find a painful response in my own sympathetic nerves. O. S.

GLÜCKLICHE HAMPSTADT.

NOT mine the fear of Zeppelin,
Nor bombs that drop on dome and steeple;
I sleep as safe as in Pekin,
For I am one of Hampstead's people.

Near me reside in house and flat
The flower of all the Teuton nation,
The splendour of whose habitat
Beggars belief and beats Creation.

So go I unperturbed and free
From menace of the German airman,
For if he drops his bombs on me
He 'll pepper Heinrich, Hans and Hermann.

An Impending Apology?

Extract from a Lenten Card:—

"The preachers on Sunday mornings will have messages of great help and comfort to you, and at the Evening Services, except next Sunday when Mr. —— will preach."

"Here down the main street come hundreds more of those fresh, keen-faced boys who will be with you at the Front soon. 'Left—left—left—left—by the right—*wheel!*' Not so bad after a few weeks' drilling, eh?"

Motor Cycling.

Not so bad, perhaps, for the men, but pretty bad for their officers.



Irish Sergeant (lecturing upon the rifle). "NOW IF YE'LL LISTEN AND NOT INTHERRUPT, I'LL TELL YE ALL ABOUT IT—AND IF ANNY AV YE DON'T UNDERSHTAND SHTOP ME AT ONST."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *The Fabulists* (MILLS AND BOON) Mr. BERNARD CAPES puts his practised pen to very much less effective use than usual. Some freak of mind or circumstance has betrayed him into a perverse experiment—the experiment of the too-short story of mystery. Of course in fiction notions of the very maddest may be made plausible for purposes of entertainment if there be sufficiently adroit preparation. An atmosphere must be created, a mood induced in the reader. Mr. CAPES leaves these necessary things out and gives his shock in shorthand. Take "The White Hare." *Modred* shoots at a white hare and misses; simply can't understand it; assumes witchcraft; loads with a silver bullet; fires and kills; goes home to find his love dead. Later, his mother-in-law comes to die. "Cut the cursed thing out of me," says she. "What cursed thing?" says he. "Why, your silver bullet. 'Twas me you hit. I killed your girl to mislead you." So *Modred* with a howl of fury tore it out, and a white hare jumped through the window. Behold all! And it 's typical. I have compressed the narrative slightly. Mr. CAPES gives it a bare two pages and a-half, and the thing simply cannot be done so cheaply. These are indeed not short stories so much as skeleton notes for them. For so clever a writer *The Fabulists* seems rather a bad break.

The Minor Horrors of War (SMITH, ELDER) is an opportune little volume with very unexpected qualities. To quote the publishers, "these articles, which have appeared since the beginning of the war in *The British Medical Journal*, deal with various insect and other pests which cause disgust, discomfort, and often disease amongst our troops now fighting in all quarters of the globe." Very well then. Practical, you might say, and probably well worth the eighteen-pence of its price as a gift to somebody at the Front, but hardly a book to be read at home with pleasure and entertainment. There, however, you would be wrong. The writer, Dr. A. E. SHIPLEY, F.R.S., has such a way with him that he can turn even the most unmentionable insects to favour and to pleasantry. For my own part his unexpected quips have kept me in chuckles. You recall *Mr. Dombey's* pronouncement—quoted here—that "Nature is on the whole a very respectable institution," which Dr. SHIPLEY caps with the admission that there are, however, times when she presents herself in a form not to be talked about. I can hardly therefore indicate even the headings of his chapters. But I may, perhaps, take the one upon (if you will permit me) the flea as typical of the author's method. It contains a couple of quotations so pleasant that I cannot forbear to reproduce them. In one the indifference of the Turks to the attacks of this pest is explained by analogy from the words of the schoolboy who wrote: "A man with more than one wife is more willing to face death than if he only had one." The other is the plaint of a distinguished French lady: "*Quant à moi, ce n'est pas la morsure, c'est la promenade!*" I call that a very jolly way of discussing fleas.

Nora Bendelow was what one might call a rather unlucky girl. It is bad enough to come home from school for the

Summer holidays and find that your brother has gambled away the ancestral home and drowned himself, leaving you penniless: but it is even worse when, having gone on the stage and got your chance as an understudy owing to the sudden illness of a principal, you bungle that chance and are then accused of having murdered the principal in question with arsenic. The only thing that kept *Nora* cheerful in the latter crisis was the fact that, flying to France on the morning after her dramatic failure and not having access to the London papers, she had no notion that she was a suspect. On the solid rock of this really novel idea, Mr. DAVID WHITELAW has built up *The Mystery of Enid Bellairs* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), a melodrama which, if not full of thrills, is quite exciting enough to make a not too sophisticated reader finish it at a sitting. Stories of this kind are best expressed in terms of corpses. *The Mystery of Enid Bellairs* is a four-corpse melodrama, one drowning, two poisons, and a cliff-fall. The survivors of the massacre are the hero, the heroine, and the old lawyer. There is a novel feature in chapter one, where the hero strikes the villain on the chin instead of between the eyes; and later on in the book an invaluable hint for married men. If they have trouble in the home, all they have to do is to substitute arsenic for their helpmeet's morphia. If you doubt efficacy, try it first on yourself.

A Freelance in Kashmir (SMITH, ELDER) is an Indian historical romance of the later days of that time known as "the great Anarchy." Its author, Lieut.-Colonel G. F. MACMUNN, D.S.O., has already shown, in *The Armies of India*, that if anyone knows the military history of the Eastern Empire he is that man. Of his qualities as a writer of romance I will not speak, lest I mislead you; for though the book is a good piece of work its interest is the jingle of spur and sabre, hard riding and fighting in battles long ago. The hero is one *David Fraser*, son of an Englishman and an Afghan woman, one of the gentlemen adventurers who controlled the armies of the Indian princes during the days before the coming of the *Pax Britannica*. This *David* had all kinds of adventures; at one time impersonating an absent ruler, after the right *Zenda* fashion; making love to, and naturally winning, a Princess; and generally thwarting the machinations of a dusky villain who, in the end, turns out to be none other than our old friend the Wandering Jew. A volume crowded, as you see, with incident. Some there will be in whom the atmosphere of it, the dust and heat and heroism, will awaken queer memories of the tales they read in childhood (*With Clive in India* was what I was recalling throughout). These will delight in it. Also of course Anglo-Indians, and all to whom the scenes of the book are already known. But, frankly, I would call it perhaps a little arid for the general; for those who require that Mars shall be properly subordinate to Venus in their romances. Still one never knows, in these days especially. I only throw out the hint as a warning to the light-minded.



Member of Anarchist Society. "GENTLEMEN, I VISH TO RESIGN!"
President. "BUT VY, BROZZER? VY VOULD YOU LEAVE US?"
Member. "ACH! DER ISS NO MORE GLORY IN DIS BOMB BUSINESS; EET ISS BECOMING VULGAR; EVERYPODY IS DOIN' IT!"

I am a little perplexed as to the exact meaning of the title of Lady CHARNWOOD'S novel, *The Full Price* (SMITH, ELDER). Who paid the price, and for what? The theme of the story—a penniless girl taken up and educated by an elderly widower with a view to making her his second wife—is, if not strikingly new, at least handled in an original manner. And the central character, *Lord Shelford*, the widower, is as well observed as he is objectionable. A most unpleasant person in every way; so much so that it is a little hard to believe that even so persuasible a heroine as *Margaret* would have permitted herself to fall in with his views, especially with an obvious hero like *Roger* before her eyes as a contrast. Perhaps what snared *Margaret's* young imagination was the fact that *Shelford* was a Cabinet Minister and moved in every kind of exalted circle. If so, I can only hope that she was less disappointed than I was by the conversation that went on there. You see, the publishers had been at superfluous pains to tell me that the author's position made the political and social atmosphere of the book above suspicion. It says much for the interest of Lady CHARNWOOD'S tale that such a preliminary did not goad me into wholesale condemnation. As a matter of fact, while the atmosphere is entirely undistinguished, the character-drawing seems to me to be remarkably good. Eventually his lordship falls and breaks his neck; for which I could not but be sorry, since he was the most interesting person in the story. If he is a first creation the author of him will be well advised to go on and give us some more.

Very different inheritances fell to the heroine and hero of *The Lady of the Reef* (HUTCHINSON). To *Bertha Crawford* was bequeathed the solitary charge of a bibulous father, while *Walter Massaroon* found himself possessed of an estate in County Down, and journeyed from Paris, where he was a painter, to become a man of property in Ulster. Whether this sudden change of air and fortune affected *Walter's* head, or whether he was always as lacking in determination as he is here represented, is not mine to say, because I had no opportunity of making his acquaintance before the gods and a second cousin once removed had poured wealth into his lap. My feeling, however, is that he was born with at least one weak knee, and I feel aggrieved that he married *Bertha*, when the just reward for his mismanagement of his love-campaign should have been the heaviest of iron crosses. On the other hand, *Bertha*, in spite of Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE'S efforts to make her a super-angel, retains my most sympathetic admiration. Mr. MOORE seems to find it as easy to write novels as I do to read them, but I am beginning to wonder whether this facility of his is not becoming dangerous. At any rate I think that he is showing symptoms of trying to promote rather cheap laughter, and it will be a thousand pities if so pleasant a writer allows his sense of humour to fall away from the high standard which hitherto it has so consistently maintained.

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER has been presented with another grandson. It has not yet been broken to the poor little fellow who he is.

* * *

What, we are asked again, has become of the German CROWN PRINCE? According to our information the KAISER consigned him some time since to a place the name of which has been censored.

* * *

The Austro-Hungarian army authorities have condemned 75,000 pairs of boots destined for the troops, the soles being found to consist of paper. Austria, like its distinguished ally, will have nothing to do with scraps of this material.

* * *

"The Germans," writes a correspondent from the French front, "have done much in Champagne which they will regret in their sober moments." We believe it.

* * *

A shocking case of ingratitude has come to our notice. Mr. Irvin S. Cobb, the American journalist, after being an official guest of the German Army at the Front, has issued an account of his experiences under the title *The Red Glutton*.

* * *

The *Berliner Tageblatt* states that four English trainers have been released from the concentration camp at Ruhleben. This is supposed to mark the Germans' appreciation of our decision not to abandon horseracing.

* * *

A number of German prisoners of war are, it is announced, to be interned in the Crystal Palace. Our ambition, we understand, is ultimately to find palaces for all of them.

* * *

"THE CARPATHIANS FIGHTING," announces a contemporary. We have heard of mountains "skipping like rams." Now, apparently, they are butting one another.

* * *

"RHINO FIGHTS FOR GERMANY."
Daily Express.

We must keep a Watch on the Rhino.

* * *

German aviators have been dropping more bombs in the sea. They seem to be getting a little careless.

According to *Le Matin*, a German Staff Officer recently confessed, "We have lost the rubber." And he might have added, "We also have a difficulty in getting the copper."

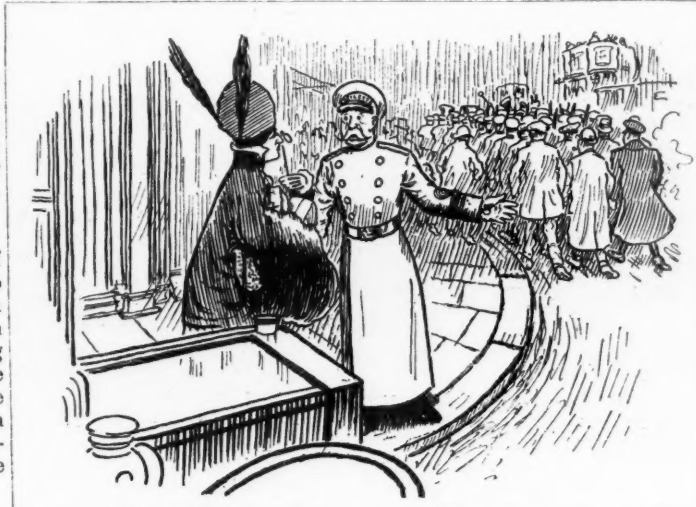
* * *

"HEADMASTER OF ETON AND GIBRALTAR."
Daily Mail.

We think this headline is scarcely fair to Dr. LYTTELTON. He particularly does not wish any Englishman to be master of Gibraltar.

* * *

Ready shortly, by Dr. LYTTELTON, a *brochure* entitled "On the importance of saying what you mean, and meaning what you say."



Lady (who has spent some time in the shop). "WHERE'S MY CHAUFFEUR?"
Commissionaire. "JUST THIS MOMENT *joined*, MADAM."

Meanwhile we are informed that the outbreak of German measles at Eton has nothing whatever to do with the Headmaster's famous utterance.

* * *

In London, we learn from *The Daily Mail*, classes are being organised to teach women "how to do the grocery trade." This looks like retaliation.

* * *

"Mr. Stephen Scrope," says *The Liverpool Daily Post*, "has deposited an additional £500 for the first vessel to sink an enemy submarine with 'The Yorkshire Post.'" We should have thought that one of our quarterly Reviews would have been better adapted for the purpose, and we shall be surprised if *The Yorkshire Post* does not resent this insinuation of heaviness.

"The Red Cross Ladies, by working in shifts, are able to keep the buffet open from 6 a.m. until midnight."—*The Times.*

Surely an inadequate costume.

What the "Star" Saw.

"Simultaneous with the resumption of the Allies' attack on the Dardanelles over the Gallipoli Peninsula, and from the mouth of the Straits, the Russian Baltic Fleet yesterday successfully bombarded the outside forts and batteries of the Bosphorus."—*Star.*

Our evening contemporary is the only journal to record this remarkable long-range performance—accomplished, we presume, with "star-shell."

Burning Questions.

"Fellow-Traveller Wanted, who was in 3rd class smoking compartment 9 p.m., King's Cross to Hitchin, Thursday, Jan. 14, 1915. Identification circumstance, who saw gentleman alight at Stevenage, and whose lighted match was blown on advertiser's overcoat; Urgent Appeal."—*Morning Post.*

As far as we can gather from this advertisement, which is not so illuminating as the subject demands, the incident affected three fellow-travellers, of whom two were ignited, and only one, the advertiser, is known to have been put out. The fate of the other who was last seen "alight at Stevenage" can only be conjectured.

"There is no 'h' in the Russian alphabet. Therefore the Russians spell Hartlepool 'Gartlepool' and call Field-Marshal Hindenburg 'Gindenburg' . . . and why we continue to miscall a town which is both written in Russian and pronounced Harkoff 'Kharkov' is more than one can tell."—*Sunday Times.*

At last we thought we had got the key to Russian phonetics, but this last sentence snatches it all away again.

Several correspondents have written to tell us of the shocks they received recently on seeing this startling newspaper bill:—

"RUSSIANS
MARCHING
ON
PALL MALL."

Some of them feared that our Allies had suddenly turned round and become our invaders, while others found in the announcement a comforting confirmation of the hopes they have secretly cherished ever since the great Russian rumour first got afloat.

"Drogheda has sent many soldiers to the battlefield, but the marital spirit is not yet exhausted."—*Drogheda Advertiser.*

Three cheers for the brave wives of Drogheda!

BLOOD-GUILT.

[To the employers of the men who sank the liner *Falaba* and laughed at the cries and struggles of drowning men and women.]

Not yet your tale of hideous deeds is told;
Against the hour of reckoning still they mount,
When He, the Judge, His Great Assize shall hold,
And call you to account.

On these that mocked the drowning lips' appeal,
Slaves of their masters' bidding, hand and eye,
Swift fall the stroke of vengeance, strong to deal
The rats' death they shall die!

But you, who sent them out to do this shame,
From whom they take their orders and their pay,
For you—avenging wrath defers its claim,
And justice bides her day.

What talk is this of "honourable peace"
While in your persons no amends be made?
There is no way by which this War shall cease
Till that account be paid.

Then, in that day of doom, put not your trust
In human pity to excuse your debt;
High Heaven, that saw you pitiless, is just;
And God will not forget. O. S.

IN THE MATTER OF A COMMISSION.

I've had to get rid of my Commissionaire because he was an ex-Sergeant-Major. I found myself standing to attention and waiting for permission to fall out after requesting him to post a letter. I felt impelled to salute my articled clerk and my youthful nephews when I met them in the street. The climax was reached when I was actually slanged in a recruit squad by my dismissed office-boy, who is home from the Front on sick leave. The only remedy that appeared feasible was to secure a commission myself.

I broached the subject to a Territorial Colonel who was at that time a friend of mine. He said he wasn't forming a cricket team, but that if he had been in want of a slow bowler he would have been delighted to recommend me.

The next man I tried was also a Territorial Colonel. He had known my mother, but had no knowledge of me personally, so there was no excuse for his behaviour.

"I think you knew my mother." I said.

He was a man of caution and wanted to hear her name before committing himself. Judging that prevarication was useless and liable to lead to suspicion I disclosed it.

"I knew her well," he admitted, and held out his hand.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I am my mother's son."

"I guessed it."

"I have been given to understand that there is a war on and that this country is involved."

"I have heard the rumour."

"No doubt. These things do get about. Even the Press has got hold of it. I shouldn't be surprised if there are questions in the House on the subject."

"I think that we may assume that this rumour is not without foundation. What then?"

"It seemed to me to be the kind of thing one ought to be in, and that as you are, in a sort of way, a friend of the family, I couldn't do better than have you as a Commanding Officer."

"You will find the Recruiting Sergeant on the next floor—second door on the left. To avoid mistake my orderly will show you the way." He rose, and out of compliment to my prospective C.O. I rose too.

"Then I may take it that I shall be gazetted in due course. I hope that it won't be too soon as I have one or two things I should like to arrange."

"Oh, you want a commission?" We sat down again.

"That was my idea. I hadn't thought of serving in the ranks as my friends tell me that I should be wasted there, and seeing that you knew my mother the position might be a little embarrassing for both of us. I thought of taking a position as a Quartermaster."

"Any experience?"

"Not very much to speak of."

"How much?"

"I once spent a week with an Army crammer, but we didn't get on well together. He didn't understand my French."

"A Quartermaster's duties are rather technical."

"I have some legal experience. I am rather good at filling up forms. I have a light style which goes down pretty well. I should like you to see some of my correspondence with the Inland Revenue people—I fancy you'd like it. I think that I shall get the better of them if I can keep the matter going for another couple of years. Of course it's early days yet—the matter has only been under discussion for four years—but they've already shown distinct signs of weakening. So in case of any little argument with the County Authorities or the War Office——"

"Any other qualification?"

"I'm pretty good at games. I write a bit—hardly enough to be a vice. I've appeared on the boards as an amateur and have escaped matrimony."

"I'm afraid I haven't a vacancy for a Quartermaster at the moment."

"If you're already suited I don't want to press the Quartermaster job. In a crisis like the present one ought not to be too particular. I should even be prepared to take an ordinary commission, though I can't say that I care much for walking."

"Any military experience?"

"Well, I once wore a sword at a fancy-dress ball. After I put it in the cloak-room at the urgent request of the stewards it only ruined one silk hat, and that was the fault of the attendant, who didn't understand swords. Of course I've played soldier parts. One of my most successful rôles was a peppery colonel."

"How old are you?" I was afraid that he would ask my age, as it's my one weak spot from a military point of view.

"Does one have to justify any statement as to age?" I asked.

"A birth certificate must be produced."

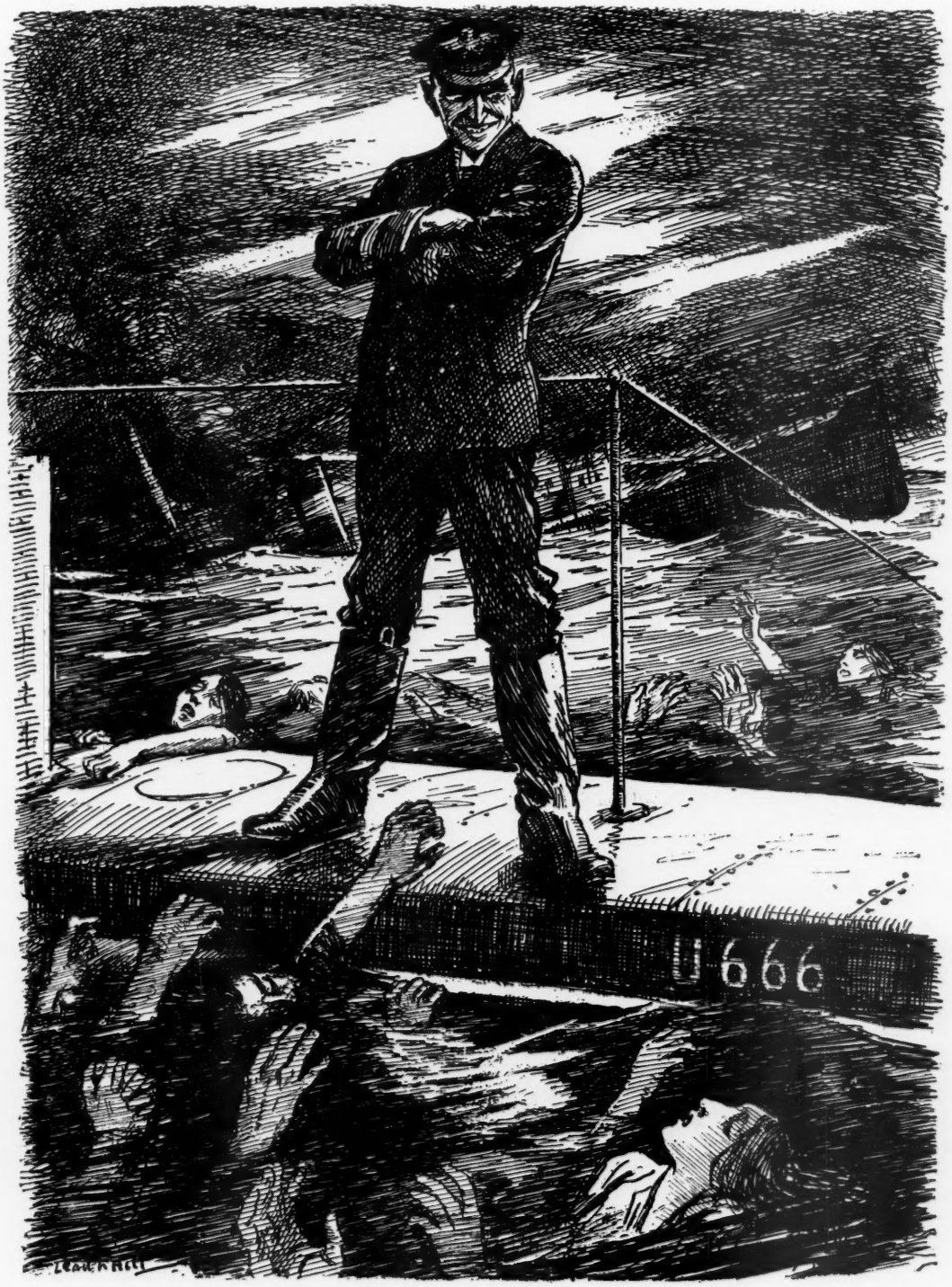
"That's awkward. The only one I've got gives the impression that I was born in 1875. I've always had my doubts as to its accuracy, as I can't say that I recall the event. They do make mistakes at Somerset House. I might get them to alter it, but they're rather fussy and dilatory, and one can't expect the War to last for ever. I must look into the matter and see if I am justified in amending it myself. Suppose we say born in 1885; that only means altering one figure."

"I'm sorry I haven't a vacancy. I've applied for more officers already than I'm strictly entitled to have."

"Then one or two more or less won't matter. I presume the War Office don't trouble to count up the number of officers in all the Territorial regiments. When an inspection is threatened you might give a few of us leave, so as not to overcrowd the parade. I shouldn't be upset at being left out of it. When shall I join?"

"After the War, when we shan't be so busy."

He looked at his watch and manœuvred me through the door into the passage, where I tripped over a sentry.



A GREAT NAVAL TRIUMPH.

German Submarine Officer. "THIS OUGHT TO MAKE THEM JEALOUS IN THE SISTER SERVICE. BELGIUM SAW NOTHING BETTER THAN THIS."



Charles. "MUMMY, I LOVE YOU MORE THAN LOIS DOES. I LOVE YOU 100 AND 1,000 AND 100,000."
Lois. "I LOVE HER BILLIONS—I LOVE HER THE WHOLE WORLD."
Charles (in a disgusted tone). "*I* DON'T LOVE HER THE WHOLE WORLD. I DON'T LOVE HER THE GERMANY PART."

AT THE FRONT.

(In continuation of "At the Back of the Front.")

WEEKS and weeks ago a German battery got the range of a slab of railway from which our armoured train had been grieving them; and but for the fact that the train had moved off about half-an-hour earlier it might quite easily have been hit. The German battery was so pleased at this victory that they now make a hobby of this bit of the line, dusting it up daily from 5 to 7.30 P.M.; and I should think it would be very dangerous for anyone who was actually present at that hour. But, as nobody ever is, our casualties at this point are negligible. In the meantime the noise is horrid; and our billet has already thought out several polite notes to the battery commander, pointing out that we like to make up lost sleep between tea and dinner. The only difficulty is in the matter of delivery.

There was a time when the trenches were as restful as billets; such halcyon days are gone. An offensive attitude is demanded. We must, it is felt, prove to the Bosch our activity, our confidence in ourselves, our contempt of him, and, in short, our *höchste Gefechtbereitschaft* (all rights still reserved). To achieve this without actually attacking takes a bit of doing. A specimen of demonstrative operations ordered during twenty-four hours may, without giving too much away, be briefly sketched:—

4 A.M. Alternate platoons will sing *God save the King*, *Tipperary* and *The Rosary* until 4.15, and alternate sections will fire one round rapid. Should the Bosch disregard this——

6 A.M. Swedish drill will take place on the parapet. This having failed to draw fire or other sign of hostile attention——

10 A.M. The regimental mouth-organist section will play the *Wacht am Rhein* flatly, timelessly, tunelessly, but still recognizably. When both sides have recovered——

5 P.M. Two companies will fire salutes at the setting sun, while the remaining two will play association football in front of the barbed wire.

By some such policy of frightfulness we daunt the Bosch from day to day, and we have small doubt that on that afternoon when we go "over the top" to take tea with him he will meet us halfway with raised arms and a happy smile of relief at the ending of his suspense.

Variæ Lectiones.

Underneath a picture representing a soldier jumping from the ground on to a trotting horse:—

"A well-known French jockey, now galloper to a French General, setting off in haste with an important message."—*Daily Mail.*

"Convalescent British and French soldiers amused at the antics of Daix, the well-known French jockey, who entertained them with an exhibition of trick-riding."—*Daily Graphic.*

"The man who stole the tyres of Mr. Eggar's brougham at the Pegu Club (or anybody else) can have the whole Turn-out (brougham, horse, harness, coachman and syce) for Rs. 750, because the owner is fed up about it."
Rangoon Times.

An old brougham and a clean sweep.

A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

VI.

My dear Mr. Punch,—At last I am back again in the regiment, and the office, now a thousand miles away, is a dwindling memory. The thing was done in typical Army fashion. One day last week the four of us who had been left behind at Divisional Headquarters put our heads together and decided that as there was every prospect of our remaining where we were for a long time we might reasonably expend a portion of our scanty pay in the purchase of a few minor aids to civilised life, such as plates and cups. Before we could set out for the bazaar, however, there came a precise official intimation that, as it had been found impossible to relieve us, we must be prepared to continue to serve in the office indefinitely.

That altered matters. A few months ago we might have been deceived, but we know the Army now. We abandoned our shopping expedition, gathered together our scattered belongings and prepared to depart. Sure enough there came next day imperative orders for us to rejoin the battalion at once.

As you have often pointed out, human nature is a perverse thing. For over three months we had been longing and agitating to be returned to our regiment; as soon as the instructions came we regretted leaving the office. We began to lament our cosy little tent, our comparative liberty, the civilian friends we had recently made, and we looked forward darkly to an era of irritating bugle calls, stew and kit inspections. We remembered, too, how far behind our comrades in military efficiency we were bound to find ourselves—and there is no mercy in the Army.

But our last hours were cheered by a letter from Mahadoo, formerly our "boy." I transcribe it for you literally:—

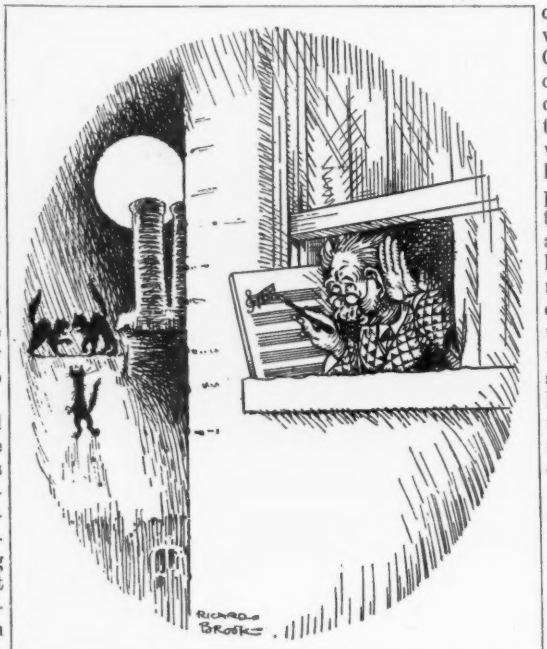
Respected Sir,—I beg to ask that your my Masters Please honour will you kindly Sir I work with your before Alik come about five days go that please Sir did not Paid me that money yet I did not ask that to you Because Alik did not me my pay I hire for I am sorry thank verry much to you please excuse me the all turbully

I am your Poor Obedent Servant

Mahadoo Butler.

I need not burden you with details of Mahadoo's claim, but you will rejoice to know that we were enabled to leave him satisfied and beaming. And we assured him it was no "turbully."

This, by the way, was our first intimation that we had all this time been employing a butler. The knowledge was rather staggering at first, but now we are beginning to realise its possibilities in future years. "Ah, yes," one will be able to say, "when I was staying in India, you know, my butler came to me one morning . . ." But we shall, of course, studiously refrain from mentioning that the butler used to clean the boots, make the beds, wash the clothes and perform other inferior domestic duties.



German composer seeking inspiration for melody to a "Song of Hate."

Forty of us, who had been collected from various points, made the journey up together. Being merely British soldiers, we were given the worst available accommodation (that of course is our opinion; soldiers are built like that), with the result that five of us found ourselves in a grimy and malodorous compartment, measuring exactly seven feet by four, and austerely furnished with two extremely hard wooden benches a foot wide and three hat-pegs.

But it was quite good fun. By day there were innumerable fresh and exciting things to see, while by night the problem of sleeping kept us in paroxysms of laughter for hours. It is not easy, you know, to arrange twenty-nine feet of humanity on fourteen feet of bench. We contrived to relieve the congestion to some extent by improvising a hammock from a blanket and some pieces of string. It was a fine test of soldierly intrepidity to sleep in that hammock. I occupied it for one night, and I can tell you I envied those lucky fellows safe in their trenches at the Front.

We spent three days and nights in the train, and at the end left our little wooden hut with regret.

So here I am, back in the dear old Army again, welcomed with the same old Army greeting: "*Hullo! You back? Got a cigarette?*" Nothing is changed. On the day we arrived we were marched down to the Quartermaster's Stores to draw our bedding. The Corporal in charge of the party halted us, told us to wait a minute and went inside. Half-an-hour later he emerged with another Corporal, and both of them, after telling us to wait a minute, disappeared round the corner. An hour passed. Then the Quartermaster-Sergeant appeared and demanded to know what we were waiting for. We explained wearily. "Wait a minute," he said, and went back inside. An hour later he returned, looked us up and down and asked what the devil we wanted. Again we explained, and again he enjoined us to wait a minute, and disappeared. We cooled our heels for another hour and then sprang to attention as the Quartermaster himself came on the scene. "What do you men want?" he demanded testily. "Come to draw our bedding, Sir," we cried in chorus. "Oh, it's no good your coming to-day," he exclaimed. "Come back to-morrow."

Dear old Army!

But perhaps there are indications of a kindlier feeling among the N.C.O.'s. I have as yet no kit-box, and a kit-box is essential to a man's peace of mind in barracks. In a moment of forgetfulness I mentioned the fact to a Sergeant and asked if I might have one. As soon as I had done it I realised my mistake; but to my surprise, instead of paralysing me with a stony glare, he looked quite sympathetic. "I know it's awkward without one," he said, and passed on. Even then he seemed to feel he had not done all he might, for, turning round, he added with an air of kindly consolation, "Still, you've got your padlock and key, haven't you?"

Yours ever,

One of the *Punch* Brigade.

MY DINNER DRESS.

"Berthe" sent my dress by parcel post;
I've tried it on, and, gracious!
Poor little me is almost lost
In latitude so spacious.

It's seven yards about the hem,
A couple round the centre,
"Berthe" says that's how they're wearing them—
No skimping would content her.

The cult of *shape* is obsolete;
The mermaid sheath that showed a
Symmetric line from nape to feet
Is *tout à fait démodé*.

And she who used to cultivate
The art of keeping slender
May now put on a little weight,
Such scope the fashions lend her.

In short, no longer need we pine
And struggle to grow thinner,
Because when we go out to dine
There 'll be more room for dinner.

NEW PAPERS.

[One noteworthy feature of War-time has been the production of a number of fresh journals. But it must not be supposed that they have all been issued on our side, and a glance at the announcements here following will prove that the same spirit of enterprise animates both enemy and neutral countries.]

LAND AND UNDER WATER.

Published by

HOHENZOLLERN AND TIRPITZ.

All readers are invited to enrol as members of our Hate Club, in connection with which there is this week announced

A SIMPLE COMPETITION

in which valuable prizes are offered for the best new terms of abuse for application to England.

THE AUSTRIAN ECHO.

Edited by FRANCIS-JOSEPH HAPSBURG.
BERLIN PRIVATE WIRE.

Special Notice.—The Proprietors of the above Journal beg to intimate that their Przemysl Branch Office has been closed until further notice.

THE CRESCENT MOON.

A Monthly Revue, edited by ENVER BEY.

The Magazine of the Constantinople Smart Set.

"In and Out of Town" is a regular feature, read by all wishing to know the movements of Stamboul Society.

Special Notice.—The Advertisement Manager would respectfully point out to House Agents having desirable seraglios to let in Asia Minor that a Unique Opportunity offers.



Mistress. "AFRAID OF THE ZEPPELINS? DON'T BE STUPID, MARY. THE MASTER'S GOING OUT AFTER THEM."

ROME CHAT.

THE ONLY PAPER READ THROUGHOUT EUROPE.

Published weekly in Neutral-tinted Wrapper at No. 1 Via Media, Rome.

THE TRANSATLANTIC SPECTATOR.

A PRO-BRITISH-GERMAN-AMERICAN REVIEW.

Edited by Professor WOODROW WILSON and published weekly at The White House (semi-detached), Washington.

"The authorities in Rochdale have up to the present declined to restrict the hours during which licensed houses are open, though on several occasions they have been urged to take this step by temperature organisations and other people, but the matter has now been taken out of their hands."—*Rochdale Times.*

The temperature organizations will now perhaps turn their attention to the weather, which always wants somebody to look after it.

"London, March 4.—Discussing the fall in London of flour prices, Mark Lane, the noted merchant, said yesterday:—'Every shot fired in the Dardanelles is a shot fired into the Chicago wheat pit.'"

Los Angeles Daily Times.

This may be Mark's opinion, but we should like to hear what his equally noted brother, Mincing, has to say about it.

U 29.

By K 9.

I am one of the unhappiest of creatures, because I have been misunderstood. Nothing is worse than to mean well, and do all you can, and be misunderstood beyond any possibility of explanation. That is my tragedy just now, and it all comes of having four legs and no articulation when the people who control things have only two and can express themselves.

Sirius, how I ache! But let me tell you.

I am a performing dog—nothing more and nothing less. I belong to a man named—but perhaps I had better not give his name, as he might be still more cross with me, especially as he does not come too well out of this story. And when I say I belong to him I mean that I am one—the principal one—of his troupe; but of course I could leave at any moment if I wanted to, and it is extremely likely that I shall. I have merely to run off the stage, out of the door, and he would be done. I have not done so yet, because hitherto he has treated me quite decently, and I enjoy my performance. I like to see all the happy people in front, and watch their amazed faces as I go through my wonderful tricks. "Isn't it extraordinary?" they say to each other. "Almost human. Fancy a dog doing that!" It amuses me to hear things like that. We never say, we dogs, that clever human beings are almost canine. We know that to be absurd; they would never be within miles of being canine.

Anyway that is what I am—a very brilliant performing dog, with a number of quite remarkable tricks and the capacity to perform as many again if only my master would think it worth while to add to his list. But so long as there are so many music-halls where his present performance is always a novelty—and there are so many that he could be in a different one every week for the next ten years if he liked—why should he worry himself to do anything fresh? That is the argument he uses, not being a real artist and enthusiast, as I am, and as is one of my friends in the troupe too. She, however, does not come into this story.

I don't know whether you know anything about music-halls, but it is my privilege to be in one and perhaps two every day, entertaining tired people, and the custom now is, if any striking news of the War arrives during the evening, for one of the performers to announce it. Naturally, for human beings like being prominent and popular as much as dogs do, a performer is very glad when it falls to him to make the announcement. Applause is very sweet to the ear, even if it is provoked merely by stating the heroism of others, and it is not difficult for anyone accustomed to hear it to associate himself with the action that has called it forth. I feel that I am very rambling in my remarks, but their point must be clearly made, and that is that the privilege of telling the audience about a great deed just now is highly prized, and a performer who is foolish enough to miss the chance is stupid indeed.

I must now tell you that my master is not the most sensible of men. It was clever of him to become possessed of so able an animal as myself and to treat me so sensibly as to induce me to stay with him and work for him; but his cleverness stops there. In private life he is really very silly, spending all his time in talking and drinking with other professionals (as they call themselves), and boasting of the success he has had at Wigan and Plymouth and Perth and places like that, instead of learning new jokes and allowing me to do new tricks, as I should love to, for I am tired of my present repertory and only too conscious of my great powers.

It was on March 25th and we were performing at a popular London hall; and just as we were going on someone brought the news of the sinking of the U 29. I heard it distinctly, but my master was so muzzy and preoccupied that, though he pulled himself together sufficiently to say "Good business!" in reply, he did nothing else. He failed to realise what a chance it was for him to make a hit for himself.

Look at the situation. On the one hand the audience longing to be cheered up by such a piece of news, and on the other a stupid performer too fresh from a neighbouring bar to be able to impart it or appreciate his luck in having the opportunity of imparting it and bringing down the house. And not only that. On the other hand there was a keen patriotic British dog longing to tell the news, but unable to make all these blockheads understand, because with all their boasted human knowledge and brains they haven't yet learned to know what dogs are talking about. Would you believe it, my master began his ancient patter just as if nothing had happened? I tweaked his leg, but all in vain. I snapped at him, I snarled at him, to bring him to his senses; but all in vain.

Then I took the thing into my own paws. I ceased to pay him any attention. All I did was to stand at the footlights facing the house and shout out to the audience again and again, "The U 29 has been sunk with all hands!" "Come here, you devil," said my master under his breath, "and behave, or I'll give you the biggest thrashing you ever had." But I didn't care. I remained by the footlights, screaming out, "The U 29 has been sunk with all hands!" "Mercy, how the dog barks!" a lady in a box exclaimed. Bark! I wasn't barking. I was disseminating the glad tidings.

"Silence, you brute!" my master cried, and brought down his little whip on my back. But I still kept on. "They must know it, they must be told!" I said to myself, and on I went with the news until at last the stage-manager rang down the curtain and our turn was called off. But a second later he was on the stage himself, apologising for my conduct and telling the audience about the U 29, and in their excitement they forgot all about their disappointment at not seeing me perform. Their applause was terrific.

"See what you missed by your folly," I said to my master. But he paid no attention, he merely set about giving me the thrashing of my life.

Sirius, how I ache!

COLOUR-CURE.

["Colour has a wonderfully beneficial effect on criminals and lunatics. But of course the colours must be blended with scientific exactness till they harmonise absolutely with the temperament of the patient. Some colours, used alone, are absolutely poisonous."
Interview in "Daily News."]

Before you try the colour-cure
Upon the criminal, make sure
How much, and what he can endure.

A thief whose heart was black-and-tan
Might well resent a purple plan
For making him another man.

The neutral greys, however mellow,
Might spoil the peace of some poor fellow
Whose aura always had been yellow.

Your subtlest harmonies in black
Might spur into renewed attack
A homicidal maniac.

And who shall say what might be said
By one accustomed to see red
When faced with grassy greens instead?

And friends would make a fine to-do
Who came their prodigal to view
And found him dead of Prussian-blue.

From a Scilly Islander.

Extract from a letter to *The Royal Cornish Gazette*:—

"The Hun pirates have begun their deadly work. Cannot our English men-of-war be on the look-out for them?"

We have much pleasure in bringing this valuable suggestion to the attention of Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher.



THE REWARD OF KULTUR.



She. "LOOK HERE, GEORGE, I'M GOING 'OME IF YOU'RE GOING TO TALK ABOUT THE WAR ALL THE TIME! IF YOU FEEL SO PENT-UP, WHY DON'T YOU GO AN' 'AVE A SHY AT THE COKER-NUTS?"

MANY A SLIP.

I THINK I have mentioned Jessie as a champion cup-crasher before. There are people who can drop cups and glasses without breaking them. Jessie can break them without dropping them. It is a gift, and she has it. She has other gifts, including that of kindness to Peter, and these have prevented our side-tracking her so far.

Alison has tried to cure her by threats of dismissal, but threats only encourage Jessie to higher flights of smashing. She knows by now the low breaking strain of vegetable dishes to an ounce, yet in her daily intercourse with these utensils she cheerfully subjects them to such stress as would shatter a brick. With cups and saucers I think she must practise secret jugglery in the pantry.

Every month-end, or nearly so, after Alison has paid her wages, she says, "Jessie really will have to go; two more plates broken and another badly cracked;" or "The handle has been knocked off the Lowestoft jug; Jessie says she was dusting it, and it simply dropped off;" or "Poor Aunt Emily's present [a Dresden group] has lost an arm."

Last Saturday night I felt that the climax had been more than reached. Peter found the base of our only Venetian glass vase, the pride of the combined family heart, under the drawing-room sofa. The rest of it had disappeared into the dust-bin.

I traced in the air the letters J.M.G. Alison asked what I meant.

"Jessie Must Go," I said impressively, "before she makes another raid on our unfortified crockery."

"I suppose so," said Alison wearily. "But really I don't know where I shall find another maid like her."

"I don't want you to find another like her," I said. "I want you to find someone as unlike her as possible. She's an image-breaker, an iconoclast. I begin to suspect her of being of German extraction. Give the girl an Iron Cross and let her go."

"You forget," said Alison, "that she is simply invaluable with Peter."

"True," I said, "she is kind to children. Well, she shall have one more chance."

* * * * *

Sunday passed off quietly. Jessie spent her spare time knitting socks for soldiers. My witticism about her breaking the Sabbath was not so well received as I thought it deserved.

On Monday evening when I arrived home, Alison looked so down in the mouth that I felt sure there had been another breakage, a bad one, and I was right.

"Let her have her passports at once," I said, "for goodness' sake. She's breaking up the happy home on the instalment plan."

"No," said Alison firmly, "I can't give her notice this time."

"Then come and watch me do it," I said. "What's she broken?"

"It's rather a nasty breakage, too," said Alison.

"Come," I said, "out with it. Not any of the Chinese dessert service on the dresser; not the——"

"No," said Alison, "she was saving Peter from falling downstairs and—"

"Well," I said.

"She slipped," said Alison, "and broke her collar-bone."

* * * * *

And now Jessie is a heroine, and when she returns from hospital with the medal for personal bravery she will be firmly established for ever in our household, with licence to break whatever she chooses.

"The use of steel for the making of guns was begun by Alfred Krupp, the master of Essen, probably the ablest metallurgist that the world has ever seen. He died long ago, and Sheffield knows many of the secrets that died with him."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

These dead secrets always somehow get about.



THE REVERSION.

Turkey. "I'M GIVING UP THIS BED, WILLIAM. WON'T YOU TAKE MY PLACE?"

ON THE SPY-TRAIL.

III.

The man who transferred the "prize bloodhound" to Jimmy met him one day. "Hello, sonny," said he, "what luck did you have with the '*what-is-it*'?"

Jimmy showed him Faithful, who was lying curled up on the ground.

"You don't mean to say so!" exclaimed the man. "A Persian, too!" He then said, "Poor puss"—just like that, you know—and put his hand down to stroke Jimmy's bloodhound. Old Faithful uncoiled slowly, saw the man's hand, sniffed at it, didn't like it and so just bit it to make it go away. Jimmy says the man looked touched and a cloud settled on his face; then he shot out his foot towards Faithful. He was trying to show Faithful how to do the goose-step, Jimmy says.

The man recommended some different kinds of food for Jimmy's bloodhound; you got them at the chemist's and had to sign a paper for them. He said that if Jimmy showed Faithful to the chemist it would be all right, he would quite understand.

Since then Jimmy has painted a sign which tells you to beware of the dog. The milkman told Jimmy he ought to have another sign with "The Dog" painted on it, and fix it round Faithful's neck, so that there would be no mistake.

One day, when Jimmy was going to unchain his bloodhound and again hurl him upon the spy trail, an incident happened that would have quite unsettled for serious work any but a really well-trained sleuthhound. A fierce chicken which belonged to the man next door had broken loose and, dashing through the hedge, had come right up to where Faithful was chained. Faithful was just finishing his breakfast, and the chicken tried to wrest from him a cold potato he was about to tear to pieces.

Jimmy says the chicken growled at Faithful and began opening and shutting the feathers on its neck at him like an umbrella. Jimmy says you shouldn't do that to bloodhounds; it's dangerous. It made Jimmy's bloodhound pounce like anything, and every time he pounced the chicken jumped up in the air and waggled its feet right at him. Once the chicken crowed straight in Faithful's face. It was awful, Jimmy says. Faithful without any hesitation gathered himself together and rushed behind his kennel to get a good run at him, when the chicken seized the potato with all its might.

Faithful kept leaping and straining at the chain like anything, Jimmy says, for there was the chicken swallowing great lumps of the potato and stretching its neck to ease them down. It kept going red in the face at him, Jimmy says, and his bloodhound hurled himself about with such force that he thought the chain would break.

The chain held all right—the man Jimmy bought it from said it had been tested up to two tons—but Faithful made such a terrific rush that he slipped clean through the collar. Jimmy says he ought to have tied a knot in Faithful's tail and then it wouldn't have happened.

The next door garden is a big one, and the chicken and Faithful had it to themselves. They used a good deal of it, Jimmy says. The chicken kept jumping in the air with its feet tucked up to put him off the scent, but old Faithful never faltered, he kept on doing the side stroke, baying steadily. The chicken moulted a good deal during its progress; Jimmy says it was because it got so hot.

Once they passed the fowl-house, and as soon as the hens caught sight of Jimmy's bloodhound they all began to send out the S.O.S. signal, and then the man came out.

Jimmy knew the man a little; he had told Jimmy the day before that snowdrops were harbingers. The man



Old Lady (to parson—a perfect stranger—who has joined the New Army). "Well, my lad, isn't this better than hanging about street corners and spending your time in public-houses?"

knew all about bloodhounds with chickens, Jimmy says, but his slippers wouldn't let him; they hadn't any heels and kept coming off in the soil. Jimmy says the man went on talking to himself over his slippers and looking for something to throw. But there were only the snowdrops, so he went to the coalhouse as fast as his slippers could go.

Jimmy says the man wasn't a very good aimer, although Faithful gave him every chance. Faithful kept fetching the coal back for the man and then putting the chicken up again, but the man didn't hit the chicken once. Jimmy says the man had just emptied a little heap of gravel out of his slippers that he had forgotten about for the moment and was taking a very good look at Faithful when the man's wife came out and began to talk to him from the doorstep.

She said his name was Alexander and that he had to come in—did he hear her?—with coal at 30s. a ton. But the man had reached out too quickly to stroke old Faithful with his foot, and Faithful was busy trying to make the man's slipper growl at him in one corner of the lawn. Jimmy says the man is a good hopper, you could tell that from where he left his slipper when he did it. It was like swimming with one foot on the bottom, the way the man did it, Jimmy says, and when Faithful saw the man beginning to do that at him he couldn't bear it and went away. Jimmy says bloodhounds are like that, it unhinges them.

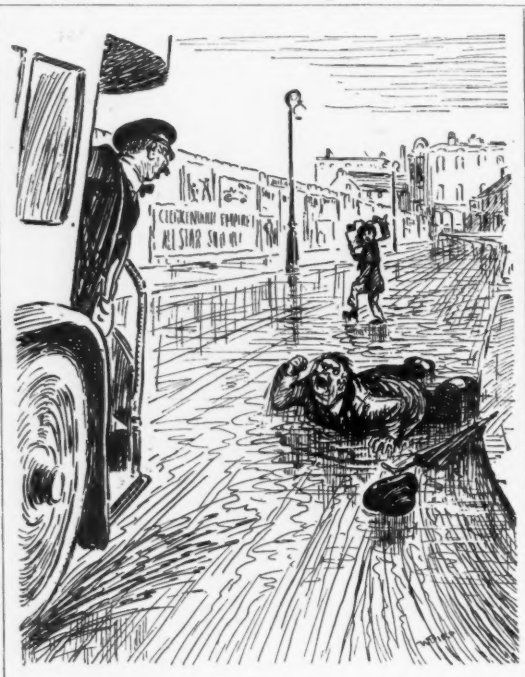
The man told Jimmy of a scheme he had for his bloodhound. It would make him look like a sieve, he said. He said Jimmy's bloodhound was an animal.

All this took up time and made Faithful quite late on the trail, and Jimmy was afraid his bloodhound would be too unnerved for really fine work. However, he led him up to the sausage shop, where he caught his first spy, and loosed him there.

Faithful cast about for a little, scratched himself, then suddenly dashed into the shop hot upon the scent of another of those sausages with the red husk. He couldn't reach those in the window, so he went behind the counter and picked up the trail of one that must have been hiding under a glass dish. Jimmy heard the glass dish smash in the struggle. So did the man. He came running into the shop and threw a chopper for Faithful to fetch. Jimmy says the man got very excited and drew a revolver and fired at Faithful, and then shouted, "Mad dog! Mad dog!" as hard as he could.

Jimmy says that people were looking everywhere for the mad dog, and he was glad he hadn't fixed that sign the milkman told him of on to Faithful.

They had to tear the sausage from Faithful's mouth because his fangs were locked. The policeman was surprised at the sausage, Jimmy says; he said it was a wolf in sheep's clothing.



"You started before I was ready. I'll have the law of you for this!"

"Now then, old submarine—none of yer frightfulness!"

That was because it contained a bundle of new bank-notes, done up in oilskin, instead of proper sausage dough.

Jimmy said it was a fraud, and the policeman said the banknotes were also, he thought. But he was so pleased with Jimmy that he played him a tune on his whistle.

Faithful followed all the policemen into the shop—you see he had tasted blood—and while the policemen went to talk to the man he kept the sausages at bay. He rustled them about a good deal, Jimmy says, and kept daring them to bite back at him.

Jimmy says his bloodhound got so exhausted with his work that he soon had only strength enough to lie down near a pork pie and place his tongue against it.

It was not the same kind of spy as the other one Jimmy's bloodhound tracked down; it was a naturalised one.

Jimmy says they used Faithful as a bit of evidence, and the policeman had to swear he was a dog within the meaning of the Act.

Jimmy says the man made bank-notes as well as sausages—better, the magistrate said. The man didn't want people to know he made bank-notes, so he put them in a sausage skin, and another man used to come and take them away. He was a confederate, like you have when you do tricks, Jimmy says.

The man kept the bank-note sausages under a glass dish so that they wouldn't stray away and mingle with the others.

The magistrate said that you couldn't always tell sausages by their overcoats. Some of them were whited sepulchres. The bank-notes were for a fund to aid German spies, and so they couldn't be sent by post, as the letters might be opened and the bank-notes leak out.

The man who used to come for the bank-note sausages has not been caught yet—he is still at large; but then so is old Faithful, Jimmy says.

In a recent issue we quoted the order issued at an Indian camp that "any Volunteer improbably dressed will be arrested." Judging by the following extract it would appear about time that the military authorities at home took similar action:—

"The greater portion were clad in khaki, some were in blue, whilst others wore semi-military dress. A section of the men wore greatcoats and ordinary caps—one man had donned a Trilby and another a felt hat, while a Morecambe company wore mittens."—*Daily Dispatch.*

In Scotland things are even worse, for we read in the prospectus of a certain Volunteer Training Corps that—

"It is proposed that the only uniform to be worn to begin with shall be a Hat (conform to Regulations) and a Brassard to be worn on the left arm."

FLOREAT ETONA.

We hold in righteous war no peace well won
Where Justice falters at a fear of Hate.
Our Head may plead, "Oh, humble not the Hun!"
Our speech is with the Enemy in the Gate.



THE SUPER-SLACKER.

Old Gentleman (discussing man in farther corner). "But surely, though he hasn't enlisted, he 's doing his bit somehow—National Defence, perhaps?—or Special Constable?"

Companion. "The blighter don't do nothing, I tell yer. Nothing! *Don't even pull down the winder blinds!*"

MORE WORK FOR WOMEN.

[It is suggested that one reason for the German hate is the beauty of English girls compared with the maidens of the Fatherland.]

What can you do for England's sake,
Cousin of mine, whose dainty frame
Too frailly fashioned is to break
A lance in her dear name?
Your hands are weary, you declare,
Of knitting khaki pedal wear.

You fain would travel to the wars
And take your stand against the foe;
There 's envy in that heart of yours
Each time that you bestow
That most encouraging of boons,
The gladsome eye on light dragoons.

Well, if you 'd really have the Hun
Annoyed by your intrinsic might,
Send him your photograph (the one
In which you 're wearing white);
Its advent in the trench, dear child,
Would surely drive the beggars wild.

We understand from the news in the daily papers that the distinguished Roumanian, Mr. Take Jonescu, has been urging the Roumanians to join the Allies. Isn't it about time they *took* Jones' cue?

PRICES AS USUAL.

"Everything is dearer!" she said, flinging the butcher's book from her.

"Not everything," said her husband gently, while preparing himself to meet a possible demand for an increase in the allowance for housekeeping.

"I don't mean tobacco; I am speaking of necessaries," she replied. "At the grocer's, the baker's, the fruiterer's, the butcher's—wherever you go it 's the same; and it has come to this, Rowland, that it is impossible for me to manage——"

"Have you tried Tomkinson's Stores?" he asked.

"That smelly place with a post-office behind the cheeses? No, thank you! And, anyhow, their prices are sure to have gone up like everybody else's."

"They are not all up, my dear; you must try to be less sweeping in your statements. As a matter of fact I looked in at Tomkinson's on my way home and found them quite reasonable."

"Rowland! Do not tell me that the chocolates you buy me about twice a year come from that horrible shop."

"I am sorry, Nora, but I did not buy chocolates; July the 19th, you must remember, is the next date for chocolates."

"Then what could you want to get at Tomkinson's? One thing is certain, if you ask me to eat any of it we shall quarrel. What did you buy?"

Rowland felt in several pockets, his wife watching him closely. At the end he produced a packet of post-cards.

Help!

Under the heading of "Literary Help" this Answer to a Correspondent appeared recently in *T.P.'s Weekly*:—

"H. L. G. (Bristol).—Your three songs are as good (perhaps a little better) than (*sic*) many efforts of the kind. You don't attempt to say anything beyond the commonplace, but it is something to achieve the sentimental commonplace without falling into pathos (*sic*)."

The Literary Helper's estimate of the relative values of "sentimental commonplace" and "pathos" is at least as good as his grammar.

"Sergeant Tisdale received a bullet in the log."—*The Observer.*

We have always thought it inadvisable for a soldier to keep a log. It is really sailors' work.

EPISTOLARY FRENCH.

"OH dear," said Francesca in a tone of deep depression, "I've got to write two letters in French."

"It is," I said, "a punishment for having wasted your time in early youth. During the hours nominally devoted to French you were thinking of hockey or bicycles or poetry. Instead of attending to the irregular verbs you were preparing a speech on the subjection of women. And now you can't play hockey and you don't want to bicycle and you're the despot of your household, but you can't write the simplest letter in the French language without groaning and tearing your hair."

"All that," she said, "is very eloquent, but it isn't very helpful."

"I do not pretend," I said, "to be a dictionary or a phrase-book. Short of that, if there is anything I can do you have only to appeal to my better nature and you will find me bubbling over with French of the most idiomatic kind. But tell me, to whom do you propose to write?"

"To Belgian refugees, of course. We must all do what we can to help them, poor things."

"Of course we must," I said; "but do you think our letters will help them much?"

"Well, they want to know things and we're bound to answer them."

"Quite true," I said; "but are you sure that our French will help to reconcile them to living in England? Might it not be of so English a quality that they would feel more than ever that they were amongst strangers? Couldn't we call in person and smile at them and say, '*Oh oui*' in a friendly manner so as to make them think they're really at home? I merely throw out the suggestion, you know."

"You can leave it," she said, "where you threw it. It's no use to me. We've got to write these letters."

"Very well," I said, "let's get to work. How shall we begin?"

"'*Chère Madame*' would be all right, wouldn't it?"

"'*Chère Madame*' would be simply splendid if the lady is married."

"Married?" said Francesca. "She has been married twenty-four years and has had ten children."

"No one," I said, "could possibly be more worthy of all that is implied in '*Chère Madame*.' Let us put it down at once before we forget it."

"Anyhow," said Francesca more cheerfully, "we've got started, and that's more than half the battle."

"Francesca," I said, "you never made a greater mistake in your life. The beginning of a letter in French is, no doubt, important, but it is the merest child's play compared with the end. Are you going to ask this mother of ten children simply to receive your salutations? Or dare you soar still higher and pray her to be well willing to agree the expression of your sentiments the most distinguished? Or to accept the assurance of your most high consideration? You think they're all pretty much the same, but they're not. There are heavy shades of difference between them and you can't help going wrong. Is it worth while to risk exposing your ignorance to a lady who has been married twenty-four years? Pause before it is too late."

"Well," said Francesca, "I can't help it. If ever I get so far in this blessed letter I shall just make a dash for it and ask her to agree whatever comes into my head first. It'll probably be my distinguished sentiments, because I've taken a fancy for that style. It's jolly to think one has such sentiments."

"All right," I said, "have it your own way, but don't blame me if when you next meet her your Belgian lady shows what the novels call evident signs of constraint."

"She won't worry about a little thing like that. She's the dearest old thing in the world, but she's in a great state about the chimney in her sitting-room, which is one of the most successful smokers ever built."

"Hurrah!" I cried, "now we've got the middle of the letter, and that makes it complete. *Ramoneur* is the French for sweep, so we'll write something like this:—

Chère Madame,

Je vous enverrai le ramoneur.

Agréez, Madame, mes sentiments distingués.

And then you'll sign it and send it off."

"Will that do?" said Francesca. "Isn't it just a little too curt? They're our guests, you know, and we ought to do all we can to make them feel at home."

"Well," I said, "we could throw in a few words about the weather."

"But perhaps they don't worry about the weather in Belgium."

"Then it'll be something new for them. And you might add some neat little sentence about hoping that the children are all in good health."

"Neat little sentences," said Francesca, "don't grow on gooseberry bushes, but I'll do my best. That polishes off number one. Now we must consider number two. This time I have to answer a daughter. Somebody, it appears, has been good enough to indicate to Papa a place where he can procure himself cheaply a summer costume made to measure, and it pains them to see Mamma without a suitable dress at a moment when nature is adorning herself with her most beautiful attire. Can I say where Mamma can obtain a dress which will restore her peace of mind?"

"Francesca," I said, "this does not concern me. It is too sacred. All I can do is to suggest that *couturière* is a not inappropriate word. And this time you can finish up with the assurance of your highest consideration."

"It sounds haughty," said Francesca, "but I'll chance it."

R. C. L.

LINES ON A RECENT CORRESPONDENCE.

THE versatile, outspoken Head of Eton
Suggested that, when Germany is beaten,
And the Allies have drawn the fangs of Kiel,
We should not give her any cause to squeal,
But prove the honesty of our professions
By making some considerable concessions—
E.g., her mood tow'rd us would greatly alter
If we made good by giving up Gibraltar.
This large and somewhat premature suggestion,
Which begs, it may be urged, a vital question,
Far more than any of his earlier capers
Has caused explosions in the daily papers,
And led to an explanatory letter
Which made the situation worse, not better;
For, having said a stupid thing, the preacher
Calls England stupid, like a priggish teacher,
Eliciting thereby retaliations
Full of unjust and groundless accusations.

No man of common sense, and least of all
Can *Punch* find satisfaction in a brawl
Which places in a wholly false position
One who has fostered Eton's martial mission.
But, though we hope the episode is ended,
An obvious moral needs to be perpended.
Let schoolmasters observe the wholesome rule
Of sticking closely to their job and school,
And leave to our political advisers
The management of Gibs and Kiels and Kaisers.



FOR THE WOUNDED.

Mr. Punch begs to recommend his readers for their own sakes and for the sake of the cause to attend and bid at the remarkable sale which is to take place at Messrs. Christie's (8, King Street, St. James's Square) on the first five days of each of the weeks beginning April 12th and 19th, and also on the 26th and 27th. Over 1,500 generous donors (including the King) have presented art treasures and relics of unique historical interest to be sold for the benefit of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. The entire proceeds of the Sale—no charge for their services being made by Messrs. Christie—will be handed over to these Societies. The exhibits will be on view from April 7th.

THE TRANSPORT SOLUTION.

"THE man you ought to see," they told me, "is the Transport Officer, Southern Barracks."

I found him seated in a large chair in a small office. "I have come," I said, "to enlist your sympathy."

"It is yours," he replied, handing me his cigarette-case.

"Also your assistance."

"Ah!" he said sadly, and waved me to a seat.

"Though not myself a military man," I continued, "I have for some time past been working under the military authorities, who are removing me next month, with my wife, children, furniture and other household effects, to a sphere of usefulness on Salisbury Plain. For purposes of furniture transport they created for me some time ago a niche in the Allowance Regulations, which entitles me to free carriage of goods to the amount, on my own account of one ton, on that of my wife of 5 cwt., and on that of each of my two children of 1 cwt.—a total of 1 ton 7 cwt. Our united furniture, however, weighs in all 1 ton 7 cwt. 5 lb. On the other hand, on the occasion of our last shift it only ran to 1 ton 5 cwt. What I want to know is, will the Transport people in consideration of the previous shortage, include the extra 5 lbs. this time in the move? Their net gain on the two events would still be the carriage of 1 cwt. 107 lb."

I drew a deep breath and leant back in my chair.

He sighed, and for a while we smoked in silence. Then he spoke.

"The fact is," he said, "Transport is not really my job. They have only roped me in for it temporarily. Would you mind if I called in my clerk?"

"Not at all," I answered.

He pressed a button and his subordinate appeared, a short, spare, disagreeably intelligent-looking man.

"Er—would you mind—er—?" said the Transport Officer to me.

I drew a second breath, a little deeper, if anything, than the first, and re-stated my case.

"What can we do for this gentleman?" asked the Transport Officer.

"Nothing, Sir," said his clerk stonily.

"Can we send him to anybody else?"

"Yes, Sir, we can send him to—" a peculiarly sinister expression flitted across his face—"the A.A. and Q.M.G. at the fort."

"Thank you," I murmured.

"I was afraid," I said, as the man left the room, "that he was going to mention another person, inhabiting a less respectable locality."

"I'm not sure," replied the Transport Officer thoughtfully, "that it doesn't come to much the same thing."

It took me half an hour to reach the fort, situated at the summit of a long hill, and another half-hour to reach the A.A. and Q.M.G., situated at a massive leather-topped table. There was no suggestion, with this officer, of sympathy or cigarettes. He had a very brief manner.

"Yes," he said, as I entered.

I stated my case.

"That all?"

"Yes," I answered; "can you manage it?"

"No."

At the door I paused and turned. "I forgot to mention that I am prepared, if necessary, to carry the matter to the House of Lords."

"What?"

I repeated my remark.

"You'd better go and see the O.C.A.S.C.," he said.

I descended the hill and finally succeeded in discovering the official habitat of the O.C.A.S.C. He was out. Would he be in again? Probably. When? Impossible to predict; would I wait? I would wait. A clerk led me gently into an inner room, placed a Bradshaw near my hand, and left me.

As I perused the volume I grew more and more surprised at the undoubtedly wide circulation which it enjoys. The plot is trivial; the style, though terse and occasionally epigrammatic, is unrelieved by dialogue of any description; and it is impossible, without keeping at least three fingers in the index, to gain an adequate idea of the doings of any of the characters. After about an hour I rang the bell and asked for an A.B.C. At the end of the second hour I had committed to memory the populations of all the more important towns in the Home Counties. Just as twilight fell the clerk returned and told me that the O.C.A.S.C. had arrived. I followed him into another apartment.

The O.C.A.S.C. was wandering rather aimlessly about his office. "Did you want to see me?" he asked absently.

I stated my case.

"It's a most extraordinary thing!" he exclaimed, coming at last to a standstill.

"What?" I inquired.

"Where my matches get to," he replied. "I wonder if I might trouble you just to help me find them?"

We took a long time over it, since it had not occurred to him to look in the right-hand pocket of his coat. At length, however, I discovered them there. He was very much obliged to me. "And now tell me what can I do for you?" he said. I re-stated my case. He listened attentively. "I am afraid," he said, "that this will have to be referred to the War Office. I must ask you to put it in writing." I sat down and stated my case in writing.

"Thank you," said the O.C.A.S.C.; "I will communicate with you when I hear their decision, which I hope will be favourable."

As I went out I saw him putting the document carefully in the right-hand pocket of his coat.

A week passed, two weeks, three weeks, but I did not hear from him. Finally relief came from a quarter which I had overlooked. I wrote at once to the Transport Officer, the A.A. and Q.M.G., and the O.C.A.S.C.

"SIR,—With reference to our conversation of the 18th ult., I have the honour to state that the question which you were good enough to discuss with me on that date has been satisfactorily settled by the arrival of a third member within my family circle. Since this entitles me to an additional 1 cwt. of transport, I need not trouble you further in the matter. Both mother and child are doing well, thank you. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

SEMPRONIUS SMITH."

Not one of them wrote to congratulate me.

LAUGHTER AND DEATH.

WHO shall forbid the righteous to deride
Death, when the awful presence draweth near
And their strong souls, emancipate from fear,
Face him unshaken and unterrified?
In such celestial mirth the saints abide
And enter Death's dark stream with goodly cheer,
For whom the trumpets sound with welcome clear
As they pass over to the other side.
Such joy is born of Heaven; but what of those
Who laugh at Death, although a woman dies,
And draw voluptuous rapture from the throes
Of mangled men who drown before their eyes?
Surely no dread eternity of pain
Shall cleanse them from this hellish laughter's stain.

"4/- Postal Order sent with worn Umbrella to Betts, Stephens Green, Dublin, will be returned same day equal to new."
Irish Daily Independent.

It is something to get the money back, even if the umbrella is not recovered.



THE MILITARY SPIRIT.

Boy (exhorting sheep). "Left! Right! Left!—Left!—Left!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

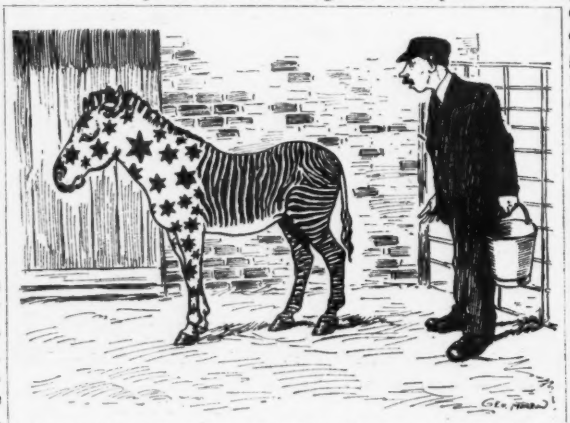
I must say that I found *You Never Know Your Luck* (Hodder and Stoughton) a great disappointment, the greater from my previous pleasure in the work of Sir Gilbert Parker. I do not object to it as formless, though it certainly is that, or as told in a confusing haphazard style. My complaint is that a fairly effective short story, based upon an unconvincing but mildly dramatic situation, has been inflated to the dimensions of a novel. For five pages of a magazine I might have been entertained to hear how *Crozier* had run away from the just anger of his wife, after breaking his promise not to bet; how she wrote him an angry letter, which he kept unopened for years (but there is no magazine published that could make me believe that); how the wife had really had a bit on of her own, and how, when she turned up to find *Crozier* recovering from gunshots and stumped for want of the ready, she steamed open the old envelope, put her own betgotten gains therein, and pretended they had been waiting there for him all the time. But as a grown-up book I could hardly think that this justified its author's reputation either in plot or characters. These last by the way have been quite delightfully illustrated in colour by Mr. W. L. Jacobs, who might surely have been mentioned upon the title-page. I am reminded, a little inconsequentially, of the lady who liked Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*, all but the central figure, which she found "rather a pity." Remembering Sir Gilbert's distinguished work in the past, I can only call his latest story rather a pity. But there may well be those to whom its appeal will be more successful. After all, you never know other people's luck.

Mr. Stephen McKenna must have been seriously annoyed by the outbreak of a war that has swept away the attention of his public from a subject in which he had reason to suppose it was quite keenly interested. At the same time I am not sure whether he has not something for which to be thankful; for that atmosphere of hazy distance that the curtain of the last eight months has drawn over events even so crude in outline as the activities of militant suffrage has converted into a moderately readable story what must otherwise have come perilously near to being a succession of impertinences. There is so little ambiguity about a date like 1913 that, but for this same curtain, most of us could give a guess as to who was Prime Minister and who Attorney-General at that time; and, on learning that members of their families had been kidnapped as a protest against the rejection of the Women's Suffrage Amendment, could place within quite a small circle the original of that brilliant criminal, *Joyce*, who planned the abductions, and incidentally won the heart of *Toby Merivale*, the narrator. We might even have begun to wonder how much was history and how much semi-official aspiration towards future achievement, instead of realising that the author had no purpose more serious than the embellishment of a yarn that should initiate tea-table discussion on the possibilities of *The Sixth Sense* (Chapman and Hall). It would not be quite playing the game for me to say what is

that mysterious extra faculty with which the author has endowed his deliberately effeminate hero, particularly as neither of them seems to know much about it—and no more do I, for that matter. It is enough if I hint that by its timely aid a beauteous heroine is rescued from imprisonment at the hands of the militants, and a happy ending assured. For further details I must refer you to *Toby Merivale.*

Forlorn Adventurers (Methuen) is a book with many pleasant patches, but also a vast deal of what I can only regard as padding. I am unable to believe that such clever people as Agnes and Egerton Castle could not have told so simple a tale more crisply if they had really wanted to do so. Perhaps my irritation at having to plough through a superfluous number of pages in pursuit of the slender intrigue was intensified by the fact that they had been bound up in a haphazard fashion that always worries me beyond measure. But this by the way. When the *Master of Stronaven* lost his wife, by divorce, various meddling relations set out to find him another, in the person of the vacuous daughter of an Argentine millionaire. Shortly after their wedding, however, the Master developed heart disease, and, being bored with vacuity, reconciled himself with wife number one, and so died. I am far from saying that the tale is badly told, but I do say that there are too many scenes that retard instead of helping the action. And upon one point I must join issue with the authors. I entirely decline to believe that a woman like *Mrs. Duvenant*, who, in her progress from a small shop to Connaught Place *viâ* the Argentine, had mastered at least the elementary rules of behaviour, would have comported herself with such ignorance and brutality in the house where her son-in-law lay on his death-bed. So much for carping. Now let me add that several of the subordinate characters are admirably drawn, especially perhaps *Lady Martindale* (a portrait-study, I should think, and a clever one). Also that the Scotch and Italian setting is the real thing. But the fact remains that the chief adventurers seem to have been too forlorn for either myself or the Egerton Castles to have been at our happiest in their society.

Despite her preface, which goes some way to disarm the critic, I am bound to say that I think Miss Constance Smedley would have been better advised to change the title of her latest novel, *On the Fighting Line* (Putnam). I am willing to believe that it was written before the War—indeed the fact is obvious—but when all is said it remains true that for us now there is only one battle, and that subsidiary fighting lines merely exasperate. This, I fear, has indeed been the abiding effect of the book upon me; even its good qualities vexed me that they were not better, and better employed. It is a record, in diary form, of the emotions of a girl typist in a big City office. Dare I confess that I rose from it with a feeling of profound sympathy—for the office? Frankly, from almost every point of view the diarist (who has various names, though the junior partner generally called her *Jasmine*) struck me as unattractive. And most of her friends were even worse. Perhaps in a way I was not wholly free from prejudice. I can never keep a quite impartial mind about book-heroines who make obviously literary records of their emotions at the very instant of experiencing them. Moreover, you will not have progressed very far in this volume before you discover that, under a guise of sympathetic neutrality, you are really (if a man) being held up to ridicule because—you will never guess for what—because you are severe upon ladies who destroy the contents of pillar-boxes. There 's a breath from the unregenerate past for you! No. Though I hasten to admit some freshness and charm about the week-end wooings of *Jasmine* and her junior partner, the story as a whole remains what I have called it above—exasperating, because it is about types and ideas with which it is impossible in these big days to feel more than a faint academic sympathy.



REMARKABLE CASE OF PROTECTIVE COLOURING.
Owing, it is believed, to the fears of a German invasion, a zebra at the Zoo assumes a neutral aspect.

Mr. R. Scotland Liddell, who gives us *The Track of the War* (Simpkin, Marshall), has made a motor tour of Belgium, chiefly in the company of a Belgian Red Cross officer, and has by his own quiet modest showing put in a gallant piece of work in the matter of relief of the wounded on the somewhat irresponsible plan which the twain adopted, working apparently under no orders but their own. If the book is not a completely satisfactory addition to the serious literature of the War it is because the author does not seem to possess a very judicial mind. He writes in a natural heat of indignation after seeing the traces of German frightfulness; but the case in bulk against the enemy is so unanswerable that what we chiefly need now is especial care never to weaken it by admitting any details without unimpeachable evidence. Our author does not avoid such phrases as "thousands of other instances," nor make allowance for the inevitable distortions of evidence given originally by witnesses distracted with fear and hate, and retailed at second and fifth hand in an unfamiliar language. Mr. Liddell covers the terrible ground—*Dinant, Termonde, Aerschot, Andenne, Tamines*—and quotes freely the official documents of the Belgian commissions; but adds, for instance in the case of recorded mutilations for which evidence should be still attainable, no first-hand personal testimony which would have given a special significance to his book. It remains a piece of competent but necessarily hurried journalism, not without a sense of atmosphere, and should prove particularly valuable to folk of sluggish imagination, like the Immortal who wrote to Lord Kitchener complaining about the taking off of his favourite train, and the kind of person who still counts it a disaster if the cook spoils the fish.

Describing the battle of the Falkland Islands *The Great War* states:—

"... As the short winter day was drawing in a quick result was needed ... But the winter sea was deadly cold."

Of course we knew that the Great War had turned the World upside down, but we had not realised that in the Southern Hemisphere the seasons had actually been reversed.

OUR NAVY



ADMIRAL LORD NELSON. "MY SHIPS HAVE PASSED AWAY, BUT THE SPIRIT OF MY MEN REMAINS."

"PUNCH" OFFICE, 10 BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

Jack (at the top of his voice)—

"There's only *one* Girl in the World for Me!"—*Popular Song.*



A DIPLOMATIST.

Examining Admiral (to Naval Candidate). "Now mention three great admirals."

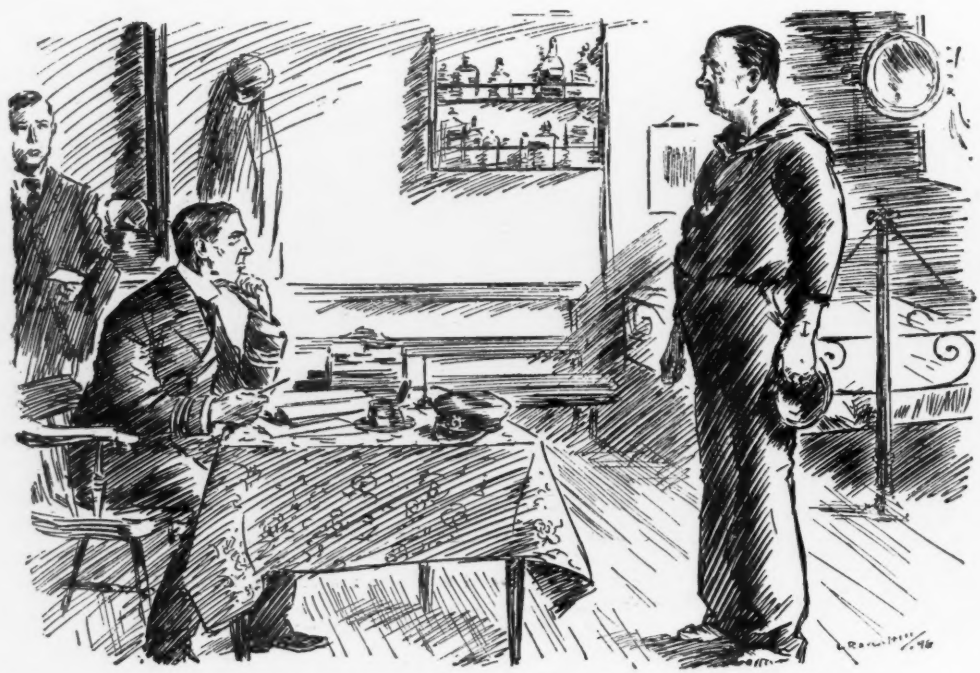
Candidate. "Drake, Nelson and—I beg your pardon, Sir, I didn't quite catch your name."

OUR NAVY.



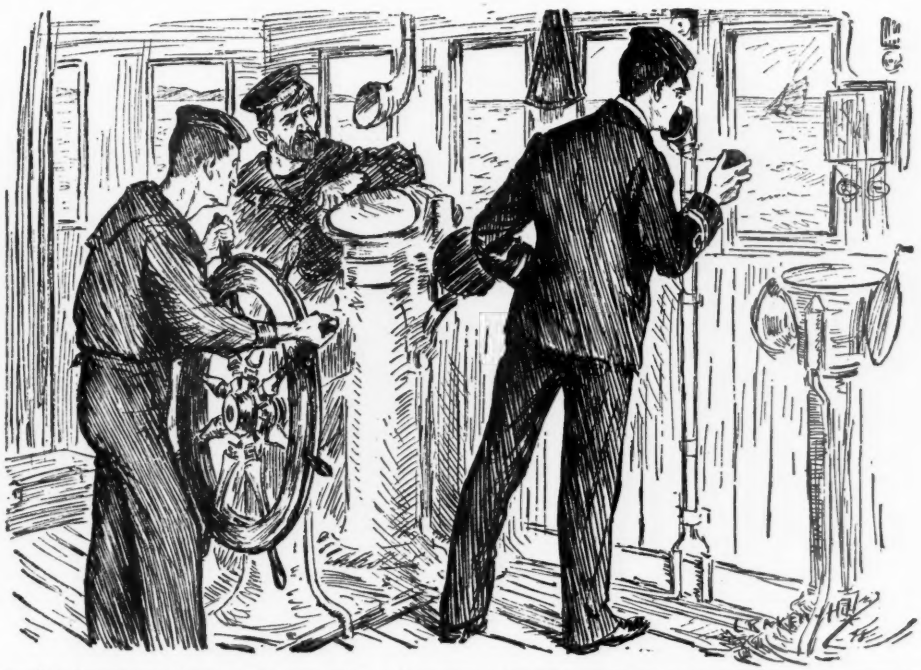
First Bluejacket. "WELL, MATEY, WOT 'APPENED?"

Second Bluejacket. "LEFTENANT, 'E REPORTS AS 'OW I WERE DIRTY, AN' MY 'AMMICK WEREN'T CLEAN, AN' CAPTIN, 'E SES, 'WASH 'IS BLOOMIN' NECK, SCRUB 'IS BLOOMIN' FACE, AN' CUT 'IS BLOOMIN' 'AIR, EVERY TEN MINNITS!'"



Fleet Surgeon. "THERE DOESN'T SEEM MUCH WRONG WITH YOU, MY MAN. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

A. B. "WELL, SIR, IT'S LIKE THIS, SIR. I *EATS* WELL, AN' I *DRINKS* WELL, AN' I *SLEEPS* WELL; BUT WHEN I SEES A JOB OF WORK—THERE, I'M ALL OF A TREMBLE!"



Irascible Lieutenant (down engine-room tube). "Is there a Blithering Idiot at the end of this Tube?"
Voice from Engine-room. "Not at this end, Sir!"



Commander. "What's his character apart from this leave-breaking?"
Petty Officer. "Well, Sir, this man 'e goes ashore when 'e likes; 'e comes off when 'e likes; 'e uses 'orrible language when 'e 's spoken to; in fact, from 'is general be'aviour 'e might be a orficer!"



A SYMPATHETIC SOUL.

Bluejacket (in charge of Party of Sightseers). "HERE NELSON FELL."

Old Lady. "AN' I DON'T WONDER AT IT, POOR DEAR. NASTY SLIPPERY PLACE! I NEARLY FELL THERE MYSELF!"



THE SOFT SPOT.

Boatswain (to newly-joined Cadet). "Come, my little Man, you mustn't cry on board of one of Her Majesty's Ships of War. Did your Mother cry when you left?"

Cadet. "Yes, Sir."

Boatswain. "Silly old Woman! And did your Sister cry?" *Cadet.* "Yes, Sir."

Boatswain. "Stupid little Thing! And did your Father cry?"

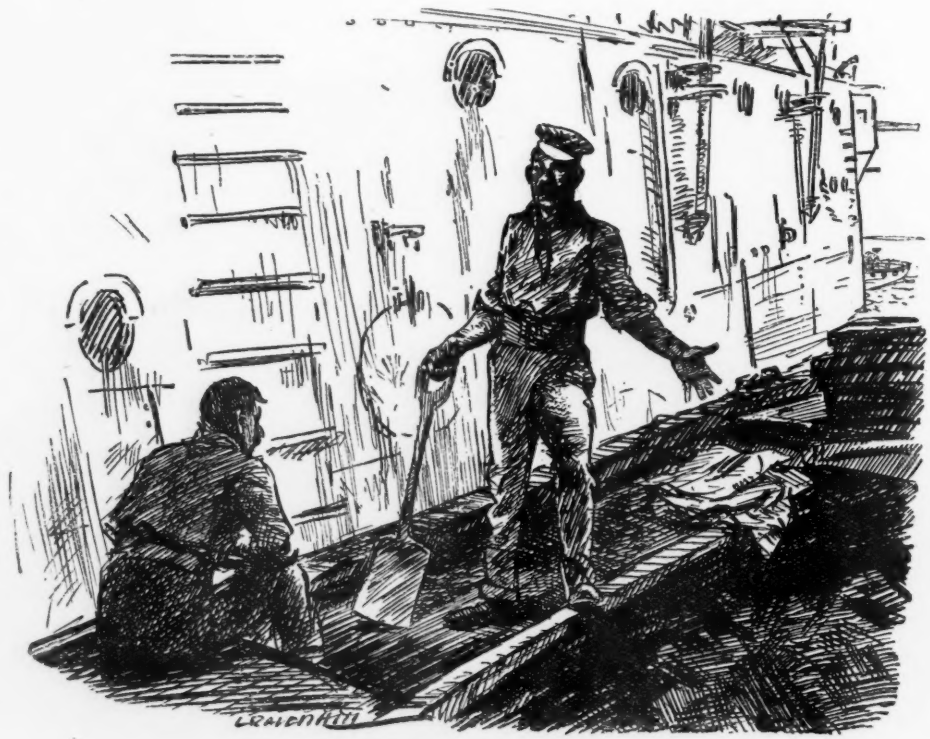
Cadet. "No, Sir." *Boatswain.* "'Ard-'earted old Beggar!"

OUR NAVY.



THE BRITISH NAVY IN DIFFICULTIES.

Sailor. "Ahoy there! Get out your collision mats! Can't you see he's going to *ram?*"



R.M.L.I.

Royal Marine (engaged in coaling ship). "When I joined the corps the Sergeant 'e ses to me, 'It's 'arf soldierin' an' 'arf yachtin',' 'e ses. I suppose this is the bloomin' yachtin'!"



See how pleased he'll be when he gets his "7 o'clock"

Here is a Special Offer

by which you can send the best half-guinea Safety Razor to your friend in the forces

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Reports from the Front tell us that British soldiers are not happy if they cannot get their daily shave. That is why this offer is made. Under no circumstances can the gratis razor be sent to a civilian.

Buy a half-guinea "7 o'clock" Safety Razor from any dealer and the makers will send an identical set absolutely free of charge to any friend you may have in the British Army or Navy as a gift from you. Any dealer will tell you of the reputation of the manufacturers of the "7 o'clock" Safety Razor.

In every set which you buy you will find a voucher (or by using the coupon below you can obtain one from the makers). Send that voucher duly filled in, together with the dealer's receipt for the "7 o'clock" Razor which you have bought, and another set exactly similar will be promptly despatched free of all charge (except postage) to the soldier or sailor whom you specify on the voucher, with your card or a message.

7 o'clock

SAFETY RAZOR

The "7 o'clock" Safety Razor is the ideal razor for the soldier or sailor who must do his shaving under difficulties. There is no need to take the "7 o'clock" to pieces either for stropping or cleaning. It will always give a quick, easy, smooth shave because its blade can be stropped to renew the edge every time it is used. There is nothing to mislay, nothing to be lost. Everything is compact, even to the attaching of a special strop in the case itself and the inclusion of enough renewal blades for a year's shaving. It is the only safety razor costing less than a guinea, which can be stropped without removing the blade, and for quality of material, beautiful finish and thorough efficiency it has no equal at the price.

Cut out and send this to the Proprietors of the "7 o'clock" Safety Razor, 61 New Oxford Street, W.C.

Please send me voucher which, when accompanied by a receipt for the purchase of a "7 o'clock" Razor, will enable me to send my soldier or sailor friend a similar set absolutely free.

Name _____

Address _____

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This Coupon commits me to nothing.

The Set comprises heavily silver-plated razor, special strop and half-a-dozen lancet-steel blades—enough to last for one year—all neatly packed in leather case, and costs

10/6

If the Razor Set you purchase does not contain the necessary voucher, the dealer from whom you purchase it is empowered by the manufacturers to provide the necessary form, or you can obtain one by using the attached voucher and sending this direct to the Proprietors of the "7 o'clock" Safety Razor. 61 New Oxford Street, W.C.



Simple stropping —in the old-fashioned way.



"I KNOW!"

Very few people who purchase Scotch Whisky have any really definite reasons for favouring a particular brand. Those in the trade have been reticent to explain the features which constitute a good whisky, in consequence of which the purchase of this commodity, by the majority, has become haphazard. Buy your whisky because you KNOW it is produced in accordance with principles which have been PROVED to be conducive to the very finest results.

EVER since we commenced to tell the public of our Whiskies, we have made a point of always giving some sound reasons for the superiority of our Brands. We have explained time after time how it is that we can produce Scotch Whiskies which cannot be surpassed for mellowness, distinctive flavour or purity. We have given hard facts and we have urged a comparison between our products and those of any firm in the Kingdom. In consequence, the man who now drinks our whiskies *knows why* they are of such fine quality and he *knows* too what makes them so. Every announcement by the House of Stewart contains information which will help you to choose *your* whisky as a connoisseur would choose *his*. It will tell you of the methods that have been adopted for 136 years, and which have been proved, by test, to be conducive to the very finest results.

We recommend you to try one of the following brands:

"GOLD MEDAL" is a fully-matured Whisky of good character, smooth and mellow, over 7 years old. **4/-** per bottle. **48/-** per case.

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ROSS'S BELFAST Dry Ginger Ale

is a beverage which appeals to the average man, because of its well-defined composition. It is a genuine fruit product, delicately spiced with ginger which has been cultivated and selected for fragrance and piquancy.

Its delicious flavour and pleasant after-taste are appreciated by all.

It mixes perfectly with spirits, and it is worth while to bear in mind, when alcohol is required, that one part of spirit and at least three-parts "Ross's Pale Dry" produce a beverage similar to champagne in alcoholic strength and in effervescing qualities.

Those who prefer a fuller flavoured Ginger Ale should specify Ross's "Royal"—the old original Ross's Royal, with the diamond shaped label.

W. A. ROSS & SONS, LTD.
Sole Manufactory: BELFAST.

2 A



A POSER.

Constable (to Street Performer, who is trying to free himself after having been hopelessly tied up by Blue-jacket). "Now then, move on there!"



AT THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

Unbelieving Spectator (who, having seen naval field guns lifted smartly over walls, etc., is inspecting them after the performance). "There! I knew there was some trickery. *These Guns are hollow!*"

OUR NAVY.



A LITTLE-NAVY EXHIBIT.

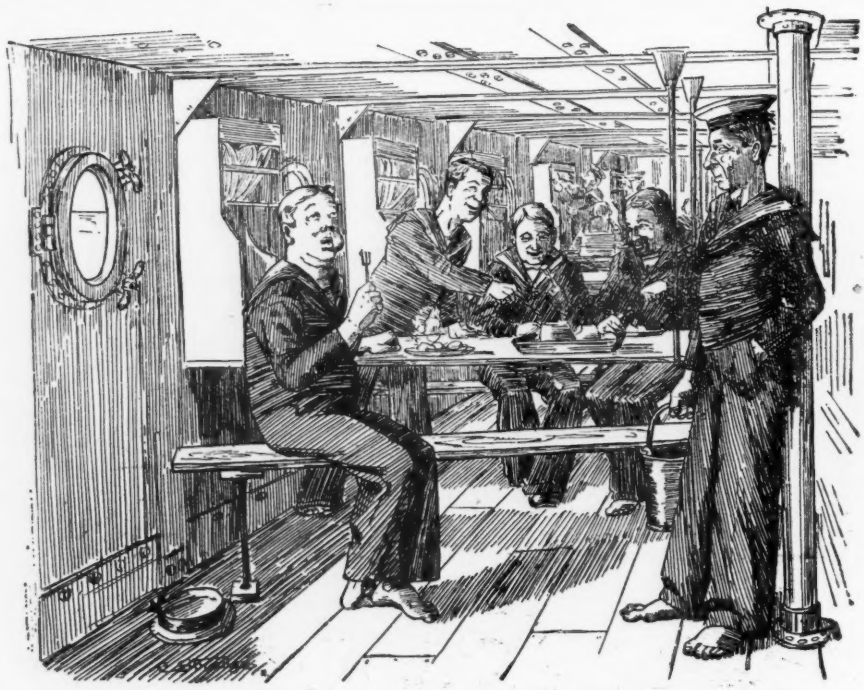
DESIGN FOR A FIGURE OF BRITANNIA IN 1906, AS CERTAIN PEOPLE WOULD LIKE TO SEE HER.



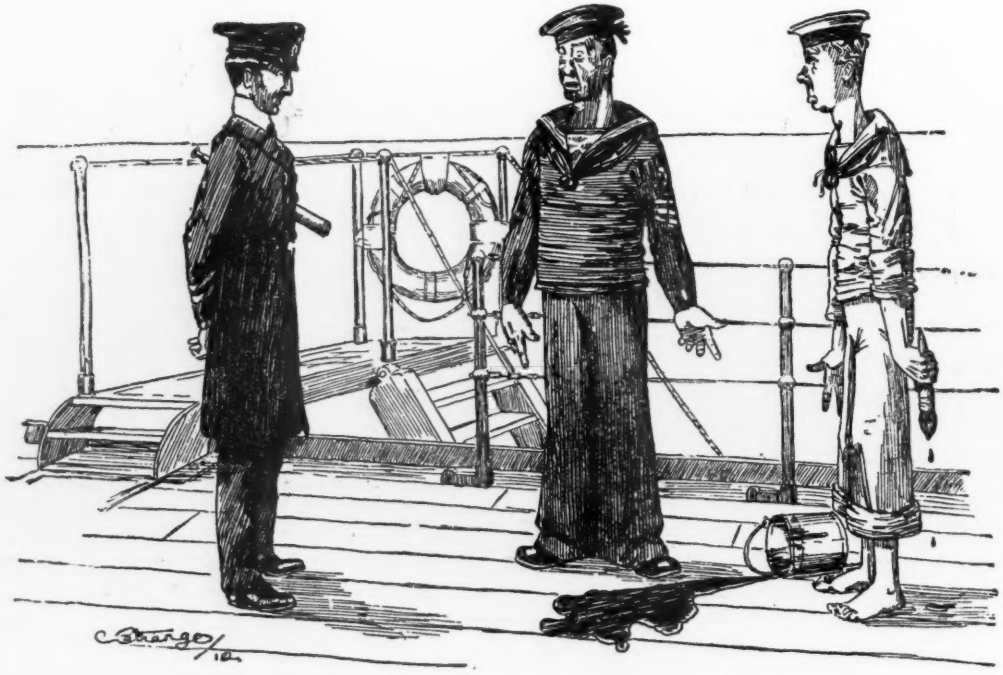
WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

Britannia. "ACCEPT MY CONGRATULATIONS, SIRE, ON THE SPLENDID GROWTH OF YOUR NAVY. AND SINCE I HAVE YOUR ASSURANCE THAT YOUR PROGRAMME IS NOT AN AGGRESSIVE ONE, I FEEL SURE YOU WILL BE INTERESTED TO SEE WHAT *I* HAVE BEEN DOING IN THE LAST THREE YEARS!"

OUR NAVY.



The Ship's Pork Connoisseur. "1904 AGAIN! NOT A BAD YEAR, BUT WE *NEVER* GET 1900 NOW."



Petty Officer. "I RUNS UP, SIR, AND AS SOON AS I SEEN WHAT 'E DONE I SAYS AT ONCE, LIKE, '*GOOD LAWD, WOT 'AS YOU DONE?*'"



Jack. "'Ere, steady on! The bloomin' saddle's gone astarn!"



Jack (*stopping taximeter hansom*). "'Old 'ard, Mate! We ain't a-goin' to sail with our flag 'arf-mast. There ain't any of us dead aboard 'ere, not by a long chalk!"

OUR NAVY.



THE CAP THAT FITS.

Petty Officer of Patrol. "HULLO, YOU. WHAT'S YOUR SHIP?"

Sailor (returning from revelry). "'OW LONG 'AVE YOU BEEN BLIND? IT'S WROTE PLAIN ENOUGH ON MY CAP, AIN'T IT?"



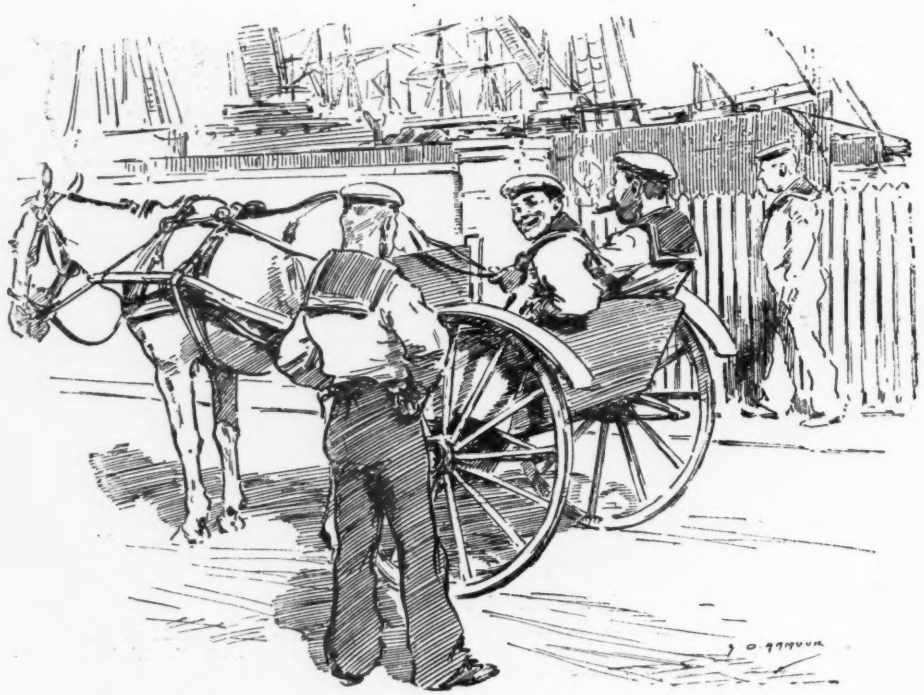
MORE GRIEVANCES.

Chronic Grumbler.—"Now, there's the Chaplain, 'e don't 'ave any work to do on this 'ere ship; an' the Captain o' Marines, 'e don't 'ave anythink to do, an' 'e 'as two bloomin' lootenants to 'elp 'im do it!"

OUR NAVY.

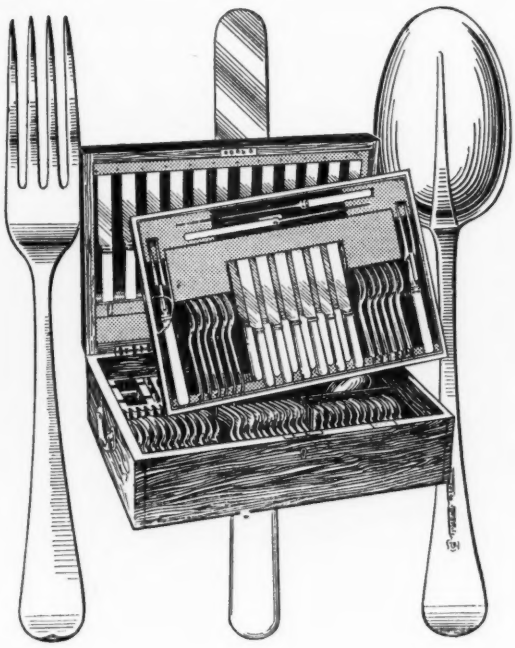


Ostler. "WANT A HORSE? WHAT KIND O' HORSE?"
Man from "Liberty" Boat's Crew. "OH, A GOOD LONG 'UN; THERE'S ELEVEN OF US!"



First Jack Tar (to shipmates, who have hired a very small cart and a very large horse). "'OW ARE YE GOIN' TO SEE WHERE YE'RE GOIN' WITH THAT THERE ELEPHANT IN FRONT OF YE?"

Second Jack Tar. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MATE. BILL 'E'S GOIN' TO KEEP A LOOK OUT TO STARBOARD, I'M GOIN' TO LOOK OUT TO PORT, AND THE 'OSS 'AS GOT TO LOOK OUT AHEAD."



CANTEENS

THE Cabinet illustrated is fitted complete with Spoons, Forks and Cutlery for twelve persons. The contents are arranged in the most accessible and convenient order, whilst the Trustworthy Cutlery and "Mappin Plate" Spoons and Forks are famous the world over for their high standard of enduring excellence.

The Case contains:—

12 Table Forks.	12 Cheese Knives.
12 ,, Spoons.	12 Table ,,
12 Dessert ,,	1 Pair Meat Carvers.
12 ,, Forks.	1 ,, Game ,,
1 Sauce Ladle	1 Steel.
1 Soup ,,	1 Pair Knife Rests.

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Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V

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A Scottish Widows Fund Policy

provides immediate cover for this liability. The moment the first premium has been paid the full amount of the Policy is ready to meet the Duties in case of death. At the same time it is an excellent Investment, yielding a high rate of interest without risk of loss or depreciation.

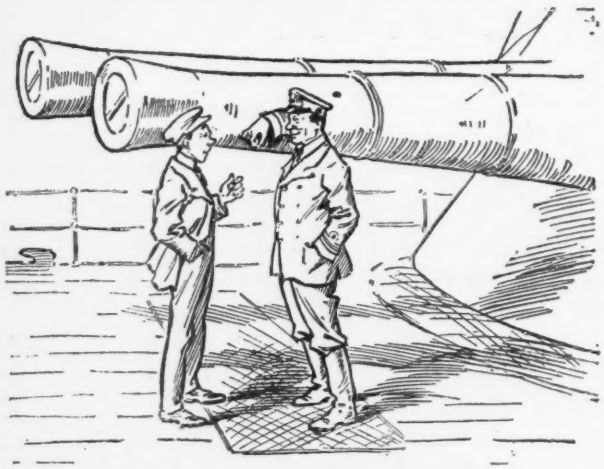
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G. J. LIDSTONE, *Manager & Actuary.*

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CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH IN THE NAVY.

SEEKER AFTER KNOWLEDGE: "But how can you see the shell all that way after it leaves the muzzle of the gun?"

GUNNERY LIEUTENANT: "Oh, we clean our shells with CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH, which puts a shine on them that we can see for thousands of miles."

All can't enlist——many still need smart shirts.

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Tootal Shirt designs are not hackneyed variations of stripes. They show artistic imagination and are as economical as they are tasteful. Satisfaction is certain—your money *comes back* if the colors *go*.

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In a full range of stylish colored and black designs. If any difficulty write us and we will see that a selection of patterns is submitted to you. TOOTALS, Dept. H 25, 132, Cheapside, London, E.C.

THE GUARANTEE

"TOOTAL, 132, Cheapside, London, E.C. will pay you for the shirt if it loses color."

This is the money-back guarantee stitched below the collar-band of every Tootal Shirt———No risk.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO., LTD., Manufacturers of Tootal Shirtings for Men and Women, Pyrami Band Tissue Handkerchiefs, Tobralco, Tootal Piqué, Tarantulle for Dainty Home-Sewn Lingerie and Layettes.

15/4

IF, knowing all you know,

you still can support German productions, we do not ask you to leave off drinking Apollinaris, BUT if you desire to try what your own country can produce, we ask you to write to us for a FREE sample of

"SIRIS"

a pure British Table Water possessing the same valuable antacid properties as Apollinaris and similar to it in taste.

	Repd. Quarts.	Repd. Pints.	Repd. ½ Pints.	
Per Doz.	6/-	3/6	2/6	Per Doz.

Carriage Paid.

☞ *Sample Bottle FREE on receipt of Coupon* ☜

Name .....

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Usual Purveyor of Mineral Waters .....

A. J. CALEY & SON, Ltd.,

Chenies Street Works, LONDON; Chapel Field Works, NORWICH.

Our Sailors in the North Sea are asking for—

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Extracts from a letter from one of our famous battleships:

"During the first action in which this ship took part, I contracted a very severe cold, which eventually turned to kidney trouble. I was advised to discontinue eating Meat Foods, etc., and take to plenty of Milk. But how was I to obtain Milk in the North Sea? This problem was solved by a friend of mine who sent me a bottle of Horlick's Malted Milk, and since then I have continued to take it because it forms a delicious and nourishing food-drink. It is also climatable, palatable, ever ready and soothing.

During the long night watches I have found real comfort in Horlick's Malted Milk and no sailor should be without it."

Horlick's Malted Milk is pure, full-cream milk and choice malted barley and wheat. It is in powder form and only needs stirring briskly in hot or cold water to make a delicious, nourishing, and invigorating food-drink.

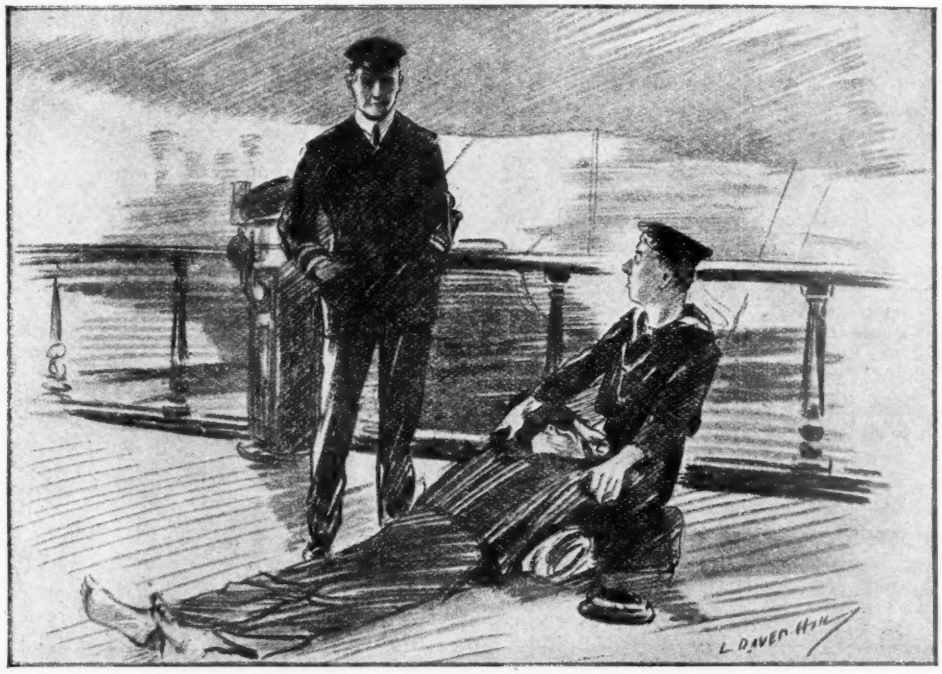
Send YOUR Sailor a Supply.

Of all Chemists and Stores in glass bottles at 1/6, 2/6 and 11/-.

Liberal Sample Bottle sent post free for 3d. in stamps.

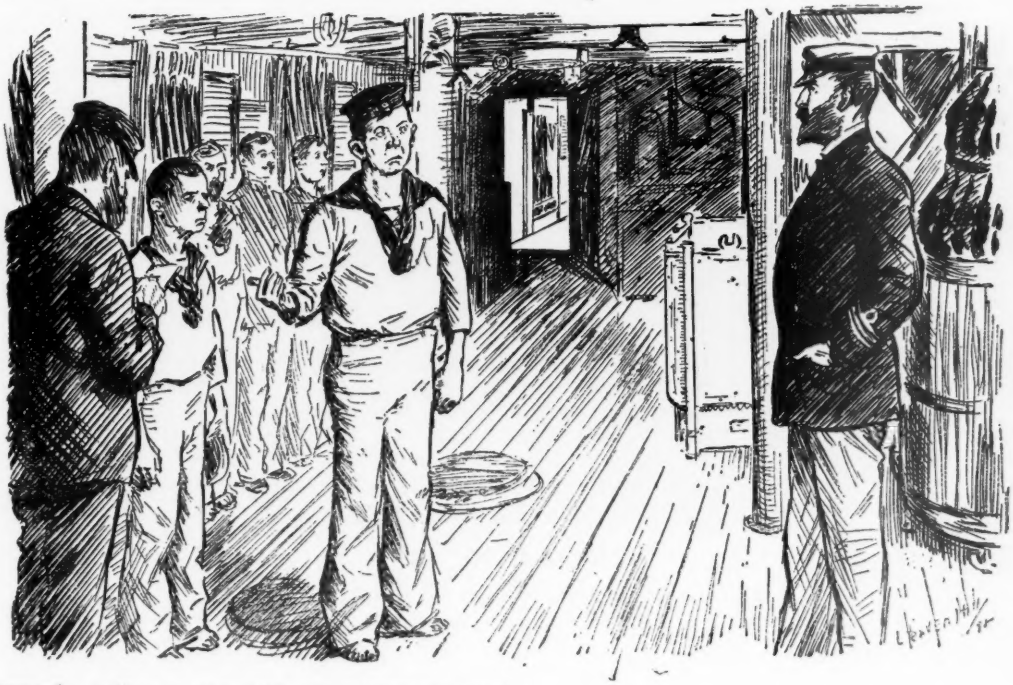
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

OUR NAVY.



Surgeon (examining in the practical methods of reviving the apparently drowned). "NOW, HOW LONG WOULD YOU PERSEVERE IN THOSE MOTIONS OF THE ARMS?"

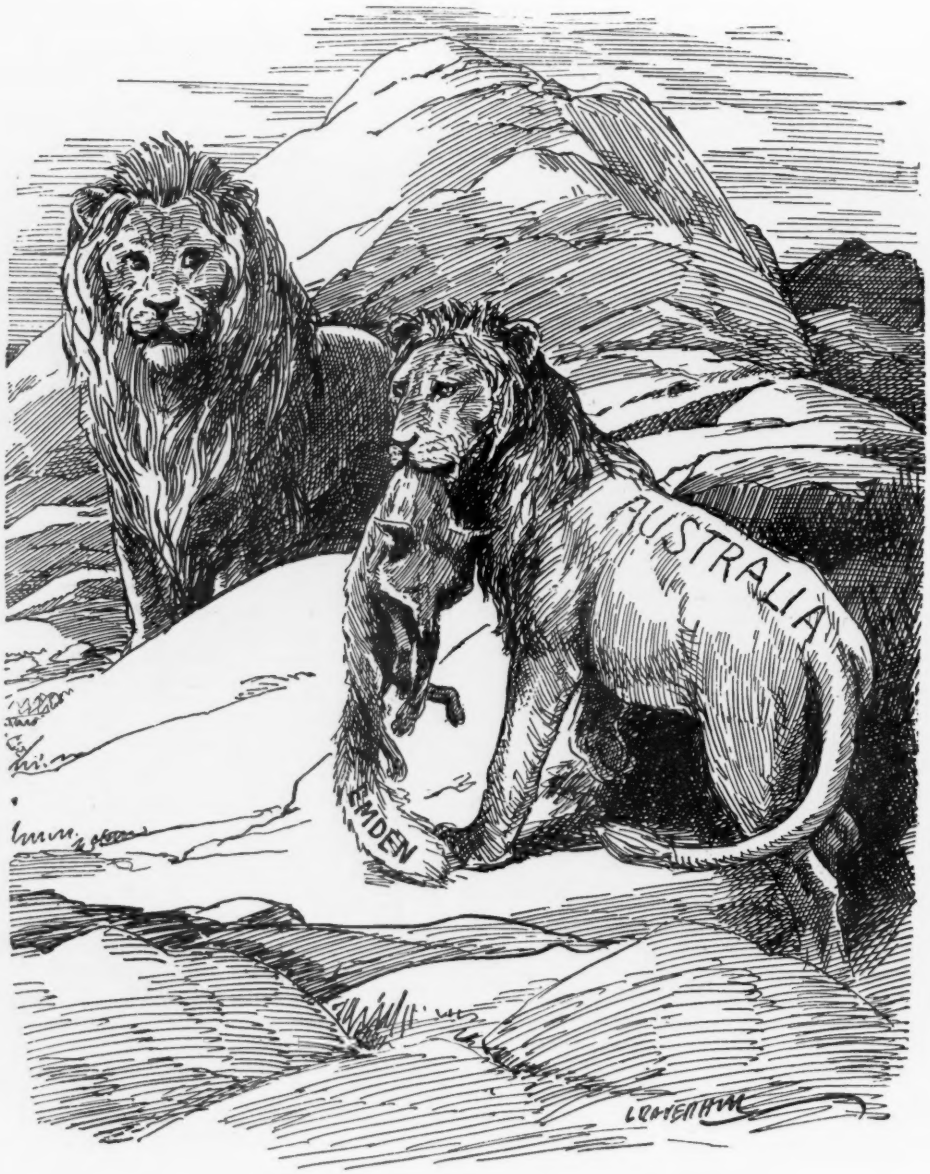
Blue Jacket (from the Emerald Isle). "UNTIL HE WAS DEAD, SIR!"



Commander. "WHAT IS YOUR COMPLAINT AGAINST THIS BOY?"

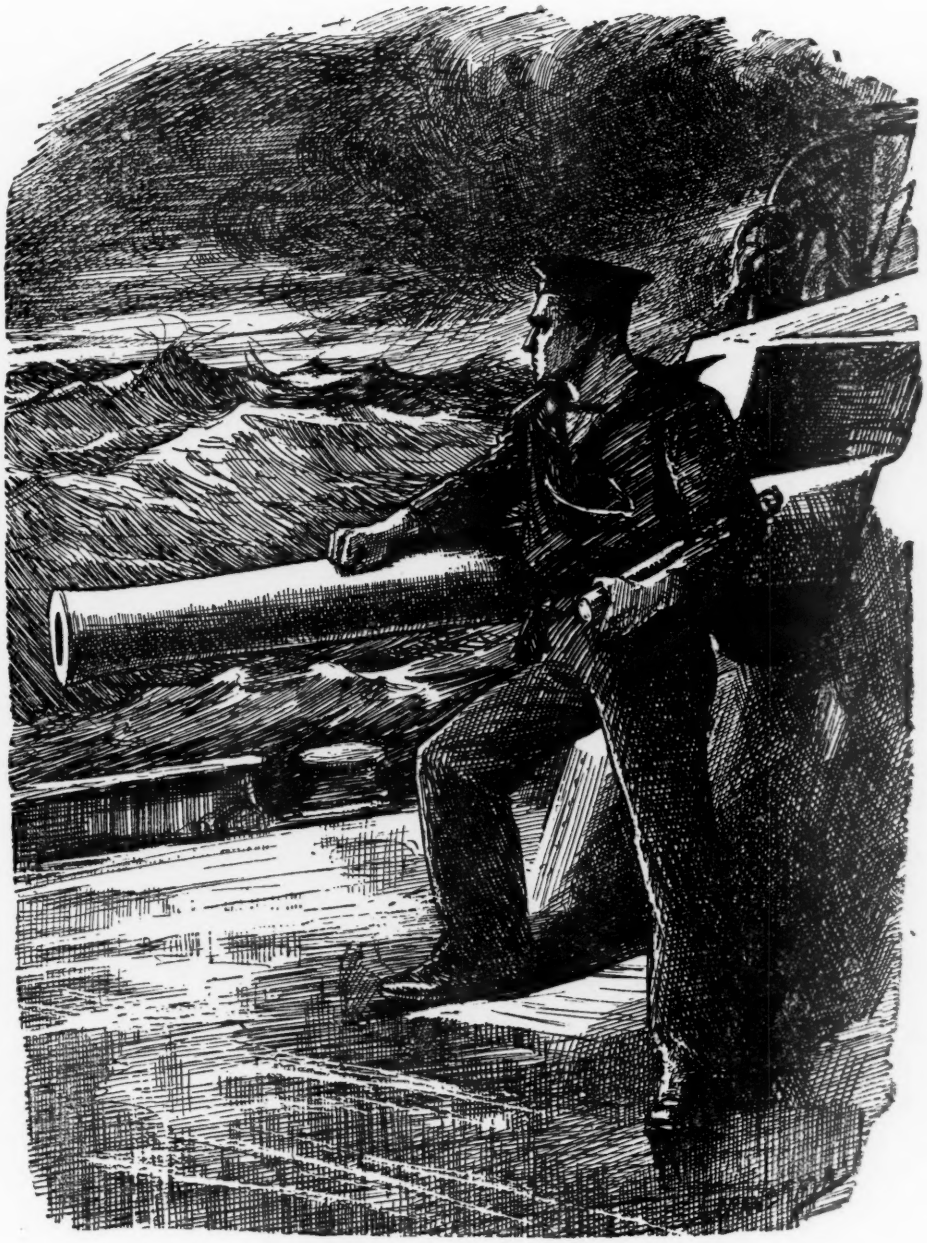
Bluejacket. "WELL, SIR, AS I WAS A-WALKIN' ARFT, THIS 'ERE BOY, 'E UP AN' CALLS ME A BLOOMIN' IDJIT. NOW, 'OW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE CALLED A BLOOMIN' IDJIT, SUPPOSIN' YOU WASN'T ONE?"

OUR NAVY.



GOOD HUNTING.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.



A NORTH SEA CHANTEY.

(To the tune of "Tipperary.")

Jack. "IT'S A LONG, LONG WAIT FOR WILLIAM'S NAVY,
BUT MY HEART'S RIGHT HERE."



GAY BIRDS.

Amelia (at a dance given in honour of a flying visit from the Fleet). "So you 're off again to-morrow? Oh, you sailors *are* such Birds of Paradise!"



PHONETICS.

First A.B. (*mess cook*). "Wot'll we give 'em to-morrow for afters? Tapioker?"

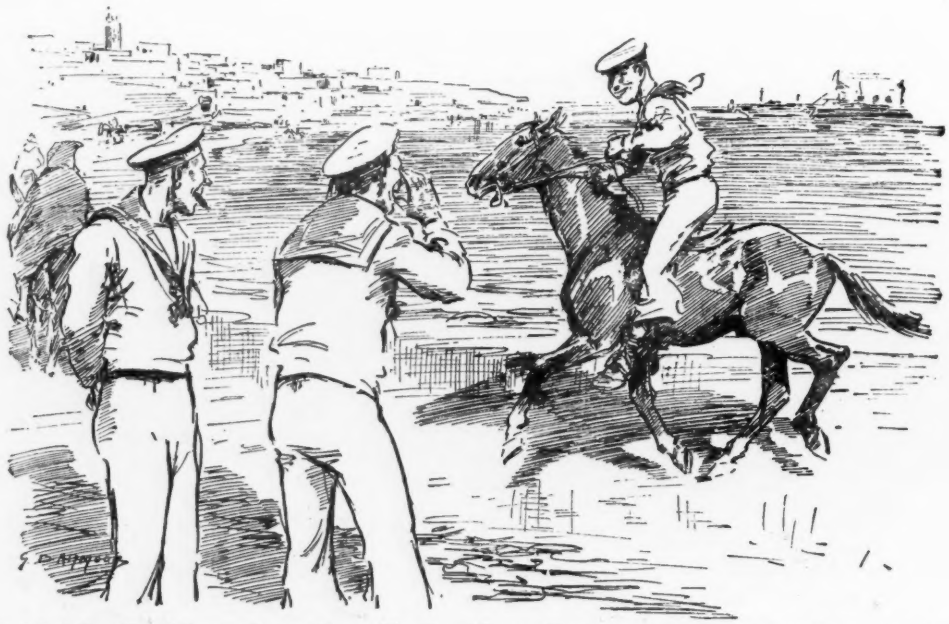
Second A.B. (*mess cook*). "That'll do; bung it down; you'll want four pounds."

First A.B. (*spelling audibly as he writes*). "4 lbs. T-A-B-A—T-A-B-I-"—*hesitates*—"we'd better 'ave macaroni."

Second A.B. "All right; bung it down, then."

First A.B. "4 lbs. M-A-K-A—M-A-K-I—oh, we'll 'ave rice! 4 lbs. R-I-S-E!"

OUR NAVY.



First Jack Tar Abroad (to second, very "busy riding"). "'ULLOA, BILL; LOOKS LIKE YER WORKIN' YER PASSAGE."
Bill. "YUSS; 'AD BLOOMIN' ROUGH WEATHER, TOO; BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT IF YE 'OLD ON TO THIS 'ERE FORESTAY."



Fair Frenchwoman. "IS IT PERMITTED TO MAKE THE TOUR OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL VESSEL?"
Midshipman (after getting his breath back). "*RA*-THER!"

OUR NAVY.



First Lady (*horrified at bright scarlet muffler for Navy the creation of Second Lady*). "MY DEAR—THE COLOUR! IT'LL MAKE A TARGET FOR THE GERMANS!"

Second Lady. "OH! THEN IT'LL HAVE TO DO FOR THE STOKER."



Stoker (*to "Our Special Correspondent"*). "I SEE THE TORPEDO APPROACHIN' US; SO WITHOUT WAITIN' FER ANY ORDERS I DIVES OVERBOARD, JUST GIVES 'IM A FLICK ON 'IS LITTLE RUDDER, AN' OFF 'E GOES TO STARB'D AN' PASSES US 'ARMLESSLY BY."

OUR NAVY.



T. B. D.

Officer's Steward. "Will you take your bath, Sir, before or after haction?"

Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd., Printers,
London & Tonbridge.

CHARIVARIA.

"The Kaiser," says Professor Lasson, "is as innocent of this War as a little babe." This is the unkindest remark about infants that we have ever encountered.

* * *

Germany is reported to be greatly incensed at our offering only £10 apiece for the return of the two German officers who escaped from the concentration camp in Denbighshire.

* * *

The Press Bureau has issued a *communiqué* as to what articles may be sent to British prisoners in Germany. We understand that, in addition to those specified, the German Government has no objection to gold and copper being sent in small or even large quantities.

* * *

We learn from an interview that Professor Haeckel, of Jena, is especially angry with us, because we have put Germany to the inconvenience of having to face three fronts. She could have managed two easily, but she was never more than double-faced.

* * *

In a letter from the Front, an English soldier mentions that one day he found that some of his chums had been using his Insect Powder with their steak under the impression that it was pepper. They suffered no ill effects from it; but this vermin-destroyer would without doubt have killed most Prussians.

* * *

The lonely soldier who advertised for correspondents and received, three days later, 3,000 letters, has come to the conclusion that there are worse things than loneliness.

* * *

"Which are the most abused words in journalism?" asks *The Observer*. We do not know about the others, but "Kaiser" seems to us to come in for a fair share of vituperation.

* * *

Lord Derby, it is stated, has outlined a scheme for a dock labourers' battalion of the Liverpool Regiment, to be formed on trade union lines. The difficulty will be to get the enemy to agree that no battle shall last longer than eight hours.

* * *

Further evidence is to hand to prove that the German is made of sturdier stuff than the Englishman. In Berlin certain citizens are converting the flower balconies of their houses into war balconies by growing vegetables there, including onions.

* * *

"The one section of public opinion in this country which can crush Prussian politics," says Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, "is the Independent Labour Party." The I.L.P. really over-rates its deadliness.

* * *

Interviewed on the subject of the drink trouble a brewer is reported to have said:—"To stop an industry employing indirectly 3,000,000 people in the middle of the greatest struggle we have known would be like building a steam-roller to kill a beetle." A more apt simile would perhaps be "to smash a bottle."

* * *

The heading in *The Daily Mirror*:—

"MISS BRAITHWAITE'S LEOPARD SKIN"

has, it is reported, had the effect of causing this popular actress to be bombarded with advertisements of complexion tonics.

* * *

The Crown Princess of Germany has given birth to a dear little burglarette.

The following announcement was recently given out by the Vicar in a country church:—"The collection today will be for church expenses, and we hope there will be a liberal response as the east wall of the church is in a very precarious state and needs undergirding. We are having a collection, as it would otherwise only fall on part of the congregation. We hope the balance will be on the right side."



PLAYING AT WAR.

No, they haven't started yet. They are only trying to decide who shall represent the Germans.

A Luminous Statement.

"I am in a position, however, to add one other fact to these data, namely, that during the past few days Italy has entered into closer contact with a view to obtain a more comprehensive survey of the perspective as envisaged in the light of one of the alternatives which open out before her.

Dr. E. J. Dillon in "The Daily Telegraph."

"Thes elf-sacrifice of war was ealt wdith in moving words by the Archbishop of York in preaching again at Hull to-day."

Edinburgh Evening News.

The movement of the words appears to have been overdone.

"The sailors of the Medjidieh showed a deportment which is worthy of every praise.

Before the sinking of the ship all breeches were completely removed."—*Evening News.*

The Turks were evidently quite prepared for a whipping.

Mr. F. T. Jane in "The War by Water:"

"If Russia captured Constantinople, it would clear the air of a possible bone of contention between the Allies, on 'dragging chestnuts out of the fire' lines."

Our own practice, when we see a bone of contention floating in the air, is to nip it in the bud, and devil it while the chestnuts are still in the firing lines. But Mr. Jane is perhaps right in putting literary elegance above the mere avoidance of mixed metaphor, which is a purely psychological matter and of no military importance whatever.

The Absorbing Question.

Follow the King's example and give up everything but *Punch*.

Under the heading, "Why some people drink," *The Evening News* deals with what it calls "Xcuses for drunkenness." This quaint spelling is probably a subtle way of indicating the XX which was doubtless one of them.

"During the whole of last night the enemy bombarded the trenches which e ad lost yesterday at the Bois Le Prêtre."

Manchester Guardian.

The enemy's aspirates seems to have shared the fate of his aspirations.

"Several farmers spoke as to the enormous damage which was done by sparrows to wheat crops, and Mr. Jos. Willett, of Nantwich, said that last year in half an acre of wheat not one stork was left with a grain."—*Daily Dispatch.*

This civil war between sparrows and storks must be stopped.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

[The Viennese journal, *Die Zeit*, has been inviting the opinions of people of importance on the cause of Germany's unpopularity. Among others who attribute it to envy, Field-Marshal RIEGER replies: "Germany has so many enemies because she is the nation which excels the others. The world, as Schiller said, loves to darken that which shines, and drags in the dust that which is on high. SOCRATES had to drink hemlock . . ."
The views of this veteran warrior are developed below.]

'TWAS ever so since hoary Time began;
Darkness habitually loathes the light;
Base natures still regard the Superman
(Perched on his pinnacle almost out of sight)
With jealous eye asquint,
Green as a *crème de menthe* (or peppermint).

Envy would drag the Prophet in the dust;
To this same vulgar motive may be traced
A tendency to down the Wise and Just
By methods in the very worst of taste;
Poison is one of these;
That's how they did for good old SOCRATES.

The Fatherland, refusing to evade
The penalties that Greatness must endure,
Deigns to accept, however rudely paid,
This flattering tribute to her high Kultur;
She seeks not to abate
The compliment of universal hate.

Men note the havoc where her hosts have passed,
They flinch before her frightfulness and say:—
"All savage records here are overcast;
There never was a nation built this way"—
Treating with disrespect
The lustrous handiwork of God's elect.

So Envy tries to bite the Chosen Race,
Blunting its tooth on our impervious hide;
Unmoved by Malice (thanks to inward grace)
We turn not from our heavenly task aside,
But, resolute of soul,
Quietly hack our way toward the goal. O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XIX.

(From PIET MARIS, now on Commando with the Forces of the Union of South Africa.)

LET me tell you first of all that I'm a Dutch Afrikander and could prove my descent; and, secondly, let me assure you that I have never gone into a piece of work with a more willing heart than into this of destroying so far as may be your power in South-West Africa. I daresay you thought that in the Transvaal and the Free State the memories of our fights with the British would be strong enough to dispose us to range ourselves on your side in this conflict. Well, we have not always loved the British Government, nor have we always abstained from quarrelling with our British neighbours. Some of our folk, too, have nursed old grievances and recent slights until they thought there was no other business in life, and they persuaded a few hot-heads to join with them and sputtered out into what was called a rebellion. We soon settled that, and we settled it ourselves without help from outside, a feat which should have earned for us at the very least a telegram of congratulations from you. However, there was no message—probably you were too much occupied in trampling on the Belgians, and in any case I can't honestly say that we missed it or worried our heads about its non-appearance. The incident opened our eyes, and we saw where our danger lay. Did you really think that we, Dutchmen though we are and stubbornly though we have fought against the British, were going to haul down the Union Jack in order to hoist the black, white and red of the German Empire in its place; that we were going to try and chase the British out of our country in order to let in a host of German soldiers and officials; that, in fact, we meant to abandon our own free institutions in order to live under the heel of the most coercive tyranny that the world has ever seen? No, thank you. We Dutchmen may have our moments of folly, but we're not such fools as all that. We may lack imagination, but then it doesn't require much imagination to realise what your men have done to the Belgians, whom you were solemnly pledged to protect. The stain on your nation is indelible. Years and years hence, when a German wishes to speak of honour and mercy, he will stammer and grow pale, for the blood of the murdered Belgians will choke him as the blood of DANTON choked ROBESPIERRE.

There's another point which I want to make clear to you. You rail against the British and (until you meet them in the field of battle) make light of their contemptible little army, and all over Germany stout plethoric Germans and their broad comfortable wives, when they meet one another in the street, are begging the Almighty in a set formula to punish England. The sausage tastes sweeter, the black bread becomes almost white and the beer slips down more easily when seasoned with this ceremonial declaration of impotent hate. And in that temper you forget what England did for us. She stood by her scrap of paper and gave us free institutions. Then, when we were ripe for union, she helped to bring us together and left us to build up with our own hands the edifice of our united Government. It isn't perfect, but it's ours, and we can improve it as experience may suggest. We don't boast about it, but we sometimes wonder what sort of institutions we should have had in South Africa if the Master of Potsdam, with his patent Prussian system for giving free expression to the will of the people, had had power here instead of the English, whom he begs God to punish for daring to throw themselves across his path of conquest and domination.

So, you see, we're fighting now for our own, and we mean to see the thing through. We are not unmindful of the seriousness of our task, but we have confidence in BOTHA both as general and as statesman. We realise that in this part of the continent our manner of government could not long continue if it had to exist under the black shadow of your autocracy. No doubt you promised mountains and marvels to the poor dupes whom you lured into rebellion and then left to their own devices. Even they have begun to see that they have been made your catspaws and that the chestnuts were not to be for them. I wish you could hear the language which they now use about you and your endeavours. You Germans are now known by us for what you really are. When you talk of liberty we think of Alsace; when you praise your culture we counter you with Louvain; and here in South Africa we are determined to rid ourselves of your incubus.

Yours, on commando, PIET MARIS.

Mr. Punch is obliged to the countless correspondents who have forwarded their comments upon the following passage in *The Evening News*' account of the PRIMROSE wedding:—

"Officiating were the Bishop of Liverpool and a curate of St. Margaret's, the latter in green corduroy velvet."

The prize has been awarded to the first sender of the solution that "the Curate wore green, of course, to match the Bishop's lawn."



A PAINFUL REFLECTION.

Austria. "HEAVENS! AM I REALLY AS BAD AS THAT? TAKE IT AWAY."

[It seems to be dawning upon Vienna that the armies of Austria have not been consistently victorious.]



Jack Tar on leave. "YUS, IT WAS A DESPRIT AFFAIR, AND AMMUNITION WAS RUNNING SHORT. WHY, AT THE FINISH WE WAS FIRING SIX-INCH SHELLS OUT OF OUR FOUR-POINT-SEVENS!"

OUR WAR-BIRDS.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to *The Observer*, states that he hears every morning a blackbird singing the four opening notes of the refrain of "Rule, Britannia," and wonders "whether the bird has picked it up during the present war." Surely there can be no doubt of this. The writer will, however, be interested to hear that his experience is by no means unique, as is evidenced by the following letters:—

A well-known Headmaster writes as follows:—"Your readers will be glad to learn that the cuckoo has already been heard here (Berkshire), though the date is unusually early. I was seated recently in my garden, enjoying the leading article in *The Daily Herald*, when I distinctly caught the familiar notes. But conceive my interest and pleasure when, as I listened for a repetition, there reached me instead the first bars of that magnificent air, *Deutschland Über Alles*, with which the bird had evidently been at considerable pains to familiarise itself. What a needed lesson is here for us all!

P.S.—It *is* the cuckoo that fouls its own nest, isn't it? or am I wrong?"

Mr. ARNOLD WHITE says:—"It is a singular fact that regularly every Friday morning, as I sit in my study writing my famous anti-KAISER causerie for a certain Sunday journal, I am saluted by a remarkably fine blackbird, which from an adjacent bush continues to repeat the refrain, 'Down, Willie! Down, Willie!' without pause or variation. So far as I know the intelligent bird is entirely self-taught."

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps you will allow me to add my own experience to those of your other Correspondents. A nest of thrushes having recently been established outside my bathroom window, I have had frequent opportunities for studying the behaviour of the occupants. I was specially interested to note that on the morning after the fall of Przemysl the parent bird, varying its usual attitude and monotonous call, perched on the edge of the nest and whistled the whole of the Russian National Anthem with quite remarkable finish. I was even more struck by the conduct of the young birds, who, though still unsteady upon their legs, rose simultaneously at the opening bar and remained standing throughout the entire performance. Such patriotism on the part of our unfledged songsters is, I think, a truly encouraging sign.

I am, Sir,
Yours, etc.,
A KIPLING LUCAS.

An Incentive to Matrimony.

"BIRTHS,

FOUR YEARS' REFUND OF INCOME TAX.

Brett—March 27, at Montrose, Fortwilliam Park, the wife of the Rev. H. R. Brett, of a son.

Fisher—March 27, at Dunowen, Cliftonville, Belfast, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Fisher, a son."—*Newry Telegraph.*

If the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will confirm the above announcement Mr. Punch will feel inclined to revise his notorious advice to those about to marry.

The following notice appeared in "Station Orders" issued by the Brigadier-General at Meerut:—

"Found:—On the road to Begamabad, one ·303 Blank Cartridge. Apply to the Station Staff Officer, Meerut."

It is comforting to find one person who is determined that the Army shall not go short of ammunition, even if it be only blank.

THE WATCH DOGS.

XV.

DEAR CHARLES,—We've just paid a flying visit to the trenches. Having nothing better to do, we made our way to the place where the noise is and, in batches, spent a couple of nights with the Umpty Umpths in their eligible residential villas known as Cheyne Walk. To get there from the billets you take the high road from *Qu'est que c'est que ça* to *Cela va sans dire* and keep on with it until the machine guns open up on your left flank. You then take a sharp turn to the right, until you observe the beam of a searchlight playing across the field in front of you. You then lie flat on the ground and pretend you are not in France at all, and when the searchlight has come to the conclusion that, wherever you are, you are not worth bothering about, you get up and go on, keeping the searchlight well on your right, the machine gun well on your left, and stepping decorously out of the path of any sniper's bullet which happens to be passing.

Proceeding quietly but quickly along the line of least resistance, you are suddenly confronted by a figure emerging from the dark, who tells you to halt or *he*'ll fire. "*Et tu, Brute!*" you murmur reproachfully, as you halt and wonder to yourself why it is that you have suddenly become so unpopular. The figure says his name isn't Brutus, but that he is come from the trench to guide you to it, and thereupon you throw your arms round his neck, which he takes to mean that you love him and wish never to be parted from him. As to the love, that all depends; you'll be better able to say in the morning when you've seen him in the daylight, but as to the sticking together he is well on the right side there.

"And now," you say, "what about that trench? Shall we be getting on towards it? We love being out here in the open, but we feel we oughtn't to keep your friends sitting up all night for us." He is inclined to be discursive and to go through a list of the casualties which have occurred at the very spot whereon you stand. He then tells you to follow him, and suddenly disappears.

Seeing that there are now searchlights and machine guns in all directions, it doesn't much matter which road you take, so you go straight ahead and hope for the best and fear for the worst and fall into a pit-hole and find the guide. And one by one your men behind you fall into the same hole and use the same suppressed but disgraceful expression with regard to it.

"It is a scandal," you tell the guide in an indignant whisper as you fix your arms round his neck even more affectionately than before,—"it is a scandal, the shocking state of repair in which French turnip fields are kept. Where are the police, where the gendarmerie, where the writers of letters to *The Times*? In an English field such holes would never be allowed."

He explains that it isn't a hole, it's a trench, and may he have his neck to himself for a bit? You relax your hold and examine the spot to which he has brought you. Felicitating him upon the ingenuity with which one tortuous ditch is made to combine the uses of a roadway, a water-main, a sewer and a home, you bid him good-night and hand yourself over to the Captain. Having introduced yourself to the Captain and apologized for continuing to exist in spite of the desire, apparently universal, to get rid of you, you remark that this is one of the most attractive and well-aired trenches in which you ever remember making a bit of war. You then go along with him to settle your men in, only to find that they have done this for themselves and are already giving valuable advice to the occupants of the place as to how trench-fighting should, and will in future, be conducted.

The Captain then says that trenches are all very well in their way, but dug-outs are better, and you resort with him to an elegant pig-sty round the corner. You have not been there long before his servant arrives with a cup of tea; this is followed by a cup of coffee; this is followed by a cup of cocoa, and this is followed by a cup of soup. If you pine for another cup of cocoa, you have just got to go without, because it is now getting on for dawn and your cup (there is only one) is required for your early morning tea. You then settle down as best you can to a wee drappie of whisky from a flask (his) just to keep off your ravaging thirst. And all the time the bullets go pit-a-pat, and no one seems to care as long as there's water boiling for the next brew.

Stepping down the trench to see the sights, you discover the men employed in the constant and reprehensible habit of tea-drinking. The sentries lean against the parapet with their backs to you and appear as men who are watching a dog-fight which has lost for them all its excitement but not all its interest. Every now and then they loose off their rifles into the dim beyond, not in any real hope of hitting anything, but just to show there is ill-feeling. On most nights there is a gentleman opposite who addresses our trench when he comes on duty, "It is I, Fritz, the Bunmaker of London. What is the football news?" They shout out the latest information and pass him over a couple of bullets. This is no doubt because they recollect his buns, over-priced and under-curranted. He replies in kind, feeling perhaps that he has already lost his customer and may as well make a proper job of it.

The rest of the day you spend in admiring the legitimate handiwork of your own artillery and regretting the inexcusable criminality of the enemy's. You improve your trench, you do a little sniping yourself, admittedly killing at least one Bosch with every shot, and defeat the Captain time after time at piquet. He is worried by his responsibilities, you with the thought that so sound a fellow should have been tucked away in a Flanders turnip field for so long. And that is all there is about it.

Yours ever, HENRY.



Elderly Knitting Enthusiast. "EXCUSE ME, YOUNG MAN. COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT SIZE IN SOCKS ADMIRAL JELLICOE TAKES?"

"Speaking of the rôle of Spain in the present war, Herr Zimmerman concluded the interview with the following words: 'The triumph of the Allies in the present war would definitely establish Anglo-French influence in the Siberian Peninsula. Consequently patriotic Spaniards ought to range themselves on Germany's side."—*Exeter Express and Echo.*

For fear, we suppose, lest the French and English should exile them to the other Peninsula—though not, of course, with Dr. LYTTELTON's approval.

WILL YOU HELP OUR ALLIES?

EACH nation is fighting valiantly, but France has provided the battlefield, resulting in untold loss, direct and indirect, to her people and industries.

YOU can help her sick and wounded soldiers enormously by sending a cheque to the French Ambassador or the Hon. Treasurer, and gifts in kind to the Hon. Secretary,

CROIX ROUGE FRANÇAISE

Comité de Londres:

9, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.

Patrons: H.M. Queen Alexandra.
H.E. Paul Cambon, French Ambassador.

Présidente - - - Vicomtesse de la Panouse.

Hon. Auditors - - Price, Waterhouse & Co.





Time seen clearly at night.

For Active Service

Sterling Silver Wrist Watch, reliable Lever Movement and Luminous Hands & figures 50/-

Also another make Improved Dustproof Luminous Wrist Watch, Silver, 58/6 and 72/6.

Gold, £6 18s. 6d.

5% Discount Cash with order, allowed to all Naval and Military Officers.

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177 to 183 REGENT ST. LONDON W.
Their Majesties' Jewellers Silversmiths & Dressing Case Manufacturers

"Viyella"
Regd. Trade Mark.

SHIRTS & PYJAMAS

are real value for money. Soft and light, yet very durable and chill preventing, "Viyella" does not shrink. The ready-to-wear garments embody finest tailor-cut and finish and carry the manufacturers' guarantee to replace should they shrink. Whether you buy ready-to-wear or have garments made-to-measure insist on "Viyella."

OBTAINABLE OF ALL HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining, please write for patterns & information to: Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Wholesale only), 64 Viyella House, Newgate St., London, E.C.

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Highest Situation overlooking the Strath. **Salmon and Trout Fishing. Golf. Tennis. Recreation and Ball Rooms.** INCLUSIVE TERMS from 10/- per day. **Special Terms for the Army & Navy during the War.**

Telegrams . . . "Wallace, Strathpeffer."

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GOOD AGENTS WANTED.



Nelson came to BATH

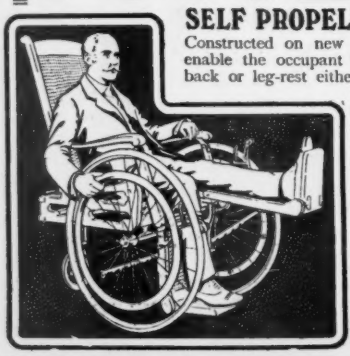
Worn and ill from exposure and exertion. After a course of the Waters he wrote to a friend " . . . *As for my health, it is perfectly restored.*"

To-day the Bath Waters are bringing health and strength to aching limbs and tired bodies, while charming surroundings and good music give rest and pleasure to the mind.

Write to the Director, King's Baths, Bath, for booklet about

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SELF PROPELLING & ADJUSTABLE

Constructed on new and improved principles, which enable the occupant to change the inclination of the back or leg-rest either together or separately to any desired position, meeting every demand for comfort and necessity; also supplied with single or divided and extensible leg-rests. Have specially large Rubber-Tyred Wheels, and are most easily propelled. No other Wheel Chair is capable of so many adjustments.

Specialists in the manufacture of Invalid Furniture and all appliances for bodily rest and comfort.

Write for Catalogue F40, Free.
J. FOOT & SON, Ltd.,
171 New Bond Street, London, W.

A Regal Beverage of supreme excellence.

Four Crown
The **Whisky** of Colonial Preference.

ROBERT BROWN, Ltd., GLASGOW and LONDON.

IN PLACE OF—

The wave of patriotic teetotalism which is washing over the country is certain to bring out a new crop of those non-alcoholic beverages which are so far more delightful and exhilarating than the genuine articles which they counterfeit. Already *The Daily Mail*, with its encyclopædic sagacity, has discovered and made known to the world the secret of the composition of the King's barley-water, which, strange to say, is made "by pouring boiling water on to the barley." Next will come the alluring substitutes.

Many years ago an abstainer's beer was put on the market and puffed by a Bishop in some such series of ecstatic sentences as "It looks like beer! It tastes like beer! It smells like beer! But it is not beer!" That probably will be the model for the new encomiasts. Thus:—

RECHABITE CLARET.

This wine, which has been prepared by a famous chemist from a recipe of his own, is guaranteed to take the place of the best French Bordeaux wines. Absolutely non-alcoholic. Made in two varieties:—

Château Cochineal . per dozen 24*s.*
Château Aniline . . „ 12*s.*

TESTIMONIAL.

The Bishop of Soda and Man writes:—It looks like claret. It is wet like claret. But it certainly is not claret.

If you want the best whisky substitute ask for "WILFY LAWSON."

Established over a hundred minutes and still going strong.

THE FAVOURITE BRAND.

Absolutely non-stimulating.
No effects of any kind.

Good old "Wilfy Lawson" on every bottle.

TESTIMONIAL.

DEAR SIRS,—Your Wilfy Lawson Whisky is perfect as a non-stimulant. I drank two gallons yesterday, with my finger on my pulse all the time, and it did not accelerate it in the least.

(Signed) C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

CINQUE PORT.

This glutinous and saccharine decoction has been carefully prepared by some of the ablest hands in the country to meet a demand for a non-intoxicating festive beverage during the War. Highly economical, as no one can take a second glass. When thrown away makes excellent beetle destroyer. The *Cinque Ports*, which are already famous, are put up in two forms of bottle, with cobwebs and without.

Price (with cobwebs from the best spiders) . . . . per dozen 60*s.*
Without cobwebs . . „ 12*s.*

TESTIMONIAL.

DEAR SIR, — The wedding of my second son last week was made memorable to all present by a single bottle of your Cinque Port.

Yours faithfully, ROSEBERY.

ALL THE BEST KNOWN BOTTLES!

Messrs. Gloster, the famous bottlers, have arranged to meet popular tastes by bottling pure Malvern water in every kind of recognised wine bottles—champagne, hock, claret, etc., with the original labels intact. Consumers will thus be complying with the new and most laudable custom of teetotalism and yet be enjoying the illusion of resorting to the best-stored cellars for refreshment.

TESTIMONIAL.

DEAR SIR,—Please send another gross of the 1904 Veuve Joyeuse. Our dinner-parties are a great success when these bottles grace the board. (Signed) RANDALL CANTUAR.

PERSONAL.

Situation required as BUTLER. Age 50. Highest references required. Thorough knowledge of every kind of water.—Apply, 5, Reservoir Gardens, Bridgwater.

"The Sayer posted on Black List by Police does not refer to W. Sayer, Chimney Sweep, 7, Jarvis Street."—*Advt. in "Cape Times."*

In the circumstances some misapprehension was perhaps pardonable.



Volunteer Reservist (*hoping to be contradicted*). "I SHALL LOOK AN AWFUL FOOL IN THIS UNIFORM."

Tailor. "WELL, SIR, YOU CAN ALWAYS WEAR A MACKINTOSH."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A Recruiting Campaign.

Curfew Hall,
Nr. Puddlebury Parva.

Dearest Daphne,—I've been putting in a most *strenuous* Easter here! When I invited a houseful of people I added as a P.S., "N.B.—*Recruiting.*" And we've worked like niggers. My own success has been *colossal.* In the *nickiest* of khaki-coloured tailor-mades, with a darling little semi-military cap with a bunch of ribbons, just like a real recruiting officer's, I've made the round of all the neighbouring villages—Puddlebury Parva, Much Gapington, and ever so many more, and have pulled in recruits *grandly!* "Now," I said to the young natives standing about the village streets, "you boys have got to leave your hedging or your digging, or whatever it is you do, and offer yourselves to your country. I'm quite *quite* sure big, strong, brave fellows like you aren't going to stand by while other men do your fighting for you! So come along with me *at once* to the recruiting-office!" And they shuffled about and gurgled in their throats and nudged each other and grinned—but they came along!

If you've done nothing of this kind, my Daphne, you can't *imagine* what a comfy little thrill it gives one to feel one's been the means of turning a slouch and a cloth-cap and a gurgle into a brisk soldier-laddie! The fly in the ointment has been that Beryl and Babs would *persist* in claiming some of *my* recruits as *theirs.* Things might have got a bit difficult, only I was very forbearing with them. "What's it matter *who* pulls them in so long as they *are* pulled in?" I said. "Though at the same time you must both know in your hearts that I've got quite three times as many as either of you."

In the evenings we've been giving little recruiting concerts in the various villages; charming little affairs, with a recruiting-office at the side of the platform, and the best seats given to those who went and offered themselves before the concert began. I sang patriotic songs, draped in a flag. Beryl and Babs gave a fencing turn. Clarges gave his "Farmyard Imitations." I don't say that I should have known what animals he was imitating, but he told us each time, so *that* was all right. The Rector of Much Gapington, a dear man with quite a little reputation as an amateur conjurer, did some of his most wonderful tricks, and, though his hand certainly seemed a little out once or twice and he dropped several things that weren't meant to be dropped, everybody was delighted. Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, in a soft muslin frock with a red-white-and-blue sash and her hair in ringlets, read a long interesting letter from her grandson, Pegwell, at the Front.

But the *plat de résistance* was Norty's "Adventures of a Flying Man in War Time."

He's a flight-commander now, and was my guest of honour while his Easter leave lasted; but oh! my dear friend, what *do* you, *do* you think? When I first saw him I shrieked and had to have bromide and veronal. He's grown a (I feel as if I couldn't write it!) — a *beard,* Daphne!! "I knew you'd jib at it, Blanche," he said, "but going up so high we *have* to grow 'em. Knitting's not good enough. Flying men must grow their own mufflers. I promise you, however, that I'll shave it off again when the War's over." "When the War's over!" I screamed. "By that time the horrible thing will be down to your waist, and I'll be dead of a broken heart!" And then Beryl weighed in with one of her very own speeches: "I thought you *liked* beards, dear Blanche. Your husband wears one." I kept calm. "It happens to *suit* Josiah," was all I said.

By the way, Josiah is *really* beginning to come home at last now that the seas are clear down there. His *adventures,* my dear, since he went away last July to look after rubber concessions at the other end of the world! A little trading vessel on which he made one of his efforts to come back caught fire, and they all took to the boats, and Josiah was in a small one by himself, and he drifted on till he came to an island that's not on *any* map, and there he's been living among palms and cocoa-nuts and natives and fearful things of that kind, and he never knew from one day to another whether they would end by eating him or making him their king (he's not sure which would have been the worse fate!). As far as I can make out his writing, he calls them the Boldoreens. They are about the only *real, old-fashioned natives* left anywhere now! Their hair is long and stiff and stands straight up from their heads; their dress consists of a little sea-weed (which sounds distinctly charming for a summer toilette), and their money is the leaves of a particular sort of bush. They're quite nice and kind till you offend them, and then they eat you! The fact that Josiah is able to come back proves that he has more tact than I gave him credit for. *Daily Thrills* and *Daily Tidings* have both cabled him asking for exclusive rights in the Boldoreens and his adventures. They've even been to see *me,* and when I let out that Josiah has secured a photo of the Head Boldereen the *Daily Thrills'* man became almost rabid! I've already arranged a series of "Social Lecture-Chats"—Thursdays in May—Harmonic Hall—a song or two—tea and coffee—and Josiah to tell about the Boldoreens to a soft, running piano accompaniment. Tickets, five shillings each, the money to go to the War funds. I feel sure it will be a big thing, and will fetch *ces autres* in crowds.

D'you know, my dearest, I ***don't*** consider that women's wits are being sufficiently used in this War. I don't claim that we ought to have a hand in *strategy* and large things of that kind, or that we're able to make great big inventions (like Lord Newton, you know, who first thought of locomotives through seeing an apple fall off a tree), but I *do* claim that some of us are very sharp and think of quite a number of things. You guess what's coming? Yes, your Blanche has thought of something — something that would end this wretched blockade in a few days! Let some ships go out trailing things that would act as *magnets* to submarines, so that they would fly to them and stick to them in spite of themselves. Then let the ships come back to port with a lot of U-boats stuck fast to the magnets—*et voilà!* Of course the point is to find out just *what* would act as a magnet to submarines (Norty suggested a lump of copper or a bag of iron crosses, but that was only *par plaisanterie*). Anyhow, I shall lay my idea before the Admiralty, and leave *them* to find out the right kind of magnet.

Ever thine, Blanche.

P.S.—The new skirt has revived a lost art. Before I left town Fallalerie's was crowded every afternoon with people learning to walk again. I got hold of it quicker than any of them. *Imaginez-vous, m'amie!* After a course of only twelve lessons I could actually take a step *several inches long.*

MORE THOROUGHNESS.

[The value of the stinging nettle as a vegetable is being emphasised in German War cookery notes.]

Yes, let the nettle's leaves appear,
Most succulently fine,
Each evening with the supper beer,
Each noontide when you dine;
For then, whene'er that charming thing,
Your Hymn of Hate, is sung,
They'll surely lend an added sting
To every Teuton tongue.

How to Help England.

"Several Ladies Required to assist in organising very smart, new Ladies' Club."
Advt. in "The Times."



THE CONTINENTAL MANNER.

A NUMBER OF BRITISH NAVVIES HAVE BEEN SENT TO THE CONTINENT TO DIG TRENCHES. THIS IS THE KIND OF THING THAT WE MUST EXPECT WHEN THEY RETURN.



"Look, Dad! There's someone saluting. Oh, I forgot, though; you don't return civilian salutes, do you?"

THE INWARD MOVEMENT IN DRAMA.

The next masterpiece to be given by the Dramatic Delvers' Society on Sunday evening will be *Dyspepsia, a Tragedy in Three Acts*, of which those who know speak remarkably highly. The scene, somewhat Venetian in character, is laid "on the alimentary canal of an epicure," and the characters represent various foods, etc., consumed by him during a heavy meal. A strong cast has been engaged, amongst them Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who will appear in the somewhat Wendyish part of *Pepsine, a little Peacemaker*. We gather that the efforts of this benevolent personage are unsuccessful, as in the Third Act we are promised a highly sensational scene in which *Curried Lobster* (Mr. Fred Terry) conspires with *Pêche Melba* (Miss Miriam Lewis) to stir the other characters to revolution.

The full cast of *Out of the Pit*, the new Mental Mystery to be produced at the Court Theatre, is now settled. It should be noted that the entire action takes place in the brain of a man who is seated in the back row of the pit of a theatre at a performance of this kind of play; the chief characters being:—

Darkness. Mr. H. B. Irving.

A Sense of Insufficient Elbow-room. Mr. Fred Lewis.

An Aroma of Orange-peel. Miss Mabel Russell.

The Pride of the Lady who Will Not Remove her Hat. Miss Kate Serjeantson.

A Belief that Originality may be Carried Too Far. Mr. Bourchier.

A Growing Sense of having Wasted Half-a-crown. Mr. Alfred Lester.

"PARIS HERSELF AGAIN.

Till recently the Invalides, where the war trophies are on exhibition, was the only museum open to sightseers. On Saturday the useum of ecorative Art installed in the ouvre pavilions was opened.

Partial reopening of the uxembourg is announced for this week."—*Evening News.*

The heading is a trifle optimistic. There are still apparently some initial difficulties to be adjusted.

"Strikers Wanted immediately for Government work."—*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

Recent pronouncements by Lord Kitchener and other members of the Government had given the impression that there was no overwhelming demand for this class of workman.

MR. PUNCH'S APPEAL FOR BELGIAN SOLDIERS.

7, *Northumberland Avenue, W.C.*

Dear Mr. Punch,—In response to the appeal which you were kind enough to publish on behalf of the Belgian Soldiers, we have received very many cheques from England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Canada, India, the United States, etc.

I thank you most heartily, and would be glad if you would convey my thanks to your many generous readers, advising them that a list of the sums received is published in the *Indépendance Belge*.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) Emile Vandervelde,
Minister of State.

Grave News from China.

"The following telegram from the Chief of General Staff, Delhi, has been received by the German Officer Commanding in Hongkong:—

Delhi, Feb. 11, 8.41 p.m.

Situation in India continues to be generally satisfactory. Frontier remains quiet."

South China Morning Post.

The situation in India may be all right, but what about the situation in China, with the Germans in occupation of Hong Kong?



THE ENEMY'S ALLY.



The Aunt. "I SHALL CERTAINLY VOLUNTEER TO DO MEN'S WORK. BUT THE POSITION MUST BE A DIGNIFIED ONE."
The Niece. "I KNOW, AUNT. GO AS A BUTLER."

LIFE-SAVING AT SEA.

THE publication of a Navy Supplement in his present issue furnishes Mr. Punch with an excuse for appealing on behalf of a cause—closely associated with our sea-service—which is liable to be overlooked among the many claims that the War makes upon his readers. It is the cause of the Royal National Life-boat Association. The extinction of lights and beacons, the removal of buoys, and the presence in many unascertained spots of floating mines have enormously increased the dangers to shipping and added yet further risks to the hazardous work of our Life-boatmen. Since the beginning of the War our Life-boats have on over 60 occasions rendered service to Cruisers, Torpedo Boats, Military Transports, Mine Sweepers, Submarines, etc., and 216 lives were saved from these vessels up to the end of last year. The assistance given to the hospital-ship *Rohilla* involved the complete loss of one Life-boat and serious damage to three others. The total additional cost up to the 31st of December amounted to over £6,000. No grant whatever is received from the Government, and the whole work of the Life-boat Institution, entailing an expenditure of about £112,000 a year, is supported entirely by Voluntary Contributions.

Subscriptions, greatly needed, should be addressed to The Royal National Life-boat Institution, 22, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

How History is Written.

"A number of poor children, some of them shoeless, had got on to the pavement outside the awning, and as Queen Alexandra approached they pushed their heads under the canvas to get a better view. Her Majesty was much amused, and, stooping down, patted some of the heads."—*Times.*

"As soon as Queen Alexandra arrived she noticed some little dogs poking their heads under the awning, and she laughed and stooped down to pat them."—*Evening News.*

Personally we prefer *The Times'* version of the incident.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER says that there is nearly as much alcohol in ginger-ale as in light beer. Clearly *dolus latet in gingeralibus!*

DAWN

(By our Spring Poet.)

THE moon, dismantled and forlorn,
Down to the nadir drops;
The amber oriflamme of morn
Flaunts on the mountain tops;
And sybaritic airs that come
From far translunar shores
Bring wafts of fragrant galbanum
And melting madrepores.

The catkin warbles in the brake,
The pipit pours its lay;
The polyanthus seems to make
Perpetual holiday;
The owl his limber jerkin dons
To brave the heats of noon,
And panoplied in living bronze
Darts o'er the dim lagoon.

Lithe caterpillars gently toss
Their velvet curves on high,
And lend a choriambic gloss
To nature's revelry;
While rhadamanthine shapes afloat
In fields of asphodel
From holophote to holophote
Proclaim that all is well.

THE DURATION OF THE PEACE.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC.)

THE first question which every one naturally asks his favourite oracle about the present political truce is: How long is it likely to last? Before entering upon this subject, however, let me utter a word of warning. To attempt to estimate the duration of any peace whatever is folly, *unless you are the belligerent who puts an end to it.* This is a folly into which European countries, with the exception of Germany, very conspicuously fell last year. There is no reason why we should imitate their errors by suggesting any period as the "end" of this state of peace. *No hazardous conclusion at all upon the subject will therefore be attempted.*

The doubt that at once occurs is this. If the matter is not susceptible of calculation; if the vaguest attempt at prophecy is gratuitous folly; and if even the wildest guess-work has no finality, is the subject really suitable for discussion in these columns?

Now in the first place *there is all the difference in the world between discussing a matter and reaching any conclusion upon it.* All I am trying to do in these notes is to indicate a critical moment, round or about or after which period, if hostilities begin again, the end of peace will be in sight, though even after this disaster a state of truce might *technically* remain. In order to do this, I am compelled to reiterate arguments which I have used so often before that I am almost ashamed to recur to them, but I feel that italicised insistence on the obvious can create an effect when nothing else can.

Moreover I hope to show that, as the end of the winter is now at hand, *and as that moment coincides with the beginning of spring,* when unexpected accidents might conceivably happen, the days through which we are now passing are exactly the right time to fill in with indeterminate discussions.

Before proceeding to my calculations, however, two really relevant topics must first be eliminated. There is the improbable contingency that the Allies might unexpectedly declare peace, and the only less improbable contingency that the Government, in its desire for efficiency, might take the Opposition to its bosom in a Coalition Ministry. If either of these is admitted, the discussion must at once cease; otherwise it can continue till the point of exhaustion is reached.

If we eliminate these disturbing factors there remain two great alternatives. *Either one of the opponents will break the truce, or the truce will continue.* I dogmatise upon neither, I merely state them. It is only in the second alternative that any plausible pretext for discussing the duration of the peace can be offered. To resolve the Opposition into its elements is too simple. It leads nowhere. Let us then make, in the fullest possible detail, a broad survey of all even remotely connected side-issues, based upon the widest and vaguest generalizations.

1.—There is first the complete confidence of human nature in the certitude or rather the necessity of its own right judgment; and the *presumption* that master strokes of strategy and politics will constantly occur to private members which would never cross the minds of our statesmen or generals. I adduce no evidence for this; I have heard it and I believe it.



"PLEASE WILL YER DO US A BIT O' DRILL, SIR, 'COS IT'S BERTRAM'S BIRFDAY?"

2.—There is secondly our knowledge of the character of Labour and Capital. Both these are psychological factors which provoke continual, though, alas! restricted discussion.

3.—There is thirdly the element of Geography. This must be expressed in terms of Celt and Cymry. The number of Irish Members who are in the flower of what is generally but very loosely termed their "fighting age" can only be determined by eliminating those who are dead or mad or run over by traction engines. Whatever their mood to-day, or the chance of its changing to-morrow, the only *certainty* is that something unexpected may be confidently anticipated, but what it will be no one living out of an Irish atmosphere can foresee. Further, there is the question, Will that monument of art and treasure of antiquity, the Eisteddfod, lure the Welsh to sacrifice a cherished plan of campaign, or will it incline them buoyantly to resume the offensive?

With regard to the first let us disabuse our minds of the falsehood that criticism proceeds not from emotion, but from reasoned judgment. Manias are the most potent and least doubtful of all the motives which affect us in this country; hence those extraordinary proposals, reiterated for some mystic and incalculable reason, which reappear at regular intervals. The judicial mind may be dismissed as a legal fiction. *But Conscriptionists are a reality; so are retired Admirals;* so are Whole-Hoggers and Spy-hunters and Aniline-Dyers; and so is the fact that the natural life of this Parliament comes to an end after another six months. Moreover grievances cannot withstand the process of "accretion" for more than a certain time at a certain rate, *whatever their original magnitude.*

To sum up, then, if we consider only the element of unemployed superiority, and *the strain imposed by time,* the argument would seem to point to a peace of shorter rather than of longer duration.

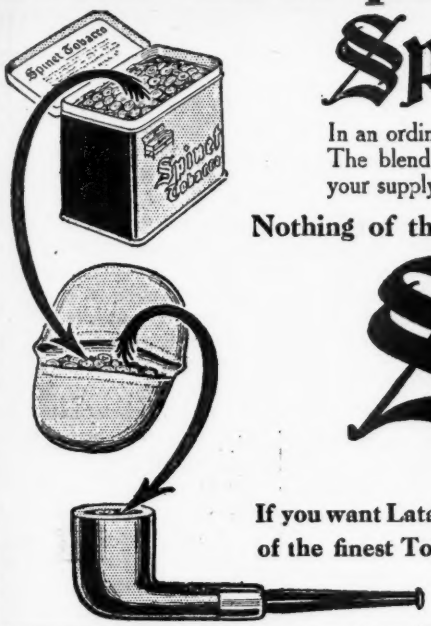
But this is only one line of argument. I propose to show that it is entirely stultified by the other two, with which I hope to deal at length next week.

A GENUINE ANTIQUE.

[Messrs. CHRISTIE are holding a sale of Art treasures and historical relics in aid of the funds of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John.]

OUT yonder where the Reaper grim and grey
Sweeps o'er bare fields that held last Autumn's corn,
Brave souls uplift the stricken and forlorn,
And bind their wounds and nurse them back to day.
Here where no skies with imminent horrors shriek,
Collectors bring their treasures with glad heart,
For Love has ever been an ancient art,
And Mercy is a genuine antique.

From tin to pouch—from pouch to pipe



Spinet is always the same.

In an ordinary mixture you will find the heavier components silt to the bottom of your pouch. The blend is no longer in its proper form, and the flavour varies as you get to the end of your supply.

Nothing of the kind occurs with——

Spinet Tobacco

The "SPINET process" fixes the components in their proper positions, and there they remain until smoked.

If you want Latakia don't order SPINET. It is a Non-Latakia Mixture de Luxe—made of the finest Tobaccos obtainable, is cool smoking and absolutely pure.

If you appreciate good Tobacco, buy an ounce packet of SPINET for 6½d. Order it from your usual Tobacconist, or send your visiting card (quoting the name of your Tobacconist), for a sample to the Sole Manufacturers—

SHOULD YOU SMOKE A LATAKIA MIXTURE, ASK FOP
Badminton
Smoking Mixture
6d. per oz. 2/- per ¼ lb.

R. & J. HILL, Ltd.,
Badminton Tobacco Factories,
Shoreditch, London, E.

THE CIGARETTE SMOKER SHOULD TRY
Spinet
CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA.
20 for 9d. 50 for 1/10½.

Made in London The Leading Light



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A man has got to have some care for his comfort and appearance, before the Gillette shave can seem worth while to him. More than seven million Gillette Safety Razor users in 1914—nearly a million new users added every year. British made.

Gillette Standard Sets. One Guinea.——Sold Everywhere.
Write for illustrated and descriptive booklet. Mention this paper.
Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., 40-44 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
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NO STROPPING NO HONING

Have you tasted MOLINO SHERRY?

The OLD wine with the NUTTY flavour. Sample bottle, 3/-

Here is your opportunity!

Price of sample bottle refunded on receipt of your order for One dozen, obtainable of—

BRISTOL ..	John Harvey & Sons, Ltd.
COVENTRY ..	Waters & Co.
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JERSEY	Le Riche's Stores Ltd.
LEAMINGTON	Wauchope & Co.
LEICESTER ..	John Sarson & Son.
LIVERPOOL ..	Bushell, Maples & Co., Ltd.
	John Tyrer & Son.
LONDON	Berry Bros & Co.
	Bridges, Routh & Co.
	Cockburn & Co. (Leith), Ltd.
	J. L. Denman & Co., Ltd.
	Dolamore, Ltd.
	H. B. Pearon. Block & Co., Ltd.
	Powell, Turner & Co., Ltd.
	Rutherford & Kay.
	H. & E. Selby.
	Smith & Hoey.
	White & Price.
	H. R. Williams & Co.
	Basil Woodd & Sons.
MANCHESTER	Gill, Challender & Bardswell.
PLYMOUTH ..	Hicks & Co. (and Branches).
READING ..	A. S. Cooper.
RICHMOND ..	Ellis & Co. (and Branches).
SOUTHAMPTON	Aylward & Sons (and at Winchester).
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THE SUFFERINGS OF SHAW.

[According to the author of a new book on SOCRATES, Mr. BERNARD SHAW, like the Athenian philosopher, is an intellectualist whose "crime is ideas" and whose "profoundly moral aim" is misunderstood by the British *bourgeoisie*.]

How strange it is that modern scribes, obsessed
By slight and superficial similarities,
Should damnify our goodliest and best
By disregarding radical disparities;
Till, waxing wanton in their futile quest
Of parallels to obsolete barbarities,
They add the final and back-breaking straw
By linking SOCRATES with BERNARD SHAW.

Old Soc., benighted soul, had never learned
To keep the soldier on his proper plane,
As one who in all history has earned
The meed of intellectual disdain;
Nay worse, himself with martial zeal had burned
And served the State in many a hard campaign,
Content at Athens' call to shed his blood
Instead of pelting her with well-aimed mud.

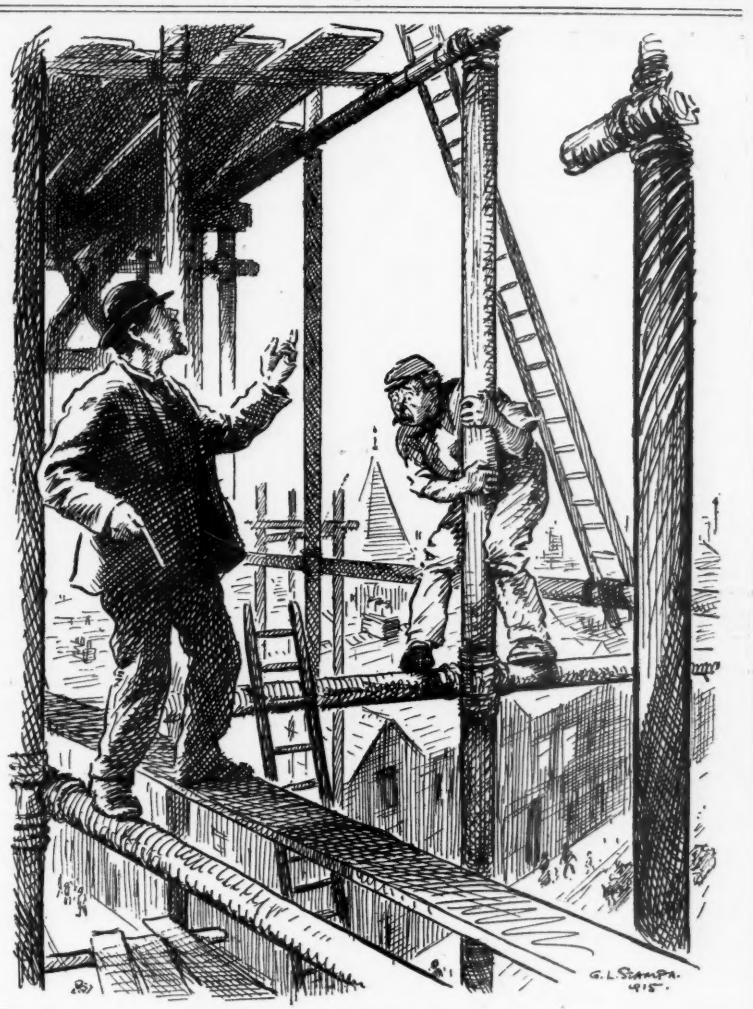
His nose was snub, his features blunt and rough,
His figure was uncouth, his legs were bandy;
He was not fit to photo in the buff—
The latest foible of the super-dandy;
He did not dress in hygienic stuff
Or live on cocoa, beans and sugar candy;
He never owned a car, and when it froze
Walked cheerfully upon his ten bare toes.

He never wrote a novel or a play,
Though other playwrights pitilessly guyed him;
He never boomed himself, but lives to-day
Because a certain PLATO glorified him
(As BACON in his self-effacing way
Allowed a pushing mime to override him);
But all the time the actual Simon Pure
Was commonplace, illiterate and obscure.

He taught philosophy, but took no fees;
He wrote no tracts in praise of hostile nations;
Abstemious as a rule, he could with ease
Compete in the amount of his potations
With gilded rakes like ALCIBIADES
And other partners of his dissipations—
Men of a stamp whom simple, high-toned Fabians
Would rank with Bantus or with Bessarabians.

Then SOCRATES was tried upon a charge
Of teaching youths in wickedness to wallow,
And hustled hurriedly on Charon's barge,
Thanks to the hemlock which they made him swallow;
While Mr. SHAW is very much at large
And wholly free his noble aims to follow,
Which, though traduced by certain sons of sin,
Are properly respected in Berlin.

But why pollute a vital modern page
With problems fit for musty antiquarians?
Why desecrate the greatest living sage
By linking him with obsolete barbarians?
Rather let us with pious zeal engage
In homage to the Prince of Vegetarians,
And thank our stars that, as the Huns have written,
One upright man remains in blighted Britain.



"JEST 'OP UP THAT LADDER, JIM, AND SEE IF SHE'S SAFE."
"NOT ME, WHEN I CAN GO TO THE FRONT AN' GIT ALL THE RISKS I WANT—WIV GLORY!"

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to the Shipbuilders' Deputation regarding the Drink, 29th March:—

"I was glad from that point of view, but only from that point of view, that Mr. Henderson stated quite clearly at the start that there were no teetotalers amongst you."

A distressing sequel is found in the following extract from *The North Mail*, 1st April:—

"When a reporter sought for a further reply from shipyard managers yesterday he found them all sitting tight."

WAR-TIME VIGNETTES.

Chez le Photographe.

I had entrusted Madame Olive with my precious snapshots. She was the only photographer in Dunkirk who would promise to develop them *tout de suite*. When I called at the shop I found the little birdlike creature the centre of a clamorous crowd. Madame was talking hurriedly in a high-pitched voice. "*Oui, oui*, it will be ready instantly." "But I must have it now," urged a uniformed official. "It is for my *carte d'identité* and I have a train to catch." "*Oui, oui, dans un instant.*"

"Where are my proofs? They were promised a fortnight ago." "I will send them round to you, Mademoiselle." "So you said yesterday—no, I'll wait here." "*Très bien, très bien.*" "*Où sont nos portraits?*" two old souls asked simultaneously. "Are my films ready?" I ventured. "*Oui, oui*, come down and look at them." Madame seized the opportunity to escape. She drew aside a curtain that divided the studio from the shop. A photographer was posing a workman against a background representing the Garden of Versailles. The man was leaning against a waterfall and facing the camera with a beatific smile. Madame disappeared through the minutest of doors down a spiral staircase. "This way," she cried, and led me into a cupboard. "This is my developing room—look, I have all these plates to develop." "Show me my films," I urged. "But I'm just going to do them. Oh where—oh where did I put your kodak?" "But you said they would be done." "How could they be done? You saw how many people were in the shop. Now I wonder what I did with it? It can't have been your kodak that fell down the stairs. Ah, no, here it is. Now I switch on the red light. There, you see, I put them in the liquid and work them about."

"Madame, madame," came a voice from beyond, "Monsieur wants his picture for his *carte d'identité*." "Yes, yes, tell him it will be ready in a minute. Where is the plate?" "It is in the little yellow box." "*Très bien, très bien;* I wonder what has happened to that yellow box? There, now, I leave your films to soak whilst I do some others. See, here is a picture of Granny and Grandpa. It's a pity she's so blurry, and it would have been better if his other shoulder had been in the picture. They should have stood in the centre instead of one at each edge. But then they've been married a long time. Engaged couples are different."

"Madame, madame, Monsieur is getting impatient for his *carte d'identité*." "Tell him it's just being finished. Oh dear, oh dear, where can it be?" "In the little yellow box, Madame." "But where is the little yellow box? Ah, *mon Dieu, mon Dieu*, what a life! There, look, yours are coming out. They are going to be excellent. Look at this lady. She's dreadfully smudged—did you ever see such a face? She'll be furious; but in war-time—*que voulez-vous?*" "Madame, madame, the *carte d'identité*." "Ah, *mon Dieu, mon Dieu*, there they are again. Why can't he be patient? Where is the yellow box? *Parbleu*, it's in my pocket. Tell him you are bringing it up. There, if that isn't vexing; there's something wrong with the plate. He'll have to be done again; nobody could possibly recognise him. Ah, but then it's only for his *carte d'identité*. What, he says his train has gone? Oh, well, he can have another sitting. He won't? Well, as long as he's satisfied."

"I'd rather develop the photos down here than interview the people upstairs," I remarked. "Yes, yes, they are so exigent. If you leave your films till to-morrow I will print you some copies." Madame seized the tray and we went back into the shop. A newcomer, a sullen and terribly stout woman, had taken her place by the counter. "I have come for my enlargement," she grunted. "*Oui, oui*, Madame—it's not back from Paris." "You've had it four months." "*Que voulez-vous, Madame? C'est la guerre.*" "Where is the original?" "Somewhere here in the shop." "But how can they do the enlargement in Paris if the original is here?" "Oh, Madame, I really can't explain—you wouldn't understand if I did." "I'll never come here again. I only came because my family recommended me to come." "Ah, *vous voyez*—we have always given them satisfaction. Are we to blame for the War? Madame here of the Croix Rouge will tell you how impossible it is to get anything from Paris." "Yes," I assented, "it would be difficult at present to get you enlarged." "*Qu'est-ce que je vous ai dit?* and you wouldn't believe me." Madame cast an indignant glance at the fat one, who waddled resentfully out of the shop.

She collided in the doorway with a young woman, and after some mutual recriminations Madame was again faced by an angry customer. This time it was a young washerwoman with a brick-red face and a shawl drawn across her ample chest. "You have given *mon mari* the wrong *bébé*—this is not my little Albert—it is some wretched little girl." "Indeed it isn't," Madame objected strenuously; "it is your little Albert; he wouldn't stay quiet—*que voulez-vous?*—his face is a little hazy." "I tell you it isn't my Albert; he has a curly head." "Well, it was straight when he came here last week. I remember quite well saying to your *mari* it was a pity his hair didn't curl." "But the dress—I tell you Albert was breeched." Madame lifted her eyebrows with an air of exasperation. "What have I to do with that? The kodak tells no lies; but if you are dissatisfied *cherchez vous-même.*" She handed a large drawerful of postcard photographs to the mother. The woman fingered them eagerly, pulling out all the pictures of babies and putting them on one side. "La, la, I have found my *bébé*," she cried. "*Qu'est-ce que je vous ai dit?* The other was not my Albert." She hurried out, clutching a picture-postcard. Madame shrugged her shoulders. "They generally choose that one," she said. "It is the picture of my little nephew Charles. Her little Albert's plate was broken. *Mais qu'est-ce qu'on peut? C'est la guerre.* Come back to-morrow, Madame, and I will have your pictures printed for you."

The next day was Sunday. The shop was crowded with people disputing their turn to be photographed. The girl behind the counter turned a tearful face to me. "I'll never give them numbers again," she said. "I don't care how muddled they get; Madame blames me quite unfairly." "Can you give me my films?" I interposed meekly. "It's not fair," she sniffled; "that marine was number 54 and——" I turned to Madame. "You promised to print me some copies." "Marie, Marie, what have you done with the films of Madame of the Croix Rouge?" Marie began hastily to search the drawer. "Is this it?" she asked, showing me a picture of two burly soldiers arm-in-arm. I shook my head. "I think it must be yours," declared Madame. "But my snapshots were views," I objected. "One never knows how things will turn out with amateurs," said Madame. "Don't you remember we looked at the films together yesterday? There was one of the market-place and one of——" Madame scratched her head in perplexity. "Ah, *mon Dieu, mon Dieu*," she exclaimed suddenly, "it was your films that fell down the drain-pipe when they were hanging out to dry. I'm so *désolée, mais vous savez* they were not very good, and another time——" "My beautiful films gone!" I cried in dismay. Madame gave me a reproachful look. "*Qu'est-ce que je peux, Madame?*" she cried. "*C'est la guerre.*"



Sympathetic Slacker to wounded Tommy. "YES, OLD MAN, THE SUDDEN SHOCK MUST HAVE BEEN ABSOLUTELY TERRIBLE. I KNOW THE SORT OF THING. ONLY LAST NIGHT A CARELESS BLIGHTER GAVE ME A BEASTLY KNOCK ON THE NOSE WITH HIS BILLIARD-CUE. HORRID SHOCK. I CAN SYMPATHISE WITH YOU!"

PUTTEES.

"PUTTEES," I said to Shopwalker No. 1, who had bowed himself into a note of interrogation.

"Puttees," shouted Shopwalker No. 1.

"Puttees," said Shopwalker No. 2.

"Puttees," Shopwalker No. 3 whispered confidentially into my ear. He led me by devious routes to a place bristling with military trimmings.

"Puttees," shouted Shopwalker No. 3 in a voice that brought me instinctively to attention and caused a timid-looking man to drop six boxes of boots. These shopwalkers ought to be at the Front. They would be invaluable as connecting files.

"Puttees?" murmured the timid man.

"Puttees is the word, and I said it first—the things you twist on to your legs," I said.

"That would be puttees, Sir. What price?"

"Are there different prices for puttees?"

"From two shillings to twelve-and-six."

"What makes the difference?"

"The quality and the shape. There are straight puttees and spiral puttees."

This didn't sound altogether unreasonable, as different people have different shaped calves. However, no man's calves—not even Bailey's—are entirely straight or wholly spiral, so I said, "I think that I would like something between the two to suit a normal leg."

"It isn't so much the shape of the leg as the shape of the puttees that matters. I'm afraid there's no intermediate shape."

"I suppose both shapes go on?"

"Yes, they both go on," he said hesitatingly; "and they do say that the spiral ones stay on. I don't rightly know—I don't profess to understand puttees—I'm really a boot man. I see our Expert is disengaged now, he will talk puttees to you."

The Expert told me all about puttees. I didn't understand any of it then and I don't understand all of it now. I gathered that puttees aren't the simple-minded things they look, and that I had better purchase the more expensive and amenable kind, known as the spiral. I had no wish to be parsimonious over the finishing touches to my uniform, so I agreed to the man's suggestion.

"What colour?" asked the Expert.

"The pretty greeny-greyish tint that is so much in vogue with the Volunteers."

"I'm sorry, we're out of the spirals in that colour. I've just sold the last pair, and there isn't another pair to be bought in London."

"Is there any chance of the khaki colour fading to our tint?"

"Our puttees do not fade."

I knew that if my legs were the wrong colour they would catch the eye of the Sergeant-Major and I should be in perpetual trouble; yet I misdoubted the straight variety and tried to compromise. "I'll take one of the two-shilling straight kind, and if I get on with it all right I'll come back and buy its mate."

"We only sell them in pairs."

I offered to recommend the odd one to a one-legged man of my acquaintance if I didn't want it, but he wouldn't break the set.

In the end I bought a straight pair and have lost about five pounds' weight in consequence. If nature had known when she set up in business that the object of man's legs was to support puttees, she would have put the thicker

part of the leg at the lower end. She would have had to sacrifice a certain amount of elegance to utility, but, as it is, she has done that in some cases, though Bailey won't admit it. I don't suggest that my puttees would look neat if I were to wear my legs the wrong way up, but I do think that the puttees would stand more chance of staying up and that the bulgy parts would be more useful for carrying my lunch, gloves and cigarettes.

The Expert told me that I ought to turn the things over like a bandage. I've been practising it and have discovered why so many military men marry hospital nurses. Up to date my record is two-and-a-half twists before I drop the coiled-up end. I've missed the last three Sunday parades owing to puttee troubles. I got up extra early last Sunday and had ten goes before I lost my train.

I've consulted the Sergeant-major, and he says if I don't care to wear my puttees round my ankles like the other men I must stay off parade. I've tried to get permission to wear a pair of pants painted with a spiral dado or frieze to look like puttees, but this has been ruled out of order. However, there's a rumour that the Adjutant's wife is going to start puttee classes, so all may yet be well.

THE LABYRINTH.

FOR some weeks I had been feeling anxious about Peters. A man of sanguine temperament, he had, though unmarried, always preserved till a short time ago a singularly cheerful outlook on existence. But about the beginning of the year a change came over him. He grew silent and preoccupied. Frequently he travelled down from Town with the rest of us without so much as opening his mouth, he who had been the life and soul of the 5.30. His cheeks, too, lost their rosy colour, and his clothes began to look as if they had been made for somebody else.

The climax came when I saw him one evening, in a fit of deeper abstraction than usual, attempt to enter the guard's van at Liverpool Street in mistake for his own compartment. The guard took him gently by the arm and led him to where I was seated, as it chanced, alone.

"This is your carriage, Sir."

Peters woke from his reverie. "Ah, yes, of course," he said, "my mistake. Very good of you, I'm sure;" and taking a sovereign from his pocket he pressed it into the guard's hand. The latter started, but, regaining in an instant the admirable self-possession which characterises the more responsible of our railway officials, reverently touched his hat and walked away.

The incident shocked me; obviously there was something very wrong with Peters. As soon as we were clear of the station I asked him point blank what was the matter. He turned a dull eye upon me and for a moment or two made no reply. Then he said in a strained voice, "Come round to my house to-night and I will tell you." We finished the journey in silence.

"I'm glad you have come," said Peters at 9.30. "I couldn't have gone on much longer without speaking to someone about it." As he leaned forwards over the fire I noticed with pain the pallor of his face and the nervous twitching of his hands.

"When the War broke out," he went on after a short pause, "I tried to join the army, but they ploughed me in the sight test, though I read the card without a hitch."

"But that's absurd!" I exclaimed.

He smiled sadly. "It was just bad luck. Carruthers had passed very successfully in the morning, and as I knew he could see through a brick wall I had asked him to memorise the letters for me. Unfortunately they changed the target in the afternoon. It was a low thing to do, but, at any rate, it settled me. Somehow or other, though, I couldn't get back again into the old groove. I wanted to be actually *doing* something, you understand. I didn't care what it was so long as it was something. Finally I wrote and consulted my brother-in-law, who is a parson in Bradford. He sent me back by return two pounds of grey wool, four bone needles and a book called *The Knitter's Companion*."

He stopped and gazed moodily into the fire for a few seconds. "How I cursed that book! Mind you, I don't blame my brother-in-law. He has spent the whole of his life in a town where the inhabitants breathe wool from the cradle and are inured to knitting of the most intricate designs. Probably he never realised the danger to which he was exposing me. He wrote: 'Try pattern Number 29 first, and send to me when completed. I will add it to our next monthly parcel for the troops.' I turned up Number 29. It was an airman's helmet. The printed directions said, 'Cast on 156.' It seemed a simple thing to do, but though I read the whole book through I could discover no instructions on the point.

Next day I bought in Oxford Street a little volume entitled, *How to Knit, by One who has done it.* I studied this for three nights, and a week later I had cast on 156. That was the beginning of the end.

"The next direction was, 'Knit 12 rows plain.' This I managed fairly well, though when I got to the 12th row I found only 95 stitches on the needles. Then the book said, '13, knit 3, purl 2; 14, knit 2, purl 3; 15, knit plain row; 16, knit purl row; repeat the last 4 rows 8 times, decreasing at beginning and end of every 4th row and being careful to keep the pattern straight.' Since then my life has been a hideous dream. I would not give in. Night after night I locked myself in this room and struggled with it, and night after night the thing grew. What it was growing into I dared not guess, but it never had the appearance of a helmet. At last it began to frighten me, and to avoid looking at it I pinned brown-paper over the part I had finished.

One evening, just a week ago, the paper became unfastened and I saw what I had done. I ran upstairs with it, threw it inside the spare bedroom and locked the door on it. Ever since then I have been trying to brace myself to fetch it down again, but I cannot."

I stood up. "Give me the key of the spare bedroom," I said. He felt in his pocket, handed it to me and shrank back into his chair.

"Don't bring it down," he entreated; "I can't face it to-night."

I went upstairs and unlocked the spare bedroom door. Peters' work lay just inside on the floor, plainly visible by the landing light. I am not a nervous man, but I confess at the sight of it I caught my breath. There was something sinister about it. Its awful formlessness seemed the ultimate expression of a desolation deeper than despair. And as I looked the grey labyrinth drew me evilly to itself, and I heard a whisper that came from nowhere, "Take it back to him and leave him." I stepped forward, hesitated and shuddered. Then I picked it up, flung it from me into the grate and put a match to it.

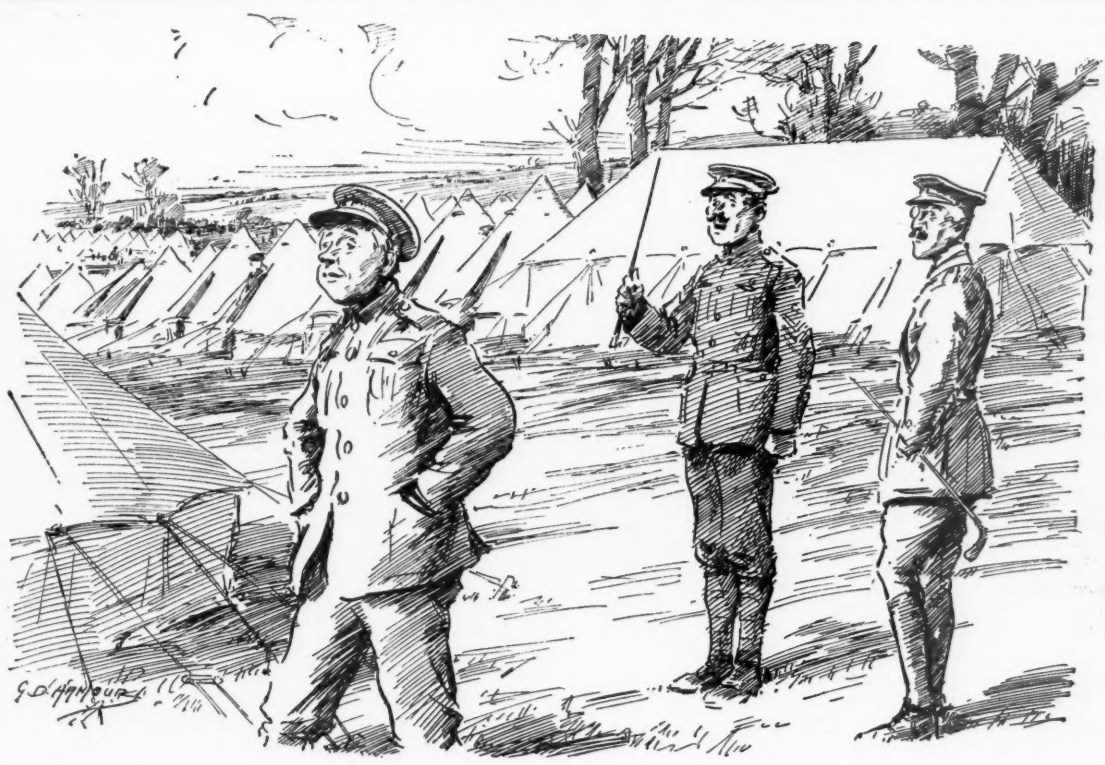
When I went down Peters was standing at the foot of the stairs. He gazed at me without speaking. "I have burnt it," I said.

"Thank heaven!" he muttered and sank weakly to the floor. I put him to bed.

Neither of us has mentioned the subject since that night. Peters is quite his old self again. He has found a new outlet for his energies in making scrap-books for the Gurkhas.

Justice and Mercy.

"HEAP coals of fire upon his head!"
Thus Eton's Chief pleads for the Hun.
Better, we think, to try instead
Heaping of *Coke on Lyttelton.*



Sergeant (to recruit who has neglected to salute when leaving officer). "'Ere, my lad, come back! You've forgot something. You've forgot to shake 'ands with the orficer!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother (Smith, Elder) is naturally a book that even the reviewer approaches in something rather different from the critical spirit. This remark must not be taken to mean that it stands in any need of apology. On the contrary, Mr. A. C. Benson has carried out his task not only with tenderness and affection, but with real biographical skill. The result is a character-picture of extraordinary interest and charm, both to those who had the rare pleasure of knowing Robert Hugh Benson personally and to those who only recall him by his books and sermons. The story is intimate to a degree very seldom attained in published writing. No man is a monster of perfection either to his valet or his brother, however deeply they may love him, and the memoir abounds in shrewd touches of gentle humour at the expense of those admirers of "Hugh" whose hero-worship led them into misinterpretations—those, for example, who spoke of the "rapt and far-away look in his eyes," from which Mr. Benson sagely concludes that his brother was probably bored, and wondering how he could courteously escape to society that might interest him more. It is on these lines that the memoir has been written; one might call it, not too flippantly, biography in a morning coat and slippers. Throughout one gets that impression of high and distinguished courage that for me is always present in the work of Robert Hugh Benson; the scene of his death, almost intolerably poignant in its detail, is a most noble proof of this. Of his humour there are many characteristic examples. I like especially the account given here of the pleasure which he used to take in the words of an Anglican who would appeal for charity towards one lately "reconciled" to Rome on the ground that he had never fully recovered from a bicycle accident. A dignified, gentle, and most interesting book.

If I were retained as counsel for the defence by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, accused of conspiring to waste your good nature and his own talents (both equally undeniable) by producing *The Good Soldier* (Lane), I should be very little at my ease as regards the dismal story itself, but eloquent enough in referring to the way in which it is told. I say "told" advisedly, for by a studied neglect of chronology or any kind of consecutiveness, coupled with free licence to change his opinions as he goes along, the author succeeds in transforming himself into a living narrator, presenting as they occur to him, evening by evening at the fireside, the different aspects of a history gone by. It is well done and it could not have been easy to do; but after all there remains something solid in the schoolboy distinction between matter and manner, and the plain fact is that, when all the jig-saw bits are finally fitted in, the picture is so little pleasant that, but for the fun of seeing them drop into place, one would hardly have read to the end. In quiet times I should very much resent the writer's putting forward of *Captain Ashburnham* as "The Good Soldier." To-day one feels that the title is really too ridiculous, the existence of such a person in the British army, or indeed anywhere else, having become unthinkable; while the narrative of his dealings with the other equally impossible characters of his circle, though set out with a deliberate grace of diction—through which, however, the ugly word

is here and there no less deliberately jerked—is simply (and again designedly) sordid. Much better spend your time on a real jig-saw that will give you in the end a pretty picture, say, of little Teddy feeding his rabbits.

The Way of The Red Cross, to which QUEEN ALEXANDRA has added some gracious and touching words, carries with it the most appealing of all recommendations. Simply and ably told by E. C. VIVIAN and J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS, it is a record of the splendid work done by The Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association, a record that must move the stoniest heart to pity and the most penurious to the conviction that the relief of pain is the only royal road to contentment of mind. Welcome, too, is the tribute paid to the wonderful work of the Voluntary Aid Detachments. Weariness and suffering nobly and silently borne both by our wounded and the brave men and women who tend them is the moving theme of these pages. No one, it can be said without any qualification, who has the love of country in his heart can fail to be stirred by them to feelings of the deepest thankfulness and the deepest pride — thankfulness that we have such workers eager to give of their best, pride that we have such men to be saved by their services. Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON are devoting all the profits of this book to *The Times* Fund for the Sick and the Wounded, and there is one way, and only one way, for us to show our gratitude.



OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO.

He. "THAT'S MY FRIEND DAVIS. HE'S IN KITCHENER'S ARMY, YOU KNOW."

She. "WHAT IS HE—A LIEUTENANT?"

He. "NO; HE'S A LANCE-CORPORAL."

She (greatly impressed). "O-OH, REALLY! *INFLUENCE*, I SUPPOSE."

Mrs. C. S. PEEL, whom you may remember as the writer of that clever and amusing story, *The Hat Shop*, has now extended her millinery researches to the fashionable dress-maker. As a fact, however, the defect of *Mrs. Barnet—Robes* (LANE) is, to my thinking, that the glimpses which it affords of life in a Sloane Street modiste's are too brief to be more than tantalising. For the rest the book is in the main a story of contrasted careers (something on the lines of the industrious and idle apprentices), the subjects being two girls, daughters of a certain *Ivor Selincourt*. Of these only one, *Thea*, was the child of his legitimate wife, and she, being handicapped with a neurotic disposition and a too luxurious home, fell in love with a man who was already married, and eventually, after a lot of temperamental trouble, she killed herself. Meanwhile *Gladys*, the child of *Ivor's* earlier unacknowledged love, climbed from prosperity to fortune, established her mother in Sloane Street, and herself not only enjoyed a capital income as a fashion-plate artist, but eventually married the man of her heart and lived happy ever after. This distribution of fates is at least unlike the usual arrangement of the moralist. Perhaps I was intended to feel more sympathy for *Thea* than I could actually command. Frankly, she seemed to me not a little tiresome, since there was really no reason, apart from her native cussedness, why she shouldn't have been every bit as happy as her nameless half-sister. But, again, perhaps this was all part of the plan, and intended to show that personality can do more than birth to ensure contentment. Which I knew already. Still, Mrs. PEEL has written a story that is at least partly delightful, though I could have wished her to talk a little more shop in it.

To any advocate of "mixed" marriages in India, or elsewhere for that matter, I recommend *A Shadow of '57* (FISHER UNWIN). Mrs. SCOTT MONCRIEFF has the whole problem at her finger tips, and although she gives an almost cruel picture of the Eurasian character it is impossible not to be riveted by the cogency with which it is presented. Like many women-novelists of to-day, Mrs. SCOTT MONCRIEFF strikes shrewder blows at her own sex than at mine, but whether this is because she understands it better is not for me to decide. Here, at any rate, we have several women held up for our laughter or our pity, while the men (most of whom are officers) are endowed with a glorious imperturbability that soothes their friends as much as it maddens their enemies. *A Shadow of '57* is a "first" book, and the author has only to set her casual style in order to command success. As it is, she has won her place among those novelists (why, I wonder, are the majority of them women?) who know their India by heart, and realize the sacrifices that most Anglo-Indians are called upon to make.

I have just had an excellent interlude with corsairs and galeasses, pikes and calivers, linstocks and morions, turbans and scimitars, all in the GOOD QUEEN BESS's spacious days, and personally conducted by Mr. RAFAEL SABATINI, who is no ordinary tusher. *Sir Oliver Tressilian*, the Cornish knight who adored fair *Rosamund Godolphin* (she always contrived to believe the worst of him and so protract the very rough course of his true love), was "trepanned" by order of his half-brother *Lionel*; had a thoroughly rotten time as a galley-slave in a Spanish vessel; joined forces with some attacking Muslim pirates; became a renegade, the famed *Sakr-el-Bahr*, *The Sea Hawk* (which is the name of the book, and Mr. SECKER pub ishes it), the most outrageous and effective corsair of them all; raided his Cornish home; carried off *Lionel* and *Rosamund*; narrowly escaped the scimitar of his Muslim and the yard-arm of his English enemies, but duly prevailed over all, and came back to honour in a land whose Queen never took too squeamish a view of piracy. I will confess myself a little bored with the susceptible Basha, *Assad-ed-Din*, and his intriguing family, but *Sir Oliver* of the iron thews, with his hereditary *Tressilian* violence, is a notable hero, a good hater, a stout fighter; and I only hope the credulous *Rosamund* turned over a new leaf and lived happily with him ever after, which on the whole was more than she quite deserved.

A Hitherto Unrecorded Atrocity.

"Thereupon the German commander ordered the deportation of all foreign Consuls including the Turkish, for weeks, frozen stiff."
Japan Chronicle.

After this treatment of Turkey's representative, the SULTAN should now retaliate by giving the KAISER "the frozen face."

CHARIVARIA.

A letter received in Bâle from a responsible source states that it has been decided to kill all dogs in Germany, "with certain rare exceptions." These will, of course, include the Mad Dog of Potsdam.

* * *

Wehr und Waffen has been pointing out that human hair makes an excellent substitute for the lime-destroying material which is ordinarily used in the boilers of war-ships, and it advises patriotic Germans to pay a visit to the barber's. As a consequence of this appeal Admiral von Tirpitz, it is reported, is contemplating parting with his famous whiskers before they get singed again.

* * *

"With regard to the statement of the British Government that the German Navy neglected to rescue shipwrecked men," says a German Official Note, "the inference contained therein that rescues have been intentionally neglected can only be denied with horror." The horror is ours.

* * *

For the following Charivarium we are indebted to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. It is extracted from an article complaining of the unimpressionable natures of the people of Northern France, whose country has been devastated by the enemy:—"When our troops pass along the streets to the sound of music, which anywhere else would awaken the souls of men, there is no awakening echo; there is silence, an indescribably saddening silence, which seems to mock our most serious efforts to make friends of these people and accustom them gradually to the misunderstood benefits of German civilisation." The professional humorist can do nothing with this kind of stuff.

* * *

Annapolis, U.S.A., was startled, the other day, by what sounded like the explosion of a heavy bomb. It transpired that the German language had been dropped from the curriculum of the Naval Academy there.

* * *

It was rumoured last week that Lord Hugh Cecil, who wrote to *The Times* to announce that it was not his present intention himself to abstain, had perished under an avalanche of whisky advertisements.

* * *

Thousands of confirmed teetotalers have announced their intention of following the King's example with regard to intoxicants.

* * *

Certain advanced opponents of strong drink are going to strange lengths, and a Mile End dairyman has got into trouble for adding water to his milk.

* * *

"I must admire England's colossal skill in the invention of lies," says Admiral von Tirpitz. This is, anyhow, praise from an expert.



Sister (writing letter to brother at the Front). "And hae ye onything else tae say, father?"

Father. "Ay! Tell Donal' that if he comes ower yon German waiter that gaed us a bad saxpence for change when we had a bit dinner in London a while syne, tell him—tae—tak—steady aim."

The Simplified Spelling Society is reported to be interesting itself in the Przemysl and kindred difficulties. Might we draw the attention of this Society to the fact that the Turk is also unspeakable?

* * *

It has now been decided to utilise Alexandra Palace for the reception and detention of German prisoners. The Germans are gradually getting all our Palaces; Buckingham Palace, however, still holds out.

At Christie's.

"The total for the day's ale was £3,855."
Evening News.

Auctions *are* thirsty work.

"The ideal of the prohibtotalition of the sale of alcohol seemed to him to be fraught with a great deal of difficulty."
Leamington Daily Circular.

We confess that the mere mention of it terrifies us.

"*Our Future Lies on the Water.* By a Prussian Officer," is the recent announcement of an English translation of a German work. We look forward to them with interest, though we doubt if the Prussian officer will be able to outdo what Wolff's Agency has accomplished on land.

From a catalogue of gramophone records:—

"'A Love Song.' (Kaiser.)"

A pleasant change from the "Hymn of Hate."

The following recently appeared in the "Orders of the Day" of the 4th Queen's at Lucknow:—

"The Bishop will preach at the Parade service. Troops will take twenty rounds of ball ammunition."

This precaution was presumably adopted in case the Bishop should deliver a charge.

Extract from *The Mark Lane Express, Agricultural Journal and Live Stock Record*:—

"Cheese continues to move upwards. All sorts share in the movement, and there are some curious kinds."

There are; and apparently they all come into the category of "live stock."

A Sweeping Assertion.

"At first there seemed danger that mines with which Channel plentifully strewn might prove greater obstacle than forts, but mine news-papers have hitherto been able clear course efficiently."—*Pioneer.*

In this admirable enterprise *The Pioneer* naturally leads the way.

"A resolution was adopted which instructed Secretary Rigg to write to the department of militia asking for:—(*a*) The names of the shoemakers who were catering for the feeding of the troops; (*b*) the names of the cooks and caterers supplying the boots and shoes; (*c*) the names of the lawyers who had been successful in the contract for the tailoring supplies."
Winnipeg Free Press.

We can understand that the first two items should have caused some dissatisfaction, but surely the lawyers ought to have been competent to look after the suits.

From a Sale Catalogue:—

"Plaid Silks in all the latest Clans Good Quality."

The older clans are, of course, quite *démodés*.

THE ERRORS OF OMNISCIENCE.

[Herr BALLIN, returning from the Front, where he had an audience of the KAISER, has given to an American interviewer an account of his Imperial Master's views about the War. WILHELM II. is represented to have said: "I never desired this war. Every act of mine in the twenty-six years of my government proves that I did not want to bring about this or any other war." He ascribed its origin to the diplomacy of Sir EDWARD GREY. He was certain of victory, but offered no pronouncement as to the date of its consummation.]

IT is your habit like a god
To see your way through walls of brick;
You carry your divining rod
As others wear a walking stick;
You have the *entrée* of Olympian premises,
And go hobnobbing, arm-in-arm, with Nemesis.

Truth's your familiar; you reject
The lies that lesser folk are fed on;
With cloudless vision you detect
The origin of Armageddon;
By Instinct, far aloof from Reason's laws,
Infallibly you spot the fatal cause.

Who was it, for his wicked ends,
That drew his bloody blade and sabred
The peace for which yourself and friends
Through six-and-twenty years had laboured?
It was that demon clad in human clay,
That monstrous Machiavelli, EDWARD GREY.

But first your prescience took a rest;
It overlooked the schemes, so sinister,
Which lurked within the baleful breast
Of that nefarious Foreign Minister;
And, all the time these plots were being grown,
You deemed his heart as simple as your own.

This shock to your prophetic soul
Left you, of course, a little shaken;
Touching the War-drums' final roll
You gave no odds and none were taken;
Though Victory was yours as sure as Fate,
You weren't prepared to specify the date.

Alas! for I (who loathe to find
My dear illusions roughly shattered;
Who counted your omniscient mind
Among the things that really mattered)
Can hardly bear to think that now and then
You share the ignorance of common men.

O. S.

THE DRILL BOOK.

"YOU seem," said Francesca, "to be profoundly interested in that little red book."

"Hush!" I said. "Don't speak to me, or you 'll drive it all out of my head. It wasn't very securely lodged, anyhow, and now it's gone. I shall have to begin all over again."

"What in the world is this man talking about?"

"Francesca, I will tell you. This man is talking about *The New Company Drill at a Glance.*"

"Oh, but you've done much more than glance at it. I've been watching you for half an hour, and you've pored over it, and groaned over it, and turned it sideways and upside-downways, and yet you don't seem to be happy."

"I will not," I said, "disguise from you that I am far from happy. This book contains numerous diagrams beautifully printed in red and black. Diagrams always make me feel that they are printed the wrong way round, and that I should understand them perfectly if I could only stand on my head or turn myself temporarily inside out. I can't do that, so I try to turn the diagram inside out, or get it to stand on its head. I'm like that with maps, too—but it's not a bit of good. I only get more and more confused. NAPOLEON wasn't afflicted like that. He just sat down in a barn or somewhere and studied his maps, and then went and won a battle."

"Why drag in NAPOLEON?" said Francesca. "You're a Platoon Commander of Volunteers, and you're knocked off your perch by a diagram in a little red drill-book. Well, throw it away. Trample on it. Put it in a drawer and forget it."

"How can I forget what I've never known? No, I must go on trying to learn it. I must tread my weary path alone. Francesca, how would you make a line form line of platoons in fours facing in the same direction?"

"I should just ask them to do it, you know. I should appeal to their better feelings and say, 'Now, men, you've got to form a what's his name in fours. I'm sure you won't leave me in the lurch, so get to work and form it; and, whatever you do, mind you face in the same direction.' That would fetch them, I'm sure."

"It would," I said; "and it would also fetch the inspecting officer and all the other big bugs who might be present."

"Well," she said, "how would you and your little red book do it, then?"

"I should inflate my chest and shout out 'Advance in Fours from the right of Platoons. Form Fours——' and there's a lot more, but I've dropped my glasses and can't read it."

"Ha ha!" laughed Francesca. "An officer in eye-glasses! Extract from Sir JOHN FRENCH'S despatch: 'At this point a Commander of Volunteers began to order his men to form fours in platoons facing in the same direction, but, having dropped his glasses, he was unable to read his drill-book and was immediately afterwards taken prisoner with his men. This regrettable incident deprives the army of a very gallant officer.'"

"Laugh away," I said bitterly; "pour cold water on my enthusiasm. If you can't think of anything better to do I suggest your leaving me alone with my drill-book, for I'm determined to master it, diagrams and all."

"That," she said, "is the spirit I like. A father of a family, fairly well on in years, is left alone with a drill-book, and sets his teeth and gets the better of it. But tell me, do they really have to do that sort of thing in the trenches?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "they do it constantly. No day can be called complete unless they form line of platoons in fours facing in the same direction."

"I haven't noticed anything about it in the soldiers' letters in the papers. They generally say the Jack Johnsons covered them with earth, but that they fixed bayonets, rushed the last twenty-five yards and got back a bit of their own, and what brave men their officers are. If ever you have to fight I should like your men to say that of you."

"If you really want that," I said, "you must let me mug up this infernal drill-book. If I don't know something about it I shall never be able to face the inspection next Sunday, let alone rushing the last twenty-five yards into the German trenches, which I shall certainly endeavour to do if I ever get the chance."

"Well, I'll give you a quarter-of-an-hour all to yourself, and then I'll come back and hear you say your drill."

"Splendid! That's the way to help a Volunteer."

"Yes, I'll be an Army Corps or a Division or a Brigade, and you shall order me about to your heart's content."

"Good; but if you're not quick about forming forward a column of fours into column of platoons there 'll be trouble."

"I'll form forward," she said, "or perish in the attempt."

R. C. L.



DELIVERING THE GOODS.

THE REPRIEVE.

TR-R-R-R-R-R-ING!

It was the alarum clock in the far corner.

Some people place alarum clocks close by the side of their beds. This is a foolish and expensive plan, since by merely reaching forth an arm it is possible, with practice, to hurl the diabolical instrument through the window in one's sleep, and then to subside again beneath the blankets. On the other hand, if you really have to get out of bed, you really have to wake up, unless of course you are a somnambulist, in which case you ought to sleep in a cage.

As I dragged myself slowly from my dreams I realised (1) that I was a Special Constable due for duty from two till six A.M.; (2) that I had ordered Jessica, our general, to set the clock for 1.15; (3) that it was raining; (4) that I had a slight cold and a touch of dyspepsia; (5) that as the gas-stove in the back kitchen was out of action I could not brew myself a cup of tea. I cursed the Special Constabulary and all their works of darkness, dressed very quickly and crept downstairs. I then cut myself some bread and cheese, which was all I could find in the pantry.

As I sat eating this in the kitchen I felt my spirits sink lower and lower. I thought bitterly of the KAISER, the man responsible for all my woes. What was it to him that I was at present laying the seeds of indigestion beside an extinct kitchen fire, and should shortly be wandering for interminable hours through interminable lanes with a companion as dejected as myself, our only solace a couple of police whistles, from which it was impossible to extract the faintest resemblance to a tune? Nothing. Perhaps he had not even been informed that I was a Special Constable at all. I thought despairingly of the price of coal, and wondered how long it would be before I was reduced to felling our only apple-tree for fuel, and whether I should be able to do it with a table-knife or should be compelled to purchase an axe; and, if so, what was the price of axes. I thought regretfully of my golf handicap of eighteen, the fruit of years of untiring devotion to the game. By the time the war was over (if it ever was over) I should probably have sunk to an indifferent twenty, and my niblick and I would meet almost as strangers. Why, I asked myself, did Heaven permit these things?

At length, my bread and cheese disposed of for the time being, I rose and prepared to face the elements. As I did so my eye fell on the clock on the mantelpiece. It showed the hour as twenty minutes past six. Jessica had placed the alarum in my room, but had inadvertently set it as if for her own usual hour of rising.

In the crises of life a man will often mechanically seek relief from the stress of overpowering emotion in the performance of some apparently trivial act. I stooped and unlaced my boots. Then I crept upstairs again.



Mrs. Brown (to Mrs. Jones, who has also been to see a son off in troopship). "WELL, I'M SURE THEY'LL BE STARTING SOON, BECAUSE BOTH FUNNELS ARE SMOKING; AND, YOU SEE, MY DEAR, THEY COULDN'T WANT BOTH FUNNELS JUST FOR LUNCH."

"Manchester and Salford Councils decided yesterday to advance the price of gas 6d. per cubic foot, largely owing to the advance in coal prices."—*Daily Mirror.*

With gas advanced by £25 per 1,000 ft., Manchester and Salford householders may be advised to try electricity.

"THINGS OUR MEN AT THE FRONT WILL APPRECIATE.
——'s BACKACHE PELLETS."
Advt. in "Birmingham Gazette."

We do not like the innuendo. It is unjust, though, no doubt, undesigned.

"I venture to say that if I stopped you in the street, or even in the next street, and asked you what the calibre is of the guns latterly employed in puncturing the Dardanelles, your answer would be an unhesitating 'No.'"

And a very good answer, too, for this kind of bore.

"Wanted, Lads for Bottling."
Advt. in "Lancashire Daily Post."

This advertisement is obviously belated. Nobody asks nowadays for "a bottle of the boy."

NIGHT OPERATIONS.

IT happened in the Park. As we didn't really need the whole Park and didn't want to be a nuisance to all the couples who resort there for quiet conversation, we staked out a pitch. The pitch was bounded by two parallel roads, and the roads were in play. Four scouts played against B Company. The commander of B Company won the toss and decided to defend the south end. The object of the scouts, who were loaded with rifles, was to pass through the company's lines without capture. The rifles, which are not well adapted for other things, were carried for the purpose of recognition only. I was cast for a scout, and was abetted, if not aided, by Holroyd, Henderson and Higgs.

They turned out to be unimaginative pig-headed people, and on one excuse or another they refused *in toto* to adopt any of my suggestions. Holroyd, who is a long thin parsimonious person, declined on the ground of expense to hire either a property tree or a piano organ. Concealed in either of these I am sure that he would have had an excellent chance of getting through. Henderson, who is a young and somewhat effeminate-looking individual, contemptuously rejected the idea that he should go as a nursemaid, with a perambulator in which he could conceal his rifle. He seemed to think that it would be unmanly and unsoldierly. His only idea was a false beard and a wig. I pointed out that however desirable it might be to alter his appearance in daytime it was not so urgent in the dark, and that it would be of small strategic benefit as he was personally known to only about five per cent. of B Company. In the end he got quite stuffy about it and we nearly had words.

Higgs's only excuse for not covering himself with grass sods and crawling along on his stomach was the damp and muddy nature of the soil. Of course when I found out that he was going to let a little personal discomfort stand in the way of success I gave up trying to help him.

My own scheme for getting through, though entailing a certain amount of cost, was simple and effective. I decided to hire an ordinary taxi and drive down the left-hand road as fast as the Park regulations would permit. When the others heard about it they all wanted to come with me, but this would have increased the cost, and we should have looked rather small if by any chance the taxi had been stopped and we had all been captured together. I made Higgs a sporting offer to allow him to hang on behind if he would pay part of the fare, but we failed to strike a bargain.

Holroyd consented to adopt my suggestion that he should conceal his rifle down the leg of one of his trousers. We had some difficulty in getting it there, and then he found that it restricted his movements. He also complained of discomfort. We wasted quite a lot of time trying to get it out again. We couldn't think of the proper technical way to go to work, and there was no help to be got from our military books. I looked in both the Musketry Regulations and Infantry Training, but, strangely enough, neither of them deals with a simple point like that. I know that on active service a soldier, owing to the use of putties, is not likely often to get his rifle into this position, but still, as in Holroyd's case, it might happen. By the rather crude method of all pulling at once, we eventually managed to separate his leg, rifle and trouser. It was largely due to Holroyd's own impatience that several pieces of his flesh and trousering adhered to the nobbly bits of the rifle. After that they all declined to listen to any more suggestions.

I was still rather troubled about my own rifle, as I felt that it might be detected if undisguised, in spite of the taxi. I couldn't reasonably expect even B Company to mistake it for an umbrella, swagger cane, policeman's truncheon or lady's reticule. I thought of concealing it in some musical instrument, but couldn't hit on anything suitable, though I went through all the instruments I could think of from an ocarina to a big drum. In the end I decided to adapt my brother's violoncello case. I'm not a very good amateur carpenter, so it wasn't a very neat job, though it served.

As I anticipated, I was the only scout to get through undetected. The other three were all captured and brought in, in addition to the thirty-three civilians, six special constables, five real soldiers complete with lady friends, four territorials, two park keepers and one park chair captured in error. Several civilians, most of the special constables and all the real soldiers were annoyed at being interfered with, and I understand that there are two actions for assault and battery and three for false imprisonment pending.

Higgs, it appeared, did, after all, adopt my stalking suggestion, though without its best feature—the divot disguise. By crawling on his hands and knees he had almost succeeded in getting through the lines when a clumsy Section-Commander trod on the nape of his neck. Owing to the mud in which he was encased he might still have gone unremarked if only he hadn't groaned.

Henderson's notion of climbing up a tree wasn't a bad one, though I can't quite see how it helped his progress to any extent. His detection was due to his accidentally dropping his rifle on the head of the Commander of No. 1 Platoon.

Holroyd, one of the park-keepers, and the chair were captured *en masse*. Holroyd seems to have had the idea that the chair would in some way assist him in his enterprise, and the park-keeper was disputing his right to use it without payment when they were surrounded.

I thought that the Company-Commander was somewhat sparing with his congratulations to me, but no doubt he was frightfully chagrined at the success of my simple ruse.



A ZEPPELIN POLICY.

"GOIN' TO 'AVE YER ANNUAL FIRE, IKE?"

"NO, MY POY—NOT IN WAR-TIME. I HAF PAINTED A RED CROSS ON THE ROOF, AND I VOS TRUST IN PROVIDENCE."

RENAMING A ROSE.

I FORGET when we—that is, our local choral society—first began to practise *Acis and Galatea*. I know it was long before the start of Lent. Anyway, a few weeks ago we decided that we knew enough about it to risk our annual public performance, and the posters were about to be issued. Then one evening the blow fell at a committee-meeting. We were busily discussing the all-important point of the colour of the paper for the programmes when Appleby (our only tenor who can take a top G without causing grievous bodily harm to himself and those in his immediate proximity) rushed into the room in a state of uncontrolled emotion. It had got about, he told us, that the composer was a German, and the tickets in consequence were going as flat as our choir when they sing an unaccompanied glee. "Old Mr. Chivers," said Appleby, "has been tackling me about it. He says it 's a shame to perform the work of a German composer when now is the time to support our home products."

Then a long altercation ensued as to whether HANDEL was or was not to be considered a German.

"But surely he became naturalised," said Miss Mallows, appealing to Mr. Bowles, our conductor, "after spending all those years in England, paying English rates and English taxes and——"

"And writing Italian operas," added Appleby.

"I really don't know for certain," said our harassed conductor, who always received ten per cent. of the gate-money as remuneration for his services. "I—I think so."

"But he *ought* to know for certain," whispered Miss Parmenter to me. "It 's his business. If he doesn't know, what 's he doing with all those letters after his name, F.R.C.O., L.R.A.M., Mus.Bac., F.T.C.L., A.G.S.M.?"

"At all events," announced Miss Mallows solemnly, "I feel it my duty as a patriot to decline, under these doubtful circumstances, to assist at the concert."

Miss Mallows' powers of musical assistance are, I am afraid, long past their zenith, but her ability to dispose of tickets still remains undiminished. Hence her decision came rather in the nature of a Zeppelin.

"HANDEL must be interned," I said, "and we must revive an old favourite. As Mr. Chivers hinted, it 's a fitting opportunity to perform a native work."

Mr. Bowles, who had just completed an oratorio on the subject of *Og, King of Bashan*, enthusiastically agreed.

"But it must be something we know pretty well," remarked Miss Parmenter. "What about *The May Queen?* We know that backwards."

"The point is," I observed, "do we know it forwards?"

"Then there 's *The Lost Chord*," suggested Miss Mallows quite seriously.

"And *Eric; or, Little by Little*," put in the irrepressible Appleby.

"*The Lost Chord*," I kindly explained, "is not, strictly speaking, a cantata. It is more usually performed as a cornet solo. Occasionally one hears of its being given as a song with harmonium accompaniment."

"I didn't mean *The Lost Chord*," Miss Mallows corrected. "I meant *The Ancient Mariner*."

"Why not try high and do *The Dream of Gerontius*?" said Appleby. "There 's a fine chorus of Demons in it which would bring the house down."

"Don't you think," asked Miss Parmenter, "that we had better do something to keep it up? Besides, two rehearsals are not sufficient. We should have to call it *The Nightmare of*——"

"Stay!" cried our conductor. "Why not change the title of *Acis and Galatea* and the name of its composer?"

"Splendid!" I said. "But won't the words give us away?"

"Not they!" exclaimed Appleby. "Everyone always says that the words we sing are absolutely unintelligible."

* * * * *

It only remains to add that we drew a bumper house for our "performance in concert form of *Dido and Æneas*, the operatic masterpiece of England's greatest musical genius, HENRY PURCELL."



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Railway Transport Officer (being carried off from his station in a British Supply Train). "STOP THE TRAIN! STOP THE TRAIN!!"

Chorus of French Railway Officials (mistaking his gestures). "VIVE L'ANGLETERRE! VIVE LA FRANCE!"

THE WATCH DOGS.

XVI.

DEAR CHARLES,—We are now holding our own little bit against enormous odds, the latter being partly Germans but mostly rain. Even so we find the trenches a pleasant relief, since our allowance of discomfort is now defined. Up till now they couldn't make up their minds as to what exactly we were. Sometimes they thought we were fully qualified experts, fit for all the deeds, dangerous and dirty, which soldiers have to do, while at other times they regarded us as amateurs, requiring instruction. Between the "some" times and the "other" times there was little margin for rest and recreation.

Now it's over, I may tell you that the instruction is even worse than the thing itself. We didn't so much mind digging practice trenches as filling them in again. We had done such a lot of this that we had come to the dismal conclusion that herein was the ultimate destiny for all of us, lawyers, landed proprietors, engineers and undergraduates alike. We saw ourselves left here, long after the War was over, filling in trenches in Flanders when we should be dining honourably in London. Moreover we foresaw that our ultimate convenience would be sacrificed, in an expansive moment, to the cause of universal peace, and, when we had finished the English, Belgian, French, Russian, Japanese, Servian, Montenegrin, Roumanian, and Italian lines, "My dear KAISER," the authorities would write, "bygones being bygones, please remember you have only to drop us a postcard and we will send you a thousand or two industrious, if incompetent, spademen to fill in your trenches for you. You might pass this on to your Austrian, Hungarian and Turkish friends. And believe us, very sincerely yours . . ."

As it is, I reckon I 'm now off trench-filling for ever. I would far sooner be shot for insubordination than stir a limb to destroy this "little grey home in the West" I have dug out for myself and Captain Johnson. Take my word, there comes a time in a man's life when he attaches far more importance to a judicious admixture of matchwood, sandbags, straw and mud of his own contriving than to the most luxurious combination of chintz and Chippendale designed and executed by paid hands.

We marched up here, three days back, in a mood of ferocious silence, my captain providing the sole domestic touch by leaving his washing at the last complete building on our route. The people we relieved (in more senses than one) were delighted to see us, but, recollecting suddenly that they had important business elsewhere, vanished by the back door as soon as ever our faces were turned to the front. The Germans, however, were more courteous: realizing the arrival of slightly bored strangers, they at once treated us to a pyrotechnic display of commendable thoroughness, combining entertainment with instruction, expensive illumination with unquestionable realism. Since then the spasmodic crackle of rifles has not ceased; snipers snipe industriously, and bombs and rifle grenades arrive and depart every now and then by way of comic relief. We enjoy the privilege of watching artillery duels from the ten-pound seats in the middle. Captain Johnson has a personal grievance, since the objective of the enemy guns is the last complete building above mentioned. "The low hounds," he murmurs, standing on our front door step and shaking his fist at the horizon. "Not content with making a target of my personal existence, they must needs go shelling my pants with their shrapnel and high explosives." And so we continue our present lives, spending to-day in getting rid of yesterday's rain and looking forward to to-morrow's.

I write, after a sort of high-tea-dinner-lunch in my dug-out (where no parcel containing victuals or drink ever comes amiss), and from both sides of me penetrates the singularly trifling conversation of the men. They are enjoying a period of rest, and the general state of their spirits is not so much boisterous joy as comatose content. I have often wondered exactly what motive—duty, enterprise, sport or adventure—brought them all together here; in one case I have been enlightened only this morning. The sanitary man, always ready for conversation in the intervals of his ambitious work, informed me as to his own case. It appears that at the end of last July he was affected with general nervous debility. His doctor recommended a fortnight at the seaside. The sanitary man (then a clerk) protested poverty; his wife insisted on the change of air, and the combined ingenuity of the three suggested enlistment in the local Territorial battalion, with an eye solely to its yearly encampment. And here he is in muddy France, executing his (shall I say disquieting?) labours amidst relentless shot and shell, whose object is to kill rather than cure. Meanwhile rarely was a more rosy and less nervous warrior than our old-time invalid.

In conclusion let me tell you of the ecclesiastical affairs of Lance-Corporal Rice. For years past he has professed Wesleyanism, and has paraded with the minority of a Sunday. I have even known him to do this, with a set expression of feature and great dignity of bearing, in a minority of one. But times change and we change with them, and, whether it was that some epoch-making event occurred to convert him or whether it was that the Church of England parade happened (for once) to be an hour later in the morning than the Wesleyan, our Lance-Corporal fell in last Sunday with the majority. His Platoon Sergeant may, for all I know, be a keen church-goer in ordinary life, but in war he is a stickler for regulations. "What are you doing here?" he asked the Lance-Corporal, and, after a long conversation, was finally convinced that his man was deliberately parading with the Church of England. "Get away with you," said the Sergeant, not caring what the other believed or didn't believe. "If you want to change your religion, you can't just do it like that; you must go to orderly-room *and do it proper*."

I have stolen this item of news, by way of compensation, from our Second in Command, who, happening to call on me at my trench at 11 A.M., stole from me my biggest and best peppermint drop. Next time you write, enclose a candle, a piece of soap, a bundle of toothpicks, and a stick of nougat, a parcel which, if you had sent it me a year ago, would have proved you to be a poor *farceur*.

Yours, as long as I 'm my own,

HENRY.

Fashions for Men.

THE MORNING COAT-COWL.

"Somehow the old atmosphere of the 'Row' has completely gone—the 'knut' has vanished as if he had never been. The conventional silk hat and morning coat was only to be seen here and there and at rare intervals, and then on the heads only of elderly men."

The Daily Mirror.

"Sir Stanley Buckmaster, the Solicitor-General and Director of the War Press Bureau, who has gone to Scotland for salmon-fishing, landed a 10 lb. fish one day this week."

Evening News.

The Press Bureau has no objection to the publication of the above statement, but takes no responsibility for its accuracy.

"In Scandinavia, where men drink horribly owing to the damp-cold climate, the Government has introduced the Swedenborg system, which has accomplished wonders."—*Mr. Austin Harrison in "The Sunday Chronicle."*

SWEDENBORG dealt with the spirit, it is true; but not in this sense. Mr. HARRISON, before he tackles this subject again, should consult the wise men of Gothenburg.



THE ARGUMENT FROM POSTERITY.

Elder Sister (firmly) to her little sister, who has been playing at soldiers and is thoroughly bored and now clamouring for her doll). "No, BABY, YOU CAN'T HAVE YOUR DOLLIE. WHAT ARE WE TO SAY TO *OUR CHILDREN* WHEN THEY ASK WHAT WE WERE DOING IN 1915?"

THE RED CROSS COW.

We are scrupulously careful in our neighbourhood to do and say nothing that can disparage the great effort being made by our rivals at Christie's in aid of the Red Cross. All the same we are privately of the opinion that we do this sort of thing better down our way. No one can claim to have actually invented our method; it just evolved itself. But it is working like a machine.

It began last October, when the Rector, who is one of our most progressive farmers, announced his intention of selling his little Jersey cow by auction in aid of the Red Cross. We had always envied him that cow; she was the daintiest little creature in the parish and said to be a fabulous milker for her size. So the bidding was pretty brisk. The Colonel got her for £27 10*s*.—an outside price, but she looked remarkably well in his paddock. We offered our congratulations and imagined the incident was closed. But the Colonel was never happy about it.

"I've got it into my head," he would say, "that that cow belongs by rights to the Red Cross. I don't believe that I shall be able to keep her with any satisfaction to myself."

He tried to square his conscience by sending the milk to the hospital, but it wasn't any good. So he put her up (for the benefit of the Red Cross) to public auction on the first Saturday in December, and asked all the more likely buyers to lunch on that occasion. When she got hung up for a time at £26 Dr. Sharpe "simply out of decency" sprang her to twenty-eight. It would be intolerable if the Colonel were to lose by it, he said. There was some confusion of idea there perhaps, but the principle was sound.

Somehow this little auction of the Colonel's set a precedent which we felt bound to follow later on. Of course the Doctor couldn't keep the cow. He recognised that at once, the more so as he had neither a field nor a shed to put her in. So his auction was rushed on without delay. It was the best of the series so far, being preceded by quite a big At Home, during which the cow was led round the lawn before the drawing-room windows. She cost me £31, and I sent my cheque to the Red Cross.

It was about this stage that the Cow Committee came into existence, in response to a general demand that the thing should be put on a more definite basis. The Committee consisted simply—it will be seen that there was a perfect simplicity about the whole affair—of those who had made bids. It met at the school-house every Wednesday night to consider and draw up the Regulations; but the cow had changed hands three times before these were complete. I am requested by my colleagues to publish them here as a guide to other neighbourhoods who may wish to raise money for the War Funds. I ought to add that it need not, of course, be a cow. Any desirable object, from an umbrella to a rare



"HOW IS IT YOU 'RE NOT SERVING, YOUNG MAN?"
"EARLY CLOSING TO-DAY, SIR."

postage stamp or a deer forest, will do equally well:—

(1) The cow shall be sold by public auction at intervals of not more than one calendar month.

(2) The entire proceeds on each occasion, without any reduction whatever, shall be devoted to the local Red Cross Fund.

(3) It will not be considered sporting (though this Committee has no jurisdiction in the matter) to allow the cow to go for a lower price than on the previous occasion.

(4) There shall be no limit to the number of times that any one buyer may hold the cow—so long as she is always bought at *progressive prices*—but she shall not be held twice in succession by any one buyer.

(5) The cow can be won outright by being held three times by the same buyer, and shall become his absolute property at the conclusion of the third term (if he is rotten sportsman enough to keep her).

(6) During the monthly tenure the milk, if any, to be the absolute property of the cow-holder. But the cow must be efficiently *kept up*. (Here follows the official list of daily rations prescribed).

(7) All disputes of any sort whatsoever to be settled by the instant re-sale of the cow.

(8) These conditions to hold good only for the duration of the War. The party that happens to be the holder at the moment when peace is signed to remain in possession.

We rather pride ourselves on this last clause, which ought to help to brighten things up towards the close. There is already strong rivalry, and any important advance of the Allies is sure to lead to lively markets. Prices are getting too high for me, but I mean to have one more flutter when we cross the Rhine.

Meanwhile a delightful thing has happened. The Rector (who got her back again three weeks ago) has just announced a calf. An emergency committee meeting has been called. It is not yet certain what steps will be taken, but opinion is pretty evenly divided between the Wounded Allies Committee and the Polish Relief Fund.

"Gott strafe England."

We understand that our friends on the other side of the Tweed are greatly annoyed at the continued use of the word "England" by the Germans, and are contemplating seeking the assistance of the American Ambassador at Berlin to get the word "Britain" substituted.

"THE WARD UNIONS.—This pack brought their season to a close on Saturday, the 3rd inst., when Mr. Maynard gave us 'one extra' meeting at Dunshaughlin, which resulted in a rattling good gallop of nearly an hour, and sent us all home in the best of humour, to hibernate until next October."—*Irish Life.*

More Hibernico.

"COUNTRY HOLIDAYS.—Country house, with farm adjoining, high inland situation, with sea breezes."—*Advt. in "The Times."*

This particular quality of breeze can sometimes be obtained without leaving home.

"THE SPELLING OF INDIAN NAMES.
A REVISED QIUDE."
The Pioneer.

If the new spelling is to be at all like this, we prefer the old.



REJECTED ADDRESSES.

Kaiser *(to America)*. "PERHAPS IT WAS RIGHT TO DISSEMBLE YOUR LOVE;
BUT WHY DID YOU KICK ME DOWNSTAIRS?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Wednesday, 14th April.—Parliament, worn out by a month's Easter holiday, resumed its sittings. Attendance in Commons pretty full. Looked forward to hearing statement from Premier with respect to newly-appointed Committee authorised to control and speed up supply of munitions of war, and to learning something definite as to proposed treatment of drink. Harried Premier, to whom mention of "an eight hours' day" is a mockery, not in his place when Questions opened. Hurried in five minutes later. Anticipated inquiries not made. Will be submitted later, when further progress is made with both businesses.

In the meantime Wing, Member for Houghton-le-Spring, hovering aloft, a human aeroplane, dropped unexpected bomb in shape of painfully pointed query. Wanted to know whether Government are prepared to suspend sale of alcoholic liquors in refreshment-rooms and bars of House, so placing Palace of Westminster on same footing as other Royal palaces?

Premier, enough on his hands without addition of this ticklish question, pointed out that the matter is one for consideration of House, not for decision of Government. Member for Houghton, still on the Wing, proposed forthwith to discuss it. Opportunity provided on formal motion to go into Committee of Supply. Bonar Law suggested that so grave a subject would be better dealt with in form of definite Resolution. Premier promising to provide facilities for dealing with one, affair stood over.

Meanwhile whole-hearted sympathy goes out to Chairman of Kitchen Committee. The post, equally honourable and important, has been held by Mark Lockwood through long succession of sessions. He has devoted himself to service of his fellow-Members with self-denying energy recognised as establishing debt of profound gratitude. His record is, to certain extent, hampered by supreme achievement of the Shilling Dinner. Less observed have been his untiring efforts to keep the House cellar filled with wine and spirits of the highest quality compatible with the lowest price.

And now there is prospect of its being locked up for indefinite period.

As the Colonel walked about the Lobby this afternoon, the perennial carnation in his buttonhole sympathetically drooping, Members halted on



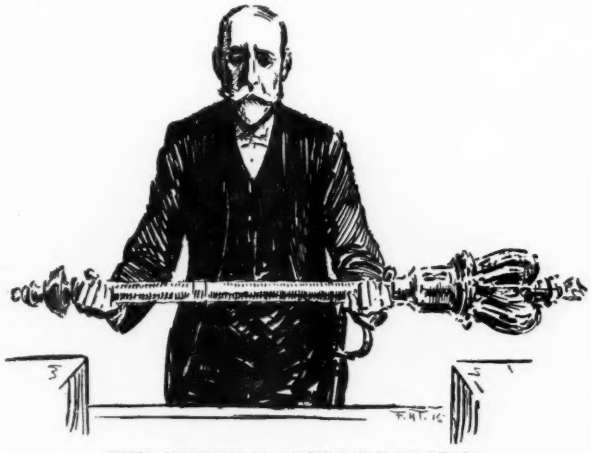
Chairman of Kitchen Committee depressed by menace to House of Commons' cellar. (Colonel Mark Lockwood).

their divers ways silently to press his hand, a touch of sympathy more eloquent than flow of words.

Business done.—All within space of half-an-hour. Premier announced that next week and till further notice sittings will be limited to Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Thursday.—House learns with profound regret that after the last day of May Sir David Erskine will cease to be Sergeant-at-Arms. For forty years he has been a familiar, and popular, feature in the Legislative Chamber. Speakers have come and gone; Ministries have been created and dissolved; the Sergeant-at-Arms has for more than a generation filled the Chair by the Cross Benches below the Gangway. His ancient office is a thing apart. It is the last link of the personal relations of the Sovereign with the faithful and, in Stuart times, the occasionally refractory, Commons. Members are elected by the people. They in turn elect the Speaker. The Sergeant-at-Arms is nominated by the Sovereign, to whom alone he owes fealty.

Sir David Erskine has worthily upheld the dignity of the office. A strict disciplinarian, jealous for absolute obedience to the rules and traditions of the House, native courtesy and a natural kindness of heart have kept him clear from reproach of offence. When for the last time he has lifted the Mace on to the Table or replaced it on the brackets, his name and personality will remain a tradition round which memory will pleasantly linger.



THE RETIRING SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.
(Sir H. D. Erskine).

Sat till 9 o'clock. Quite unusual in these times. Occupied chiefly by debate on famous contract for purchase of wood made by Board of Works with firm of Meyer and Co. Young bloods on Ministerial side smell a rat. Handel Booth in particular sees it moving in the air. Has conducted inquiry of his own into circumstances. Complains that patriotic effort has been baffled by tactics of that Machiavellian personage, First Commissioner of Works, Lord Emmott.

"Only one new thing I did discover," said Handel. House instantly assumed attitude of profound interest. "I discovered," he continued in tone calculated to make the flesh creep, "that there is in the Office of Works in close touch with Mr. Meyer's firm a brother-in-law of his partner."

Member for Sark disposed to ask what relation would he be of Mr. Meyer. Tommy Lough, who constitutionally objects to private Members criticising their pastors and masters on the Treasury Bench, protested against this "stabbing, prodding the Government in the back."

"Why in the back?" asked Handel.

"Because you sit behind them," was Tommy's prompt reply.

No getting over that. Amendment negatived.

Business done.—House adjourned till Tuesday.

REST CURES.

AN INNOVATION.

WE were discussing rest cures, and everyone had a special kind to recommend.

One said that there is nothing like bed. Bed for a fortnight. But that seems to me to need great strength of mind. Personally, my horror of bed after the sun has begun to knock on the windows is only equalled by my desire for bed as the hands of the clock draw near the hour which our lively neighbours (and allies) call *Minnie*.

Another advised Cornwall and no newspapers. There is something to be said for this scheme. If there were no newspapers, life would be restful automatically. It is the news that wears us out. The advanced age which METHUSELAH succeeded in reaching was probably due to the total absence of any *Euphrates Chronicle* or *Mesopotamia Mail*.

Another suggested a hydro with frequent baths; but would not the atmosphere of the place go far to modify the merits of the treatment?

Another counselled a sea voyage; but the prevalence of "frightfulness" on and under the ocean has made this a questionable scheme just now.

It was then that I chipped in. "I have discovered," I said, "a new and perfect kind of rest cure. It is simply this: to lend your house to nice friends and then to go and stay with them as a guest."

They asked me to amplify, and amplification being my long suit I gracefully complied.

The merits of the arrangement, I told them, should leap to the eye. To begin with you are at home, which is always more comfortable than an hotel or a hydro or anyone else's house. Hotels, to take one point only, disregarding their fussiness and restlessness and the demand made upon one to instruct foreigners in English, cannot cook or prepare the most important articles of food for those in need of repose—such things as bread and butter, boiled potatoes, mint sauce, horse-radish sauce (they often do no more than shred the horse radish and pour cream over it, the malefactors!), roly-poly jam pudding, bread-and-butter pudding, Yorkshire pudding. When it comes to grills, they can beat the private kitchen; but again and again the private kitchen beats them, and always in the essentials.

As for hydros, let us forget them, I said. And as for other people's houses, however comfortable they may be, they lie under the charge of being not your own. They have to be learned and there is not time to learn them. One is on one's best behaviour in them, and that is contrary to the highest restfulness.

One's own home, I went on, is not necessarily perfect; but quite a number of its drawbacks are removed when someone else is occupying and running it. Take the inevitable item of bills. Here my hearers all shuddered, and very rightly. Bills lose much of their



"I'D LIKE TO JOIN THE FLYING CORPS."

"WHAT!"

"OH, I MEAN THE CHAPS WOT 'OLDS ON TO THE FLYING-MACHINE WHILE THE PILOT GETS INTO IT."

minatory aspect when they are being paid by others. The disturbing thought as to the ruinous cost of butchers' meat which assails one directly the cover is removed no longer has any power to vex. The sirloin still represents too massive a pile of shillings, but the shillings are to come from other pockets—always a desirable state of affairs. Coal again. In one's own house normally one trembles, and particularly so just now, every time the poker is used; but in one's own house when one is a guest how blandly one stirs the embers into a richer glow.

Life can be made enormously more piquant in this way. Indeed it can really become worth living once more. One settles down in one's own well-tried chair; one looks round the room at one's own pictures and books; and all the time the coal that burns so fiercely and consolingly in one's own grate is being paid for by others. No stint either! Could there be a more delightful arrangement?

The disabilities of the scheme are trifling. It is, of course, a bore to find that one's private bath-time has fallen to the temporary owner, or that lunch is now half-an-hour earlier; but these are nothing. The great thing is that one is a guest here at last—that after years of striving to make both ends meet and having all the anxiety on one's own shoulders, suddenly it has gone; and when, instead of the modest claret which is all that one's own cellar can normally be induced to disgorge, however one may search it, the new occupants are found to be in allegiance to "The Widow," the rest-cure is made complete. Here, one says, is the solution. Now will I be reposeful indeed.

"That is my discovery," I concluded. "I made it a few weeks ago and I shall never forget it. All that one has to be careful about is the choice of friends to whom to lend the house."

"But supposing," someone asked, "they don't invite you to stay with them—what then?"

"That," I said, "would be awkward, of course. In fact it would ruin everything. But one must be clever and work it."

"How did you get your invitation?" another inquired.

"If you'll borrow my house, I'll show you," I said.

"A few days after we saw some deserters come in from the desert."
Daily Dispatch.

Native troops, we presume.

"The Kronprinz Wilhelm risks interment."
Daily News.

If the CROWN PRINCE gets killed many more times he will not only risk it but get it.

"Stolen or strayed, from 51, Port-Dundas Road, Scotch terrier, answers to Mysie; if found in anyone's possession will be severely dealt with."—*Glasgow Citizen.*

Poor Mysie may well say, "Save me from my friends!"

"Andler having explained the decifision to Leben, who knows English imperfectly, the prisoners then bowed to the magistrates and returned to the cells."
Liverpool Daily Post.

ANDLER must have found his gift of tongues severely taxed.



Bloated Loafer (who has talked of nothing but his wealth for the last hour). "Beastly rough luck—two of my cars are under repair; another one 'is bein' painted. I've only got the little one to go about in!"

Artist. "I know the feeling, old chap; I was poor once myself."

TOTAL PROHIBITION OF ADJECTIVES.

(A Journalistic Dream.)

When the Press Bureau decided to prohibit once for all
The use of any adjectives by writers great or small,
Dejection reigned in Fleet Street, and a welkin-piercing wail
Went up from all the journalists connected with the *M⁂l.*

All the purple patch producers straight determined to convene
A conference of Protest—I was present at the scene;
And though its poignant pathos my descriptive art defies
The substance of the speeches I propose to summarize.

First spoke the great Garvinius: "My brothers, do not flinch;
To the tyrannous Buchmeister we will never yield an inch;
For the life-blood of the headline, of the leader and the 'par'
Is that especial part of speech he seeks to ban and bar.

"'Tis true some ancient pedant, whose taste was wholly vile,
Declared that nouns and verbs composed the proper stuff of style,
But full adherence to this view one very rarely finds
Except in frigid, self-restrained, undemocratic minds."

Then followed Leo Maximus, lord of the biting tongue,
Upon whose scarifying words the packed assembly hung,
Who swore he 'd sooner die than be forbidden to describe
As "poisonous pro-Bosches" the Mond and Brunner tribe.

With sacerdotal fervour next good Begbie took the floor,
Exuding moral uplift from ev'ry bounteous pore,
And upon the vast assembly fell a soul-enthralling calm
As he deluged their emotions with his super-fatted balm.

I cannot quite remember all the noble things he said,
But one seraphic sentiment stuck firmly in my head:
"How can we render justice, thus restricted and confined,
To Lodge's beatific brow or Bryan's holy mind?"

But the most pathetic protest heard on that historic day
Was uttered by our priceless and ineffable "Tay Pay,"
Who in accents choked with anguish made it absolutely clear
That this abstinence from adjectives would ruin his career.

"In times of stress to make the wheels of life run smoothly round
An all-pervasive lubricant must obviously be found,
And," the orator continued, "Stanley Buckmaster forgets
That this aim is best achieved by eulogistic epithets.

"If I am not allowed to say our men are brave and fine,
Or that our women, young and old, with charms celestial shine—
If I 'm forbid to lard with praise the lean expanse of prose,
I may as well at once prepare for turning up my toes."

We have not heard what answer to this cosmos-shaking threat,
If any, has been issued by the Press Bureau as yet,
But it 's credibly reported that the Premier will advise
The amending of the order by the following compromise:—

Only epithets officially endorsed by the Bureau
Will be passed for publication, and the rest will have to go,
Including, as you 've probably the shrewdness to discern
"Terrific" and "significant," "amazing," "grim" and "stern."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PANORAMA OF YOUTH."

A FIRST-NIGHT audience, largely made up of distinguished actors and actresses, gave a friendly reception to Mr. J. HARTLEY MANNERS' new play at the St. James's Theatre. The author calls it "a comedy of age," but it might be more fitly styled "the tragedy of an auburn wig." *Sir Richard Gauntlett*, widower, after a married life wrecked by the faithlessness of his wife, recovers hope, and imagines that he has recovered youth, in the smiles of a charming widow, *Mrs. Gordon-Trent*. So he dons the wig and a pair of stays two sizes too small for him, and blossoms forth as an Adonis of twenty-five, much to the disgust of his friends and contemporaries, *Gladwin*, retired soldier, and *Carstairs*, ex-diplomatist. They are possibly more disgusted by the dithyrambs on the joys of youth which Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER has to deliver. *Felicia*, too, *Sir Richard's* convent-bred daughter, who worships the memory of her mother, is horrified at the thought of her father marrying again. She is in love with *Geoffrey Annandale*, whose mother has also kicked over the matrimonial traces — a secret which he imparts first to his *fiancée* and next to her papa. Then in walks *Mrs. Gordon-Trent*, and she, as you will have guessed, is *Geoffrey's* peccant mother.

In the Third Act *Felicia* makes an impassioned appeal to her father not to marry the sinful lady, and stings him into the revelation that her own mother had not been a saint either. But the excitement, or the pressure of those stays, is too much for a weak heart, and he collapses on the sofa. Both engagements are now off.

In the last Act *Gladwin* and *Carstairs*, dyed and corseted to match their old friend's whim, arrive at Gauntlett Abbey, to find him recovering, but *minus* the auburn wig, the trim figure and the illusions of youth. After them comes *Mrs. Gordon-Trent*, determined to reunite *Felicia* to her *Geoffrey*, and incidentally *Sir Richard* to herself. As no one could resist Miss NINA BOUCICAULT she has her way.

The play, it will be gathered, is of the stage stagey, but the acting was excellent—notably that of Mr. ALFRED BISHOP and Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR as the elderly friends; of Miss MADGE TITHERADGE as *Felicia*, and of Mr. OWEN NARES as *Geoffrey*. When the speeches have been judiciously pruned and the action tightened up, *The Panorama of Youth* should make a pleasant enough entertainment. But we respectfully suggest that if the auburn wig were made a shade less luxuriant and the stay-laces slightly relaxed, Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER's part would gain in probability. L.

"ADVERTISEMENT."

THERE is very little excuse for a Revue unless it makes you laugh, and Mr. MACDONALD HASTINGS' production in this kind at the Kingsway is not nearly as funny as he could have made it, for he has the true gift of humour. I call it a Revue—though it was not advertised as such—because it reproduces and combines nearly all the popular features of recent plays. There is the Young Man who is Not on Good Terms with his Reputed Father (*Searchlights*); the Jew of Commerce (*Potash and Perlmutter*); the American Get-rich-quick Method (*passim*), and the Gallant Young Second-Lieutenant (*everywhere*). All these features are represented in *Advertisement*; and I might, if I were in a captious mood (which is far from my thought) throw in the Rehearsal for the Accolade, which recalls *The Twelve Pound Look*. In detail Mr. HASTINGS follows most closely the lines of *Searchlights*. There the Reputed Father hates the Son; here the Son hates the Reputed Father; in each you have the Mother's peculiar devotion to her Son, and her confession of her relations with the Lover, now dead; in each the damning proof is provided by a portrait which appears to be the Son's but is really the Actual Father's.

But the play is not without signs of originality. Thus, the hero was never once shown in khaki on the stage. This novelty, however, is mitigated by the appearance of a rather subordinate character in uniform of this material with red collar-tags. He steps straight out of a newspaper office into a Staff appointment. Another sign of the creative faculty was to be seen in the character of the Jew father, *Luke Sufan*. Starting life as a struggling musical genius, he developed commercial tastes, devoting himself to the exploitation of Sufan's Staminal Syrup ("you pay a dime and drink a dollar"), which brought him a fortune and even the menace of a knighthood. It also acted as a little rift within the violin, which ultimately made the music mute and killed the man's soul. This is certainly a new touch. Men have often sacrificed other arts for lust of lucre, but there has never come within my knowledge any previous case of a man's sacrificing the art of music for the profits of a patent medicine.

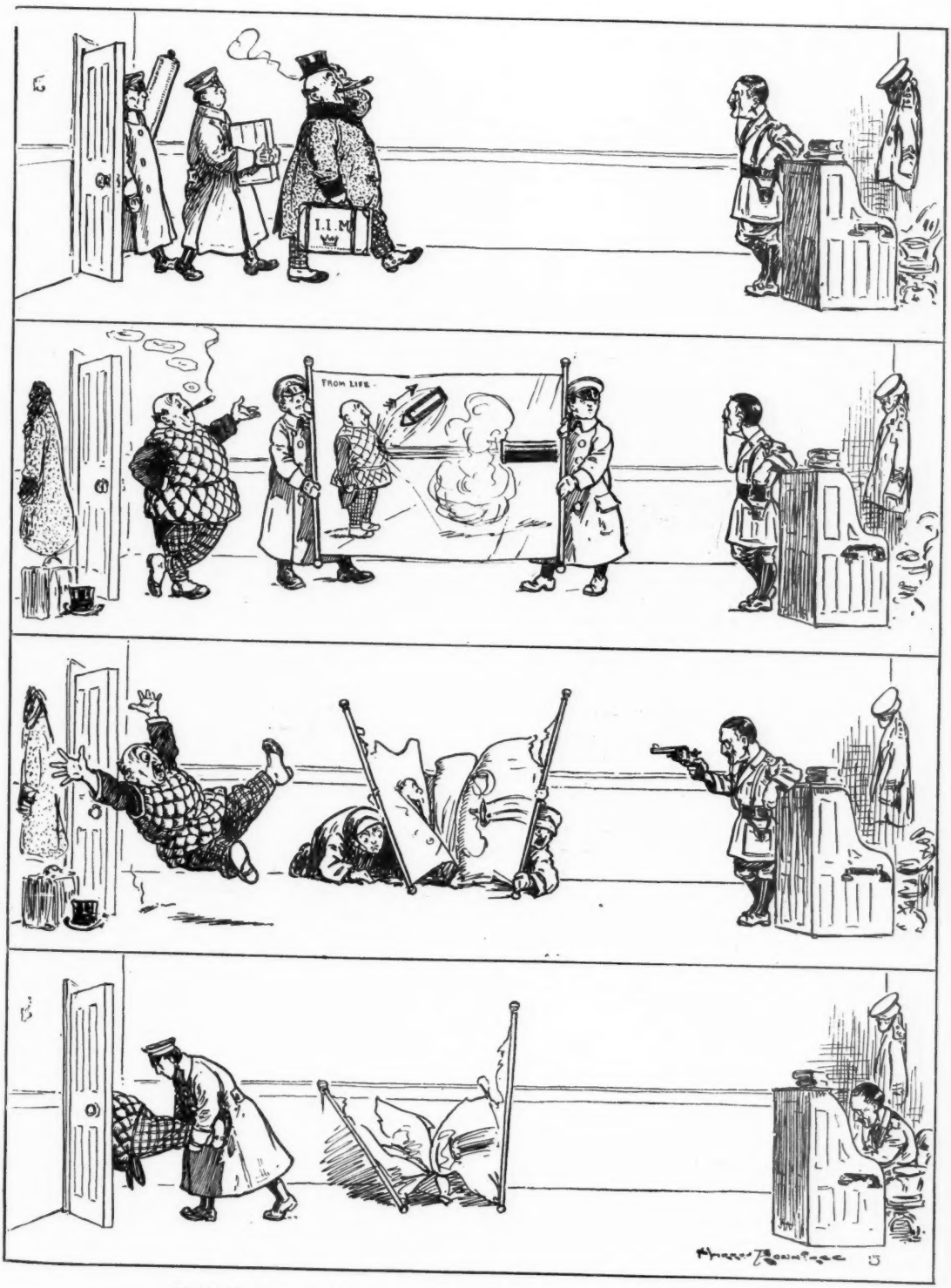
The Christian wife, who had married him in early days for joy of his violin, was soon driven by his brutality into the protective arms of an old lover, from whom she returns home in time to bear her husband a son that isn't his. *Sufan* takes a high paternal pride in him, educating him above his sphere, and receiving open contempt in return. The curtain rises upon the boy's twenty-first birthday, which is celebrated by a dinner-party given to the advertising clique who have helped to boom the Syrup, the father's object being to bring home to his son the humble origin of his exalted prospects. The boy admits to his mother his instinctive disgust at his father's tastes, and she responds by admitting the hereditary cause of this unfilial attitude.

In the next Act, the sudden news of the boy's death in the War, arriving in the midst of a commercial *séance*, throws *Sufan* into a paroxysm of grief; but the ruling passion is strong upon



O TO BE IN HAMPSTEAD WHEN THE GRAPES ARE RIPE!

Adolf . . . . . Mr. LEON M. LION.
Luke Sufan . . . . . Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE.



WHAT THE WAR OFFICE HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

II.—THE INVENTOR OF THE BULLET-PROOF CUIRASS.

him, and he recovers sufficiently to receive a representative of the Press; and, seeing a chance of making capital out of his son's gallant death, he bribes the interviewer with a five-pound note (I have never done this myself, nor seen it done) to include in his report a reference to the hero's father as the creator and proprietor of Sufan's Staminal Syrup.

It is not till the War is over (and apparently forgotten) that he learns the facts about the boy's fatherhood. Among the few virtues that he has retained (including a fluent familiarity with Holy Writ) is a strong predilection for chastity, and he is extremely annoyed. His wife leaves him; he throws up the Syrup and the chance of a knighthood and resumes the violin habit. Finally, in his old age she gets in touch with him again on the roof of a Garden City, where he is keeping the Feast of Tabernacles in a summer-house hung with very unlikely grapes; and the prospect that "at eventide it shall be light" is symbolised as the curtain falls by her readjustment of his disordered neckwear.

As to the main purpose of his play, Mr. HASTINGS has gone the way of least resistance in justifying his title. Something worth while might have been told us about certain secret methods of advertisement; but the ways of the patent-medicine-monger have been too freely exposed. Something again (though perhaps not very fresh) might have been made out of the tendency to snobbery in the attitude of a boy toward a father who has educated him above his own station; but when he is actually the son of somebody else, the fault may be ascribed to heredity, and no moral is to be got out of that.

For the rest, apart from the Jew's character, which owes much of its air of originality to its mixture of incredibly inconsistent qualities, the play is largely a *rechauffé*. There are strong scenes, but they are not always grounded upon humanity. Thus, though the father's tears over the death of his son caused us great embarrassment (the sight of a grown man shaken with grief is always a terrible thing), it was modified by a suspicion of insincerity, for he had never given any proof of deep affection, but only of a parvenu's pride in his boy's superiority. And when this suspicion was rudely confirmed by his prompt effort to secure a commercial *réclame* from his affliction, we felt that the author had trifled with our emotions.

Mr. HASTINGS has shown himself capable of much better work than this; and if he succeeds now he will have his cast to thank for it. Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE was brilliant. There was little trace of Hebraism in his accent, and he glossed over the thinness of many passages by extreme rapidity of speech; but he got every ounce of strength out of the stuff he had to play with. Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE brought a very perfect dignity and sweetness to her difficult part as the wife. Miss ELLEN O'MALLEY showed great tact and charm in the pleasant interludes, too brief, in which she was allowed to play a minor *rôle*. Mr. ARTHUR CHESNEY, as the funny man among the advertising agents, was obviously prepared to be funnier still if he had been given the chance; and Mr. ATHOL STEWART as the representative of *The Daily Passenger*, who took a Staff appointment during the War, and made the very slowest kind of love before and after, was a pattern of stolidity. As the Jew's Secretary (with an eye for a stunt) Miss VIOLET GRAHAM had little to do, but I should never think of asking for a prettier typist. Finally, as *Adolf*, who played the piano and accompanied the *Jew's* violin (not to be confused with the Jew's-harp) when it was in use, and served, when it wasn't, as a loyal, if acquisitive, butler, Mr. LEON LION gave a clever performance in the *Perlmutter* manner. As a right Semite, *Adolf* had strong views on mixed marriages and did his best to confound the intrusive Gentile. He it was that, by his wicked manipulation of their correspondence, delayed the reunion of the severed couple. But *Sufan* was also to blame. When a man takes the trouble to have his letters registered in order to ensure their delivery he might take the further trouble of posting them himself, instead of leaving them to the care of a suspected menial. And so, of course, he would, except in a play, where the course of true love, and even of untrue (as here), must not lack for artificial corrugation.

O. S.

THE DYSPEPTIC'S DILEMMA.

Jellaby is one of those miserable crocks whose diseases are so vague and uninteresting that nobody will listen to them. Nobody, that is, who can help it.

Since the War began he has been worse than ever. Though I constantly reassure him as to the state of my memory, he never fails to give me his long list of reasons (some of them quite repulsive) for not enlisting.

"If I was only moderately fit," he says, "I'd have enlisted ages ago. But a chap with my liver——" (Here follows a lengthy and fluent dissertation on dyspepsia in general and liver trouble in particular.) "So it has come to this," he concludes: "I force—positively force—my breakfast down every morning, and then comes that dreadful feeling of repletion as soon as I leave the table."

Once I asked him what his doctor said, and Jellaby flared up immediately.

"Brown!" he cried. "That fellow knows little and cares less about dyspepsia. Told me there was nothing wrong, the great beaming apple-faced brute! Said I was to take plenty of hard exercise and laugh a lot. Laugh! The man 's a blithering idiot."

Now Brown is an old friend of mine, and a practical adviser if ever there was one. I felt sure that Jellaby was concealing something, and I took the first opportunity to tackle Brown on the subject.

"I've just been talking to a patient of yours," I began; "chap called Jellaby."

The Doctor smiled. "Ah!" said he. "And how is Mr. Jellaby this morning?"

"Mr. Jellaby," I said, "is too dyspeptic to serve his country. He had quite a lot to say about it."

The Doctor's smile broadened. "And had he nothing to say about me? I suppose that professional etiquette forbids me to ask you, but——"

"Jellaby considers," I announced with relish, "that you are a blithering idiot."

"And I told Mr. Jellaby," said the Doctor, "that if he really wants to cure his dyspepsia his best plan will be to——"

"Not enlist?" I cried.

"Just that," said the Doctor.

United Service.

"Lord Kitchener fopen to interviewers in ——'s outfitting window has proved a great attraction. He is now displaying Navy Serge Suits."—*Shepton Mallet Journal.*

We do not pretend to know what "fopen" means. But the rest of the paragraph is easily intelligible, and we foresee that a jealous Admiralty will soon be exhibiting khaki in its windows.

The Somnambulists.

"When fire broke out early yesterday at the City Hall, Glasgow, where 200 recruits are billeted, the sleeping men were paraded and helped to extinguish the flames."

Daily Mirror.

"Scandinavia has no doubt that in the latter half of last week a naval engagement took place between Great Britain and Germany in the North Sea. The evidence is that of kippers who, using their eyes and ears, put two and two together."—*Star.*

From the very first the story was regarded as fishy.



Fond Mother. "Well, good-bye, my dear boy. Take good care of yourself; and, whatever you do, always avoid trenches with a North-East aspect."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Long Furrows (Mills and Boon) is a story that I ended by liking much more than I hoped to at the start. It might have been called a Book for Mothers; I certainly never read a tale more maternal. The special mother of the argument is *Mrs. Lane*, who lived at Clifton and had a son named *Robin* and a candid friend named *Brenda*. The thing starts with *Mrs. Lane* going to a Founder's Day at Clifton College, and not enjoying herself, partly because *Robin* would not come with her, partly because she had a foreboding. Which was explained later when she returned to hear from *Robin* that he had been stealing from the bank at which he was employed, and that there was nothing for him but disgrace and flight. So the two, mother and son, fled together, and, after a tragic odyssey, eventually brought up at a little secluded cove in Cornwall, where in the end happiness found them—I shan't tell you how. Not quite a cheerful book, as you see. Wasn't it Mrs. Craigie who said somewhere that "Mothers are ominously silent concerning the joys of existence"? In a way that might perhaps be the view of Mrs. Fred Reynolds. But not, I think, altogether. The whole treatment of the relations between *Esther Lane* and her son is very delicate and true. Now I will tell you that what made me think I wasn't going to like the book was the conversation of the Clifton masters at the Speech Day function. Especially one who had dreamy eyes, and, looking at a field full of boys, said suddenly, "What are we doing for them?" Much have I travelled in the realms of pedagogy, but I have yet to meet a schoolmaster who would say things like that. And before a parent too! Fortunately this palpable creation of the lady novelist makes but a fleeting appearance. And the other characters are far more genuine.

I have just read *The Salamander* (Secker) of Mr. Owen Johnson—a name new to me and one to keep on the select list—and I feel I know just all about one side of that city of surprises, New York. The Salamander is either a native of New York or a migrant thither from a Western State. It is of the so miscalled gentler sex, of any age from eighteen to nominal twenty-five. It plays with fire to the extent of eating it and living on it—that, roughly, is Mr. Johnson's idea. It can (as the saying is) take care of itself. Naturalists observe that it has a long head and a little heart. Quintessentially a cold and dishonest reptile, it offers all and gives nothing in particular in exchange for anything from "bokays" to automobiles. Beginning with male flappers, preferably the young of plutocrats, it later fastens on the plutocrats themselves or their robust enemies. Strong men, at whose nod railroad and chewing gum trusts go quaking, fight publicly over it in equivocal restaurants. Mr. Johnson's particular salamander, *Doré* by pseudonym, eschews the rigour of the game. She allows herself to be hard hit, and, instead of running away with the hitter, is betrayed by a maternal instinct (with which she has, properly speaking, no business) to take unto herself a young rotter with a determined spark of character glinting behind his eyes, who has for her fair sake fought himself

free of the widow *Cliquot* and others. This, I suppose, is a concession to the molasses formula, though our author is too sincere a person to accept it, and hints in an epilogue that burnt salamanders don't dread the fire as much as it would be comforting to their converted husbands to believe. This clever novel hasn't the air of caricature which the subject might seem to invite. *Doré* herself is made plausible enough—no mean feat. Salamanderism is presented as a phase of the new feminism in U.S.A. An allied species has been reported in Chelsea by detached observers.

In Mr. P. W. WILSON'S War study, *The Unmaking of Europe* (NISBET), there is presented, together with a broad statement of the circumstances leading up to the final crash, a narrative of the events of the first five months of the struggle. The author's work has this to recommend it, that he has really succeeded in his effort to be fair (the effort is almost too visible at times), and that his manner of writing is nearly always sufficiently flowing to carry one without impatience over ground that is necessarily quite familiar. Not only does one naturally remember all the incidents related, but even the phrases in which they are told come forward, time and again, with something of an air of old acquaintanceship; yet this lack of novelty, inevitable, I suppose, in a history made by the week, seems to detract very little from the strength or even from the vividness of the book. Perhaps the impression of freshness is derived a good deal from those pages in which Mr. WILSON, leaving the plain pathway of official reports to wander among the philosophies, comes to matters that are intriguing because they are controversial. His suggestive analysis of the reasons for our attitude towards Russia, for instance, is well worth study, and I should not have grumbled at rather more of this sort of thing, which indeed the title had made me expect; but I suppose it really could not be done in the time. We should all have listened with attention to P. W. W. commenting, say, on the uncanny inactivity of the House of Commons, a subject that must have had a certain painful attraction for him. His work is to be continued, and I should like to think he will find material for only one more volume, but I shall look out with interest for as many as his subject gives him.

The excellent message which Mr. JUSTUS MILES FORMAN attempts to convey in *The Blind Spot* (WARD, LOCK) is that all movements for social amelioration must be inspired by love and compassion, and that the mere brainy organiser will fail. *Arthur Stone*, taking an exactly opposite view, affirms that it is the emotional element which has been so disastrous and sterile in progressive movements, that common-sense alone is the essential factor; and even goes so far as to denounce the self-sacrifice of those brave souls in the wreck of the *Titanic* who made way for the saving of useless steerage lives which would likely enough be a perpetual charge on the state! Also, when a chance offers to save a beggarman from a runaway van he deliberately refuses to risk a life so valuable to the community as his own, and leaves the rescue to his rival, *Coppy* (who carries off the girl in the end); and when *Stone*, following up these two unpopular adventures, lets himself go bald-headed at a public meeting for all the things that simpler folk reverence he gets the push direct from his immense body of supporters and goes out a broken man. Perhaps Mr. FORMAN makes him rather too blind and too spotted for plausibility, while *Coppy Latimer*, occasional abstainer and delinquent, had the turning over of his new leaf made rather too easy for him. Still, both *Coppy* and his author have their hearts in the right place, and even Mr. SIDNEY WEBB would have lost patience with *Stone*.



"'ARF A POUND OF STEAK, AN' MOTHER SAYS, PLEASE CUT IT TOUGH, AS WE'VE GOT ONE OF KITCHENER'S ARMIES BILLETED ON US!"

Though one may be inclined to think that Cornwall is in danger of being written to death, a welcome can still be offered to *Cornish Saints and Sinners* (LANE), which (as I discovered rather cleverly, for the fact, though stated, is not exactly proclaimed) is a "new edition." Mr. J. HENRY HARRIS has a real love for his subject and a true understanding of the Cornish people; and as his book has the additional advantage of numerous drawings by Mr. L. RAVEN HILL I can recommend it emphatically to those who seek Cornwall not only for its golf and its cream and its alleged resemblance, in climate, to the Riviera, but also for the charm of its legends. I could wish that Mr. HARRIS had confined himself to a mere narration of the tales he has collected, for some of the comments made upon them and put into the mouth of *Guy Moore* are terribly facetious without being funny. This, however, does not materially affect the value of a praiseworthy and successful attempt to do justice to the Duchy.

WORDS TO A WAR-BABE.

VOCIFEROUS child, whose soft and pudgy phiz
  But lately first beheld the heaven's effulgence,
Give ear to one related to you, viz.,
  Your uncle, who would beg your brief indulgence
To voice in verse his condolence for all
The grievances that make you squirm and squall.

The world, intent on war, observed your birth
  With shameful nonchalance and cool passivity;
No meteoric portent shook the earth
  Upon the fateful night of your nativity;
No tempest whistled through the sea-god's beard;
No Taube bombed, no Zeppelin appeared.

Your father leaves you for his daily sheet;
  Your mother asks what all the battle news is;
Your female kindred kneel not at your feet,
  But bend themselves to tasks like Sister Susie's;
O monstrous are your wrongs, but even so
They have not named you French or Jellicoe!

CHARIVARIA.

The cost of the War up to date is estimated at £5,867,000,000. This seems a great deal, and we cannot help thinking that there must have been extravagance somewhere.

* * *

"For every maltreated German submarine seaman," says *Die Post*, "Germany must seize an imprisoned British officer and subject him to a tenfold more cruel torture. No middle course is possible. We have the example of the Middle Ages before us, let us follow it." This frank confession on the part of Germany that she is a bit behind the Middle Ages is illuminating.

* * *

According to the *Kreuzzeitung*, St. Paul's Cathedral is filled with machine guns and other military material. It is always interesting to account for an exaggeration, and the origin of this one is no doubt the fact that a few minor canons have been seen in the sacred edifice.

* * *

"KILL THAT FLY!
NECESSITY FOR A RIGOROUS CAMPAIGN."
Globe.

At last the British public is waking up to the Zeppelin danger.

* * *

It is denied, by the way, that the three bombs which were found in the grounds of Henham Hall were deliberately aimed at that mansion on account of its having been converted into a hospital; they just fell there instinctively.

* * *

"Yesterday the English made use of grenades and bombs in the vicinity east of Ypres which omit suffocating and noxious gases." This message, *The Globe* tells us, was sent out by German wireless, and it is satisfactory to note that the enemy admit our methods to be more humane than their own.

* * *

An inhabitant of Cologne has been fined £3 for giving war bread to his dog. The proceedings were instituted, we understand, at the instance of the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

* * *

"Has a place-name any right to a mark of exclamation?" asks Observator, in *The Observer*, and instances the case of Westward Ho! It is certainly curious that the much more violent expression "Amsterdam" should have none, and that some of the most difficult names in the War area have no such comment permanently attached to them.

* * *

The Strand Theatre's new play is, we see, written by Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O. Higgins, "in co-operation with Detective William J. Burns." Was the Detective, we wonder, called in to unravel the plot?

* * *

Quite a little panic, we hear, was caused among elderly Music Hall artistes the other day by the announcement that a lecture was to be delivered at the Royal Institution on "Stars and their Age."

* * *

Grave-diggers in several parts of the country are agitating for a rise in wages on account of the increased cost of living. The difficulty, of course, is that, if a rise be granted, it may lead to an increase in the cost of dying.



Mother. "Well, Master Jim hasn't gone to the front after all."
Cook. "Oh, poor Master Jim! And 'e's so fond of a day's shootin'."

The Government remedy for the drink evil is to be, we are told, "Low alcohol." And we believe that even that will be lowered.

"The Governors have a Temporary Vacancy for a Teacher (either Male or Female) of Temporary Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry."—*Spectator.*

Let us hope that they also have a Permanent Vacancy for a Teacher of Permanent German.

"PARIS, Wednesday. — The following official communiqué was issued to-night:—
A Zeppelin threw bombs near Bailleul at our communiqué of last evening."
Western Evening Herald.

Another German attempt to suppress the truth!

ROME'S DELAYS.

[To my host of a certain Italian restaurant in London, who ever since last August has assured his *clientèle*, on the strength of confidential information, that his country is on the very point of coming to the support of the Triple Entente.]

How often in those early days,
Ere yet the swallows southward drew,
When everybody stood at gaze
To see what Italy would do,
With fine assurance you would speak,
Saying that she would soon be in it—
To-morrow, or the ensuing week,
In fact at almost any minute.

Brought by a little Roman bird
From sources secret as the tomb,
You would impart the fateful word
That spelt the loathed Tedeschi's doom;
Spiced like the good Falernian brand
That marks you out among *padroni*,
It cheered my heart, it nerved my hand
To wrestle with your macaroni.

Then Summer passed and Autumn waned,
And, sitting where he'd always sat,
EMMANUEL on the fence remained,
But you were not put off by that;
"'Italy Unredeemed,'" you'd say,
"Enflames our bosoms like a foment;
Something will happen some fine day—
Indeed it might at any moment."

And so the Winter came and went,
And Spring, that calls the swallows home,
Sees your desire still fixed on Trent
But nothing doing down in Rome;
And still you nurse your sanguine views
And with the old conviction state 'em:—
"On Monday next!—I have the news—
We mean to send our ultimatum."

And as the seasons roll and roll,
And Italy postpones the start,
I would not chill your fiery soul
Nor dash your confidence of heart;
But if she can't make up her mind
To join—and soon—the general outing,
She *may* arrive too late and find
The funeral over (bar the shouting).

O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XX.

(*From the Crown Prince of* BAVARIA.)

ALL HIGHEST WAR LORD,—I hasten to inform you that, in accordance with your most respected and ever to be promptly followed suggestion, I have to my brave Bavarian soldiers another proclamation issued, bidding them to deal roughly and swiftly with the by you despised British army to which they are opposed. For the writing of this proclamation I have used some all-glorious models which, lest I should forget the style of them, I always by me keep. I have assured my soldiers that they are fighting to defend their Fatherland against the since years plotted attacks of these prominently-toothed and long-legged mercenaries, who are driven to battle by the mere fear of floggings to be inflicted on them by their splenetic officers, who themselves are afraid that if we Bavarians conquer them they will not be supplied with roast beef and plum pudding four times in every day, but will have to be satisfied with the true German calf's cutlet and black bread, of which, together with potatoes and liver sausage, they are brutally attempting to deprive us.

I have also put in what I hope will be considered a tactful allusion to God as the trusted ally of the Germans, and have asked my soldiers to remember that they are carrying on the War for freedom, so that, for instance, the poor Belgians may be able to understand that friendship with England means misery, while friendship with the civilised armies of the German Empire means perpetual happiness and much wealth. Finally, I have asked my soldiers to drive the accursed invaders—for it is their intention to invade us—into the sea, and to do it as roughly as possible in the old splendid Bavarian way—though, to be sure, we Bavarians, being an inland people, have but little acquaintance with the sea and do not desire to increase that acquaintance.

Be that as it may, I have done my best, and have had this fire-breathing proclamation read at the head of every Bavarian regiment in the fighting line. One cannot pause to be strictly truthful in a proclamation. Your Majesty knows this as well as anyone, you being yourself a master in that kind of romantic writing, and you will make allowances, I am sure. Some stimulus the soldiers require, for they know for certain that for months past they have stuck tight in the same place and have even from time to time been beaten back from their trenches in a highly unexpected and most inconsiderate manner. If this sort of thing is to continue, even my honest Bavarians may begin to murmur, for they will think with profound yearning of their village-homes and of the delicious beer they used to drink with so much happiness in the days which now seem to be a dream that cannot return.

When I myself think of Bavaria, with its many thousands of breweries, all made prosperous by the patriotic thirst of a cultured people, I confess that my heart grows heavy in my breast, and, in spite of all my proclamations, I find myself regretting the joys of peace and longing for the swift end of this infernal war in order that we Bavarians may get home to our beer and that the English may use their long legs, not for rushing at us on the battlefield, as they now do, with a most murderous result, but for striding back to their transports and so being comfortably conveyed to their own barbarous and foggy island. That ought to be a sufficient punishment for them. Let us, then, as quickly as possible make an end of this War before worse things happen to us. For glory we have assuredly done enough. Let us now take into consideration the safety of our Fatherland, whether it be Bavaria or Prussia. We cannot go on fighting for ever and never gaining any ground, and I am sure that it is better to drink Bavarian beer in peace than to live in trenches and be bombarded by the English, however bravely we endure it. I hope, therefore, that you will not ask me to write any more furious proclamations.

Your sincere Friend and Admirer,

RUPPRECHT.

"Evensong was held at eight o'clock. Collections were made for the rich and poor."—*West London Observer.*

The collection for the rich was a particularly happy thought. There is probably no class that has been more severely hit by the War.

"Ronnie, the captivating son of the Earl and the girl, and, incidentally, the 'days ex on achina' is quite admirably done."
Yorkshire Post.

On this occasion the god seems to have stepped out of the machine (linotype), and been replaced by the devil.



"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY——"

The Crown Prince. "I DON'T BELIEVE I WAS MEANT TO WIN BATTLES; I BELIEVE I WAS MEANT TO BE LOVED."



PEOPLE WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE INTERNED.

Visitor (brightly). "NOW, CHATTER AWAY, AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT."

MY ORDERLY.

"WOULD ye believe it, Docthor," said my medical orderly, Daniel O'Farrell, the other day, "but a hungry German walked into this very village this mornin' to surrinder himself widout his hilmut? 'Go back and fetch it, ye owdacious Teuton,' says I. 'There 's Mary Delaney sittin' at home somewheres in Cork wid the fixed determination niver to marry me until I sind along to her a German hilmut for to hang up in the parlour window wid a pot of ferns in it. Go back, ye Hun, and if ye 've any decent feelin' don't come here again widout it.'"

To the "Halt! Who comes there?" of the sentry outside my billet the other night, I heard Dan saying, "Frind it is, but only in the rigimental sense of the word, Peter Murphy, until ye widraw the expression ye used about me yisterday." This in reference to an occasion at the village *estaminet* when Murphy had introduced him to a gunner friend of his as "the regimental goat."

But it is in the trenches that one sees O'Farrell at his best. As he crawls behind me with the medical panier on his back he keeps up a lively whispering, especially when we happen to be working our way behind those of his more intimate friends whose domestic foibles afford him an opening.

"It 's no use, Patrick, annyone can see ye 're used to nursin' twins by the way ye handle your rifle."

"Is it composin' a Hymn of Hate to your landlord, ye are, Mike? Shure it 's a blessin' ye 've no rint to pay for the trinch, or it 's sorra a week ye 'd be out here."

Or to Riley, a notoriously henpecked man in domestic life: "Enjoyin' the quiet, Riley? Well, well, no man deserves a restful day's shellin' more than ye do."

Suddenly a "Jack Johnson" explodes with a terrific din on a sand-hill in front of our line. The somewhat strained silence that follows is broken by a cheerful and familiar voice:—

"A more wasteful and extravagant way of shootin' small game I niver did see before, Sorr. Though one mustn't be hard on the craythurs, seein' that they might aisily have mishtaken the runnin' of the rabbit for an ambulance movin' in the distance."

Just at present he is in his billet teaching a local farmer's daughter to sing "Kathleen Mavourneen." The result is not melodious, but they are both exceedingly happy, and as I came by the window I heard his encouragement:—

"Whin ye can say 'Oireland' widout makin' a face over it, believe me, ye 'll be well on the way to shpakin' English."

The War would be a much sadder thing to me without O'Farrell.

"What further part Paignton is destined to play in the Great War will be made clear as time goes on. There never was, and we confidently believe never will be, a shadow of doubt of the splendid loyalty of the town, and whatever the sacrifices many have to make—and they are many and diversified—all will be borne with but one object and one determination, which is to see the war through to the bitter end 'with no complaining in our sheets.'"—*Paignton Observer.*

If the KAISER expects to see Paignton in a white sheet he will be disappointed.

"Wanted, a Two-Legged Horse, not less than 16 hands.—Apply, Borough Surveyor, Tamworth."—*Tamworth Herald.*

Unless the animal is wanted for the local museum we should suggest that one with more legs, even if fewer hands, would be preferable.

ON THE SPY TRAIL.

IV.

THE man next door has had a shock to his system—it was the same man who told Jimmy that snowdrops were harbingers. You see, Jimmy's bloodhound Faithful was sitting on the window-ledge of Jimmy's bedroom catching flies for coming through the window at him. If they didn't come through, he just said "Snap" and caught them as they went by. Faithful is a good snapper, and caught ten flies and a bee. He didn't want the bee really. You see the bee thought Jimmy's bloodhound was a geranium, and settled on his nose. Faithful turned both eyes inwards to get the bee in proper focus, and then they both said "Snap" at the same time, and fell out of the window together.

The man who was passing below had his umbrella up and was expecting rain, not bloodhounds and bees, Jimmy says.

Instead of getting up off the ground, he lay quite still, and put his fingers in his ears waiting for the bang. He knew you had to lie flat on the ground till the bomb went off, but he didn't know how long you had to stop there while it did it. Jimmy says the man appeared very thoughtful when he got up; he seemed to be considering something.

It took Jimmy a long time to find his bloodhound, and then he found him holding his nose in a bucket of water to cool it, and looking from side to side as if he expected another bee. Jimmy says it was all right when he tied a blue bag on to Faithful's nose, except that Faithful had to keep looking round the corner of the blue bag to see where he was going.

Jimmy says Faithful must have swallowed the bee, because when his nose got all right he swallowed the blue bag. Jimmy says bloodhounds have got a lot of instinct like that, and it's done by careful breeding. Faithful was very restless that night. Jimmy thinks the blue bag or the bee must have curdled on his stomach. He tried to sing himself to sleep, but he couldn't go off.

Jimmy says Faithful then tried to go to sleep by counting sheep, but he couldn't, for every now and then he would jump up and chase one of the sheep, and then he had to start all over again.

Jimmy says the man next door said "Hush!" just like that.

Jimmy's bloodhound wasn't quite himself next morning for some reason or other: he had a hiccough for one thing, and seemed perturbed. Jimmy says the bee must have felt a bit unstrung too, as he couldn't hear it buzzing when he listened outside Faithful. Jimmy says that perhaps it couldn't see well enough to buzz.

But whenever Jimmy's bloodhound loses its iron nerve, it has a way which soon makes it feel bold and daring.

It's a tortoise, and it's a hundred-and-three years old, Jimmy says.

Whenever Faithful sees the tortoise he always pulls himself together and dares the tortoise to come out of its shell. Jimmy says that when the tortoise refuses to growl back Faithful gets husky with rage and puts his mouth close to the tortoise and bays down the telephone at him.

Jimmy says Faithful will sometimes wait hours for the tortoise to come and really have it out with him, and just when Faithful is getting tired of waiting the tortoise will slowly push out one hind leg and wag it at him, and then draw it back quickly just as Faithful is going to begin.

Jimmy says Faithful doesn't know the tortoise is a hundred-and-three years old, that's why. But Jimmy could see Faithful had got his iron nerve back again, because after he had had a little snooze he climbed under the hedge and went and drank the milk that had been put out for the cat next door.

Jimmy says the cat came at half time and deliberately went up to Faithful and gave him the coward's blow, and when Faithful was going to hurl the taunt in her face she went and looked like a camel at him.

Jimmy says it was awful, for you know what bloodhounds are when they are roused. They just catch the cat by the middle of the back, throw it once—only once, Jimmy says—up in the air, and then leave it for the gardener to bury.

Jimmy says it's all done by knack, and that's why cats push their backs up out of reach; they know.

Jimmy says it was a very unwilling cat, and was very rude to his bloodhound; it did something at him with its mouth, so Faithful just came away and bided his time; he is a good bider.

In the afternoon Jimmy took Faithful on the trail: he wanted to catch a spy before the grass got damp. He tried a different direction this time, but Faithful seemed to know. He soon got into his steady swing, and led Jimmy right away to a house which stands a quarter of a mile back from the road. They had to crawl stealthily along a hedge, and then through another hedge on to a lawn.

Jimmy says he hid behind a laurel bush whilst Faithful did his deadly work. Jimmy says it's a grand sight to see a bloodhound working well. Faithful first visited some bones he knew of in a tulip bed; Jimmy says they may have been human bones—of another spy. Then Faithful advanced



"LOOK, ALFRED, THERE'S THE NEW MOON. HAVE YOU BOWED?"
"NO, AND I'M *NOT* GOING TO. LAST TIME I DID AND SHE CUT ME."

very cautiously to an open window, on the ledge of which a lady had just placed some crumbs for the birds. Jimmy says Faithful very carefully placed his paws on the window-ledge and, gradually drawing himself up, reached out with his tongue.

Jimmy says the lady must have been in the room and seen Faithful's full face rising at her over the window-ledge, for he heard her give a gasp like pouring cold water down another boy's neck.

When Faithful heard the gasp he stopped reaching out for the crumbs and, holding on with all his might, he fixed the lady with his eye. Jimmy says the lady sank amongst the furniture, he could hear her doing it; but before she did it she said something to Faithful which caused him to lose his grip and fall with his whole weight right back on a pink hyacinth: it bent it nearly double, Jimmy says.

It is awful when a bloodhound fixes you with his eye, Jimmy says; it goes all down your spine and makes you feel like you do when the photographer takes the cap off the camera at you.

Jimmy says that Faithful looked quite downcast when he saw him in the road; it was because he knew he had made a mistake. You see Jimmy had seen the lady before; her name was Mrs. Jones, and she used to collect for the War. But could a prize bloodhound like Faithful possibly make a mistake? that 's what puzzled Jimmy.

Jimmy saw the lady again two or three days after when she called to see his mother. Jimmy says Susan opened the door, and the lady told Susan she had called for the War. Susan said if she would step inside she would get it for her. Jimmy says Mrs. Jones stepped inside and began to wipe her feet upon his bloodhound, who happened to be lying down curled up in the hall.

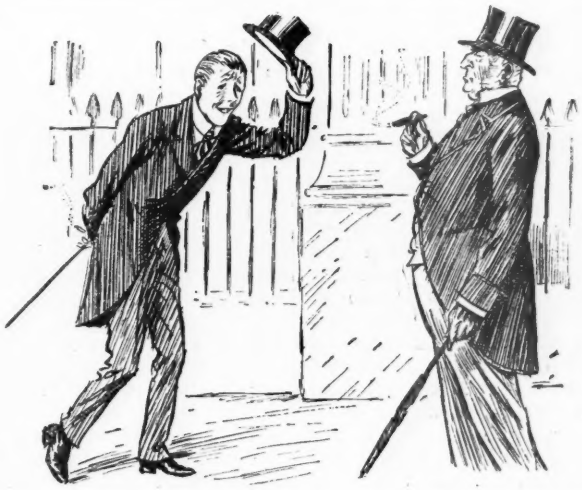
Jimmy says that 's one of the things you should never do with bloodhounds; it goads them. Jimmy says Faithful must have been thinking of the bee in his sleep, for he said "Snap" very quickly this time, before the lady's boot could say it back, and then he did the side stroke upstairs as hard as he could.

Mrs. Jones was very angry with Faithful for saying "Snap" first. She said some words to Jimmy's bloodhound which Jimmy had heard before. Jimmy says it was on the day when he bought a lemon to suck in front of a man playing the flute in a German band. You have to let him see you sucking it by making a juicy noise with your mouth, Jimmy says, and it makes his mouth water, and all in good time he throws the flute at you. Jimmy says you do it by being very quick, and you can hear the German words coming after you as you go along.

Jimmy says Mrs. Jones only said some of the words, and then settled comfortably on the floor with her head in the umbrella-stand. Jimmy's mother heard one of the words; it was "*verfluchter*." Jimmy says his mother would make a splendid detective if she were only a man. When Mrs. Jones recovered and wanted to go and have her leg amputated, Jimmy's mother took her into the drawing-room and began writing down names in the lady's Belgian Relief book. She told Jimmy she put her own name down for £10, and then Jimmy's for £5, and then Susan's and Faithful's, and kept breaking the pencil after every entry. She said she thought the policeman would never come, and was just going to put his name down for a lot of relief when he brought it himself.

Jimmy says they went very quickly to the police-station because when the cabhorse turned round and saw Faithful he bolted.

The policeman told Jimmy next day that it was a clear case, and that the magistrates were going to sit on Mrs. Jones next week for being a spy.



How Sir Benjamin Goldmore and his junior clerk used to pass one another if they met in the City——



——And how they pass one another now.

THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

Before we went into camp our Commandant had been learning to tie knots. In order to let his knowledge off on us he decided to build a bridge and asked us to help him. Bridge building requires a number of pieces of wood. These can be commandeered without difficulty if the owner isn't about. If he catches you, you appeal to his patriotism. The bits of wood are tied together with rope and lashings (string and twine stretch too much). If the bits of wood stay where you have tied them, you call the result a bridge; if they change their positions much you rename it a boom or barricade according to whether you are using water or not. Water isn't essential to bridge-building, but it adds to the amusement. If the bridge stands up long enough you call in the photographer. You further test it by detailing the officers and men whose loss won't affect the efficiency of the Battalion to tread on it. This affords practice for the stretcher-bearers and hospital orderlies. When you have discovered how many men the bridge won't carry, you can either reconstruct it or revert to the boom or barricade theory.

Our Commandant, who has a sense of humour, borrowed a pond. We succeeded in commandeering the wood, though not without having to appeal to the owner's patriotism. We told him that every log which he lent us would probably save the life of a man at the Front. He was either very obtuse or no patriot, and we had to promise to return the logs in the same state of repair in which we found them (fair wear and tear excepted). As our Commandant wasn't present we offered his personal guarantee. The log-owner knew our Commandant, and we had to throw in a Quartermaster and Paymaster. The Quartermaster got the rope and lashings on credit.

The pond had a ready-made island in the middle and we were ordered to throw the bridge on to the island. Bailey didn't understand that the word "throw" was used in the technical sense and started with the ingredients. He was short with the three first logs and the splashes attracted the attention of our Company Commander. This of itself was enough to spoil Bailey's day, apart from other incidents.

We laid a number of logs on the ground in a nice pattern and the Commandant named the pieces. We never decided on the name of one big log; I called it "Splintery Bill" (after the Adjutant), the Commandant called it a "transom," and the Adjutant, when it fell on his toe, called it something else.

The Commandant showed us how to use his knots in tying the logs together. We made the knots, and he said that we had constructed a trestle. When we tried to stand the thing on end it didn't look in the least like a trestle. Our Commandant said we hadn't made the knots as he told us, and that he would have to do it himself. When he had finished, it held together better, but didn't look quite sober. After a third combined attempt we were able to attach road-bearers and get it into the water. We started to hammer it into the mud, but some of the blows weren't accurate, and Holroyd had to retire to the hospital tent while we repaired damage. Eventually we got the trestle fixed up and attached pieces of wood called chesses to the road-bearers. If these things are properly applied you can walk on them, and our Junior Platoon Commander was requisitioned to demonstrate the fact. Either he didn't tread on the good chesses or the whole thing wasn't as practicable a piece of work as it looked. He joined Holroyd in the hospital tent.

The other trestles had to be erected in deeper water, and wading volunteers were called for. Our uniform isn't guaranteed unshrinkable and there was a shortage of volunteers. The discovery of a boat seemed likely to solve the difficulty. The boat wasn't found in the water, so we didn't know for certain if it was watertight. No mention of this possible defect was made to Bailey when we started him on his cruise. Bailey was half-way between the bank and the island when the boat sank. Bailey can't swim very well and a fatigue party had to be told off to rescue him. Bailey and his rescuers all say that the corps ought to pay for their new uniforms. Since then our boy buglers (to whom the shrunken uniforms were transferred) have declined to wear them on the ground that they haven't shrunk in the right proportions. Boys are far too fastidious now-a-days; it is absurd to suggest that they cannot bugle evenly with one sleeve shorter than the other.

We got the bridge finished without many more accidents and appointed the committee to test it. Our Commandant wouldn't lead the committee. He said that they were retreating and that he was going to direct operations against the advancing enemy from his proper place in the rear. Only four men retreated over the bridge. When it collapsed two Platoon Commanders remained on the bridge to the last. The men who had got on to the island seemed pleased with themselves and rather amused when the bridge became a boom. They were quite upset when they found out that we hadn't time to build another bridge for them to cross back again. It was the hour for tea, and bridge-building is really engineers' work. It isn't necessary for riflemen to keep on at it when they have once learned how it is done. The islanders said that they would rather stay where they were than go home through the water. The Commandant said he didn't mind so long as they were comfortable, and we marched back to camp.

They arrived in camp very wet and hungry just before "lights out." They had got to dislike the island. They said the place was damp and unhealthy, and that the only available food was a duck and some duck's eggs. They hadn't any means of cooking the duck, and the bird, who was sitting on the eggs, refused to be dissociated from them. In any case there was nothing to indicate their age. The society, too, was limited; they weren't on very good terms with one another; and the duck, owing to its interest in the eggs, was quite unclubable.

On the following day there was a very interesting triangular discussion between the log-owner, the pond-owner and our Commandant on the rights of property.

HUNNISH.

The New Language.

The *Hamburg Fremdenblatt* proposes that a new verb, "*weddigen*," should be employed in the sense of "to torpedo," as a lasting honour to the man who blew up so many British ships. We suggest the following additions to the new vocabulary:—

bernstorffen = to spread the light in benighted neutral countries.
wolffen = to follow in the steps of George Washington.
bülowen = to give away other people's property.
tirpitzen = to grow barnacles.
svenhedin = a revised pronunciation of *schweinhund*.
strafenglander = humourist or funny man.

We even hope to see the list extended to include the phrase "to berlin."

"In the affair of Wednesday night the invader found himself at a loss. His objective was clearly Newcastle. Yet he got no nearer than Walsall."—*Globe*.

This praiseworthy attempt on the part of *The Globe* to mislead the enemy as to his whereabouts was unfortunately frustrated by other journals, which gave the place correctly as "Wallsend."



Lady Customer. "Yes, this is better weather now. Some people think all the rain we had a little time ago was caused by the firing of heavy guns in Belgium."

Dressfitter. "I don't see how that can be, Madam, for I remember we mostly had very fine weather during the South African War."

SOME NEW WAR BOOKS.

With a Mouth Organ in Flanders.

By Magnus MacLuskin.

"This is incomparably the finest book on War that has yet been published. Mr. MacLuskin is a master of his instrument and plays upon the public like an old fiddle."—*Daily Muse.*

What I Think of Kitchener, Joffre and the Grand Duke.

By Ferdinand Tosher.

"This is a far better book than the best of us deserve. With insight and tenderness and courage Mr. Tosher has written a work which will live for ever and even longer."—*Mr. Twisterton in "The Daily Par."*

Musings on Martial Matters.

By A Sandwichman.

"An arresting volume. This sandwichman will go far. Dostoievsky might have been proud to have written the chapter on the Sam Browne belt."—*The Prattler.*

"A soul-shaking book."—*The Daily Grouser.*

Lyrics of Carnage.

By Sheila P. Stote.

"The finest book that Mrs. Stote has yet written. Replete with luscious imagery and relentless realism. I have already given away ten copies to my friends. Mrs. Stote is the American Pushkin."—*Clement Longmire in "The Orb."*

1*s.* net in limp lamb-skin.
2*s.* 6*d.* net in crimson crash.
5*s.* net in purple velvet, with Portrait.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

If W. Hohenzollern, said to be a Professor of the Mailed Fist, will apply to Enver and Co., Queer Street, Constantinople, he will hear of something.

Wilhelm or Wilhelmina.—Will all with these names send their contributions as soon as possible so that more unarmed British may be sunk by our submarines? The need is great as the Enemy Merchant Service at present shows hardly any sign of being affected by our frightfulness.

Advertiser who, at beginning of War, purchased number of Ticklers with which to celebrate victories in streets of Vienna, would be prepared to sacrifice for low cash figure. A number of flags, also other bunting, for sale at clearance prices.

Gentleman, whose views on war, politics, etc., are well-known on 9.15 Surbiton—Waterloo, seeks greater scope. Would be prepared to take over general managership of Government business (as per speech of Chancellor) if conditions satisfactory.

People of Trieste!
Somebody else's
King and Country
Cede You.

Zeppelins for British-fed Poultry. Our Staff undertakes these painless extinctions.—Kaiser and Co., Family Butchers.

Woodrow Wilson's Soothers act like a charm. German friends should try one on the tongue at Hate time.

Commercial Modesty.

Inscription on a shop-window in Birmingham :—

"Ici on parle français un peu."



THE SLACKER.

THE "ORION'S" FIGUREHEAD AT WHITEHALL.

ALL wind and rain, the clouds fled fast
across the evening sky—
Whitehall aglimmer like a beach the
tide has scarce left dry;
And there I saw the figurehead which
once did grace the bow
Of the old bold *Orion*,
The fighting old *Orion*,
In the days that are not now.

And I wondered did he dream at all of
those great fights of old,
And ships from out whose oaken sides
Trafalgar's thunder rolled;
There was *Ajax*, *Neptune*, *Temeraire*,
Revenge, *Leviathan*,
With the old bold *Orion*,
The fighting old *Orion*,
When *Victory* led the van.

Old ships, their ribs are ashes now; but
still the names they bore
And still the hearts that manned them
live to sail the seas once more,
To sail and fight, and watch and ward,
and strike as stout a blow
As the old bold *Orion*,
The fighting old *Orion*,
In the wars of long ago.

They watch, the gaunt grey fighting
ships, in silence bleak and stern;
They wait—not yet, not yet has dawned
the day for which they burn!
They 're watching, waiting for the word
that sets their thunders free,
Like the old bold *Orion*,
The fighting old *Orion*,
When NELSON sailed the sea.

Oh, waiting is a weary game, but
NELSON played it too,
And, be it late or be it soon, such deeds
are yet to do
As never your starry namesake saw who
walked the midnight sky—
Old bold *Orion*,
Fighting old *Orion*,
Of the great old years gone by.

And be the game a waiting game we 'll
play it with the best;
Or be the game a watching game we 'll
watch and never rest;
But the fighting game it pays for all
when the guns begin to play
(Old, bold *Orion*,
Fighting old *Orion*)
Like the guns of yesterday.

Another Impending Apology.

"Mr. Wing opened a more thorny subject by his inquiry whether the sale of alcohol will be prohibited in the Houses of Parliament, so as to 'bring its pulse into accord with the other palaces of the King' . . . Mr. Wing, who was evidently full of his subject . . ."
Scotsman.

An Infant in Arms.

"COOK.—At Winnipeg, Canada, on 15th April, to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. D. Cook, a daughter. Serving with the Cameron Highlanders. (*Née* Annie Johnston.) (By cable.)
Scotsman.

As her parents were so doubtful about her patronymic this youthful Amazon determined to enlist at once, and make a name for herself.

Onomatopœia.

"A well-known boatman, Joe Studd, says: I was awakened by the buzz zof the enginzes."
Evening Star.

This typographical effort to imitate the sound of a Zeppelin does our contemporary credit.

The Kaiser in Art.

ARTISTS! Men may always know
Portraits of our pious foe
By his fierce moustachio.

Is that why it seems to you,
When you 're drawing WILHELM II.,
Any sort of face will do?



THE AWAKENING.

Prince von Bülow (*to Italy*). "STOP, STOP, SIGNORA! YOU 'RE SUPPOSED TO BE *MESMERISED*—NOT *MOBILISED!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, 20th April.—One slightly compensatory result of devastating War is reduction of number of Questions addressed to Ministers. Been known to stop short of the round dozen. Instinctively felt that at period of national crisis this cheapest method of self-advertisement is bad form. To-day—unaccountably except on ground that long week-end provides mischief for idle hands to do—flood set in with the old rush.

"Here is an extra Monday thrown into week-end," says honourable Member in privacy of his study. "Let us draft a few questions addressed to Edward Grey, Lloyd George, Tennant or all three. They 've nothing particular to do and are well paid for doing it. We 'll get our name into the Parliamentary Report and our constituents will see we 're on the spot."

Accordingly Paper distributed this morning crowded with 157 questions, forty of them standing in five names that are familiar in this connection. Within limit of Question hour (which by Westminster clock runs only for three-quarters) 112 were put and answered. Replies to the rest will be printed and circulated with votes in the morning. That a game not worth the candle consumed in drafting them. You may circulate replies just as you may take a horse to the pond. But you can't make the public read them, and no one will know how active and intelligent are the authors of these forty-five belated queries.

No other business being on hand, way made for Member for Houghton-le-Spring—quite a total-abstainer touch about name of constituency—to move his Resolution prohibiting, during continuance of War, sale of alcoholic liquors in refreshment rooms and bars of House. His Majesty's personal example specially cited in support of proposal.

Quickly made apparent that House was sharply divided, with preponderance of opposition. Collins, Kt., presenting himself to favourable consideration of House as a "total abstainer by birth," plumped for Resolution, as did By-Your-Leif Jones and other teetotalers, whether by birth or adoption. On the contrary (his favourite attitude) Arthur Markham, habituated to call a spade a spade, in extreme cases a pickaxe, denounced the motion as "pure cant."

Bonar Law put that view of it in another form. Members would support the Resolution, and if sale of liquor within precincts of the House were prohibited they would, he said, go off to their homes or their clubs and take their accustomed drink.

"In a time of stress like that at present laid upon the country," he insisted, "we should have less rather than more of the make-believe that is part of the daily life of all politicians."



"LA SOURCE."
The Member for Houghton-le-Spring.
(Mr. Wing.)



"A Total Abstainer by birth."
(Sir Stephen Collins.)

As for Mark Lockwood, Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, who has hauled down from his buttonhole the carnation that had acquired the status of a parliamentary institution, he was so agitated that he stumbled upon a bull whose originality, breed and excellence made the few Irish Members present green with envy.

"The profits of the Kitchen Department," Mark wailed, "are growing less and less every day. If this resolution is passed it will reduce what is left, which is *nil*, by 50 per cent."

In face of this appalling menace, Resolution was shunted by adjournment of the debate *sine die*.

Business done.—None. House adjourned at 5 o'clock.

Wednesday.—Lloyd George is indebted to Mr. Hewins for opportunity of making the most important statement with respect to affairs at the Front heard in the Commons this year. Member for Hereford submitted Resolution declaring urgent necessity of enlisting under unified administration resources of all firms capable of producing munitions of war. Pointing out that motion was tantamount to a vote of censure, since it implied that the Government were not doing their duty and that the House ought therefore to pass a resolution calling their attention to it, Chancellor said he could not consent to its adoption. At the same time he cordially approved its suggestion, and proceeded to show in detail that it had long been embodied in policy and action of the Government.

Lifting the veil behind which for strategic purposes the War Office works, in a few sentences he brought home to least imaginative mind stupendous character of our operations. The "contemptible little army" at which eight months ago the Kaiser sneered has grown till there are now in the field six times as many men as formed the original Expeditionary Force, all fully equipped and supplied with adequate ammunition. Wherever German shot or shell has made a vacancy in the trenches or in the field, another British soldier has stepped in to fill it.

As to ammunition the War Office has been faced by unexpected increase in expenditure. Taking the figure 20 as representing output last September, Chancellor showed that it has increased by leaps and bounds till in March it reached 388. He confidently anticipates that this month the ratio will proportionately advance. During the few days' fighting round Neuve Chapelle almost as much ammunition was expended by our artillery as was fired during the whole of the two-and-three-quarter years of the Boer War. And not only were our own demands met, but we could also help to supply the need of our allies.

Curiously small audience for momentous statement. Effect produced



Teacher. "WHAT DOES *ff* STAND FOR?"
Child (learning Military March). "FUMP! FUMP!"

instant and impressive. So marked is success of new departure in direction of taking Parliament and the country into confidence on the trend of affairs at the Front that hope is entertained that it will encourage Ministers to renewed excursions on the same lines. Immediate result of speech, which BONAR LAW hailed with patriotic satisfaction, was that HEWINS' amendment was negatived without a division.

Business done.—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER made heartening statement on position with respect to munitions of war.

Thursday.—In Committee on War Office votes valuable speech contributed to debate by WALTER LONG. Effectively, because without acrimony, he criticised certain actions of War Office, heads of which, being, after all, only human, cannot fairly be expected under unparalleled stress to be free from lapses into oversight.

One case mentioned made deep impression on Committee. A Brigadier-General, leading his men into battle, was hit by a shell and badly wounded, his Brigade decimated by thunderbolts from the enemy's concealed batteries. The General, reaching home out of the jaws of death, apparently lamed for life, was rewarded by being put on half-pay, not on the scale of General, but of Colonel.

The MEMBER FOR SARK, who has personal knowledge of the case, tells me WALTER LONG might have added that this gallant officer, eager to serve his country at the Front, voluntarily resigned one of the prizes of his profession, and now finds himself crippled, stranded, on half-pay. This *pour encourager les autres.*

Fortunately PRIME MINISTER present. Listened with sympathetic attention to WALTER LONG'S story, especially to the Brigadier-General incident. Certainly worth looking into.

Business done.—PRIME MINISTER moved, LEADER OF OPPOSITION seconded, House acclaimed, Resolution recording "exemplary manner in which Sir DAVID ERSKINE has discharged the duties of Sergeant-at-Arms, and has devoted himself to the service of the House for a period of forty years." House adjourned till Tuesday.

"The flames were soon extinguished, and shortly after returned to the fire station."
Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

They should never have been allowed to leave it.

BALM ABOUNDING.

[In an interview with a German journalist the SULTAN is reported to have said he was *so* glad to hear that the KAISER was in good health, a fact it was impossible to gather from the enemy's Press.]

THE voice of doom is sounding
All up the Dardanelles;
The foe may soon be pounding
Our gates with shot and shells;
But things of this description
Can't worry us a bit
When we peruse the gladsome news:
"The KAISER's keeping fit."

The end of our endeavour
To reach the Suez banks
Awoke no grief whatever
In our disordered ranks;
In search of consolation
We only had to think
"What boots the fact that we were whacked?
The KAISER's in the pink."

Our fleet has won no glory;
The *Goeben* counts as *nil;*
But Deutschland's cheering story
Can cure our every ill;
And when Constantinople
Is smashed to smithereens
We'll make no moan if it is known
The KAISER's full of beans.



Tommy (on Salisbury Plain). "My, Bill! Ain't they tame round 'ere?"

THE EVER-ALERT.

I met my old friend the leader-writer on his way to work. His eye flashed, his brow gloomed, his powerful jaws were set, his step was firm and determined. Shelley's lines floated into memory:—

> "In that hour of deep contrition,
> I beheld, with clearer vision,
> Through all outward form and fashion,
> Justice, the Avenger, rise."

The third rhyme may not be quite up to modern standard; but the spirit is there, and it was the spirit that affected me. I felt that I too was in the presence of something very like Fate.

"What ho!" I said. "On the war-path?"

"If you mean, am I going to the office? yes," he replied.

"Going to let some one have it hot?" I continued.

His demeanour increased in vehemence. "Of course," he replied.

"Who is it this time?" I asked. "Who is the last tired official who, after months of hard work and anxiety, has failed to reach your high-water mark and must therefore be lashed in public."

"I shan't know till I get there," he said. "There 's certain to be some one. But how did you guess?"

"Not difficult," I replied. "Your very look showed me that. I can see that your duty is as plain to you to-day as it was yesterday and always has been. But for you and your punctual pen I don't know where England would be?"

His sternness relaxed. "I 'm glad you think like that," he said.

"I do," I replied. "I think England was never to be so felicitated on her Press as to-day. Her leader-writers were never so vigilant for defects in our administration or so instant in proclaiming them for everyone to see."

He beamed.

"I hope so," he said. Then a shade of anxiety flittered over his brave stolid countenance. "You don't think there's any danger of our striking the rest of the world as a nation divided against itself, do you?" he asked.

"My dear fellow," I assured him, "what a ridiculous idea!"

He seemed to be relieved.

"The truth is above all," he said.

"It is," I replied, "far above. Out of reach for most of us, but never inaccessible to the grave and sagacious Press. You journalists know. All is simple to you. There are no complexities in administrative work. Black is black and white is white when one is governing a country, and there are no half-tones as in all other walks of life. Every mistake must be branded; no one's good faith must be trusted; no one in a difficult position must be helped. Don't you agree?"

"It is a mighty organ," he said. "I think that the importance of the Press as a critic of those in power cannot be over-estimated."

"With its eye and ear at every hole and all its agents busy, it must obviously know so much more about a department than the department itself," I said.

"Of course," he replied; "and in addition it frames standards and ideals of perfection by which it measures all those in authority; any falling short must be castigated."

"Immediately," I said.

"And without mercy," he added.

"In war time and under such a strain as the country is now experiencing you cannot be too drastic," I said.

"Exactly," he said. "There is more at stake; the Press has a sacred duty."

"Is all the Press equally sacred?" I asked. "Are the racing forecasts, for example, as sacred as the leaders?"

"Nothing is so sacred as the leaders," he replied. "Next to them the correspondence columns, where all kinds of scandals and abuses are ventilated and other attacks not necessarily less merited are made on those in whom the responsibility for England's success is vested."

"But what about the news?"

He fumed terribly. "There is hardly any news any more," he said. "The Censor in his benighted besotted folly . . ."

But I did not wait to hear the rest of the leader.

THE TERRORIST.

SHE was our cook, and a bad cook too; but a woman of genius. In the early days of her reign she must have gathered from the parlour-maid that Mother and I were prejudiced against tepid soup, burnt cutlets, and leathery omelettes. I went into the kitchen, intending to remonstrate, and found Cook gazing fixedly out of the window, sniffing at intervals, and apparently struggling with unshed tears. "Is anything the matter, Cook?" "No, Miss, nothing that you can help. It's only that it's a year to-day since I lost my sister Annie, and it all comes back to mind. The Coroner said it was the constant complaining and complaining that had weakened her brain, and led to——" "To what?" I asked breathlessly. "Oh, to her hanging herself on a very strong hook in the cupboard where her mistress kept her best dresses. I was sorry for the poor lady too, for they tell me the shock she got when she went to take down an evening gown, and found Annie instead, almost turned her brain. Yes, Miss, just complaints did it, and she near as good a cook as I am myself! But there, I mustn't be taking up your time with my trouble, must I?"

After that, could I dwell on the soup, the cutlets, or the omelette? Mother was decidedly upset too; and I have reason to believe that she spent that afternoon having the stoutest of the hooks in her own cupboard removed.

A short visit to some relations took me from the scene of action for a day or two. On my return I was met at the station by Cook, who had volunteered for the job. As we drove through a gloomy street she kept craning her neck out of the window, reading, half aloud, the numbers on the houses.

"Twenty-two, twenty-three—ah, there it is, twenty-four. That's the house where Lizzie died, Miss, my poor sister." "I thought her name was Annie." "Oh, that was the youngest but one, Miss; Lizzie came next to me, and we were as like as two peas. Poor soul! Well, I don't wonder the house is shut up; the neighbours, afterwards, used often to hear her crying; not to mention the charwoman, who was always meeting her on the stairs, and getting the sort of turn that makes you feel like brandy." "Good gracious, Cook! Do you mean that she died — suddenly?" "It must have taken a few minutes, Miss, owing to the bath not having been as full of water as she might have wished." "But how awful that two of your family should have ——" "We're so sensitive, Miss, all of us; we got it from poor Mother. But at the inquest the Coroner said some very sharp things, holding that it was want of sleep that drove her to it: we can none of us get a wink of sleep before midnight—it runs in the family—and Lizzie's mistress, not understanding, and making her get up before she had her sleep out in the morning, brought it all about."

My feelings may be imagined when Mother said to me that evening—"My dear, you must speak to Cook; she is upsetting the whole of the house: nothing will get her up before eight in the morning, and of course that makes breakfast late and all the maids cross." I had to mention the bath, and Mother turned pale. She had a tub in her own room for some days afterwards; she said she preferred it.

At last we became firm; Cook must go. I went into the kitchen to give her notice. That woman was a genius, or else had second-sight; before I could utter a word she insisted on showing me the photograph of a singularly plain young woman. "My oldest sister, Miss." "Oh, that is Lizzie?" "No, Miss, that is poor Emily." "Is she dead too?" I asked desperately. "Yes, Miss; you see her mistress gave her notice, and it has always been a rule in our family to give it, not to take it, and it somehow broke her spirit. Whether she mistook the bottles or not, well, as they said at the inquest, the only tongue that could have told was still; but those that uses spirits of salt for cleaning out gas stoves must settle with their consciences here and hereafter."

I believe Cook would be with us still had not Providence sent an angel in the form of the wife of the Vicar of the parish from which our treasure came.

"And how do you like Sophia?" she asked amiably.

"She has many drawbacks," said Mother nervously. "Sometimes we think her a little eccentric; but possibly, poor thing, all those awful tragedies in her family really upset her brain." "I don't remember any tragedies," said the Vicaress thoughtfully; "I don't think the Vicar would have allowed them." "I meant the sad deaths of three of her sisters." "But Sophia was an only child. We knew her since she was a tiny tot; she was always most well behaved, though some people thought she was not quite so candid as she should have been, considering her big blue eyes." "Was she christened Sophia or Sapphira?" I asked meekly. "Sophia," said the lady firmly.

"My dear," said Mother, "give Sophia a month's wages and board wages in lieu of notice; tell her to pack; tell the housemaid that she is not to leave her alone for one second; order a cab to be at the door in half-an-hour."

The Terrorist left unwillingly. I am sure she still had a brace of sisters up her sleeve.

AN ESSEX TALE.

WHEN on a recent morning Jane,
Maid to old Lady Deloraine,
At eight o'clock as usual came
To wake that formidable dame,
Jane's nerves were visibly unstrung
And checked the glibness of her tongue.
"Why, Jane," her mistress said, "you look
As if you'd quarrelled with the cook."
"No, please your la'ship," stammered Jane,
"They dropped a bomb here in the lane,
Last night at one it was, I think;
Since then I never slep' a wink."
"What!" cried the other from her bed,
Her eyes protruding from her head,
"The German airships came last night,
And I not only missed the sight,
But never heard a sound before
Your knuckles rapped upon my door!
If you a grain of sense had got
You would have waked me on the spot.
I'd like to box your silly ears,"
And then she melted into tears;
While Jane, retreating, muttered, "Lor!
I never saw her cry before."

Business before Pleasure.

"Harold Fleming, the Swindon Town footballer and international forward, has been granted a commission in the 4th Wilts Regiment, and will take up his new duties at the close of the football season."
Daily Telegraph.

"After winning the final tie for the Blackburn Sunday School League Cup, the Great Harwood Congregational eleven marched to a recruiting meeting and enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"The butler was a German spy . . . Mr. Volpé, whose unctuous manner as the butter-spy was worthy of a column of journalistic sensationalism."—*Sunday Times.*

"Unctuous" seems to be *le mot juste.*

"Organist (Voluntary) Wanted for Crumpsall Park Wesleyan Church: June.—J 75, Evening News Office. Sat. Afternoons 3 to 5, 6d. Latest Music and Dances."
Manchester Evening News.

The programme sounds attractive, but the remuneration is rather exiguous.

"Officer shortly going abroad wishes to dispose of his Pram, which cost over £8 not 18 months ago."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

With enormous self-control we refrain from saying to what branch of the Service this very youthful officer belongs.



FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE CULTURED PIG.

AT THE PLAY.

"QUINNEYS.'"

A PRELIMINARY interviewer, whom Mr. VACHELL was too good-natured to resist, had wrung from him several interesting admissions; as that *Quinney's* was his best book; that the play, as plays should be, had been written before the novel; that the scene of *Mr. Quinney's* sanctum contained genuine antiques as well as admirable fakes; that his hero preferred things to persons, and that the author found in the excitement of producing dramas an excellent anodyne for the strain of wartime. I in turn was too good-natured to be put off by all this, and remained fixed in my resolve to see the play for myself.

And I was well rewarded with something very unusual. To begin with, *Quinney* was an honest dealer in antiquities, and this notwithstanding an apprenticeship in worm-hole-drilling. His morality, in fact, like his fortune, was self-made, and the natural pride that he took in these creations was not lessened by the fact that he came from Yorkshire. A righteous man among knaves, and a true lover of Art for its own beauty, he was not content with the virtues which he obviously possessed, but claimed others, including the quality of altruism. He could persuade himself (but not his wife) that the sweat of his brow had been poured out primarily for the benefit of his family. His helpmeet knew better, and did not hesitate to tell him that he preferred things (sticks and stuff) to persons. The subtlety of this appreciation, coming from a very homely intelligence, surprised me, yet it was not quite so clever as it seemed. The truth of the trouble was that *Quinney* did not make any distinction between things and persons. His wife and his daughter he regarded (quite kindly) as chattels that served his needs or ministered to his sense of beauty; in one he found the utility of a kitchen dresser, in the other the charm of a Dresden porcelain.

Mr. VACHELL might well have been contented with his brilliant character-study, but he too is an honest man, and meant that we should have our money's worth. So he threw in a plot which turned upon the love-affair of *Miss Quinney* and her father's skilled workman, and was complicated by a deal in which *Quinney's* honesty was compromised by a fake that had escaped him. The plot served its purpose, though the interest of it was never very poignant. The real interest was intended to lie in the action going on in the character of *Quinney* under the pressure of circumstance and experience. We were to gather that he came to readjust his views of the relative value of things and persons. But I detected very little modification in his character up to quite the end, and I never have much faith in curtain repentances.

Yet it was a drama all right, and Mr. VACHELL had not forgotten his Classics. I cannot recall any hero of Greek tragedy who was actually a dealer in antiques, yet there was something a little Sophoclean about this picture of an honest man struggling with adverse conditions which were not wholly of his own making. On the other hand I will say nothing of the Sophoclean quality of the scene where *Quinney* looks on at the nocturnal love-tryst from behind a screen, and his daughter says, "Fancy if Daddy could see us now." This very elementary irony was obviously designed for beginners.

Mr. HENRY AINLEY had fitted himself tight into the skin of *Quinney*. This is the second fine character-study that he has given us since he retired from the profession of *jeune premier*. The same demand was not here made upon his imagination as in *The Great Adventure;* but, if his performance of *Quinney* was rather assimilative than creative the difference was one of character, and in both parts Mr. AINLEY did his work just about as well as it could be done.

Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER, as the protesting phantom of a wife, had little to say, but her rare and unobtrusive interventions had a pleasant caustic quality. As *Posy Quinney* Miss MARIE HEMINGWAY was a very dainty figure and acted with great spirit. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, foreman and lover, showed his usual easy reserve of strength; and the succulent humour of Mr. A. G. POULTON as *Quinney's* brother-in-law, a gentleman who thought that one honest member was enough for any family of dealers, made me very tolerant of his detestable morals.

The first night's performance moved as smoothly as if the play had been running since the War began, and I shall ask Mr. LYALL SWETE, who produced it, to share the thanks and compliments which I now distribute broadcast upon all those who conspired to give me so delectable an evening.

O. S.



The Foreman. "THIS CHAIR IS FAKED."
The Master. "YOU 'RE A LIAR."
The Foreman. "IT 'S FAKED."
The Master (turning on magnifying-glass). "SO IT IS, BY GOOM!"

James . . . . . Mr. GODFREY TEARLE.
Joseph Quinney . . . Mr. HENRY AINLEY.

"'He — "That's my friend Davis. He's in Kitchener's Army, you know." She—"What is he — a lieutenant?" He—"No, he's a lance-corporal." She (greatly impressed) — "O-oh, really! Influenza, I suppose."'—'Punch.'"

Glasgow News.

We are much obliged to the kind effort of our Scottish contemporary to appreciate the joke in a recent issue of *Punch*, and regret that in this case the surgical operation should have been complicated by medical trouble.

"Millions of sandbags are wanted. This is an appeal to everyone to help. Women with sandbags, men with sixpence each, all will be forwarded to the firing line, and they are urgently wanted."

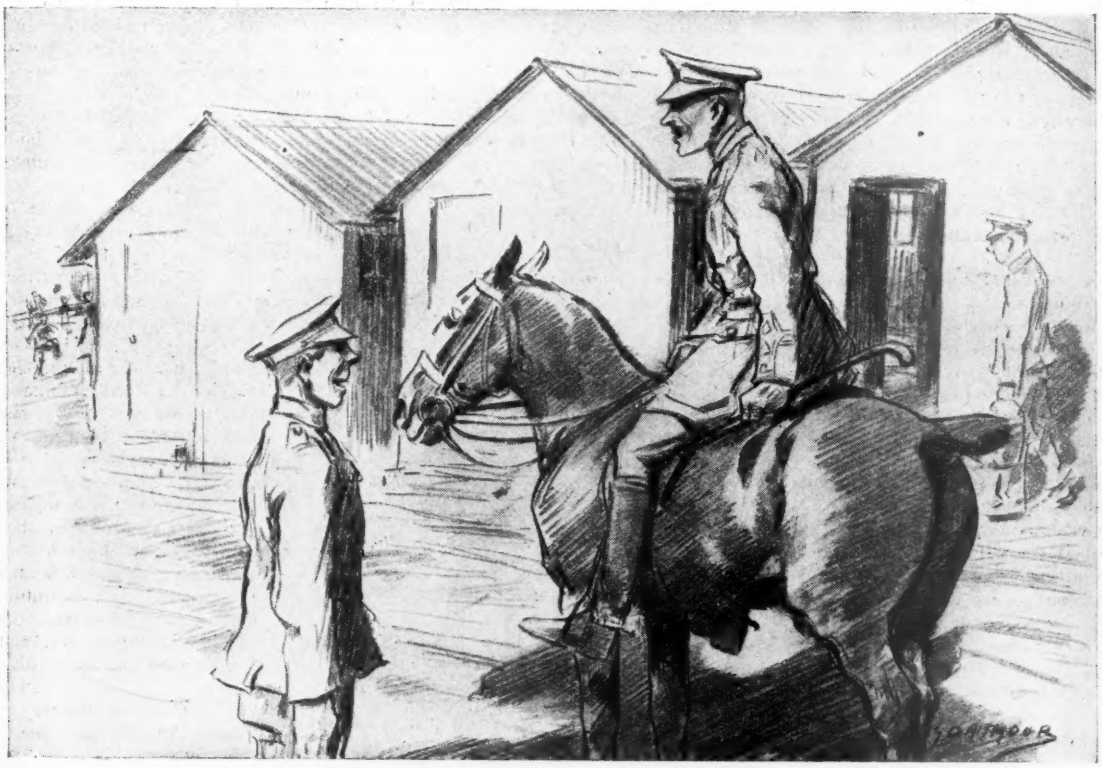
Sidcup and District Times.

The women with sandbags will no doubt be useful at the Front, but we do not quite understand the demand for men with sixpence each. They will be twice as valuable if they "take the shilling."

"AUSTRIAN EMPEROR RECEIVES KRUPP'S HEAD."

Edinburgh Evening News.

It is hardly fair of a newspaper to raise its readers' hopes like this. There was no charger. All that really happened was that FRANCIS JOSEPH gave an audience to Herr KRUPP VON BOHLEN UND HALBACH.



Officer. "Well, Paddy, how do you like soldiering?"
Irish Recruit. "Rightly, Sorr. All me life I worked for a farmer, an' he niver wanst tould me to shtand at aise."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

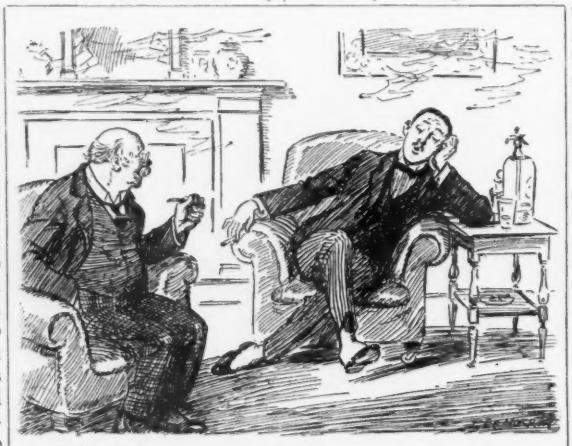
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Since *Loneliness* (Hutchinson) is unhappily the last novel we shall read over the signature of Robert Hugh Benson I wish I could with truth call it at least one of his best. But to write this would be a poor tribute to a distinguished memory; the fact being that, though it has qualities of power and observation, it is very far below some others of its author's works. For one thing, in his theme (marriage between a Roman Catholic and a Protestant) he is more frankly polemical than ever. The factor of religion is naturally never absent from his stories; but they have won their position by their humanity rather than by any more controversial qualities; and in *Loneliness* the humanity is lacking. *Marion Tenterden*, the heroine, is a young woman who has risen from obscurity to fame and fortune by the possession of a marvellous voice. She had been a devout Romanist, but in the fierce light that beats upon a successful prima-donna her religion lost something of its hold, especially when she found herself in conflict with authority over the question of her intended marriage. Deliberately and one by one all the joys that make life worth living from a worldly standpoint are withdrawn from *Marion*. Her voice fails; her betrothed—a little inhumanly—retires from the engagement; and, worst of all, her familiar friend, *Maggie Brent*, far the best character in the book, is killed in a motor accident. Throughout I was reminded of a shrewd criticism made by Mr. A. C. Benson in a recent appreciation of his brother, where he speaks of those cultured, attractive and apparently broad-minded Anglicans who in Robert Hugh's pages are foredoomed to collapse before the snuffy village priest. You must read this story; but it will not make you forget the far better things that you already owe to the same pen.

There appears to be no diminution in the cult of the crook, either in fiction or drama. The latest exponent of the gentle art of police-baiting is Mr. Max Rittenberg, who has strung a volume of adventure-stories round the figure of *John Hallard*, and published them under the somewhat cryptic title of *Gold and Thorns* (Ward, Lock). I have often admired Mr. Rittenberg's method before this; he has an easy and faintly cynical humour that makes agreeable reading. But I can't say that the present volume shows him to advantage. The fact is that the exploits of *Hallard* scarcely give the author scope for his best. The trail of the popular magazine is over them all a little too palpably. *Hallard* and his wife and their confederate (who called themselves *Sir Ralph* and *Lady Kenrick* and servant) move largely in the cosmopolitan smart set of swindlers and financiers who haunt international watering-places—a *milieu* especially beloved of the less expensive monthly journals. Their adventures vary pleasingly from the swindling of a dusky potentate at Venice to the discovery of faked treasure-trove at Monte Carlo. Myself I liked best the very promising scheme by which a floating casino was to be established in a liner anchored outside the jurisdiction limit of Rapallo. In this, as in most, there is an agreeable sequence of bluffs and

scores by one adventurer after another, ending with the victorious emergence of *Hallard*. Practically all the tales have this feature in common, that the persons swindled are no better than the swindlers, so there is no one for whom you need be sorry; paste cuts paste throughout, and the moral of the whole appears to be that when rogues fall out there will generally be a third and greater rogue to come by the booty. Which may all be quite good fun, if a little mechanical. There is one excellent illustration, which the publishers were so certain I should like that they have triplicated it (it appears on wrapper, cover and frontispiece), but without acknowledgment of the artist's name.

Patricia (PUTNAM) I should call a placid novel rather than a brilliant. EDITH HENRIETTA FOWLER (Mrs. ROBERT HAMILTON) has considerable gifts of observation, though in her character drawing she is perhaps a little prone to over-emphasis. Also she knows the life of which she treats; has seen, for example, what a singularly uncomfortable abode a country rectory can be, and is not afraid to say so. *Patricia* had to go and live in the rectory with a kind uncle and aunt on the death of her father. Before that she had been quite well off and by way of leading the fuller life. Her frocks, for instance, were of the latest. At the same time her taste in dress was not what I can applaud, as when journeying with her relatives to the rectory she wore such thin shoes and stockings that on the muddy walk from the cab to the front door she got cold feet. Of course *Patricia* makes a mild sensation in her rural surroundings, which is increased when the son of the local big-wig turns out to be one whose society she had tolerated in the fuller life. There are some well-observed sketches of character, one of them, the Rector's wife, touched with real beauty. For the rest it is all quite gentle, and just a little reminiscent of the Parish Magazine; though the interest certainly quickens with *Patricia's* publishing indiscretions, which I shall not reveal. Still lemonade, one might call it, with just a suspicion here and there of some strictly non-alcoholic champagne, the result being a beverage rather for the thirsty drainer of circulating-libraries than for those who require their fiction full-bodied.



The Young Man. "AS A MATTER OF FACT I THINK I'VE DONE RATHER WELL. YOU SEE, I'VE GIVEN FOUR COUSINS AND AN UNCLE TO THE ARMY, THREE NEPHEWS TO THE NAVY, AND A SISTER AND TWO AUNTS TO THE RED CROSS ORGANISATION."

I should suppose that the *Dead Souls* of NICKOLAI GOGOL, written in 1837, offers a not much closer picture of the Russia of to-day than does DICKENS' *Oliver Twist*, written at the same time, of our twentieth-century England. For though we may have made a quicker pace and have many more miles of rails and wire to the given area (and is this not Progress?) there has happened for Russia between that time and this the fateful freedom of the serfs or "souls." This classic novel of GOGOL'S describes the adventures of a plausible rogue, *Tchitchikoff*, who has a get-rich-quick scheme, quite in the manner of the best American business farces, for begging or purchasing at a ridiculously low rate, to sell at a profit, those serfs who, though actually dead, are still legally alive till the next census, the purchaser not being informed of their demise. Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM'S introduction to this re-issue by UNWIN of an English rendering promises the reader much, and Mr. GRAHAM is a better judge than I. Perhaps the rather matter-of-fact translation was responsible for a little of my disappointment. But no one can fail to appreciate this sort of thing:—"So that's the procurator!" (says *Tchitchikoff* as the funeral procession passes). "He has lived and now he has died; and now they will print in the newspapers that he died regretted by his subordinates and by all mankind, a respected citizen, a wonderful father, a model husband; and soon they will, no doubt, add that he was accompanied to his grave by the tears of widows and orphans; but in sooth, when one comes to examine the matter thoroughly, all one will find in confirmation of these statements is that he had wonderfully thick eyebrows!"

Una Field, introduced to us at the opening of Mr. WILLIAM HEWLETT'S book as *The Child at the Window* (SECKER) of a country vicarage, bewails herself bitterly at the close of the volume on finding that she is still an onlooker at life, and no more gifted with understanding than she was at the beginning; and this after experiences far more varied and peculiar than are usually vouchsafed to vicars' daughters, even though dowered with exceptional beauty and rich impulsive godmothers. Really, I could have warned *Una* quite early that, if she wanted to hear the world's heartbeat, she wasn't going on the right tack. She seemed to think that it ought to beat loud enough to attract her attention when she was busy with other things—chiefly herself. Never was there a lady who received so much kindness and made so little use of it. I need not follow in detail her depressing career from the time when, after being most generously brought up and educated by her godmother, she ran away (omitting the formality of marriage) with *Cecil Rowan*, left him on finding him to be what others had expected, and accepted the charity of *Sybil Grey*, a school friend of whose doubtful character and tastes she had full cognisance. Later, however, she took a dislike to her friend's habits, and went away suddenly without a murmur of thanks. Nor did she feel any obligations towards the *Rev. Philip Corthwaite*, an old adorer, whom she married for the sake of a husband and a home; but made an attempt to captivate *Sybil's* brother, another cleric. He, sensibly enough, would have none of her, and hurried off into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. *Una's* godmother and husband eventually forgave her all these peccadilloes that I have cursorily indicated, and a lot more that I have no time to record, and *Mrs. Majendie* persuaded her to start again with *Philip*. I wish him luck. And I ought to add that Mr. HEWLETT has a real gift of characterisation, though the colours he uses are sometimes too startling to seem quite natural. His descriptive powers, also considerable, are often spent, regrettably enough, on subjects and scenes either sordid or absolutely distasteful. I should like him to write a book with some much more wholesome and cheerful people in it.

CHARIVARIA.

ANOTHER snub for the All-Highest. The author of a book bearing the snappy title, *What I saw in Berlin and Other European Capitals During War Time*," mentions that in Bulgaria he found a man who had not heard of the KAISER'S War.

* * *

Much satisfaction has been caused in Germany by an instance, reported in the London press, of the spread of German culture in England. At one of our Police Courts, last week, a woman was charged with spitting at a police-constable. This method of signifying strong disapproval is, of course, practised by the best people in Germany.

* * *

It is stated that there are now over 150 Germans in Brixton Prison awaiting deportation as undesirables. They cannot, however, be returned to their homes until Peace is declared. Meanwhile, their indignation at the "Stop the War" movement of certain wrong-headed women can well be imagined.

* * *

By the way, we were pleased to see that Madame JULIETTE ADAM, who is seventy-nine years old, wrote a most scathing reply to an invitation to take part in the Women's Peace Conference. It is just the old ADAM which these foolish persons leave out of their calculations.

* * *

Anything that will raise a smile in these trying times is to be welcomed, and we desire to acknowledge our indebtedness to *Die Welt* for the following:—"Clad in virtue and in peerless nobility of character, unassailable by insidious enemies either within or without, girded about by the benign influences of Kultur, the German, whether soldier or civilian, pursues his destined way, fearless and serene."

* * *

"SWIFT WORK BY CANADIANS
HINDENBURG BELIEVED TO BE IN COMMAND."
Daily Mail.

This intimation will, we feel sure, be keenly resented by our gallant Canadian officers.

* * *

A French soldier who, for gallantry in the field, was decorated and kissed by General JOFFRE, in an account of the proceeding says, "I cannot describe my sensation when I felt the heavy moustache of the GENERAL against my cheek." It was only iron discipline, we suspect, which prevented his crying, "Stop your tickling, JOFFRE!"

* * *

"The English soldier," says Herr KALTENSCHNEE, of the 6th Westphalians, "notwithstanding that he is possessed of nothing comparable either to the discipline or the military knowledge of the German, has always shown that he is a man, and a brave man to boot." He is also, of course, a safe man "to boot," when you have him maimed and a prisoner.

* * *

The man who described our gallant Tars in the Near East as "The Fruit Salts" went wrong in his anticipation. They didn't land at Enos after all.

* * *

The Daily Express publishes a photograph of a British soldier showing how his hair was parted by a German bullet. The shot, it is thought, must have been fired by a German barber.

* * *

The Weekly Dispatch has published a symposium entitled, "What strikes me most about the War." An officer at the Front says that, if he had been asked to contribute, his answer would have been "Shrapnel."

Dr. SVEN HEDIN'S book on the War shows that this gentleman was ready to swallow any anti-English yarn that was offered him by the Germans. Possibly it was loyalty to his own calling that made him so peculiarly partial to travellers' tales.

* * *

"In Berlin," says Dr. HEDIN, "I was greatly impressed by the world-wide influence of German thought." In Berlin, perhaps; but the centre of things is often a bad place for getting news of the circumference.

* * *

Statistics published by the Tramways Department of the L.C.C. show that there are more fatal accidents on Sundays than on any other day of the week. This looks as if the British Sunday is so dull that people will go to any lengths to get a little excitement.

* * *

"COPPER CONCEALED IN LARD."
Evening News.

One can picture the whole scene. The Force comes down the steps of a prohibited area and enters the kitchen. At that moment the cook hears her mistress's hand on the kitchen door-handle. As quick as lightning she throws her visitor into a tub of lard, where he lies hidden until the danger is past.

* * *

"All the real Quinneys," according to a paragraph in *The Evening News*, "are writing to Mr. VACHELL to ask him how he came to choose their name for his new play at the Haymarket. Incidentally they ask for seats." Mr. VACHELL is congratulating himself on not having called the play "Smiths'."

* * *

A seal was seen in the Thames near Richmond Bridge last week, and several gentlemen who, on catching sight of it, took the pledge, were more than annoyed on finding that the apparition had also been seen by teetotalers.

We learn from *The North Wales Weekly News* that the Colwyn Bay May-day Festivities, to take place to-day (Wednesday), will include the "Crowing of the May Queen":—

"If you're waking call me early, call me early, Mother dear,
For I'm to be Cock of the May, Mother, I'm to be Cock of the May."



"OH, THAT IS FAR TOO FRIVOLOUS. AREN'T YOU BRINGING OUT ANY SERIOUS TOYS FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR?"

TO CERTAIN GERMAN PROFESSORS OF CHEMICS.

WHEN you observed how brightly other tutors
Inspired the yearning heart of Youth;
How from their lips, like Pilsen's foaming pewters,
It sucked the fount of German Truth;
There, in your Kaiserlich laboratory,
"We too," you said, "will find a task to do,
And so contribute something to the glory
Of God and WILLIAM Two.

"Bring forth the stink-pots. Such a foul aroma
By arts divine shall be evoked
As will to leeward cause a state of coma
And leave the enemy blind and choked;
By gifts of culture we will work such ravages
With our superbly patriotic smells
As would confound with shame those half-baked savages,
The poisoners of wells."

Good! You have more than matched the rival pastors
That tute a credulous Fatherland;
And we admit that you are proved our masters
When there is dirty work in hand;
But in your lore I notice one hiatus:
Your KAISER'S scutcheon with its hideous blot—
You've no corrosive in your apparatus
Çan out that damnéd spot! O. S.

THE GREAT PEACE OF 1920.

BY OUR OWN SENSATION NOVELIST, TEMPORARILY UNEMPLOYED.

(Author of *The Next War*; *England Attacked*; *The Empire's Peril*, and other like works.)

CHAPTER I.

SEATED here in my study, and looking back upon the tremendous happenings of the past year, I can remember as though it were yesterday the August evening when there burst upon an amazed and wholly unprepared world the news that Peace, so often foretold and as often discredited, had actually been declared by Germany upon England.

What one finds most incredible, in retrospect, was the suddenness of the blow. To a people who had been for years lapped in the fog of war it came like lightning out of a sandstorm, like truth from a Teuton, like anything that is wholly bewildering and unexpected. The newspapers of the day before the great event make strange reading now. All appears to have been going on absolutely as at any time during the past six years. The usual Zeppelins were bombing blackbirds in the suburbs of Sheringham. In *The Daily Telegram* Dr. Pillon had his habitual article upon "The imminence of Balkan intervention." All, in short, was as long custom had habituated us to it. And then, quite suddenly, the cataclysm.

I have heard since that they had rumours of it in many quarters of London quite early on that afternoon; but the news did not reach us at Woking (where I was then living) before nightfall. Even the late editions contained no more than the intimation of an unusually prolonged sitting of the Cabinet. Smith, my neighbour, who dropped in from number five, Warsaw Villas, for his after-dinner pipe had heard only a vague report of a certain liveliness in Downing Street. So it was actually not till the following morning, when I opened my daily paper, that I knew the truth, saw it staring at me in huge letters right across the chief page—Peace!

Even then, you know, one hardly realized. Not even when Smith himself, purple and incoherent, burst in through the breakfast-room window (which I should perhaps explain was a French one, and open at the moment). "You've heard?" Words failed him. As for me I could only stare, bewildered by something strange and unfamiliar in the appearance of my old friend. Smith indeed had lost no time. Gone was the customary suit of sober khaki that he had worn so long as a private in the Underwriters' Battalion; and instead he now stood revealed in all the panoply of the full dress of the Brookwood Golf Club, scarlet coat, heather mixture stockings, and all.

Smith saw my look, and answered it. "Of course," he cried, "everybody's going. The road to the links is crowded already. It's Peace now, and no mistake!"

Slowly I began to understand.

One remembers that day as a kind of dream. The stupendous change that had come upon everything and everybody! In the train one heard it (for after a moment I had decided that, in spite of Smith, my own place in the hour of crisis was London). Men crowded the carriages, or stood about in groups at the stations, discussing excitedly the one topic. Most of them still wore their every-day khaki, but here and there was one, bolder than the rest, who already displayed, a little awkwardly, some symbol of the New Era—a bowler-hat perhaps, or even an umbrella, held with an air of self-consciousness in hands so long unused to anything more conspicuous than a Lee-Enfield. England, you perceive, was waking gradually.

And the scraps of talk one heard. Almost as unfamiliar some of it as Flemish must once have been. "If you take away State-aid from the Church——" a man would be saying; and another, "The vital question is simply this—can CARSON be coerced?" It was really astonishing how quickly they had recovered the trick of it.

I fancy that full and complete comprehension came to me from two sources almost at the same moment. I had bought a score of papers, and torn them eagerly open. Each was more lurid and sensational than the last. Headlines in leaded type swam before my eyes—headlines that I had never looked to read again in this blandly bellicose existence to which I had grown so used. "Where are you going to spend August?" "Is sea-bathing deleterious?" "Should children contradict?" and the like. But still I read as in a dream.

Then suddenly I saw two things. First, at the foot of the Haymarket, I observed, making his way through a crowd murmuring with admiration, a knut, a real knut, of the knuttiest age, twenty at most, in absolutely full peace-kit, down to monocle and spats. And almost at the same moment my motor-bus was held up to permit the passage of a column of females carrying banners. What were they? I turned to my neighbour, who, I noticed, had grown suddenly pale.

"Suffragettes!" he whispered unsteadily, "walking to Hyde Park for a demonstration! That means Peace with a vengeance!"

It did. At his words the scales fell from my eyes, and I saw the truth of this amazing occurrence. And with that vision came also another thought, one that sent the blood racing to my heart, and froze it there. The girl I loved, the heroine of this work, Clorinda Fitz-Eustace, was even now quietly at work as a red-cross nurse in a field hospital. At this very hour perhaps she might be quitting its gentle shade to adventure herself, all unconscious of danger, amid the hazards of Peace. I saw then that it must be mine to warn and save her. But how?

(*To be continued.*)

[What makes you think that?—ED.]



THE ELIXIR OF HATE.

Kaiser. "'FAIR IS FOUL, AND FOUL IS FAIR;
HOVER THROUGH THE FOG AND FILTHY AIR.'"



Miss Chatsworth Plantagenet (of the Chorus of "The Motor-Bike Girl"). "ISN'T THIS WAR *TERRIBLE*? D'YOU KNOW, I CAN'T GET ANY DECENT GREASE-PAINT FOR LOVE OR MONEY!"

THE WATCH DOGS.

XVII.

DEAR CHARLES,—All of us have changed, a little or a lot, under the stress of actual war, but the most dismal case of all is that of our young but highly respected friend, Stevenson. You remember him, of course; as simple-minded and kindly-hearted a fellow as you could wish to meet, a lover of small children and dogs, an ardent member of all the Prevention Societies and a peculiarly zealous churchwarden. For some time his cap has been assuming an aggressive, almost vindictive, angle, and his eyebrows grow hourly more ferocious; but so much is forgivable in these days. It is now, however, worse than that. A week ago he informed us, with what I am reluctantly forced to describe as an ugly leer, that he was not accompanying us to the trenches this time, adding that so far from shirking the unpleasant duties of the present he was preparing himself for even more unpleasant purposes in the near future. In short he had secured the office of Master Bombardier of the regiment, and has since devoted all his energies to contriving infernal machines and practising the art of pitching them accurately in tender spots. He is now known amongst us as the Anarchist; is openly accused of all the worst anti-tendencies, and is suspected of having applied to the War Office for special leave to drop the official khaki and assume an independent red in his neckwear. We tell him that his old vocation, Municipal something or other, is gone; but he says that another trade, more sinister and exciting, will be open to him when Peace arrives for the rest of us. His advertisement will read:—"All authority, monarchical, aristocratic or democratic, and all other tiresome restrictions on individual liberty removed with secrecy, ability and despatch. All ceremonies attended and dealt with. Coronations extra." Such a nice quiet fellow he was, too!

It is said that for every man in the trenches there are four outside. But I am told that these others have also their embarrassed moments, and not least the Company Quarter-Master-Sergeants, whose duty it is to keep us armed and equipped, clothed and fed. As modest fellows who dislike being conspicuous, they prefer to work in the dark, and carry up to the trenches our food, drink and fuel at dead of night by means of long-suffering fatigue parties who stumble up from the stores to the trenches as best they can through the mud and shell-holes, hedges, ditches, telephone wires and stray bullets. It is a matter, as I used to write in my legal opinions of long ago, "not wholly free from difficulty," and our industrious "Quarters" prefers, at times, to supervise the loaded procession personally. The other night, what with the rain and wind in addition to the other distractions above indicated, he found it an especially trying operation. Time after time the party broke away into small units, one deviating to the right, another to the left, a third dropping to the rear and a fourth proceeding to a front but, unhappily, the wrong front. With much running hither and thither and much harsh whispering, our Quarters would get them together again and bearing for safety, but the last check of all, occurring when the party were well under fire, was almost, he tells me, fatal. It was in the midst of his searchings on this occasion that he was haunted by the distressed whisper

of the one fatigue man he had managed to collect and keep—"Quarters! Quarters!" At such times distress of this sort has to be ignored, but this voice was so persistent as eventually to arrest Quarters' attention. "Quarters!" whispered the voice. "Yes, lad," answered he. "Is that you, Quarters?" continued the voice, changing from the distressed to the chatty. "Yes," said Quarters irritably, since the flare lights were becoming unpleasantly frequent and near, and the identity and whereabouts of the party must soon become apparent to the busy rifles on the German parapet. "Quarters," whispered the voice, with damnable iteration, "I want a new pair of trousers and a cap badge." On my honour, Charles, this is a true bill.

I was present, unofficially, at a discussion yesterday in the trenches, at which four of our less sedate youngsters were debating snipers in general, and, in particular, one of this unpopular class who is suspected of carrying on business in a partly demolished farmhouse on our half-left. They were considering the steps to be taken less to prevent than to punish him. The suggestion of the youngest of the party appeared to me the most subtle; it was obviously reminiscent of his misspent boyhood at home. "I should creep out to the farmhouse door by night," said he, impressively, "and listen for myself to find out if the sniper was inside." "And if he was?" asked the others. "Then," said the incorrigible, speaking slowly and with a due sense of climax, "I should ring the front door bell and run away." Can you conceive anything better calculated to annoy and make justly indignant a wholly preoccupied and slightly nervous sniper?

To show you how richly I deserve the abuse which our regular authorities still continue, even at this juncture, to pour upon my territorial head, let me tell you of my latest and worst iniquity. Last night at 11 P.M. I received a packet of socks, for distribution among my platoon. At 11.15 P.M. I handed the last pair of these to my servant, with a short homily on virtue. At 12 midnight my servant, having given me my last meal of the night, turned in. At 1.30 A.M. I trod in a pool, and at 2 A.M. my chilled feet were carrying me towards my servant's dug-out with felonious intent. Did I not stop at stealing my own servant's socks? No, Charles, I did not. Further and worse, I woke the wretched fellow up to ask him where the devil he'd hidden them. Can you wonder that every time I show my head above the parapet a hundred or so lovers of justice do their best to make an example of me?

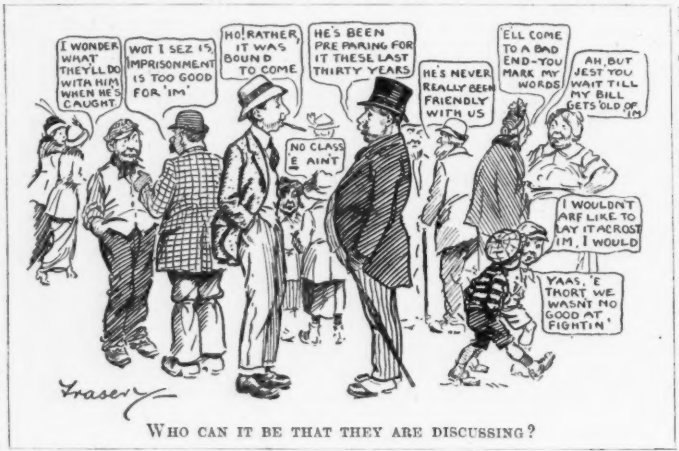
Yours, CHARLES.

"SKIRMISHING IN THE DESSERT."
Leicester Daily Mercury.

Presumably this refers to an after-dinner raid by the infantry.

"Von Adler, who was tried first, pleaded guilty, and asked if he could afterwards The president informed him that he could not."—*Aberdeen Evening Express.*

When we are on the Bench we never allow prisoners to afterwards.



WHO CAN IT BE THAT THEY ARE DISCUSSING?

"We cannot hope to satisfy everybody, because it is a problem that has always provoked intense feeling, because everybody has previous convictions."—*Pall Mall Gazette* (*Mr. Lloyd George on the Drink Question*).

Not everybody. We ourselves—and there must be others equally stainless—have never been convicted for inebriety.

How they grow young in Russia (Old Style):—

"The eminent composer Scriabin died in Moscow this morning from blood-poisoning at the age of 35 . . . Born on December 29, 1871 (old style), Scriabin went through a musical education . . ."—*The Times.*

"There is at present a splendid opening in the town of Alberton, Prince Edward Island, for a blacksmith, who must be a good shoer, a barber and a teacher of music who can tune pianos and organs."

"*Church Life*," *Toronto.*

A chance for our old friend, the Harmonious Blacksmith.

Q. What would become of Thomas Atkins if the commissariat broke down?

A. He would still remain a gentleman—*a preux chevalier, sans beurre et sans brioche.*

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

(*A Sketch in War-Time.*)

ONE day last week a Cheerful Miller met a Despondent Brewer in the street.

"Well, how's business?" asked the Cheerful Miller tactlessly, rubbing his hands.

The Despondent Brewer's reply was clothed in language which seemed to intimate that business prospects were not superlatively good.

"For your own sake, personally, I am grieved to hear it," said the Cheerful Miller. "But of course one cannot overlook certain aspects of your trade that render its decline beneficial to the public at large."

The Despondent Brewer, a blunt, outspoken man, made reply, and made it good and strong. But the cheerfulness of the Cheerful Miller was deep-rooted in prosperity, and was not to be disturbed even by the blasts of the Brewer's despondency.

"Now my trade, happily, is free from any such taint," continued the Cheerful Miller. Pointing to the contents of a baker's shop he said, "Look there; that merchandise never did harm to anyone."

The Despondent Brewer looked, first at the crisp brown loaves, and then at a woman who had entered the shop to buy. The woman carried a baby; two other children were with her, holding on to her torn skirt. The Despondent Brewer saw her place a very large sum of money on the counter and receive in exchange a very small loaf.

Hitherto we have refrained from giving the exact words which the Despondent Brewer uttered to the Cheerful Miller. But we will now tell you exactly what he said.

"Thank God, I'm not a Miller," said the Despondent Brewer.

British Barberism.

"The Lewes Guardians have sanctioned an application by the workhouse barber to take soldiers of the R.F.A., billeted in Lewes, to the workhouse to assist him and to gain experience. It was stated that the officers wished the men to learn some useful trade in addition to military duty. The chairman said he hardly liked the idea of amateurs experimenting on old men's shins, but other members said the barber guaranteed the work being done satisfactorily."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

As nothing is said about the opinions of the hairy-legged paupers on the subject, we infer that they are unfit for publication.

MY CRIMINAL.

I HAVE seen one at last.

After years of intimacy with the Zoo, during which I have sought in vain for the pickpockets of which so many notices bid us beware, I have had the satisfaction of watching one at work there—as flagrantly as that historic but un-named performer who abstracted a snuffbox from a courtier under the eyes of CHARLES II., and by his roguish shamelessness made the Merry Monarch an accomplice.

The words "Beware of Pickpockets" had indeed confronted me for so long and in so many places in these otherwise so innocent Gardens that I had come to look upon them as the "Wolf! Wolf!" of the fable. Even in the lions' house at feeding time when, tradition has it, the pupils of *Fagin* are at their very best, I have never detected a practitioner.

But yesterday!

Yesterday was the first day of blazing sunshine, and having two hours to spare in the afternoon I rushed to Regent's Park, intending to make an exhaustive tour of the whole Zoo. But it was so hot and prematurely summery that instead I did a thing I have never done before: I sat on a chair in the path up and down which the elephants slowly parade, bearing loads of excited children and self-conscious adults; and it was there that I found the pickpocket, or, if you like, it was there that he found me. For I was one of his victims.

I had always thought of pickpockets as little chaps capable of slipping away even between men's legs in a crowd; but this fellow was big. I had thought, too, of pickpockets as carrying on their nefarious profession with a certain secrecy and furtiveness; but the Zoo pickpocket, possibly from sheer cynicism, or from sheer advantage of size, making most of the officials look insignificant and weakly, was at few or no pains to cover his depredations. Nor did he, as I supposed was the custom of his kind, devote himself to watches, pocket-books and handkerchiefs, but took whatever he could, and if a bag chanced to have something in it and he could not extract the contents quickly enough he took the bag as well. He was indeed brazen; but scatheless too.

My own loss was trifling—merely a newspaper, which I would have given him had he asked for it. But before I knew anything it was snatched from my hands by this voracious thief. To say that I was astonished would be to state the case with absurd mildness; I was electrified. But when I looked round for the help which any man, and not least a F.Z.S., as I am proud to be able to sign myself, is entitled to expect, judge of my horror when I found that not only all the spectators who had witnessed the outrage, but also the only keeper within sight, were laughing.

Such is the levity which the unwonted sunshine had brought to the Gardens!

And I can swear that the pickpocket was laughing too, for there was an odd light in his wicked little yellow eye as he opened his mouth, lifted his trunk with my poor *Evening News* firmly held in it, and deposited the paper in that pink cavern his mouth.

For my first Zoo pickpocket was the biggest of the elephants, who is both old enough and large enough to know better.



THE TRUE SPIRIT.

Voice of Captain (through tube). "THERE'S A SUBMARINE ABOUT, MAC. CAN YOU WHACK HER UP ANY MORE?"

Chief Engineer. "AY, AH'LL GET ANITHER TWA KNOTS, IF I HA'E TO BURN WHUSKY!"

"RECRUITING RESULTS.

MOST SATISFACTORY AND GRATIFYING.

INSECTS AT THE FRONT."

East Anglian Daily Times.

"More for the colours.—This week, three Osbournby lads have enlisted in Kitchener's Army, viz., Arthur Bullock, George Bee, and Herbert Bugg."—*Grantham Journal.*

The KAISER has threatened to arm every cat and dog in his dominions; but it looks as if our "K." can beat him even at that game.

GETTING A MOVE ON.

WE are the Fourth Loamshires. (Dear old Loamshire, my own county—I once passed through it in a train.) Of course there is no such place as Loamshire really, as your little boy would tell you, but I have to disguise the regiment. For why? The answer is "*King's Regulations*, para. 453, Communications to Press — Penalty, Death or such less punishment as the Court awards." So you will understand that this is purely fictitious—at any rate, until after the war. The name, the events, the documents, the conversations, they are all invented; nothing in the least like this ever happened or ever could happen. My only excuse for writing is that we subalterns have a couple of seconds all to ourselves every morning between the word "Fix" and the word "Bayonets," and that one must do something in one's leisure. "Platoon, at-ten-*shun! Fix*——" I take my note-book out, and proceed to put down for you this extremely imaginative story. . . .

The rumour started, like all good rumours, in the Sergeants' Mess. "I hear we're going to Blinksea," said the Sergeant-Major, unbending for a moment. "Anywhere out of this blighted place," said the most lately promoted Corporal, just to show his independence. Next day it was all over the battalion.

A fortnight later it was officially announced in Orders. We were going to Blinksea on Monday, and the Blinkshires were coming to our own little watering-spot (Shellbeach) in exchange. They sent one Major and a few men as an advance party to Shellbeach, and we sent two Majors and a few men as an advance party to Blinksea; we were always a little prodigal with our Majors.

As soon as they were satisfied that the advance party had arrived, and that we had all sent our new address home to our wives and mothers, the Authorities postponed the move till Saturday week. We bore it stoically—particularly our Majors. Our Majors immediately wrote that it was hardly worth while coming back such a long way for such a few days; that Blinksea was a delightful spot with a first-class hotel and an excellent golf-course; and that they were longing to get to work again. So they stayed, and on the Wednesday the great pack-up began.

We all had our special jobs. Nobody was safe anywhere. Orderlies popped out from behind every bush and handed you a buff-coloured O.H.M.S. envelope. No, not an invitation to lunch from the King, as one would naturally hope; not likely; just a blunt note from the Adjutant telling you to load Barge No. 3 *at* Port Edward, or carry Barge No. 3 *to* Port Edward, or something equally heavy and disagreeable. About a hundred notes went out and not a "please" amongst them. Just a "You are instructed to take the Mess billiard-table down to the Pier. If you require assistance——" and so on. All quite firm.

It was a wonderful time. Even the Captains put their backs into it for once. They looked after the regimental lizard, or watched the Colonel's horse embarking, or told the subalterns to get on with it; no job was too strenuous for them. And by mid-day Friday it was done. Everything had gone—machine guns, horses, stores, ammunition, the safe (I carried this down myself; luckily it wasn't a very hot day), the officers' heavy luggage—it was all on the sea. And by the "officers' heavy luggage" I don't only mean their boots. The Colonel's man, always the first to set an example to the battalion, had left the Colonel with what he stood up in and (in case he got wet through on the Friday afternoon) the cord of his dressing gown; and the hint was taken by us others. I assure you we left ourselves very little to carry with us on the Saturday; the Adjutant himself only had a couple of "Memo." forms.

At two o'clock the Authorities rang up.

"Everything on board?"

"Everything, Sir," replied the Adjutant.

"Quite sure?"

"Everything, Sir, except the cord of the Colonel's dressing-gown and a couple of 'Memo.' forms."

"Well, get those on board, too," said the Authorities sharply.

So they went, too. We were now ready. We had taken an affectionate farewell of Shellbeach. The tradesmen had sent in their bills (and in some cases been paid). The Parson had preached a wonderful valedictory sermon, telling us what fine fellows we all were, wishing us luck in our new surroundings, and asking us not to forget him. At six o'clock on Saturday morning we were to be off.

And then the Authorities rang up again.

"Everything on board *now*?"

"Everything, Sir. It 's nearly at Blinksea by this time."

"Right. Then now you 'd better see how quickly you can get it all back again. The move is off."

The Adjutant bore up bravely.

"Is it off altogether," he asked, "or merely postponed again?"

"Neither," said the Authorities coldly. "It is deferred."

* * * * *

The only excitement left was to see what sort of recovery from an apparently hopeless position the Parson would make next Sunday. On the whole he did well. He preached a lengthy sermon upon the inscrutable decrees of Providence. A. A. M.

THE FIVE STAGES OF TABLE TALK.

WHENE'ER we dined together
Some forty years agone,
The willow and the leather
All other themes outshone;
We talked of GRACE and YARDLEY,
How runs were made or poached,
But other topics hardly,
Well, hardly ever broached.

Whene'er we dined together
Some thirty years gone by,
To stubble, moor or heather
Our thoughts were wont to fly;
We talked of driving, beating,
Of stags and "bags" and "shoots,"
And various ways of treating
And waterproofing boots.

Whene'er we dined together
Some twenty years ago,
Birds of a kindred feather,
But sober, staid and slow,
We then looked back with pity
On sport and all its snares;
Our hearts were in the City,
Our talk of stocks and shares.

Whene'er we dined together
About ten years ago,
It mattered little whether
Consols were high or low;
We thought no more of stalking
And pastime we eschewed,
But all the time were talking
Of vintages and food.

But now, when of our tether
We're drawing near the end,
Whene'er we dine together
And, heart to heart, unbend;
Leaving all other questions
To statesman, don and dean,
We talk of our digestions,
Of pills and paraffin.

New Light on Dr. Johnson.

"She had been married for two years to Mr. Thrale, and Johnson had recently lost his wife when they became acquainted. Dainty, lively, dimpled, with a round youthful face and big, intelligent eyes, they used to see each other continually, and discussed everything on Heaven and earth."—*Everyman.*

We always suspected that Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD was wrong when he sculptured the doctor as a negroid dwarf, but we did not know he was quite so wrong as this.



Vicar's Daughter. "WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE NICE KHAKI MITTENS, DAISY? DID YOUR MOTHER KNIT THEM FOR YOU?"
Daisy. "NO, MISS. DADDY SENT THEM HOME FROM THE FRONT AT CHRISTMAS."

THE SPECIAL DETECTIVE.

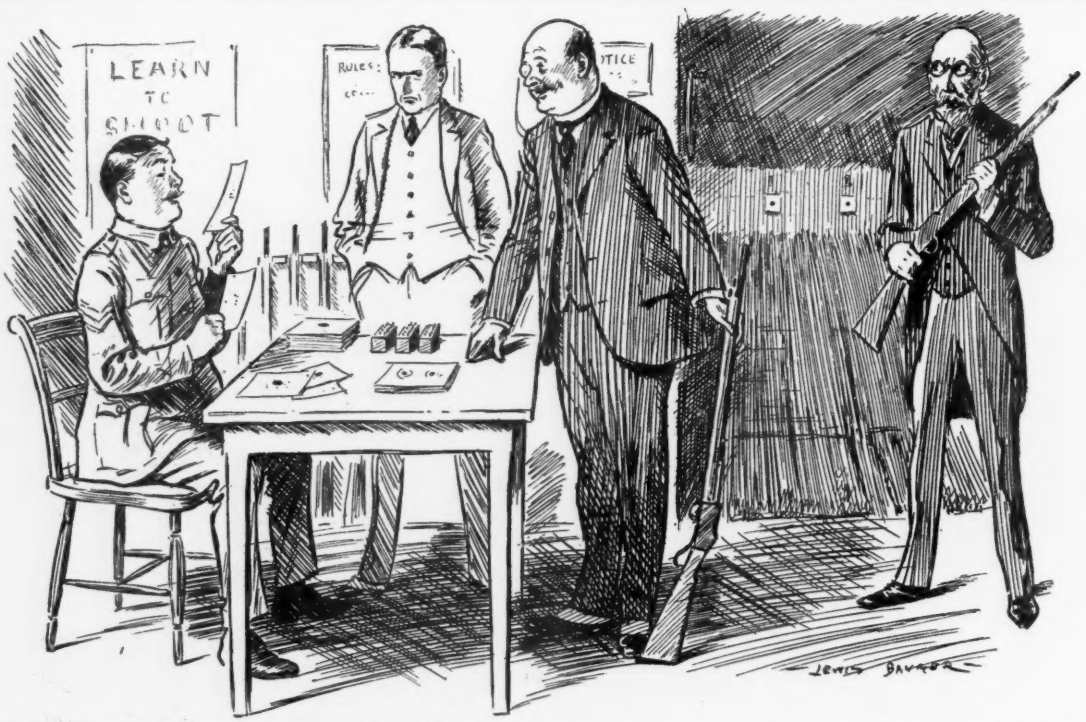
I AM a Special Detective. It came about in this way. When the Special Constables were being enrolled I offered my services for duty on Saturday afternoons from 4.30 to 5, so as to allow the regular policeman to go off for afternoon tea. I couldn't volunteer to serve any longer as I had to have a singing lesson at 5.15. However, they refused my offer, and as I still wanted to help I appointed myself an unofficial Special Detective—the only one.

I don't suppose you would ever guess what I was if you saw me in the street, because I always go about disguised when on duty. When I am disguised I can detect things which I should never dream of detecting *in propria persona*. For instance, were I just wearing my usual clothes and my ordinary face, I should not attempt to interfere with an armed burglar in the execution of what, rightly or wrongly, he conceives to be his duty. I should go home. If the occasion demanded it, I should even go to the length of remaining at home until I had grown a moustache, or a beard, or a whisker or perhaps the complete set, according to the requirements of the character I proposed to assume.

I remember once detecting a desperate villain in the act of emptying a perambulator full of practically new children into the canal at Basingstoke. As I happened at the moment to be disguised in the totally unsuitable garb of a member of the Junior Athenæum Club I refrained from interfering. I contented myself with tapping him on the shoulder (I forget which), explaining my difficulty to him, advising him that I should return in due course and severely arrest him, and finally warning him that anything he might say in the meantime would be taken down, suitably edited, and used in evidence against him.

I then returned to town and commenced at once to grow a luxuriant vegetation of whiskers. You see, it was my intention to disguise myself as an Anabaptist, and then go back to Basingstoke and seize my man, if possible, red-handed; if not, whatever colour his hand happened to be. However, hair-raising is not so easy as it looks, for although I read all the ghost stories I could lay my hand on, and actually spent several hours a day under the forcing-pot in the company of the rhubarb, it was a long time before my whiskers were long enough to infuriate Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON.

The consequence was that when I eventually returned to the scene of the crime I found that the villain had completed his thankless task and had in all probability gone home to a guilty meal. The indifference displayed by the criminal classes to their impending fate is proverbial. Yet how this heartless desperado ever summoned up the effrontery to clear off after I had expressly informed him that I was coming back to arrest him passes my comprehension. Anyhow, I examined the surface of the canal thoroughly, but as it was quite smooth, without a hole in it anywhere, it is just possible that I was mistaken, and that the miscreant was only intending to wash his offspring. Or, again, they may not have been children at all, but merely turnips or cauliflowers. Personally, I am often unable to distinguish between a very new child and a turnip. I once mentioned this failing to a friend. He was a family man, and simply said, "Ah, wait till you have a baby of your own,"



"YOU 'LL HAVE TO PRACTISE A GOOD DEAL, SIR. THERE 'S ONLY TWO ON YOUR TARGET, AND ONE OF THEM IS A RICOCHET; AND YOU SEEM TO HAVE PUT ONE ON THE TARGET OF THE GENTLEMAN ON THE RIGHT, AND TWO ON THE TARGET OF THE GENTLEMAN ON THE LEFT."
"WELL, YOU KNOW, I DON'T CALL THAT AT ALL A BAD MIXED BAG FOR A FIRST ATTEMPT."

which was a singularly fatuous remark to make, because, as it happens, I *have* a baby of my own, though only a very small one. What I *don't* possess is a turnip of my own.

Then, too, there is the important matter of clues. How often one reads in the newspapers that detectives are handicapped for want of clues! From the very outset of my career I determined that I would never be handicapped in this manner, and therefore I have my own set of clues which I always carry about with me. I have got a very good footprint from which I expect great results, a blood-stain, several different kinds of tobacco-ash and a button. Buttons, I have observed, nearly always turn out to be clues, from which I gather that the majority of criminals are bachelors.

The science of deductive reasoning naturally plays an important part in my work and often—just to see the look of amazement on their faces—I amuse myself with a little practical demonstration at the expense of my friends. I well remember how I surprised Uncle Jasper by asking after his cold before he had even mentioned a word about it to me. All he had said was, "Well, by boy, what a log tibe it is sidce I 've seed you."

And I have had some exciting experiences. Once I stopped a runaway bath-chair at the risk of the occupant's life. I gave myself a medal for that. On another occasion I stopped a cheque just in the nick of time. For this I presented myself with an illuminated address, and only by the exercise of great self-control refrained from awarding myself the freedom of my native town. On yet a third occasion I successfully traced a German spy to his lair. I heard him talking German as he passed me (I was disguised at the time I remember as a Writer to the Signet), and never shall I forget the look of utter despair he gave when I forced him to disclose his real name, which was Gwddylch Apgwchllydd. Next time I bring off a *coup*—as we call it—I have marked myself down for promotion.

"A Tennyson letter was sold for £2 15*s.*; a Thrackerary letter, in which he describes himself as a 'tall, white-haired man in spectacles,' for 9½ guineas."
Manchester Guardian.

It's a long, long price for Thrackerary.

"Amsterdam, Monday.
A Zeppelin this morning passed over Schiermonnkoog, proceeding in a wasterday direction."—*Cork Evening Echo.*

Just to kill time, we suppose.

"Mass onslaughts for the recapture of this important position were made by the Germans, but our motor machine guns raked the compact ranks with shrapnel."—*Daily News.*

The Press Censor has no objection whatever to the publication of this statement so long as he is not held responsible for it.

"It is said that cold water has been thrown on milk records in some neighbourhoods where it is the custom to talk lightly of the thousand gallon cow."—*Morning Post.*

Dark hints as to this use of "allaying Thames" have been heard more than once.

"If they thought, however, that the spirit of our men had been broken by hiph (*sic*) explosives they were soon to discover their mistake. Again did our machine-puns do tremendous execution, and the attack was beaten off..."
Devon and Exeter Gazette.

The devastating effect of this form of humour is well-known.

"I see that Willis's Club is shut up, and the news is a little surprising, considering that I was only lunching there the other day."
"*Mr. Mayfair*," *in* "*The Sunday Pictorial.*"

The *éclat* conferred on the club by this visit should have enabled it to keep running for some time longer. Perhaps if he had been dining and not "only lunching" things would have been different.



CANADA!

YPRES: APRIL 22—24, 1915.



Simultaneously with the Private View of the Royal Academy, the Royal Society of Tattooists open their Annual Exhibition.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, 27th April.—Both Houses engaged in consideration of treatment of British prisoners in Germany. In time past have had sharp differences. To-day united in detestation of barbarities practised upon helpless captives. Idea of retaliation unanimously discarded. As Lord Newton put it, if there is to be competition in brutality there is no doubt that we should be outdistanced. Possible, indeed probable, that one result of the War will be capture of German trade, but, when it comes to brutalities "made in Germany," competition hopeless.

Idea of paying off on bodies of German prisoners in this country the cowardly cruelty dealt out to our gallant officers and men who have fallen into human hands less merciful than Death is unthinkable. Great Britain is not going to soil her hands because Germany has irretrievably fouled hers. Still, something must be done in the way of meting out due punishment to responsible authorities who have encouraged or permitted their subordinates to torture, starve and grossly insult those whom the fortunes of war have left defenceless in their custody.

Kitchener, not given to strong language, put his indictment in a few terse sentences, not based upon rumour but substantiated by unquestioned personal testimony.

"Our prisoners," he said, "have been stripped and maltreated in various ways. In some cases evidence goes to prove that they have been shot in cold blood. Our officers, even when wounded, have been wantonly insulted and frequently struck."

No passion displayed during debate in either House. There is a profundity of human anger too deep for words. But something ominous in the sharp stern cheer which greeted the Premier's emphatic declaration.

"When we come to an end of this war—which please God we may—we shall not forget, and we ought not to forget, this horrible record of calculated cruelty and crime. We shall hold it to be our duty to exact reparation against those who are proved to have been the guilty agents and actors."

Business done.—German brutality to British prisoners taken note of.

Wednesday.—Abroad and at home generally accepted that in Edward Grey British Foreign Office has efficient and trustworthy representative. Nevertheless it is, as the proverb shrewdly says, well to have two strings to your bow. House observed with satisfaction that a second is provided in person of Member for East Denbighshire. Mr. John—that way of putting it suggests allusion in servants' hall to a son of the house—keeps a comprehensive eye on progress of the War. Ahead of most folk, he for the moment concentrates his gaze upon the dawn of peace. To-day invited Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to say whether, seeing the Government has undertaken that the Overseas Dominions shall be effectively consulted when terms of peace come to be formulated, the fullest facilities will also be accorded to the people of Great Britain and Ireland to make known their views and desires.

Secretary of State, judiciously absent, left that promising lion-cub of the Foreign Office, Neil Primrose, to reply. Answer brief and non-committal.

So far, so good. Our Mr. John next ascended loftier heights. Surveying relations of Austria-Hungary and Russia, propounded detailed terms of separate peace. Provided that Bosnia and Herzegovina are transferred to Servia, Austria undertaking to withdraw personally from association and military co-operation with Germany, Russia making such terms as may be considered advisable with regard to

Galicia, Bukowina and Transylvania, would Great Britain and France be prepared to sanction such separate settlement?

Young PRIMROSE shook his head. Couldn't personally assume responsibility of speaking for Allies on such grave matter. Doubtless they would find opportunity of considering the proposal when set forth in Parliamentary Report.

Our Mr. JOHN quite content. Felt that so happy a scheme of settlement needed only to be known to gain acceptance. No desire to push himself forward. But if England and her Allies thought his counsel and assistance of any value they were unreservedly at their disposal.

LLOYD GEORGE looked on admiringly. Gallant little Wales, long condemned by obtrusive neighbour to a position of comparative insignificance, coming to the front at last.

Business done.—On Post Office vote HOBHOUSE gave interesting account of work of his Department. The War has largely increased its labours. Every day trainloads of from eighty to ninety tons of letters and parcels are sent to France. To Egypt and Dardanelles go weekly a quarter of a million letters and five thousand parcels. To the Fleet four and a half million letters and forty-five thousand parcels. "This," as HOBHOUSE modestly remarked, "requires a very efficient organisation."

Thursday.—RONALD M'NEILL'S most famous parliamentary achievement suggests possibility of exceptional performance as a bomb-thrower in the trenches in Flanders. Stops at home and does almost equally good work in keeping his eye on things generally. Emulous of Our Mr. John's collaboration with the Foreign Office, he brings under notice of still absent SECRETARY OF STATE particulars that have reached him of a new German device, less barbarous than poisoning the atmosphere with asphyxiating gas as a preliminary to the safe bayoneting of the enemy when found in a state of stupor, but just as carefully thought out.

Export of foodstuffs and other cargoes useful in war permitted to Scandinavian countries on the understanding that their Governments prohibit re-export to Germany. M'NEILL has discovered a pretty plan for circumventing this arrangement. Cargoes are consigned in proper form to a neutral Baltic fort. On arrival they are re-consigned to another port in the same or a neighbouring neutral state.

That all in order. But arrangements have been made with the consignee by wily German agents to waylay the ship *en voyage*, capture it and carry it off. PRIMROSE admits there is something in this romance of the sea. The Swedish Government have issued regulations intended to prevent addition of new chapters. If this proves ineffective things may happen.

Business done.—CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER submitted Resolution affecting sale of alcoholic drinks. Spoke for two hours to House crowded for these times when many gallant members are at the Front. In respect of taxation proposal exceeded conjecture. Duty on spirits to be doubled; on wines quadrupled. Beer tax sensibly increased, even for lighter ales, not in favour with workers on the Clyde and elsewhere, who are turning out munitions of war. Irish Members up in arms against what TIM HEALY described as "assassin taxation." WILLIAM O'BRIEN breaking long silence declared that effect upon distilling and brewing industries in Cork would be as horrible as if the City were bombarded and sacked by the Germans.

Division challenged, the first since outbreak of war. WILLIAM O'BRIEN and his once more TRUCULENT TIM led into Lobby thin party of three. Eighty-nine members, including some of the regular Opposition, voted with the Government. Big majority. But there is trouble ahead in the way of carrying through a drastic scheme.



Schoolmistress. "WELL, FREDDIE, DEAR, WHAT DID YOU LEARN YESTERDAY?"

New Boy (after deep thought). "YOU OUGHT TO KNOW—YOU TEACHED ME."

THE GREAT UNHUNG.

THE following works, though many of their titles are reminiscent of popular pictures, will not be found adorning the walls of Burlington House.

Potsdam: looking East AND *West.* By W. HOHENZOLLERN.

When did you last see your Father? By General VON KLUCK. Dedicated by the artist to H.I.H. the CROWN PRINCE.

A Study in Still Life. By the Captain of the *Goeben.*

Belts. A fancy portrait of Samuel Browne, Esq. By a Subaltern.

Portrait of David Jones, Esq. By VON TIRPITZ. An example of this painter's water-colour work. The use of ultra-submarine is particularly noticeable.

Mirage à la Mode. By ENVER BEY. (German School.)

The Hay Wane. By a German Remount Officer.

Britannia Ruling the Waves. A North Seascape. By J. JELLICOE. (Sea Chantey Bequest.)

The Non-Fighting "Prince Eitel" Tugged to her last berth. By a U.S.A. Customs Officer.

"A public meeting was held on February 9th at the Popular Town Hall to urge the Government to take over the control of fool supplies." *Times of Ceylon.*

Up to the present we have not heard of any steps being taken in this direction; but Parliament is still sitting.

"Revs. Kerr and C. T. Bennett, B.A., will exchange pulpits next Sabbath morning. Evening services will be hell in their respective churches as usual." *Welland Telegraph, Ont.*

For choice we should have attended the morning service, in the hope that it might be more like "a little heaven below."



Registrar of Women Workers. "WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

Applicant. "YOU PROBABLY WANT A FOREWOMAN: SOMEBODY WHO IS USED TO GIVING ORDERS AND WORDS OF COMMAND. I'VE BROUGHT MY HUSBAND TO SPEAK FOR ME."

FOR DARTYMOOR.

Now I be man ov Dartymoor,
Grim Dartymoor, grey Dartymoor;
I come vrom wur there bain't no war,
An' Tavy be a-voaming;
I'd pigs an' sheep *an'* lass—Aw my!
The beyootifullest wench 'er be!
An' one vine day 'er comes to I,
An' zays—"My Jan," 'er zays,—
"lukee!
To France yu must be roaming!
Vur Devon needs her sons again;
Her du be rousing moor an' fen;
An' yu must fight wi' Devon men
Vur Dartymoor, your Dartymoor!"

I zays, zays I, "Leave Dartymoor?
Grim Dartymoor, grey Dartymoor?
Why, lass," I zays, "*whativer vor,*
While Tavy be a-voaming?
While pigs be pigs, an' 'earts be true;
An' market prices purty vair;
Why should 'un go an' *parley-voo?*"
'Er zays, "'Cuz yu be waanted there!
Thet's why yu must be roaming!
Vur Devon needs her sons again;
Her du be rousing moor an' fen;
An' yu must fight wi' Devon men
Vur Dartymoor; my Dartymoor!

"Ef yu woan't fight vur Dartymoor,
Grim Dartymoor, grey Dartymoor,
Things shall be as they wur avore
Us courted in the gloaming!"
'Er zays, an' left me arl alone,
A-thinking over what 'er zaid,
Till arl was plain as Dewar Stone—
I zays to Dad, "Mind pigs is fed,
While I be gone a-roaming!
Vur Devon needs her sons again;
Her du be rousing moor an' fen;
An' I must fight wi' Devon men
Vur Dartymoor, our Dartymoor!"

A Patriotic Criminal.

From a list of recruits in a Welsh parish magazine:—

"George ——, Burglar, 'Pals' Regt."

More German Piracy.

"Para el Domingo en la tarde se anuncia la festiva comedia alemana 'Charley S'Tuntt' (*sic*)."—*El Diario Ilustrado* (Chile).

We are accustomed to the Germans claiming SHAKSPEARE'S plays as part of their national drama, but when they try to annex the late Mr. BRANDON THOMAS'S masterpiece it is time to register a protest.

A RIGHTEOUS PROTEST.

THE Imperial Person beckoned to the General to approach.

"Have you blown up the Cathedral?"

"Yes, Sire."

"And bayoneted the wounded?"

"Yes, Sire."

"And shot all the women and old men and children?"

"Yes, Sire."

"And made arrangements for to-morrow for the white flag ambush?"

"Yes, Sire."

"And for the issue of dum-dum bullets?"

"Yes, Sire."

"And of asphyxiating gases?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Then you had better get on with the report to the Neutral Powers protesting against breaches of the Hague Convention by the Enemy."

A Mare's Nest?

"BIRTHS.

Clark.—On April 19th, at Little Gaddesden Rectory, Berkhamsted, the wife of the Rev. Edward's Horse, aged 23."—*Herts Advertiser.*

COMMITTEES.

"THIS world," sighed Francesca, "might be a happy place if it were not for its committees."

"That," I said, "has all the appearance of an apophthegm. Francesca, do you know what an apophthegm is?"

"Of course I do," said Francesca. "What I said was an apophthegm. I didn't know it when I said it, but I know it now, for one who is wise above ordinary mortals has told me so. I can do lots more at the same price and all equally good. 'God helps them that help themselves.' 'Virtue is its own reward.' 'Misfortunes never come singly.' 'Still waters run deep.' I could go on for ever."

"Yes," I said, "I'm sure you could, but they're not all apophthegms. Some of them are proverbs, and ——"

"Surely at this time of day you're not going to tell me what a proverb is. It's the wisdom of many and the wit of one—there, I got it out first."

"I was not," I said, "competing with you; but I insist on telling you that an apophthegm is a pithy saying and that you don't know how to spell it."

"P-i-t-h-y," said Francesca. "Next, please."

"I did not refer to the paltry word 'pithy.' I referred——"

"Well, anyhow, I warn you that I once got a prize for spelling at school. It was called a literary outfit—a penholder, two gilt nibs, two lead pencils and an ink-eraser, all in a pretty cardboard case with a picture of St. Michael's Mount on the lid. Cost, probably, sixpence, but I never inquired, because you mustn't look a gift box in the price, must you? There's another apo-what-you-may-call-it. I'm simply pouring them out to-day. Oh, yes, I know that 'embarrass' has got two r's, and 'harass,' poor thing, has got only one, and I know any amount of other perfectly wonderful tricks. I'll outspell you any day of the week, and you can have the children to help you."

"Francesca," I said, "your breathless babble shall not avail you. I've got you, and I mean to pin you down. How do you——"

"Stop! stop!" she cried. "You can't mean that you're going—no, a man can't be as wicked as that."

"Wicked or not," I said, "I'm going to ask you to spell apophthegm."

"Yes, but don't actually do it. Keep on going to do it as much as you like. Let it be always in the future and never in the present,"

"Francesca," I said, "how do you spell apophthegm?"

"I never do," she said; "I should scorn the action."

"Don't niggle," I said. "How does one spell the word?"

"One doesn't," she said. "It takes six people at least to do it; but I'll ring for the maids, if you like, and call the children in, and then we'll all have a go at it together."

"Thank you, I can do it alone." Thereupon I did it.

"Yes," she said, "that's it. You can go up one. It's a funny word, isn't it? There's a sort of Cholmondeley-Marjoribanks feeling about it. And to think that I should be able to make a thing like that without any conscious effort. It's really rather clever of me. *You* can spell it, but I can spell it and make it too. Good old apoffthegum."

"And now," I said, "you can tell me about these committees that are depressing you so much."

"Oh, but I'm not depressed now. I'm quite gay and light-hearted since I found how beautifully you could spell——"

"We will not mention that word again, please."

"All right, we won't; but remember, I didn't begin it. You tried to crush me with it, you know, and I wasn't taking any crushing, was I?"

"Francesca," I said, "your language is deteriorating."

"How well you pronounce," she said. "Most people call that deteriating."

"Never mind what they call it. Tell me about your committees."

"It's only that there are such a frightful lot. There were plenty before, and the war has brought hundreds more into existence."

"Well, what of that? The men who are too old or too infirm to go to the front must do something to help, and——"

"There you go again," said Francesca scornfully. "Men! Men *belong* to these War Committees. Their names are on the lists, but it's the women who do all the work."

"And get all the praise," I said enthusiastically. "There's scarcely a Committee Meeting at which votes of thanks to the Ladies' Sub-Committees aren't passed. Still, there *are* a lot of Committees. They do seem to grow on you, don't they?"

"Yes," she said. "It's like keeping dogs. You begin with a small Committee, a sort of Pekinese, and you get a reputation for being fond of Committees, and in a few months you find you've got a Committee on every sofa and armchair in the house—St. Bernards, retrievers, spaniels, and all sending out notices and requiring you to attend."

"Your metaphor," I said, "is getting a little out of hand, but I know what you mean."

"Thank you, oh, thank you. And then there's old Mrs. Wilson who has eight children and a husband who ought to have followed the King's example, only ten times more so, and hasn't done anything of the sort. She requires about a whole Committee all to herself, and she isn't the only one."

"The fact is," I said, "that if Committees didn't exist you'd have to invent them."

"But they do exist," she said, "and we keep on inventing them. We're going to invent a new one to-night—the chocolate and tobacco Committee for the county regiment. We have to co-ordinate things."

"All Committees have to do that," I said. "Co-ordination is the badge of all their tribe."

"Is that an apophthegm?" she said.

"No," I said, "it's almost a quotation." R. C. L.

THE WISE THRUSH.

A PESSIMIST mused in his garden (a thrush carolled high overhead):—

"We can't drive these Huns from their trenches; I don't see much progress" he said;
"If we stick in a groove we shan't get them to move,
I want to advance with a rush."
"*Wait a bit! Wait a bit! Wait a bit! Wait a bit! Wait a bit! Wait a bit!*" sang the thrush.

"There's that KAISER," the pessimist brooded, his forehead all knotted and rough,
"A powerful tyrant to tackle, relentless and terribly tough,
As I mark his career, I'm beginning to fear
He's a ——" pause, and then out of the hush,
"*Silly fool! Silly fool! Silly fool! Silly fool! Silly fool! Silly fool!*" sang the thrush.

"Nine weary, long months we've been at it," the pessimist said with a groan,
"And think of the millions and millions it's cost us in Flanders alone;
When the end comes—ah me—where, *where* shall we be?"
From above came a voluble gush:—
"*In Berlin! In Berlin! In Berlin! In Berlin! In Berlin on the Spree!*" sang the thrush.

HOW TO MAKE GOLF POSSIBLE IN WAR-TIME.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR EASING THE PLAYER'S CONSCIENCE.



THE HOGGED MOUSTACHE.



SALUTING A PLUS-MAN.



A FOURSOME "FALLING-IN."



NO MORE OF THESE GRACEFUL FINISHES. HAVING STRUCK THE BALL, THE PLAYER RETURNS SMARTLY TO THE "ORDER."



THE MID-DAY HALT.



SENDING THE "WILL-YOU-COME-THROUGH" SIGNAL.



NO QUARTER GIVEN.



"AT EASE."

AT THE PLAY.

"BETTY."

THE story of Cinderella being the best story in the world, and each new Cinderella giving it freshness, any play based upon it is fairly certain of success. So *Betty*, by Miss GLADYS UNGER, and Mr. FREDERICK LONSDALE, should be in for a long run at Daly's, for not only is the Cinderella theme deftly handled, but in Miss WINIFRED BARNES a very sympathetic actress has been found for what is probably the most sympathetic part that the wit of story-teller or dramatist will ever devise.

Two surprises are in store for the *habitué* of this comfortable theatre: one agreeable and the other disappointing. The agreeable surprise is that for the first time a musical comedy has some real acting in it, as distinguished from the facile singing and dancing and talking of the pleasant ladies and gentlemen upon whose shoulders the slender burden of dramatic verisimilitude in such pieces usually rests; and the other surprise is that, for once, Daly's has little but thin and very ordinary music. The acting is contributed principally by Mr. DONALD CALTHROP and Mr. C. M. LOWNE, both new-comers to musical comedy. Their gifts are welcome because the audience has to be persuaded of the reality of the young scapegrace peer and his father the duke's indignant aristocratic tyranny. Without this reality we should not be sufficiently touched by the position of *Betty*, the kitchen-maid so capriciously selected by the young lord as his wife; and to be touched by her is of the essence of the play. Miss WINIFRED BARNES herself sees to that too, although it is Mr. CALTHROP on whom the chief responsibility lies, and he succeeds admirably; but Miss BARNES is charming in her simple sincerity, and her singing completes her conquest.

The humorous honours go to Mr. G. P. HUNTLEY, who has never been funnier or kindlier. Nor has he ever been more idiosyncratic. I came away with the feeling that he ought permanently to adopt this rôle of the short-sighted, warm-hearted, affable, idiotic yet fitfully shrewd *Lord Playne*; that some arrangement should be come to by which in this character he should be made free of the stage of all other theatres, to wander irresponsibly through whatever other plays most needed him. I would not even confine him to one theatre; he should do two or even three houses a night, if necessary. Every play thus adorned, I care not by whom written, would be the better for it. And yet, in *Betty*, *Lord Playne* has a real place; he is important if not necessary to the story, whereas poor Mr. W. H. BERRY, who has so often destroyed my gravity at this house, is not. The trouble about Mr. BERRY's part is that it is obviously an afterthought, added as an embarrassment of riches. Neither he nor his sprightly feminine foil, Miss BEATRICE SEALBY, is in the picture, nor has Mr. BERRY, who is one of the best of our comedians, anything yet to do that is worthy of his gifts. Time, however, is always on the side of such performers; more jokes will be dropped in and funnier songs substituted. I feel perfectly confident that in a month's time Mr. BERRY's part will be adequate once more.

The last scene, of which (no doubt to the intense astonishment of the audience) a staircase is a prominent feature, is gay and distinguished beyond anything now on the stage; and I congratulate Mr. ROYCE on his triumph. But I retain as the most charming pictorial moment of the evening *Betty's* appearance in her going-away dress in Act II. That dress is the prettiest thing in London. V.

At the Palace Theatre, on Tuesday next, May 11th, at 2.30, Messrs. VEDRENNE and EADIE are to give a matinée of the popular play, *The Man who stayed at Home*. The performance is in aid of The Officers' Family Fund, of which the QUEEN is Patroness and Lady LANSDOWNE President. The KING and QUEEN have graciously promised to attend.

"Kearney—April 24, 1915, at 8 Grantham Street and 59 Upper Stephen Street, Dublin, the wife of J. C. Kearney, of a daughter (both doing well)."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

Miss Kearney appears to have solved the problem which puzzled her fellow-countryman, Sir BOYLE ROCHE.

"Mr. Fred T. Jane's lecture in the Free Trade Hall last night was in reality a discursive but very interesting talk about the navy lasting for two hours.—*Manchester Guardian.*

From a perusal of Mr. JANE'S remarks we are relieved to learn that in his opinion the Navy will last considerably longer than this.

Looking for Trouble.

"THEFT of CASH and BANK NOTES
LIABILITY to THIRD PARTIES
Damage to contents by BURSTING of PIPES
is surely worth having when obtainable
at ABOUT THE USUAL COST.
May we arrange one for you?"
Advt. in "The Friend."

There may be a demand for these misfortunes, but personally we have no use for them.

THE INSULT.

"IT 's my belief you don't know nothing about anything," declared the public-house orator, exasperated to an unusual degree by the continued silence of the big, stolid-looking man sitting opposite him.

The silent man raised his eyebrows and waved his pipe in the air, to intimate that he took no interest whatever in the orator's beliefs or disbeliefs.

"Garn, you don't know there 's a War on," said the argumentative one, tauntingly. "Leastways, you don't know which side the Rooshians is on." This thrust also failing in its purpose, the speaker was emboldened to proceed.

"It 's my belief you don't care who wins the War, so long as you ain't hurt." The man remained unmoved.

"You 're a pro-German, that 's what you are; and I always had my suspicions."

The silent man stared up at the ceiling and slowly put his hands in his pockets.

"You agree with them blokes what says we ought not to hurt Germany more than we can help."

The listener beat a tattoo on the floor with his heels and thrust his hands yet deeper into his pockets.

The argumentative man was nearly at the end of his tether. "Nothing can't move you," he said angrily.

"You can't," declared the other without removing his pipe from his mouth. "It ain't worth my while to argufy with you. Waste o' breath."

"Oh, waste of breath, is it? You 're a Hun, that 's what you are, and your missus is a Frow, and your kids is little Willies."

The silent man appeared to be faintly amused. "Go on, Roosyvelt," he said.

"I 've finished," answered the orator, rising to go. "It ain't no use talking to an Independent Labourer."

"A what?" said the big man, uncrossing his legs and taking his hands out of his pockets.

"An Independent Labourer," was the triumphant answer. "That 's what you are. One of Keir . . . " The sentence remained unfinished. The silent man's fist shot out, and the orator found himself on the floor staring at an angry face bending over him.

"Say that again," challenged the big man.

"No," replied the fallen hero. "I 'll shake hands instead." He rose cautiously, rubbing his head. Then smiled ruefully and said, "Anyway, I did wake you up in the end."



Pat (from within shouting distance of German trenches). "HOW MANY OF YE'S THERE?"
Voice from German trenches. "TOUSANDS!"
Pat (discharging jampot bomb). "WELL, DIVIDE THAT AMONGST YE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE industry of Mr. G. B. BURGIN seems only equalled by the fertility of his invention. This reflection was evoked by my discovery, opposite the title-page of *The Herb of Healing* (HUTCHINSON), of a list of forty-eight other books by the same author. It makes me blink. Of course, when any human writer has so many pages to cover he must of necessity spread his plots a little sparingly. The plot of *Herb of Healing*, for example, is rather thin stuff, the quest of a lover called *Old Man* (he was but twenty-four really, so the name is misleading) for an Indian herb which should restore the consumptive schoolmistress whom he loved. You guess that Mr. BURGIN is here back again in the Ottawa setting, where you have perhaps enjoyed meeting him before. There are other interests, notably *Miss Wilks*. In many ways indeed *Miss Wilks* deserves to be called the chief personage of the story. She was a mule, wall-eyed, and of such super-asinine sagacity that I began at last to find her some tax on my credulity. Not once but many times does she rescue the good personages, with heels and teeth, from the attacks of the evil-minded. Dialogue is freely ascribed to her. At one time she goes of her own accord to be re-shod in preparation for the journey of her master. Hereabouts I began to be haunted by a memory of similar quadrupeds that I had seen on the pantomime stage. Eventually of course the herb is found, the schoolmistress restored to health and the lovers united. My only surprise in all this was that the mule did not join their hands. A pleasant, ingenuous story, which will bring much content to the admirers of Mr. BURGIN and the lovers of tall animal tales.

The Prussian has not exactly the knack of making himself devotedly loved even in peace time. Going for him in *When Blood is their Argument* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Mr. FORD MADOX HUEFFER frankly adopts the bald-headed method. The South German blood in him and the remembered tradition of an older, simpler, well-beloved Germany add a bitterness which no mere outsider critic can command. You might sum it up as the quarrel of the Artist with the Professor (German: New Style), with all his nationalised, organised *Kunst* and *Kultur*, his killing of the spirit with the (dictated) letter. He thinks it is the German Professor who has scotched for ever the leisurely scholarship which expanded over the port wine, and has replaced it by a formidable and loathly apparatus of meticulously futile cramming labelled *Philologie*. He airs the interesting thesis that GOETHE as the literary Superman was deliberately manufactured, in first instance, by FALK, the evil genius behind the Kulturkampf which led BISMARCK to his Canossa; that the incomparably greater but intractably liberal HEINE was relatively and as deliberately diminished. As to BISMARCK himself, he was "a very great, very human and quite amiable figure." That actor-manager autocrat, Wilhelm II., is the real villain of the piece, and the Professors, threatened and controlled to an inconceivable degree by a tyrannous bureaucratic direction, mere dishonest mouthpieces of official doctrine. Mr. HUEFFER has written an intriguing, inaccurate and incoherent book, but he creates his impression. He has

"cast his stone at the rat of Prussianism," as he set out to do. And he can be very annoying, as when he opens his epilogue with a spasm of elegiacs and "I was lying in bed one morning in September, 1914, reflecting on the death of Tibullus." I felt that the superior person, restless during the earlier chapters, had at last broken out, and being a "general reader," and as such frequently put in my place throughout the book, I was annoyed. Besides, what is to become of Mr. GEORGE MOORE'S monopoly of this sort of thing?

From childhood *Michael Repton* felt the call of the forest. He dreamed strange dreams—or dreamed often the same strange dream—of trees and still water. Elstree and Winchester wrought a temporary cure, but, as he drew to manhood, the woods became more and more of a necessity to him, till finally he obeyed the call. That is the main theme of *Behind the Thicket* (MAX GOSCHEN), the first novel of Mr. W. E. B. HENDERSON. It is a curious, arresting book, loosely constructed yet never lacking grip, an odd blend of realism and mysticism, of fantastic imagery and careful delineation of ordinary middle-class life. , If Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT were to collaborate in a novel with Mr. ARTHUR MACHEN, each to have a free hand, they would produce something very like it. This is not to say that Mr. HENDERSON falls short in originality, for that is the last charge that could be brought against him. It would be easy to be flippant about *Behind the Thicket*, and still easier to be over-enthusiastic. I am saved from the former blunder by the genuine fascination of the tale; from the latter by an intermittent facetiousness (quite out of place in a novel of this kind), which finds expression in such sentences as "the moral peculiarities of ladies odolized—tut! idolized—by a grateful nation," and "he would not fetch and carry, though she looked fetching and carried on." I cannot better convey my admiration for the book as a whole than by saying that these and similar horrors jarred me like blows. But it would be uncanny if a first novel were to be flawless, and Mr. HENDERSON'S mistakes are few and easily corrected. *Behind the Thicket* is not great work, but it has so much promise in it of better things that one feels justified in looking forward to the time when its author will produce something to evoke what Mr. W. B. MAXWELL has called "the emotions experienced on widely differing occasions by stout Cortez and slender Keats."



"THEY TELL ME THERE 'S NOT MUCH TO BE SEEN WHEN THEY SINK ONE OF THEM SUBMARINES—JUST A FEW BUBBLES AND SPOTS OF OIL ON THE SURFACE!"

A sad interest attaches itself to a passage in the Preface which the late Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN wrote for his *Recollections* (SEELEY, SERVICE) where he states of the book, "I really believe it may be my last." He died while the volume was being published. No doubt, therefore, this collection of his random memories—"the reminiscences of the busy life of one who has played the varied parts of sailor, author and lecturer," and from whose written and spoken words so many have drawn a sincere pleasure—will command many friends. To be honest, the chronicles themselves, though they contain many diverting sketches of experiences in a lecturer's life, with chairmen, hosts, lanternists and the like, are for the most part rather small beer. Missed trains and railway waiting-rooms may seem to play a disproportionate part herein, to those especially who do not share Mr. BULLEN'S sense of the minor discomforts of life. The fact is that the real attraction of the book has lain (for me at least) in its revelation of a singularly simple and unaffected personality. Things that many of us are apt to take for granted appear to have preserved an unusual freshness for the author of *The Cruise of the Cachalot*. I like him, for a random example, upon the hospitality of Fettes, which "went far to convince me that the lecturer's life was a charming one, the people were all so pleasant, so eager to make one happy and comfortable. Moreover, it was a delight to address the lads. Of course it was impossible to tell how they would have received the lecture had they been perfectly free agents, but that is one of those things about which it is well never to show too much curiosity." A remark in its mingled shrewdness and amiability very typical of the man.

Those who like to retain some visible souvenir of their charitable actions should send to Mr. ANTHONY R. BARKER (491, Oxford Street, W.), for *The First Belgian Portfolio*, containing six sketches of peaceful scenes over which the fury of War has lately passed. The entire proceeds of the sale of these drawings are to be given to the Belgian Relief Fund. The contrast of light and shade in his studies of Dinant and Namur may be a little fierce and his treatment of the romantic Château de Valzin, in the Ardennes, not quite perfect in construction; but his sketches of a wharf-scene at Antwerp and a winding poplar avenue in Flanders are touched with a very pleasant imagination.

The Censor Napping.

"The E 15 belongs to a class of sixteen submarines. Built in 1911, she steamed (*sic*) ten knots below the surface, and sixteen above."
The Irish Times.

What was the use of our gallant sailors facing fearful odds to prevent the secret of the E 15 falling into the enemy's hands if it was to be given away like this?

"Young Lady, R.C., dark, musical, moderate means, desires meet educated Gentleman, same faith, comfortable income, sot over 40; view matrimony."—*Liverpool Echo.*

The young lady will find it difficult to gratify her peculiar taste in husbands. The article required happily grows scarcer every day.

CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that the crews of the German aircraft which pay us a visit from time to time have a grievance. They complain that, if their activities lead to loss of life they are called "baby-killers," while, if they only take the life of a blackbird, they are jeered at; and it is really very difficult for them to know what to do.

* * *

The MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION in Saxony has issued an order to the effect that the sons and daughters of alien enemies shall be expelled from all the schools in the Kingdom. This attempt to protect English children from imbibing Kultur is not the only instance we have had of the marked friendliness of the Saxons towards ourselves.

* * *

"A defeat of Great Britain," says the *Vossische Zeitung*, "would really be hailed as a relief by Australians and Canadians." The Germans certainly have a knack of getting hold of information before it reaches even those most intimately concerned. For example, the Canadians at Ypres, and the Australians in the Dardanelles, appear to have been appallingly ignorant of their real attitude towards the Mother Country.

* * *

"We have already, since the War began, advanced much in the world's respect and admiration," says *Die Welt*. *Die Welt* is, we imagine, the world referred to.

* * *

We like to see that even diplomats can have their little joke now and then, and the following passage from an interview with the EX-KHEDIVE OF EGYPT appeals to us:—"I was in Constantinople," said ABBAS II., "recovering from a wound inflicted by a would-be assassin, when the War broke out. I intended to leave immediately for Egypt, but the English advised me not to hurry back, telling me that the weather was too hot for me in Cairo."

* * *

According to the KAISER'S wireless press "the corner-stone of the German Library, an eminent work of peace in the midst of war," was solemnly laid in Leipzig last week in the presence of State dignitaries and men of science and art. We suspect, however, that there are not a few citizens who are complaining that they asked for bread and received a stone.

* * *

A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* was, with other journalists, recently entertained to dinner in a French villa by the CROWN PRINCE RUPPRECHT of BAVARIA. "The party, while dining," we are told, "talked of the defects of French taste, and PRINCE RUPPRECHT said that French houses were full of horrors." True, O Prince, but the French are determined to drive them out.

* * *

Which reminds us that a critic was rather brutally hard on some of the pictures at the Royal Academy when he said, "At Burlington House the horrors of war are brought home to us."

* * *

"£50,000,000 FOR TURKEY
FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."
Daily Mail.

While this gives one a good idea of the princely salaries which our contemporary must pay its correspondents, it also looks like a flagrant instance of trading with the enemy.

* * *

Persons liable to super-tax, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE tells us, now number 26,000. Might it not be worth while, with a view to increasing their numbers, to offer a bonus to all who join their ranks?

* * *

From *The Grimsby News*:—"Wednesday was a beautiful, bright, sunny day, and in the afternoon we observed that Mr. RICHARD MASON, the district county coroner, availed himself of these enjoyable conditions to drive out, accompanied by Mrs. MASON, to the Riby Wold-road Farm of Mr. ADDISON. Here he held an inquest . . . Mr. MASON must have many pleasant drives in the spring and summer as his district embraces 91 parishes, and many of the wold villages are very beautiful, and well worth a visit." One can almost hear Mr. MASON saying to his wife, "It 's a fine day, my dear. Let 's hold an inquest."

* * *

We do wish our newspapers would avoid ambiguity. The following headlines are sure to be quoted by the enemy press:—

"TO END THE WAR SPEEDILY.
MR. BONAR LAW'S WAY.
CRUELTY TO PRISONERS."
Daily Mail.

* * *

The offspring of *The Daily Chronicle*, to the regret of many persons, suddenly lost its identity last week. As BYRON had it:—

"Hark! to the hurried question of Despair,
'Where is my child?'"—And *Echo* answers "Where?"

Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

From a Parish Magazine:—

"Many thanks to the Revs. ——, ——, and ——, for their help on the Sunday after Easter, during the spring cleaning of the Priest-in-Charge."



BRITANNIA TO AMERICA

ON THE SINKING OF THE *LUSITANIA*.

In silence you have looked on felon blows,
On butcher's work of which the waste lands reek;
Now, in God's name, from Whom your greatness flows,
Sister, will you not speak?

FOR HOME AND BEAUTY.

BACK from their mimic game of war
Against a bodiless foe,
Merry of heart and moist of pore
By Kingston Vale they go;
Gaily they swing, this eve of May,
Between the blossoms blown,
Column of route, in russet grey,
The Veteran "Devil's Own."

And who are these that hustle by
Churning the tar and heat,
And throw a dull and curious eye
On men that use their feet—
On men that march in thirsty ranks,
Poor hopeless imbeciles,
When all but beggars, dogs and cranks
Career on rubber wheels?

These are the stout Hurst Park Brigade!
Home from the course they ride
From keeping up the noble trade
That swells the nation's pride;
For these our Army does its bit
While they in turn peruse
Death's honour-roll (should time permit)
After the Betting News.

What homage to these Kings of Sport
Should humble soldiers give?
Why even we, mere Inns of Court,
Who pay for leave to live—
If WILLIAM ever cross the wave,
Into the fight we'd spring,
And at our own expenses save
The Manhood of the Ring.

O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXI.

(From Captain HELMUT VON EISENSTAMM, at present confined in an Officers' Prison Camp in England.)

ALL HIGHEST WAR LORD,—I trust your Majesty will not misinterpret my true feelings of devotion to your own person and to the cause of our Fatherland if, humble as I am, I venture to address these few lines to you. I am a prisoner of war, removed now for these many weeks both from the opportunity of serving my country and from the chance of incurring death or wounds on its behalf. We who are here are not unreasonably restrained. There is, of course, barbed wire, and there are many sentries, as is only natural; but we are allowed to arrange for ourselves such amusements as we can devise, both indoors and in the free air. We play at football, we have concerts and dramatic representations, we lecture to one another on subjects of interest, and the vigilance of those who guard us, though it is to the highest point careful, is never willingly oppressive. The food is good and plentiful. In short, I may say that we are treated with the consideration which is due from brave men to those who by bad luck have fallen into their hands.

That is the case not less with the German private soldiers who are permitted to wait upon us than with the naval and military officers, to the number of more than a hundred and fifty, who are confined here. The house is large and there are many rooms; the garden and the walks are in the simple English style; and when we go walking there we are not shut in by dark and frowning walls, but can look out over the pleasant country which lies beyond. The Commandant and his officers are not tyrants to us. Everything, indeed, is done to make our lot as tolerable to us as the hard circumstances permit. I have in my time said many harsh things of the English (and some of them are perhaps still true), but that they know how to treat misfortune without severity and how to behave as gentlemen—I use the English word—to enemies who are harmless and in distress, this I shall always henceforth affirm to the best of my ability in the face of those who in ignorance presume to deny it. Like LUTHER, here I stand; I cannot otherwise. I am sure it will give pleasure to your Majesty to hear that this is so, for you are the father of your people, and it would grieve your paternal heart if it were proved that anywhere even the least of your subjects was suffering under wrong or cruelty. Of these there is not, and never has been, the smallest trace.

Yet even with all possible mitigations how wretched is the fate of one who is a prisoner. He is in a foreign land, and is commanded by those who are foreigners and speak in a foreign tongue. He thinks of his own dear country and of those he loves. It is true that he might be dead had he not been taken, and that he would never have seen them again, whereas now he is in no danger; but this cannot console him. Somehow, indeed, it seems to him to be an aggravation of his lot, for he has not even the freedom now to offer his life. To add to the misfortunes and sufferings of such a man by unnecessary harshness or cruelty would be an inhuman wickedness, and it is impossible to conceive that any civilised nation could do this thing. To be sure it is stated in English newspapers which we are permitted to read (I do not find the permission a very valuable one) that English prisoners in Germany have been shamefully dealt with. It is said that they have been hooted and spat upon, that they were herded together in cattle-trucks filled with filth, and that in their prisons they are scarcely treated as human beings. Such charges I should look upon as necessarily untrue, but I know that war corrupts human nature in some miserable men, and I appeal to your Majesty, if there has anywhere been such conduct, to stamp upon it and punish it. You are all-powerful, and you have but to say the word. It would be a terrible thing for us Germans if, when the War is over, our soldiers dare not look one another in the face with frank honour because some scoundrels have wreaked their malice on unfortunate Englishmen, and have incurred no penalty for such a crime.

With inmost loyalty, VON EISENSTAMM.

TO THE POWERS OF DARKNESS.

THRICE potent lords who gag the Press's throttle
And chuckle at our human thirst for facts,
How long will ye hermetically bottle
The stirring tale of Tommy's glorious acts?
Be warned in time, lest all too late ye learn
The Lion, even as the worm, will turn!

Behold, a sign! The "news" disseminated
By Teuton war-lords o'er the list'ning earth,
No longer by our sheets is relegated
To niches sacred to the god of mirth;
Those once-derided "facts" we now are shown
In strong and startling type beside our own!

Beware lest we, aroused to sheer unkindness,
And deeming that the dizziest of views
Are better, after all, than total blindness,
Should simply boycott you, and read no news
Unless it clearly shows itself to be
Made, or at least inspired, in Germany!



ON WITH THE NEW HATE.



GIVEN AWAY.

Bored Officer (after reluctant visit). "GOOD-BYE, MRS. JACKSON—ENJOYED MYSELF IMMENSELY."
Wife. "THERE—I TOLD YOU SO! I *KNEW* YOU'D ENJOY YOURSELF."

A TRAMP-JUGGLER.

"TALKING of tramp-jugglers," said I, "if you would like to hear about a turn I saw the other day——"

"Go on," said the others.

"Well, he wandered on aimlessly at first, dragging a toy horse with a very stumpy tail and talking to himself. 'La, la, la,' he said. Then he went and leaned against a sofa in a most gallant attitude and talked to a lady friend. 'La, la, la' was still the burden of his talk. He didn't seem to notice that his legs were slipping from under him. Just as he was collapsing he grabbed at the lady's nose and the horse's tail, and came down in a glorious tangle."

"I know," said Lionel, chuckling.

"In the midst of the tangle he found a brightly-coloured picture-book and began reading it with a casual air. Then he threw the book away and fell over the horse on to a box of wooden bricks. He played with them lying flat on the ground. Then he stood up with one foot among the horse's legs and the other in the brick-box."

"Go on," said Lionel.

"He wandered off and returned in a second or two carrying a towel and a sponge and licking a piece of soap with evident enjoyment. He tripped over the towel and fell flat on his face still clinging to the sponge and licking the soap imperturbably. He opened a chocolate box lying on the floor, took out a chocolate, ate it and put the soap in its place. Then he scrubbed the floor with the sponge and rubbed it with the towel. He tried to put the sponge in the chocolate box. It wouldn't go in. He threw out all the chocolates, gave another lick to the soap, put the sponge in the box, tried to rattle it and threw it away."

"I can see it," cried Lionel, in ecstasy, "I can see it exactly."

"Once more he wandered off, first stumbling over the horse, and falling flat on the towel, and came back with two balls. He threw them on the floor. Then he brought two more. Then he brought a hair-brush. He brushed his hair the wrong way. He brushed his clothes. He put out his tongue, brushed that, and didn't like it. Then he picked up a ball and brushed its hair. Finally he used the brush to sweep the floor.

"After that he went round and slowly gathered the balls. Usually when he had got three he stumbled over the horse or the towel. He tried to make the horse eat one ball and he tried to put one in the chocolate box. Then he washed them with the sponge. At last he stood with all the four balls in his arms. And then——"

"And then," said Lionel, "there was some first-rate juggling. By Jove, I must see him for myself. Where is he on?"

"We shall always be pleased to see you," said I, "and I have no doubt you will enjoy an average ten minutes of the life of my first-born, aged sixteen months."

"The co-operation between the Fleet and the Navy was excellent."—*The Scotsman.*

Our contemporary does not mention it, but we hear on the highest authority that the Troops and the Army also worked together most harmoniously.

"General James Drain, of Washington, has wired to General Hughes, Minister of Militia:—'I glory in the magnificent brewery of the Canadians.'"—*Wolverhampton Express and Star.*

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is said to regret the wording of this tribute, as being calculated to prejudice the success of his attempt to cope with the drink question.

A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

VII.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We have completed the dreaded Kitchener Test, and found it not so very terrible after all. In fact, strictly between ourselves, we quite enjoyed it, though naturally in our letters home we endeavour by subtle suggestion to convey the impression that we have had the very deuce of a time.

Our first ordeal was to rise at 4 A.M. and do a fifteen-mile route march, followed by a spirited attack upon the barracks. Roman Catholics were exempt from this test. It was a Saint's day, and they rose three hours later than we, enjoyed a leisurely breakfast and attended church. You might not believe me if I told you the number of converts to their religion from our battalion since then.

In this attack we used no ammunition, and the bursts of firing which covered our sectional rushes were represented by a vigorous working of bolts and easing of springs. Having proved that we could perform this operation without undue danger to ourselves and the public, we were provided with blank cartridge for the strenuous rearguard action which we fought on the following day. Again there were no casualties beyond the collapse, under the terse eloquence of our Colonel, of one unfortunate, who chanced to let off his rifle at the wrong moment. Though still very weak, he is expected to recover.

Shortly afterwards we waged a desperate battle against a strong force of cunningly entrenched cardboard heads and shoulders and canvas screens, and this time—so impressed were the authorities by our previous successes—we were permitted to use ball ammunition. Incredible as it may seem, we again came through unscathed, but the enemy was shockingly mangled.

You must not suppose that these exercises comprised all the Kitchener Test. We marched out by night across country to take up a position against a theoretically hostile village in such absolute silence that one officer was afterwards heard to declare that the rustling of a cricket's eyelashes as it blinked was distinctly audible to him. Then there was an affair of outposts and other searching examinations of our military knowledge and prowess with which I will not weary you.

It is a good thing the Test is over, because the weather is getting indecently hot. But it is the growing plague of flies and mosquitoes which threatens to render life unendurable. With regard to the last-named, I have recently been told of an infallible method of escaping their attentions at night. All you have to do, states my informant, is to leave a gap in the mosquito curtain round your bed ten minutes before retiring to rest. All the mosquitoes in the room will eagerly swarm through it. Then you merely close the aperture and sleep in peace on the floor while the baffled insects fight against one another in their prison.

I feel sure it is an admirable plan, but unhappily we have no mosquito curtains.

Though the perspiration we now shed would seem to be the limit, we have yet, it appears, to learn what heat really is. The knowledge will not long be withheld from two hundred of us, who are under orders to leave in about a fortnight for what we are assured is the torridest and unhealthiest hot-weather station in all India. Our Commanding Officer did his best, when giving out the announcement on parade, to hearten us by stating that flowers are very cheap there, and that he himself is quite competent to read the Burial Service over us (Cheers). He added that the only duties which the survivors will be called upon to perform will be to do guards and sleep. If promotion should result from proficiency at the latter, you may expect to see me coming home at least a sergeant.

For myself, I shall pin my faith to Zeem Soap, sold in the bazaars here. A leaflet describing this miraculous preparation was thrust into my hands a few days ago at the Nauchandi Fair. Zeem Soap, I gather, is "not only indispensaple for famalies who process its beneficial effects, but removes all pimples, blouches and sorce instantaniously and requires no recommandation to cure and route out all germicide diseases." Furthermore, "health and beauty go hand in hand by its use." Health I have in abundance up to the present, but beauty will be a new and strange gift. I wonder . . . but I must wait in patience.

I intended to tell you about the far-famed and wonderful Nauchandi Fair, where I spent several fascinating hours, but towards the end of my visit a large notice showed me that my labour would be superfluous. The Fair was, I learned, under the patronage of—among other distinguished people—the Maharajah of Punch. *Salaam, Maharajah!*

You may be interested to know that some of our fellows have discovered who writes these letters to you. A few days ago I innocently overheard a conversation relating to the identity of the "silly ass who puts that stuff in *Punch*."

"I believe it's somebody in this battalion," said one.

"I know very well who it is," replied another. "I don't know his name, but he's a cow-faced idiot, clean-shaven—wet sort of fool altogether."

So they had found me out. The secret was no longer a secret . . . but what was this?

"Always hanging about the library," added the speaker. "Wears glasses."

I breathed again. I have the eye of a hawk. Yours ever,

ONE OF THE *PUNCH* BRIGADE.



"BUT I UNDERSTOOD FROM MY WIFE THAT YOU WERE LEAVING US TO MARRY THE SWEEP."

"YUS. BUT IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, SIR, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. 'E'S BEEN AND JOINED THE BANTAMS; AN' WEN I SOR 'IM WIV 'IS FACE WASHED——!"

State Help for Industries.

"According to an official report, 2,000 German soldiers in Alsace-Lorraine have been decorated with the Iron Cross.

"Germany's iron ore production in March amounted to 993,438 tons, against 803,623 tons in February. It is steadily increasing."

German Wireless.



First Belle. "YAH! I WOULDN'T WALK OUT WITH A KID LIKE THAT."
Second Belle. "WELL, HE'S GOT A UNIFORM, ANYHOW."

THE WORLD'S LOSS.

AND is old BUNNY dead? Alas that that vast mobile countenance should never again be the battlefield of the emotions—fear, triumph, surprise, mortification, glee, despair. But so has it been decreed, and JOHN BUNNY, the hero of countless cinema comedies, is no more, cut down in his prime. For years he had been the favourite big funny-man of "the pictures," and though he has left countless imitators there is no successor, while his greatest rival in publicity and popularity, MAX LINDER, the reckless and debonair, fights for France.

Of all the unexpected developments which have followed the invention of animated photography none can be more astonishing than its bearing upon the late leviathan "featurer." What BUNNY was doing when MUYBRIDGE, or EDISON, or whoever it was, hit upon the discovery, I do not know, but one thing is certain, and that is that he was obscure; and (so little do we know our luck) a probability is that he was not without the wish, now and then, that Heaven had been less lavish to him in the matter of facial opulence. However, the cinema was born, and every day from that moment, although neither the cinema nor BUNNY was aware of it, they were drawing nearer and nearer together, and his abounding face was more and more in danger of becoming his fortune. See how Fate works! And at last, one day, the two converging lines met. The god out of the machine, in the person of an alert cinema impresario, caught sight of BUNNY; a thousand possibilities rushed through his mind; the bargain was struck, and BUNNY started out on the great and wholly uncontemplated task of growing wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, if ever he had any, and becoming the best-known man in the world.

For that is what he was! HELEN'S face may have launched a thousand ships, but BUNNY'S enraptured millions of audiences. Wherever a picture-palace exists, whether at Helsingfors or Brindisi, Cairo or Cape Coast Castle, Vladivostok or Littlehampton, Hobart or Duluth, Bahia Blanca or Archangel, there the features of JOHN BUNNY are as familiar as household words. Vast multitudes of human beings who do not yet know what the KAISER looks like are intimate with BUNNY'S every expression.

Peace to his ashes!

LISSUE.

[*My wife asks me what Lissue handkerchiefs are. I am sorry to say my answer did not satisfy her.*]

IN purple cities up against the sky
Along the flaming edge where sunsets die,
Holy and virginal and white as milk
Royal princesses spin the costly silk,
The gleaming tissue
Of far-famed Lissue.

Hung like a film of verdure 'neath the sun,
Mile after mile the Lissue gardens run;
Tall pale princesses, with their flaxen hair
Circled with crowns of gold, are spinning there
Hanky and fichu
Of filmy Lissue.

From lighted halls where spin the wheels till dawn,
And royal ladies stifle a last yawn,
Perhaps they hear when fall the winter rains
An eerie sound across the mist-bound plains,
A ghostly "tish-oo!"
Smothered in Lissue.

AN ANGLO-BELGIAN VENUS.

"WE are going to have three," announced my cousin as I sat down beside the tea-table.

Cynthia has a habit, which occasionally makes her a little difficult to follow, of picking up by a very small thread some conversation of the week before last.

"Bravo!" I said, hoping for further light.

"You see, it was a question of bedrooms," she continued.

"In all these cases," I agreed, "it is the bedrooms that really count—that is, I should say, it is the bedrooms that have to be counted."

"Cynthia feels with me that what is imperatively needed in this—ah—somewhat remote district is a practical example," said my Uncle James from the fireplace.

Uncle James is generally to be found near the fireplace. He is a man for whom I have the greatest respect. A rural dean in rather a large way, with an apostolic manner faintly diluted at times by a debonair *bonhomie*, he may certainly be regarded as one of the stouter pillars of our local society. His remark, however, though embodying a sound ethical principle, did not seem to get us much farther forward.

"I shall have to rub up my French," said Cynthia.

At last I understood. "*Pas du tout*," I said politely.

"What?" asked Uncle James in a slightly puzzled voice.

"*Je ne voulais que dire*," I replied with some difficulty, "*que mademoiselle votre fille parle déjà assez couramment la langue de nos Alliés.*"

With the gravest dignity Uncle James finished his cup of tea and took out his watch.

"I must be going," he said; "the Archdeacon is expecting me at 5.30."

"Poor Papa!" said Cynthia as the door closed behind him; "I do hope our Belgians will be able to speak English."

About a week later I received a note from Cynthia asking me to come round in the afternoon. I obeyed, and found her looking distinctly worried.

"*Où sont vos amis?*" I asked.

"You needn't bother. Monsieur speaks English quite well and translates everything to his wife and daughter. Papa likes them immensely. He has taken them out for a walk."

"Capital! Then you've all settled down comfortably together?"

"I thought so till this morning," said Cynthia with a sigh.

"*Qu'est-ce que vous*—I mean, what's the matter?"

"It is Monsieur. You know Papa's Venus, the statuette he bought last year in Brussels?"

"Yes, I was with him at the time."

"Monsieur noticed it yesterday in the hall, and this morning he came to me and said that he and his family must leave us."

"But I had no idea that the Latin races——"

"It isn't that. It appears that he was the proprietor of the shop where Papa bought it, and that he sold it to him as a genuine antique, whereas in reality it was made in Birmingham."

"Ah!" I said sadly.

"Monsieur is overwhelmed with remorse and declares it is impossible longer to accept the hospitality of one whom he has betrayed. However, I begged him to wait at any rate till to-morrow before he said anything to Papa about it. And then I sent for you at once. So now what is to be done?"

I stared very hard at the carpet for five minutes. "Cynthia," I said at length, "your father must be sacrificed, but it shall be a painless operation—in fact, he will never realise that it has taken place."

"Are you sure?" she asked doubtfully.

"Perfectly," I said; "leave it to me."

A little later Uncle James and his guests returned, and we all took tea together. Conversation with Madame and Mademoiselle was carried on, as Cynthia had said, through the medium of Monsieur. I myself made no attempt to reach them by the more direct route, since my French, though perfect in its way, is not of the sudden, unpremeditated type so much in vogue in Continental circles. After tea I managed to secure a few minutes alone with Monsieur.

I decided to come straight to the point. "Monsieur," I said, "my cousin has told me all."

"Behold," he replied, "an angel! Mademoiselle would forgive. To her it is a bagatelle. She—how say you?—she snaps at it the thumb. But for me, Monsieur, I am desolated. The business is the business; I know it. But to have betrayed one's host, it is other thing. It is impossible that I rest here."

"My dear Sir," I said soothingly, "do not distress yourself. I was with my uncle when he bought the Venus. He paid you with a 100-franc note."

"It is true," he admitted with an ineffable gesture of despair.

"Did you pass it on?" I asked.

"But naturally."

"You were indeed fortunate."

"What mean you?"

"Monsieur," I said, "on the morning of our departure from your beautiful city we discovered that one of your countrymen had deceived us."

"The note!" exclaimed Monsieur; "it was then a bad?"

"Alas! yes. On the previous afternoon I had gone to the races, unaccompanied by my uncle, who as an ecclesiastic of the middle degree does not permit himself such distractions. On my return I was able to settle a little debt that I owed him with a 100-franc note. Next morning, when he paid his hotel bill, he offered this to the manager. The manager, who had once been a Scotchman, rejected it. My uncle was annoyed. He asked me to take back the note and to give him another in exchange. But I also had just paid my bill—a larger one than I had looked for—and had little more than my return ticket left. My uncle thought deeply. Finally he said to me, "This is an unfortunate business, but it may well be that not all the inhabitants are so fastidious as the unpleasant manager of our hotel. Let us endeavour to rid ourselves elsewhere of this pestilent note. It will be but just, since what is sauce for the goose is sauce also for the gander."

"I comprehend. Then it was I who——?"

"You were the gander," I said.

He smiled. "Yet at the end not I but another." I nodded.

"Monsieur," he said happily, "you have raised the weight from my soul. It is what you call allsquare."

ON A RECENT VICTORY.

THE joybells and the bunting of Berlin
Failed to convince me of the German win:
But now that WOLFF'S Bureau discounts the haul,
There may be something in it, after all.

Clerical Resilience.

"They had had the B hop of Buckingham among them, and he was sure they would wish him to greet him under his new title, and say how greatly they looked forward to an increase of spiritual activity in the Church owing to his appointment."
Report of Oxford Diocesan Conference.

Where the B hops, there hop I.

"Distance Lends Enchantment."

"PORTMAN-SQUARE (two miles from it).—Very bright Furnished ROOMS on second and third floor, bath, electric light; references."
Advertisement in "The Times."

This apparent prejudice against Portman Square is to us inexplicable. We have always understood it to be quite a respectable locality.

PUNCH IN HAMPSTEAD.

WEARY of war and war's alarms,
Of gruesome placards and the cry
With which the urban newsboy charms
Odd pence from passers-by—

Seeking some solitude remote,
Through Hampstead town at eve I sped,
And sudden heard the pan-pipes' note
Sound cheerily ahead.

I heard the pipes; I heard the drum;
There came an eager urchin throng
Shouting for joy that Punch had come
With frolic, jest and song.

I lingered—for I thought to win
A respite from the current care,
Hoping that War's unhappy din
Would find no echo there.

Alas the day! With anguish keen
I saw the all-pervading Hun
Disfigure each remembered scene
And spoil the homely fun.

The sage, to mere *revue* come down,
Burlesqued VON TIRPITZ in his lair;
Cast from his old estate, the clown
Appeared as WILHELM'S heir.

My boyhood's joy, the crocodile,
He too was changed, and though he wore
The same red flannel tongue his smile
Was sadder than of yore.

For now, whene'er he graced the stage,
A quaint embodiment of fate,
Punch stirred the patriot reptile's rage
By calling him U 8.

The quips that cheered a bygone day
Fell flat and lifeless to the ground;
With heavy heart I crept away
Before the hat came round.



"I SEE MR. BASIL BE HOME AGAIN, MISS. I WONDER IF HE BE IN THE SAME REGIMENT AS MY SON. IT BE CALLED 'THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE'!"

THE SPORPOT.

I AM not sure if that is how they spell it in Belgium, but that is how we mean to spell it in Crashie Howe. We have reason to be grateful to our refugees for introducing this admirable little implement. For the Sporpot has come to stay.

The first I heard of it was from Louis when he went to work in the Minister's garden. He made good wages there for a week or two, and the thing was rather on his conscience. He came to me to discuss the point. Should this money be paid to go against the cost of keeping his family, or should he spend it? But before I could reply a perfect compromise occurred to him. He would put it in his Sporpot. It seemed to me an excellent arrangement.

There is nothing new in principle about the Sporpot. Most of us began life with something of the sort in our possession. But it always had a key, and that was where it failed. A Sporpot with a key is no better than a ship with a leak. It must be unrelenting, imporous, adamant, without compromise or saving clause or loophole or back-door. It is the absolute *cul-de-sac*. Once you have dropped in your coin through the slit at the top it should be as irrevocable as yesterday. Of course the thing can be broken open, but no one would care to have any dealings with the sort of man who would break open his Sporpot. Unless, of course, he can prove it full.

As the proper emblem of a thrifty people the Sporpot seems to be quite domesticated in Belgium, as much a member of the household as the dresser or the clock. And the Belgian's first important undertaking, after he settled among us, and as soon as he had satisfied his more urgent needs—such as catching chaffinches and making cages for them and hanging them up outside the door—was to establish a Sporpot. And there could be no more fit companion for the exile. It is a slender thread that still holds him to Belgium, far away. It keeps him looking forward, for it is at least a beginning—all he can do in these long months of waiting. Like the little tag-end of Belgian soil that is still defended by the Allied Army, it is at least a jumping-off place for the New Start.

May every Sporpot be full (and ripe for the hatchet) on the Day!



Mother (whose husband has lately joined the Territorials). "DO YOU KNOW, DARLING, DADDY IS A SOLDIER NOW?"
Child. "OH! MUMMY. THEN WILL HE COME UP TO THE PRAM AND SAY, 'HELLO, BABY, AND HOW'S NANNY?'"

WHY HENERY WENT.

Henery—for that was what everyone called him—was the despair of the village recruiters. Everyone tried to induce him to enlist and everyone failed ignominiously. The Vicar, who had conceived the totally erroneous idea that Henery had conscientious objections to fighting, proved to him that fighting in a cause like ours was clearly justified by all laws human and divine.

"Don't you go 'pologisin' to me for goin', Sir," said Henery. "I'd never think o' blamin' you, Sir. I minds my own business."

The postmistress, greatly daring, presented him with a white feather.

"Thankee, Miss," said Henery, putting it in his hat, "but I tells you if you goes chasin' Squire's ducks to give young men presents you'll get into trouble."

The Squire himself told Henery that every young man who could shoulder a gun ought to be off.

"It's none o' my business, Sir," said Henery.

"Is there a coward in this village?" demanded the Squire.

"Your gamekeepers don't think so if they swore true at petty sessions," replied Henery.

And certainly it was a fact that Henery on one splendid occasion had tackled three gamekeepers and thrashed them horribly.

Not even the news that his step-brother Albert had been taken prisoner moved Henery.

"Why should I go botherin' about 'im bein' in prison! 'E never went and fought no one when I was doin' three weeks instead o' paying five pound and costs."

Even Mr. Bates of "The Bull" used his potent influence in vain. "Look 'ere, Henery, just you see what these Uns have been up to."

"They never done nothing to me," persisted Henery.

But one morning the postman handed Henery a postcard over the garden hedge.

Henery read the postcard with difficulty, put his spade in an outhouse, took down his old hat with the white feather in it and walked straight to the railway station.

"Where are you goin', Henery?" asked the station-master.

"Off to 'list. Look at that postcard."

The station-master read "Thanks for fags. Why didn't you send something to eat? Hoping this finds you well as it leaves me at present. Albert."

"I sent 'im a pork-pie with them fags," said Henery. "'E was always a wunner for pork-pie. Well, they pinched it. Now I minds my business, but folks as interferes with me gets sorry. I'll make that KEESER sorry 'e touched my pork-pie."

And leaping into the train, and waving the white-feathered hat in farewell, Henery departed into the unknown.

Branding a Butterfly.

"The butterflies of this month are very few, apart from the second-hand hibernators from last year. The green hairstreak is a surprise without a rival. Who could see an apple-green butterfly without marking it with a red letter?"—*Daily News.*

This branding of butterflies, even if they are second-hand, ought to be stopped.



A CHEERFUL GIVER.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, 4th of May.—Imperturbability of House of Commons amazing. Twelve months ago it listened to exposition of a Budget which estimated an expenditure of £197,493,000, and counted upon a pleasing surplus of three-quarters of a million. After a period of eight months of War it learns that at end of financial year expenditure has run up to £560,474,000, leaving CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER faced by deficit of £333,780,000. Hears this startling story with as little sign of emotion as was displayed when it listened to the earlier one. It did not blench when the CHANCELLOR incidentally mentioned that average daily cost of the War now amounts to £2,100,000. If it ends in September the aggregate would reach £786,778,000. If it runs on to April next it would exceed eleven hundred millions sterling!

This stupendous sum, never before mentioned by matter-of-fact CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, seems more appropriate to the Budget of Wonderland. House this afternoon quietly recognised it as an actuality that must be faced. Resolved that, at whatever personal sacrifice, money must be provided.

Attendance, though full, not comparable with number accustomed to gather on ordinary Budget nights. Apart from absence of Members on active service, House just now fed up with Budgets. Time was when we had them once a year. Once a quarter is now nearer the mark. Last November one presented in supplement of the customary spring-cleaning of the Exchequer. Another last week in connection with Drink Duties. And to-day, "Here we are again," as the CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER might say, were he in merry mood. Nor is this all. There is promise of another within six months when, as CHANCELLOR puts it, we shall be in better position to judge of duration of War.

A sprinkling of Members faced him from side gallery. They might, had they pleased, have found seats below. A few Peers dropped in. In the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery RANJI looked on with the judicial air of an umpire at Lord's. When CHANCELLOR mentioned cost of eight months' War he murmured, "What a score! £560,474,000 and not out—of the wood yet."

Throughout exposition, brief for such occasion, there was little of the laughter or cheering that usually punctuates a Budget speech. Exception made when, in opening sentence, CHANCELLOR remarked that "the operations of the coming Summer will alone enable us to form a dependable opinion—not as to the ultimate issue of the War, because that is not in doubt—but as to its duration."

Sharing this conviction of certain if delayed victory House not disposed to waste time in talk. By ten minutes to nine formal Resolution passed without division, practically without criticism.

Business done.—Budget introduced.

Wednesday.—In both Houses talk of treatment of thirty-nine British prisoners in Germany, carefully selected in order to have practised upon them reprisals for alleged ill-treatment of officers and crew of German submarines guilty of murderous practices on the high seas and interned in this country. In the Lords the Earl of ALBEMARLE broached the subject. Profound sympathy manifested towards him by those who knew that one of the victims of German insensate hate is his son. In the Commons Lord ROBERT CECIL, on motion for adjournment, questioned PREMIER.

Squalid story simply told in letters from the victims read by both noble Lords. One, dated April 13th, and written from a convict prison, tells how "we are locked in cells 12 feet by 6 feet [just the size of a billiard-table]. We are not allowed to speak to each other. A bowl with a little coffee in it forms our breakfast, and a mixture of potatoes and meat our lunch. At 2.45 we walk in a tiny little yard, about 20 yards long, for about three-quarters of an hour."

Difficulty of dealing with the matter obvious. If the jailers of these gallant fellows were Red Indians or Zulus they might be made amenable to dictates of common humanity. But, as PREMIER said, "maltreatment of prisoners of war, a form of cruelty common not even in the Dark Ages, has been left, as many other fiendish devices in this great War have been left, to one of the Christian nations of Europe to invent and elaborate."

He repeated assurance that note is made and record carefully kept, with view to meting out at conclusion of the War due punishment



David (to the Philistine): "LOOK HERE, OLD MAN. I SHOULD HATE TO BE THE CAUSE OF ANY UNPLEASANTNESS. WHY NOT APPROACH ME AS A DEPUTATION AND TALK THINGS OVER?"



1914 PEACE BUDGET. The Fighting Cocks.

1915 WAR BUDGET. The Love Birds.



Some of Susie's sisters sewing sand-bags.

to the men responsible for these barbarities.

Meanwhile the victims suffer solitary confinement in narrow cells, eat their scanty allowance of meagre food, take their strictly limited daily exercise in the backyard, and are left without light or heat when darkness falls. This is avowedly done by way of avenging similar ill-treatment alleged to be dealt out to crews of German submarines. This fable Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs disposed of in a sentence.

"The only difference," he said, "in the treatment of German prisoners is that the officers and crews of the submarines are put in a camp by themselves."

Business done.—Vote for Agriculture and Fisheries agreed to.

Thursday.—Prime Minister gave graphic account of operations in the Dardanelles. Extolled unsurpassed courage and skill of troops engaged in difficult operations of landing on open beach in face of determined opposition.

House noted with satisfaction that he avoided practice in similar circumstances prevalent elsewhere, suggestive of the wary ostrich burying its head in the sand, with its toes scratching on surface and throwing up asterisks, blanks and dashes cunningly devised to mislead the enemy.

Premier detailed the divisions engaged, and gave names of Commanding Officers. As to locality he scorned reference to "Somewhere in the Near East," and specifically mentioned Gaba Tepe, Sedd-ul-Bahr, and Kum Kale.

Effect of this novel departure will be closely watched. If no harm comes of it, it may be adopted elsewhere.

Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to take Second Reading of Bill amending Defence of Realm Act. As it involves question of increased taxation on Spirits Irish Members up in arms. Eventually arranged that House shall meet specially on Monday, when Chancellor hopes to have come to understanding with the Trade.

Last Sunday the devotions of citizens of Dover disturbed by appearance of aeroplane approaching from the sea. Visions of the fate of dwellers in the Eastern Counties appalled them. To their relief, after brief survey of the town aerial visitor made off in direction of Folkestone, where similar excitement temporarily prevailed. Again the airship contented itself with harmlessly fluttering "o'er the Downs" and passed away into space.

Conjecture rife as to its identity and purpose. That it belonged to the enemy and was out for no good were matters upon which Dover and Folkestone were firmly agreed.

Privily stated in House to-night that the airman was no other than Cousin Hugh. Well known he has of late, with that concentration of purpose that makes him a potent factor in politics, taken to aviation. This happened to be his Sunday out, and in the course of his flight it is rumoured that he chanced to pass over these Channel ports, unaware of the consternation he created.

Business done.—House adjourns till Monday instead of Tuesday.

The Roll of Honour.

Mr. Punch hears with deep regret that one of his artists of former days, Mr. J. L. C. Booth, Lieutenant in the 12th Australian Infantry, has been killed in action in the Dardanelles.



Fond Mother. "I'M AFRAID IT'S NO USE; HE'S SET HIS MIND ON HAVING ONE WITH 'JELLICOE' ON IT."

AT THE FRONT.

THERE is a delusion current that this war out here is stationary when it does not move. It is true that there was once a rumour that certain lines of trenches came to understandings with certain other lines, by which blue and red flags were waved before the occupants on either side fired off rifles, or committed similar dangerous acts which might otherwise have been interpreted as unfriendly. In the meantime they completed the tessellation of their pavements and installed geysers and electric light. Everyone has heard the rumour, but no one you meet was actually there; so the only conclusion we can come to is that both sides dug and dug until they got completely lost underground, and were either incapable of return, or so happy, comfortable and well found that they stayed there, thus ingeniously leaving the war without leaving their posts, which is, after all, the ultimate ideal of troglodytic patriotism.

However that may have been, the war elsewhere is in a state of steady evolution. You can never count on it. You get into a beautiful quiet trench, the sun shines and the birds sing, and you plant primroses on the parapet, and arrange garden parties, and write home and ask the sister of your friend to come out and have tea in the trench on Friday. And then on Friday, just as you're getting the tea-things out, and sorting the tinned cucumber sandwiches, and shifting the truffles out of the *pâté*, the wind blows from the north, and the rain rains, and the birds shut up, and an 8-inch shell comes crump on the primrose bed, and stray splinters carry away the teapot and the provision box and the cook; and on the whole you're not sorry Leonore couldn't come after all.

Not long ago it seemed good to the *état majeur* that no officer should be in possession of the means of supplying the pictorial daily with pictorial war. Every company in every regiment duly rendered a certificate that it was without cameras. Now there was a certain regiment much given to photographic studies. And when the day came that the certificate should be signed and rendered, the commander of A company bethought him of his old-time friendship with the commander of B company; and in token of his sincere esteem sent to him as a gift the three cameras which his officers had no further use for. This done, he forwarded his certificate. B company, though delighted at the gift and the spirit in which it was offered, had already four cameras in possession of its officers. Moreover, the time for B company to render its certificate was at hand. And seeing that there was much friendship subsisting between B and C companies the O.C. B company remembered that the O.C. C company was a keen photographer, and one likely to welcome a gift of seven cameras. Having despatched them, he signed and certified for B company. C company, whose gratitude cannot easily be described, was nevertheless in an obvious predicament. So, when C company certified, D company was in possession of thirteen cameras; and finding that A company had now no cameras at all rendered unto it the very large stock with which it was reluctantly obliged to part, and unto the C.O. a certificate that D company was cameraless; and the C.O. certified in accordance with company notifications.

That evening company commanders dined together, and latest advices advise that the wicked regiment still spends its spare time in photographing approaching shells, devastated churches and Tommy at his ablutions.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE KISS CURE."

THOSE who imagined that the Liverpool Commonwealth Company were to reproduce for us the grim and dour actualities of a Lancashire interior in the manner of the late Mr. STANLEY HOUGHTON and the Manchester School, were doomed to be disappointed. Apart from the Irish butler and the Scotch cyclist, there is very little in *The Kiss Cure* that might not have been just as well conveyed to us by any London playwright and company who had studied the manners of our Tooting minxes and our Surbiton bloods. Still, since even these types may have in them a touch of novelty for certain sections of a London audience, we had something to learn. Thus we came to know that there are minxes by habit and experience and minxes of occasion; and the same with bloods. There are those who practise indiscriminate kissing as a test of the emotions, and employ the art of jealousy as part of the daily routine of what they call flirtation; while others, not among the mystics, allow themselves to be temporarily initiated into these rules for single and serious ends, and make a sad mess of it. All this may be very suburban, but when the actors' hearts, as here, are in it, you can, with a little goodwill, be sufficiently amused. And anyhow, after a course of stage problems and intrigues, the whole thing looks as innocent as the habit of ice-cream and claret-cup.

The company played well together. Miss WINWOOD was a practised minx, though her artfulness did not extend to her gestures, which suffered from angularity. Mr. ARMSTRONG, as a Scotchman with a stutter, who knew the rules of the game, and Mr. COOPER, as a learner, made good fun. But the best sketch was by Mr. SHINE as the Irish butler. He said little, but you could see him thinking a lot. And I am glad to believe that his opinion of the society in which he found himself was much the same as mine.

Pauline, a dialogue by the same author, Mr. RONALD JEANS, preceded *The Kiss Cure*. It is slightly, but only very slightly, less innocent. The lady tests her lover's devotion by alleging that she is not married to the man she lives with. Instead of feeling a passionate shock of joy at this news of her legal freedom, the gentleman takes the view that her virtue is damaged, and her value, for him, depreciated. An egoistic view, of course, but I don't blame him, though the lady did. Miss MADGE MCINTOSH made her part seem almost probable.

"THE RIGHT TO KILL."

M. le Marquis de Sevigné, aged 46, officer of cavalry and military *attaché* to the French Embassy at Constantinople, took no pains to disguise from us that he wanted to be a Quixote. He had no trouble with his nose (like *Cyrano de Bergerac*), or other physical impediment — indeed he looked very well in his French-grey tunic and vermilion breeches — but he had had no opportunity of distinguishing himself either in love or war, and he was frankly on the look-out for his chance.



A BOSPHORUS BEDROOM SCENE.

Mr. EDMUND MAURICE (*husband*); Miss IRENE VANBRUGH (*wife*); Mr. HARCOURT WILLIAMS (*lover*); Sir HERBERT TREE (*lady's champion*).

It was unfortunate that when it came it offered him no better scope for distinction than could be got out of the murder of a very disagreeable Englishman who was obviously better dead. It meant of course that *Sevigné* couldn't get a medal for his feat, nor even find any satisfaction in talking about it at large.

On the other hand, it was fortunate for him that the only person who had proof of his guilt (the head of the Turkish police) was under a personal obligation to him, and so arranged to hang somebody else who wanted hanging anyhow. Fortunate, too, that the present War broke out the very morning after the murder, thus affording him a lively distraction from the embarrassment of his position, though I daresay that an ordinary domestic murder might well escape adverse comment on the shores of the Bosphorus. My only regret was that he hadn't studied the papers and seen that a war was likely to occur; for then he might have reserved himself for an occasion in which "the right to kill" was certain to be more generally recognised. And if a scrap of paper was an essential feature of his quest, he might, by waiting a few days, have killed a number of the enemy for the sake of a document that was really worth while —namely, the Belgian Treaty. As it was, in his hurry to be a hero, he had to stab a prospective Ally for the relatively vulgar purpose of securing a scrap of paper with nothing on it but a confession of frailty signed by his victim's wife. One knows these scraps of paper. Stage husbands (as in *Searchlights*) have a passion for them. Here the wife is forced to sign under menace of an open scandal. But how the signing of it would serve to prevent this inconvenience when the husband was in any case determined on a divorce no one knew, and no one ever will know.

The play is something better than a sordid melodrama of intrigue and murder relieved by uniforms and a cosmopolitan setting. The scene in the Pavilion is clearly designed to afford a trial of character. From his concealment in *Lady Falkland's* detached *appartement à coucher*, the *Marquis* involuntarily overhears a conversation which proves her not only to be unfaithful to her husband (which mattered little) but unworthy of his own devotion (which mattered a good deal). Yet the revelation leaves him unshaken in his resolve to defend her at the risk of his life.

Apart from this situation and its issues, the interest lay for us in the continued strain that *Lady Falkland* was called upon to endure. Forced by the brutality and infidelity of her husband (flagrant) and by a sense of friendlessness (imaginary) to seek protection in the wrong arms, her heart was torn between passion for her lover and an overwhelming sense of the deepening shadow of tragedy. She seeks relief in confession to a woman friend; and in this scene the humanity of Miss IRENE VANBRUGH made irresistible appeal. More than her words, the play of her lips as she tried to wear a brave face revealed the insufferable anguish of her heart. I have seen Miss VANBRUGH in many such ordeals, but cannot remember a finer delicacy in her revelation of womanhood.

Sir HERBERT TREE was the hero, suffering a little from the distraction

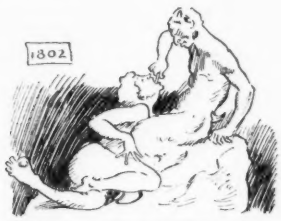
ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



THE "MERRY" MONARCH HELPS A CHARITY WITH HIS TROUPE OF PERFORMING ANIMALS.



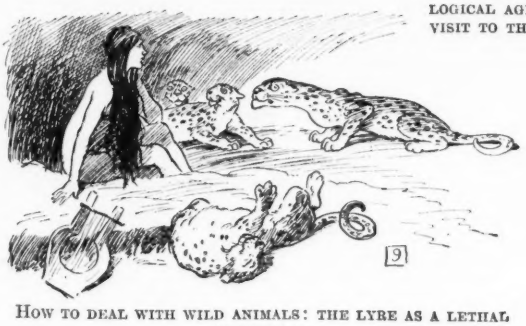
MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE IN HIS ELEMENT—"SKIED."



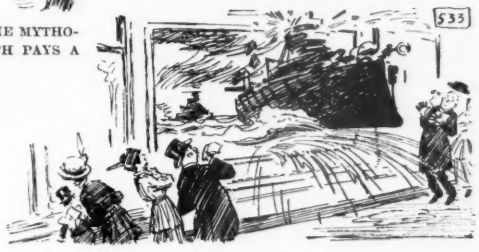
EVERY-DAY LIFE IN THE MYTHOLOGICAL AGE. A NYMPH PAYS A VISIT TO THE DENTIST.



OFF TO THE FRONT.—NOTE THE NEW ARMY PATTERN OF DOUBLE-HANDED SWORD.



HOW TO DEAL WITH WILD ANIMALS: THE LYRE AS A LETHAL INSTRUMENT.



A WARSHIP GETS OUT OF HAND IN GALLERY V.



No. 359 COMES DOWN TO TAKE THE SALUTE OF No. 360.



The Dog: "HURRY UP; YOU 'VE NO IDEA WHAT A WEIGHT HE IS."



THE BLACK MAN OBLIGES BY BEARING THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.



PORTRAIT OF CONQUERING HERO, SHOWING WHAT THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER HAD TO PUT UP WITH IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

of actor-management on a first night. I liked him best in his less strenuous moments. His modern uniform suited him well, much better indeed than those martial trappings of antiquity in which he has often figured. In his mufti, which showed no hint of Gallic fantasy, his moustache made him relatively commonplace, and I cannot help thinking that his murder of *Falkland* would have been more effective if he had done it in uniform. How he escaped general observation while entering, and debouching from, the lady's window in full view of the Bosphorus, which I understood to be packed, like Henley, with interested spectators, I shall never understand.

As *Mehmed Pasha*, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, disguised in an aquiline nose and a pair of eyelids which he kept lowered, like blinds, for the purpose of inscrutability, had a part that he could hardly help playing to universal admiration. Mr. Harcourt Williams, as *Prince Cernuwitz*, a *chevalier d'industrie* of the first class, might have contrived a more obvious air of villainy, but the atmosphere of diplomacy at the Sublime Porte would naturally encourage secretiveness.

Mr. Edmund Maurice's art was wasted on the unrelieved and clumsy brutality of *Falkland*. Miss Granville was excellent in the First Act, one of those scenes—the usual dazzling reception—where you have to find out, from momentary flashes of dialogue, who everybody is and how they got there. These scenes always make me dizzy, but the intervention of Miss Granville, as a nice woman of the world, gave me courage and confidence.

The play, on its own merits, modest but sound of their kind, goes well, and should run; though its course might have been lightened by a little more humorous relief. Whether it does justice to the original novel on which it is based is another matter. I do not attempt to institute a comparison, partly because the book is no business of the critic's, but chiefly because I haven't read it. O. S.

From the cotton report of the *Liverpool Courier* :—

"As the situation shows but little change from that experienced lately, we can only repeat what we said last week—that buying on conservative lines on week days will, no doubt, prove remunerative."

Our contemporary's persistent discouragement of Sunday trading does it credit.

The Question of the Hour.

To doubtful Patriots: Potstill or Potsdam—which will you have?

THE TRIPLE HANDICAP.

When I was a kid of about thirteen
And rather slow for my years,
I knew a boy who in mind and mien
Outdistanced all of his peers;
His clothes were tidy, his hair was sleek,
For he brushed it morning and night;
He was equally good at Latin and Greek,
And his sums were always right.

His industry made him the masters' pet,
His neatness the matron's joy;
He never did anything wrong, and yet
He wasn't a popular boy;
For his name excited a vague mistrust
And his face our prejudice fanned,
And we all of us felt a deep disgust
Whenever we shook his hand.

His merits were mainly negative;
Tradition he never defied;
And he certainly wasn't wont to give
Offence by swagger or side;
He made no claim to be bold or brave;
He didn't hustle or shove;
But he wasn't marked for an early grave,
Like those whom the high gods love.

I saw him stand at my last Speech Day
Bowed down with many a prize,
And four full decades had rolled away
Ere next he fronted my eyes;
'Twas down at Shrimpington-on-Sea,
Where I was taking the air,
With my daughter upon my arm, and he
Was wheeling an old Bath chair.

How came it that one so well endowed
For taking the ball at the hop
Should sink in the depths of the struggling crowd
Instead of reaching the top?
Well, all through life he had fought with odds,
For his name was Adolphus Jopp,
He had an eye like a parboiled cod's,
And a hand like a cold pork chop.

"Save us from our friends."

"Four large transports of Germans have been sent as reinforcements to the Dardanelles.
"A big panic reigns in Constantinople."
Correspondent of "The Star."

"The Austrian Post Office has put into circulation a new series of stamps, on which are engraved the victories which Austria has obtained in the present war."—*Central News.*

Austria must, indeed, be chastened when she admits that all her victories could be written on the surface of a postage stamp. The back, of course, is reserved for the lickings.

"LAST MOMENTS OF THE 'KARLSRUHE.'
She Strikes a Beef and is Blown Up."
Calcutta Empire.

Bully Beef!

IF IT GOES ON MUCH LONGER.

If it (there is only one meaning to "it" just now—the War) goes on much longer, and England, already giddy with the Chancellor's figures, is made bankrupt—a contingency which our courage declines to contemplate—American millionaires will have the chance of acquiring the Old Country. Some such advertisements as these may then be expected:—

To Sportsmen. Great Bargain.

Suitable for rich American or Argentine gentleman thinking of taking up racing in England, the only industry that still flourishes there, unharmed by the War—Hyde Park. This famous open space, or lung of London, as it has been epigrammatically styled, would make admirable training ground for thoroughbreds, and might even be laid out by an enterprising speculator as a racecourse, thus bringing the noble sport nearer still to the Metropolis and preventing any confusion between race-trains and the trains conveying passengers intent upon their work. No reasonable offer refused.

For River Lovers.

Banks of Thames. Historic building known as the Tower of London. Replete with every romantic requirement: Traitors' gate, headsman's block, moat; unparalleled view of shipping; close to Tower Bridge; constant 'buses.

To Collectors.

Messrs. Minstrel have instructions to sell, for the benefit of the English nation, the contents of the building in Bloomsbury known as the British Museum. The sale will begin each morning at 10 o'clock, and go on for a year. Every taste catered for. The collection ranges from Elgin marbles to umbrellas left by students. Send motor lorry for catalogue. Offers invited for building. Suitable as London offices of American Trust.

Abbey for Sale!

Situate at Westminster, within easy distance of the theatres, river, Houses of Parliament and Victoria Station, old-world Abbey replete with ancient associations. Twin towers; unique historic dust; stained glass; cloisters; old-world atmosphere. The very thing for American multi-millionaires. Could be used as a cute joy-house during life and private mausoleum after death. What offers?

How we get our War-news.

"VICTORY IN GALLIPOLI.
Late Wire from Chester."
The Star.



THE BUDGET AT THE FRONT.

First Tommy (reading belated news). "LOOKS AS IF THEM POOR BEGGARS AT 'OME MAY HAVE TO PAY SIX BOB A BOTTLE FOR WHISKY."
Second Ditto. "WELL, THANK HEAVEN, WE'RE SAFE OUT HERE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EXCEPT that a distinguished author is entitled to have his joke like everybody else we do not quite see why Mr. H. G. WELLS should have disclaimed the authorship of *Boon, the Mind of the Race, etc., etc.* (UNWIN), in the "ambiguous introduction" he has prefixed to that work. *Boon* was a popular novelist, with a great vogue among American readers—*Aunt Columbia* he calls them collectively—and a profound contempt for the work that brought him in the dollars. The things he really wanted to write were skits upon his contemporaries, new systems of philosophy, and so forth; and here we have them in his literary remains, as prepared for publication by his friend "REGINALD BLISS," a writer with whose previous work we are regrettably unfamiliar. The whole is set forth with the assistance of subsidiary characters who act as a foil to *Boon* in the manner of *Friendship's Garland* and *The New Republic*. The brightness of MATTHEW ARNOLD'S famous *jeu d'esprit* will hardly be dimmed by the new competitor, nor has Mr. MALLOCK much to fear from it, but the chaff of *Boon's* fellow-craftsmen is sometimes excellent. Occasionally it is embellished with thumb-nail sketches, the best of them being the caricature of *Dr. Tomlinson Keyhole*, the eminent critic who when he suspects a scandal "professes a thirsty desire to draw a veil over it as conspicuously as possible." If Mr. WELLS should find himself in trouble over these indiscretions and plead ignorance, he must expect to be told that ignorance is BLISS, and BLISS is ——.

All the pleasant things that I have said in the past about the work of Mr. HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON I should like now to repeat and underline after reading *Angela's Business* (CONSTABLE), which seems to me quite one of the best samples of fiction that has come to us over the Atlantic for a long time. Perhaps it may not enjoy the widespread popularity of the same author's *Queed;* but there is no question of it as a book to be read. I will not tell you the story; though even if I did it wouldn't greatly matter. Briefly speaking, "Angela's Business" was to meet the demand there always is in the world for nice, normal, not too intellectual girls; more briefly still, it was to marry the first eligible man to whom these qualifications appealed with success. *Angela* was a home-maker. In the book we see her and her lifework through the eyes of a young man, *Charles Garrott;* and the argument of it is a contrast—one might almost say a competition, though unacknowledged and unconscious—between *Angela's* methods and those of another woman, *Mary*, the independent, wage-earning career-maker. Incidentally, a story of American town-life in which none of the characters is beyond the need of financial economy has a novel and refreshing effect. But there is any quantity of refreshment and novelty in the style also. Mr. HARRISON has a quality in his writing that I can best catch by the epithet "sensitive." While preserving his own impartial, slightly aloof attitude towards his characters, he is quick to respond to every shade of change in their relations with each other. There is, too, a very lively and engaging wit about him. He writes American undisguised, and you may even be astonished, in your insular way, to find what a capable and vigorous medium he can make of that quaint language. Altogether *Angela's Business* must certainly be everyone else's also.

I begin to suspect Miss MARJORIE BOWEN of possessing a private time-machine, she doth so range about the centuries. Only the other day she was conducting me through Medicean Florence, and now here she is in the New World of the eighteenth century, and as much at home as if she had never written about any other place and period. Indeed, for many reasons I incline to think *Mr. Washington* (METHUEN) is the best historical romance she has yet given us. For one thing, of course, if ever there was a hero ready-made, it is the young Virginian planter who created a nation. I am quite sure that Miss BOWEN felt this. She has a palpable tenderness for her central figure, the grace and courage and high purpose of him, which greatly helps the appeal of the story. Partly this is a tale of WASHINGTON himself, first as the young soldier fighting the French in Canada, and later as the victorious founder of the American Commonwealth. Partly, also, it concerns the fortunes of ARNOLD, the friend who betrayed WASHINGTON, and of his English wife. Miss BOWEN has certainly written nothing more moving and dramatic than the scene in which *Margaret Arnold*, loathing her husband for the treachery she has just discovered, holds WASHINGTON at bay in order to give the traitor time to escape. There is a real thrill in this. Throughout, also, you will find abundant evidence of that sense of colour which is of the essence of the costume story. She writes in pictures, and excellent pictures too. I can heartily recommend this gallant tale.

Samuel Henry Jeyes; His Personality and Work (DUCKWORTH), is a book that will have two appeals, the special and the general—of which perhaps the former will be the greater. Certainly the rather wide circle of those who numbered the late Mr. JEYES amongst their friends will be glad to welcome this record of a singularly charming man; while there must be many others, to whom his identity as an anonymous journalist was unknown, who will here recognize work in which they had taken pleasure while ignorant of its authorship. Both Mr. SIDNEY LOW, who contributes a sympathetic memoir of his friend, and Mr. W. P. KER, who has arranged and edited the selections from his fugitive writings, have done their task ably. The papers themselves were well worth collection into this more permanent form. Chief among them is the series grouped under the heading "Rulers of England" open letters to prominent political personages over the signature "Friar John." These show Mr. JEYES at his best; trenchant, entirely fearless, more than a little Thackerayan in style. The Memoir furnishes an interesting opportunity of tracing the beginnings of this method in a fragment of an essay on "Sisters," written for an Uppingham journal when the author was eighteen—a somewhat remarkable production. These "Friar John" letters, it should be added, are illustrated with drawings of the addressees by Mr. HARRY FURNISS, which recall many pleasant memories.



Scene: The outskirts of a Sussex Covert.

Thomas (who has bagged a sitting pheasant—as officer suddenly appears). "SO YOU 'D TRY TO *BITE* ME, WOULD YER?"

The late TOM GALLON contrived to make his own wide circle of readers who will appreciate this posthumous romance, *The Princess of Happy Chance* (HUTCHINSON). It tells of *Felicia* of *Sylvaniaburg* who fled from her betrothed prince, *Jocelyn*, whom she chose to dislike on principle because he had been arranged for her. She fled to England, and at midnight met a young English girl of her own age, *Lucidora*, who was a beauty and a day-dreamer. So that when *Princess Felicia*, with delightful impulsiveness, proposed that poor *Lucidora* should take her royal place with car, chauffeur and maid, she welcomed the adventure as an opening into the realms of high romance. Also an impecunious, handsome and rather nice gentleman—a journalist—foisted himself upon her as a Court Chamberlain, and the little court travelled about and behaved in the most naïve way possible, and sent the most charmingly and indiscreetly explicit telegrams, until *Lucidora* fell badly in love with the Chamberlain, and *Jocelyn* discovered she was a fraud, and explained how much he was really in love with *Felicia*, and everything ended happily. This is not a romance in the inspired manner of R. L. S.'s *Prince Otto*, or the fashion of robustious *Ruritania*, but just a gentle, easy-flowing, quite wholesome, unpretentious and strictly unlikely narrative to while away the time.

In these days of complex novelists I find Baroness ORCZY very ingenuous and refreshing. She is indeed so anxious to impress me at the outset with certain facts about the Hungarian peasants that she repeats them again and again, and this—if a little uncomplimentary to my intelligence—does at any rate clear the way for the tale she has to tell in *A Bride of the Plains* (HUTCHINSON). What, however, I do resent is that she should address me as "stranger," for the truth of the matter is that she is the friendliest and most confiding of writers, and to be called a stranger when one feels, as I did, like a member of a family party, is nothing less than shattering. As to the literary merits of this story of love, murder, wine and dancing, I prefer to be silent, and shall hold my tongue with the greater content because I doubt if admirers of the beautiful *Elsa* will greatly trouble about the style in which her tale is told. Sufficient it is that the Baroness knows these Hungarians of whom she writes, that her villain is as pretty a scoundrel as I have met for many a day, and that, although the present is not a propitious time for visiting Hungary, she has induced in me a warm desire to go there eventually and see just how they dance the *csárdás*.

"Usually the annual effort is a sale of work and a concert, but in this case so as not to put too great a strain upon supporters, a concert and a sale of work have been arranged."—*Exeter Express & Echo.*
We ourselves always adopt this order as being far less exhausting.

CHARIVARIA.

"THOSE who would saddle the Kaiser with the responsibility for the War," says a German paper, "forget that he kept the peace of Europe for twenty-six years." No, they don't. They fully appreciate the fact that he took all that time to get ready to fight.

* * *

Says the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*:—"People of Germany, prepare to face one enemy the more. From the caves of the Abruzzi, from the marshes of Sicily and Sardinia, from the forests of Calabria, from the courts and alleys of Chidi and Margelina, an army of vagabonds, convicts, ruffians and mandolin-players is about to march against you." Astonishing how they have deteriorated since they were active members of the Triple Alliance.

* * *

Meanwhile it certainly looks as if Germany's Professors of Hate are in for an unusually strenuous time, and we shall not be surprised if some of them break down from over-work.

* * *

Serious-minded Germans, by the way, are furious with us for not even hesitating to make fun of such a holy feeling as Hate.

* * *

A Turkish gentleman, residing in the vicinity of the Dardanelles, who has been suffering from a series of bad headaches lately, writes to ask how it is that the British Navy came to be known as "The Silent Service."

* * *

The average Briton is slow to anger, but there are signs that he is at last being roused. For example, last week, according to *The Mail*, a resident of Southend whose lawn had been injured by a bomb was overheard to say, "I solemnly swear I'll never play tennis with a German again!"

* * *

We were frankly surprised to learn how many German butchers there were in London. Evidently the typical German is born that way.

* * *

One really cannot be too careful not to pass hasty judgment on the conduct of any individual or body. For example, the Southgate Urban District Council was criticised adversely because it would not allow the local Volunteer corps to drill on the recreation ground. It now appears that such drilling, if permitted, would spoil the cricket and football pitches.

* * *

Mr. THEODORE H. PRICE, of New York, the editor of *Commerce and Finance*, declares that prosperity and not poverty will be the aftermath of the great war. For all that, it seems a regrettable method of ensuring a trade boom.



Tommy (home on leave, to ex-soldier who is giving his theories). "GARN! YER TALKING THROUGH YER CHAPEAU."

"In these hard times," says the *Tägliche Rundschau*, "we must turn our hearts to steel, so that we may forget that we have any feeling." TOMMY ATKINS would like it known that, if they are ready to turn their hearts to it, he is always ready to supply the steel.

* * *

It is thought that the exaggerated ideas of the extent of inebriety in our midst are due in part to the fashion prevalent among women to-day of wearing their hats at all sorts of absurd angles.

* * *

The LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S warning to the theatrical and music-hall world on the subject of scanty dress has evoked a good deal of indignant comment among the members of the profession, who declare that they were merely endeavouring to economise, and it is considered that the cause of national thrift has received a distinct set-back.

* * *

Meanwhile in these days when we all have to be economical we are not surprised to see that in many of the new dresses now being worn there is no waist at all.

"Cato, the Greek, on observing that statues were being set up in honour of many remarked — 'I would rather people would ask, why is there not a statue to Cato, than why there is.'"
Glasgow News.

We well remember that a Roman gentleman of the same name enunciated a similar sentiment.

"The action of the people in attacking Germans, though quite explicable, was unreasoning, and if the Government policy was to be adopted, he hoped they would not intern one single person whom they did not believe they could safely leave alone."—"*The Times*" *Parliamentary Report.*

If the orator's remarks have been correctly reported, his attitude does not appear to differ much from that of the "unreasoning" public.

Testimonial to a gout specific:—

"I am grateful for your good remedy as I am keeping well since I left it off and am able to walk freely."

"I believe I am right in saying that the first Ottoman Turk since the last Crusade received an Anglo-Saxon bayonet in him at 5 minutes after 5 a.m. on April 25."
Special Correspondent.

We do not quarrel with the writer's smart timing of this event, but as the last Crusade ended in 1272 and the bayonet was not invented till *circa* 1650 the above statement is not so dashing as it seems.

"The din and roar of sound, which can best be described as that of 10,000 different noises blended into one confusion, are almost a grandiose but, at the same time, appalling spectacle."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Thanks to the writer's keen eye for noises one hears the spectacle distinctly.

"THE EASTERN FRONT."
Sunday Times.

We compliment the leading unit of the "Eastern" Front on facing West so resolutely.

TO BELGIUM IN EXILE.

Lines dedicated to one of her priests, by whose words they were prompted.

LAND of the desolate, Mother of tears,
Weeping your beauty marred and torn,
Your children tossed upon the spears,
Your altars rent, your hearths forlorn,
Where Spring has no renewing spell,
And Love no language save a long Farewell!

Ah, precious tears, and each a pearl,
Whose price—for so in God we trust
Who saw them fall in that blind swirl
Of ravening flame and reeking dust—
The spoiler with his life shall pay,
When Justice at the last demands her Day.

O tried and proved, whose record stands
Lettered in blood too deep to fade,
Take courage! Never in our hands
Shall the avenging sword be stayed
Till you are healed of all your pain,
And come with Honour to your own again.

O. S.

UNUSUAL BUSINESS IN THE COPSE.

SIR,—It would appear that some irregular occurrence is disturbing the ordinary course of events, destroying habits and annihilating old associations. But we get so little news of the outside world in our rural retreat that I have not yet learnt what is taking place.

For as many years as I can remember, on my return to take up my residence in Littledown Copse each April, I have found a pleasant-looking gentleman awaiting me among the dead leaves in an attitude of expectancy, with his hand to his ear. No matter how early in the month I have come, or whether the day has been wet or fine, this amiable and homely individual has been there, and at my first call of greeting he has rubbed his hands together with glee, looked at his watch and made notes in his pocket-book. I understand that it has been his further custom to confide to his friends, through the columns of the principal London newspapers, that I have returned to my Spring residence, dignifying what is after all a simple event in a manner most gratifying to myself.

This year, to my great disappointment, my friend was not awaiting me at Littledown Copse, and in reply to my calls there was not so much as a rustle of the leaves. I looked for him in vain until May 1st, when he arrived in the company of another. His companion was an ordinary person who had little of the appearance of a nature-lover, and my friend himself had altered; his beard was trimmed, and he looked almost muscular. Both were attired strangely in grey-green clothing, with a band of bright red on the left arm stamped with the initials "G. R." which, with its colour, gave it the appearance of a letter-box. I was glad to see my old friend, and gave a cry of welcome.

"Hark! the cuckoo!" said his companion.

"Keep down, you fool," said my old friend crossly; "that's no cuckoo. I bet you a shilling it's one of their scouts giving warning that we've been heard among these confounded rustling leaves."

As they fell on their faces behind some bushes I saw to my alarm that each of them was armed with a rifle. I deemed it advisable therefore to hold my peace. But I cannot shake off the conviction that there are strange influences at work. Your obedient HARBINGER.

DIFFICILIS DESCENSUS.

SCENE.—A London suburb in the quiet of early morning. After a very foggy night a disabled Zeppelin drops down into the middle of a deserted side-street. The Commander and crew alight and hoist white flag.

Commander (*to crew*). Fellow-heroes and victims of harsh circumstance, there is nothing left us but to surrender to brutal and superior force.

[*A milk-boy, on his early round, comes up and looks on with interest.*]

Commander. Boy, we are Germans; our brave ship is wrecked; we are cold and hungry and wish to surrender.

Boy (*grinning*). Garn! Who'r' yer gittin' at?

[*Local Policeman, on beat-duty, appears on scene.*]

Policeman. Now then, move along there.

Commander. Unhappily, Herr Policeman, so to do we are not able; our brave craft is destroyed; we are Germans; we are cold and hungry and wish to surrender.

Policeman (*doubtfully*). How am I to know you're Germans? You'll have to *prove* it. We've heard these yarns before.

Commander. Herr Gott! How *can* we prove it? Look at the mark of our craft—"Z 199."

Policeman. Oh, those motor-car numbers are easily faked.

Commander. Donnerwetter! How can I make you understand that we *are* Germans, Germans with *bombs*? We *want* to surrender. We are cold and hungry and thirsty.

Policeman. I ain't a relieving-officer, and, anyhow, you're not allowed to beg in this neighbourhood. You'd better move on.

Commander (*in despair*). Where are the barracks? Where is the office of the military staff? Where is the bureau of the high-aircraft-over-commandant?

Policeman. There ain't no such things hereabouts.

Commander. Himmel! what a country! In Germany there is no difficulty about being arrested.

Policeman. But what am I to arrest you *for*? There's no one to give you in charge. I can't arrest you unless you're *charged*. You'd better go and see the Sergeant at the police-station—second to right, third to left and straight on.

[*Commander and crew prepare to depart, leaving wreck of Zeppelin in road.*]

Policeman. Hi! you can't leave that thing here; you must move it or you'll be run in for obstructing traffic in a public street.

Commander (*joyfully*). Then, thank God, that is what we will do. We gladly *refuse* to remove it. We *will* obstruct the traffic. *Now* you *must* arrest us.

Policeman. That's all right! You come along with me to the station. Why didn't you say what yer little game was before?

[*Exeunt all, well pleased with themselves.*]

Ragtime on the Church Organ.

"The party made their way to the vestry for the remaining formalities, to the accompaniment of the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March from the organ, intersected by the Military Overture in C by the same master."—*Stoke Newington Recorder.*

"ASSISTANT-MISTRESS required immediately for duration of the war, for Singing, Drill and general Form work. Salary £100, rising by annual increments of £10 to a maximum of £140."—*Advertisement in "The Spectator."*

Applicants for this post should be warned that the prospect of reaching the maximum is decidedly precarious.



HAMLET U.S.A.

Scene: The Ramparts of the White House.

President Wilson. "'THE TIME IS OUT OF JOINT: O CURSED SPITE,
THAT EVER I WAS BORN TO SET IT RIGHT!'"

Voice of Col. Roosevelt (*off*). "THAT'S SO!"



CRICKET AIDS JUSTICE.

Cross-examining Counsel. "NOW, MY LAD, BE VERY CAREFUL. YOU HAVE STATED THAT YOU SAW THE HAY-RICK ON FIRE, AND THAT, FIVE MINUTES AFTERWARDS, YOU SAW 'BEEFY' SAUNDERS RIDING HIS BICYCLE ALONG THE PETERSFIELD ROAD. NOW, THERE ARE TWO BROTHERS SAUNDERS, HARRY AND ALFRED, AGED 17 AND 16 RESPECTIVELY. WHEN YOU SAY 'BEEFY SAUNDERS,' WHICH OF THE BROTHERS SAUNDERS DO YOU MEAN?"

Witness. "'IM WIV A GHASTLY BREAK FROM THE ORF."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XVIII.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—It is now 2 A.M., an hour which I hope never to meet again when this business is ended; the rifles have quieted down, and both sides have abandoned, temporarily, the bellicose for the comatose attitude. I have just been leaning over the parapet contemplating in the moonlight that turnip field which separates us from our learned friends opposite, and is, in solid fact, an integral part of that thick black line of your newspaper maps, always so important-looking but so "approximate only." If turnip fields were capable of emotion this one would be filled with pride at the moment. For generations it has been unnoticed and insignificant; its own tenant farmer may have been aware of its existence, but no one else probably knew or cared anything about it. And now there are some thousands of us whose whole attention, anxiety, enthusiasms, hopes and fears are concentrated on nothing else. It is sacred ground, on no account to be trodden on and hardly to be looked at by day, and even in the dead of night only to be crept over with the utmost diffidence and respect. We have sat on our respective edges of it for weeks, never taking our periscopes off it and reporting, as a matter of suspicion, the growth of every plant in it; and at the broken down old cart which stands in the middle of it we have shot a hundred times (and so, no doubt, have they) as at a bold but crafty assailant. Yesterday afternoon the field resumed, for a minute, some of its natural use. It was the after-lunch siesta; things were as peaceful as things can be in war; the sun shone and no sounds were heard except the casting of tinned-meat tins over the parapet—a form of untidiness, Charles, which Headquarter Staffs may rail against but are unable to check *personally*. Suddenly the air was rent by the splutter of "three rounds rapid" from the English trench on our left. From my dug-out I heard, with grave anxiety, the firing being taken up by our own company; I was out and at the parapet just in time to see the solitary hare fall to the rifles of the company on our right. . . . The man who has just slipped over into the forbidden area and recovered the corpse, is, I take it, *some* retriever.

Our predominant feeling is one of intense curiosity as to what exactly is happening behind those black-and-white sandbags over the way. Are the Germans at this moment paraded there, being harangued by their officers before the attack, or are ninety per cent. of them asleep and the other ten per cent. unmistakably yawning? Does the spiral of blue smoke ascending to heaven indicate a deadly gas manufacture or the warming up of a meat and vegetable ration? Are there ten thousand Germans there or ten? Are there, we ask ourselves testily after the long periods of inactivity which sometimes occur, are there any Germans there at all? One of my men writes naïvely to his sweetheart: "There 's millions of Germans here but they 's all behind bags." On the other hand, Lieut. Tolley, whose dashing spirits demand an attack, contends that the whole line opposing us has been deserted by the soldiery and is now held by a caretaker and his wife, the caretaker doing the occasional shooting, while his wife sends up the flare lights.

I write spasmodically between my rounds; I have just been questioning a sentry as to the formalities of his job. For instance, it is of the first importance that he should say, on the approach of the Brigadier, "No. 1 Post. All

correct." Even so, he will no doubt get into trouble for something or other, but that remark, genially uttered, will help. I ask my sentry what he has to do. "Look out," he answers. "But suppose anybody comes?" I continue. "Look out," he says. "But," I press him, "if the Brigadier himself comes in to your bay and stands by you without saying anything, what will you do then?" "Look out," he repeated with feeling.

I take him next on a matter of less urgency. "Suppose you see the enemy advancing from his trenches in great numbers, what will you do?" "Shoot," says he. I explain that two hundred rifles are perhaps more useful than one and ask him how he will give the alarm. The correct call is "Stand to arms!" His, however, was nearly as good. "I should shout, 'They'm coomin'!'" said he.

They are now starting this artillery business at night, which is really rather tiresome of them. You may imagine how, in an artillery duel, one lot of guns, not knowing where the other lot is, gets tired of looking. But there is always the day's ration of shells to be got through. I have no doubt it is the same with the Germans as with ourselves; what with certificates, reports and returns, it is much less tiring to shoot away all the darned stuff than to keep any by you unexpended. And so the gunners look, after a while, for their customary target, its whereabouts fixed and known. Churches, houses, windmills and the like are everywhere limited, and here they have all been used up long ago; but there is one target always there, always vulnerable and always ready to rebuild itself when hit. Yes, Charles, from the German gunners' point of view that target is Us, and so over come the shells with a slittering, genial whistle, as if to say, "Do just come out of your hole and watch the burst." We have lost fifteen new-laid eggs, a dozen mineral water and a farmhouse clock in yesterday's encounter; and, after it was all over, no doubt those infernal gunners of ours, who had started the row, retired to their dug-outs away back behind the line, and had an omelette lunch.

The topic reminds me of our industrious but incompetent mess waiter, Private Blackwell. If ever a man in this world meant well but missed it he does. You have only to whisper his name and he bursts into the mess hut like a whirlwind, dropping knives and forks, tripping over chairs, sweeping crockery off the table, in his uncontrolled enthusiasm. To enable himself to get through more work he leaves the table with just twice what any man could carry, and drops it all before he gets to the door. This dropping has become a fixed habit with him; he drops everything, however heavy or light, fragile or valuable, but through accidents and abuse he maintains his cheery deportment of impulse and impetus.

A week ago we were all of us sitting round the mess table at midnight, having just returned from a period in the trenches—a moment when we suffer a little from the want of sleep and the reaction after the nervous tension. Suddenly the door flung wildly open, and in burst the ecstatic Blackwell, carrying ("Heaven defend us!" shouted the Adjutant) an enormous shell. "But, of course," we reassured each other, "it is only the empty case." "No, Sir," declared the bearer, hustling over all obstacles to the C.O. at the far end of the room, "it fell by Trench Headquarters just before we left, and hasn't burst yet." Never in my life shall I forget the sensation caused by that "yet"!

For the rest, "Cheer-oh!" (as one of my platoon writes), "we'll learn them German chaps to keep on their own doorstep." Yours, HENRY.



SUGGESTIVE BACK VIEW GIVES SHORT-SIGHTED SPECIAL THE THRILL OF HIS LIFE (BUT IT WAS MERELY A CHAUFFEUR PREPARING TO ENJOY AN EXTRA FINE BANANA).

UNDESIRABLE POSES.

[Several of our photographic newspapers recently had a picture of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER resting on the heather at Walton Heath after a round of golf. A medical correspondent wrote to *The Daily Mail* criticising the CHANCELLOR'S rashness. "He was risking an attack of lumbago, rheumatism, loss of voice, or even some much more serious consequence of sudden chilling of the heated body. To lie on the grass at this time of year in the case of a man over forty is a very risky proceeding."]

WE feel that it is time that expert criticism was directed towards other pictures in our illustrated newspapers, and we print one or two comments we have received in reply to instructions issued to our own corps of specialists.

"The photograph of that charming actress, Miss Cissie Cinnamon, in *The Daily Blotch*, exhibits a recklessness which in after years this lady is likely to deplore. The highest dental authorities agree that, while it is necessary that the teeth should be exposed occasionally to prevent them from turning yellow, the chemically tainted atmosphere of a photographer's studio is most harmful to both ivory and porcelain."

"No wonder the recent poems of Mr. Alvasour Annalane have shown a falling off. The reason is to be seen in a portrait of this gentleman which is printed in *The Daily Snatch*. He is posed with his hand against his face, his forefinger pressing against his temple. Pressure in this place cannot fail to interfere with the proper operation of an important artery whose duty it is to feed the brain, and its obstruction must result in an impoverishment of thought."

"The full-length portrait of the popular young composer of 'We'll make the KAISER sit up in the morning!' which appears in *The Morning View*, reveals that this young man is not aware of the rudiments of a correct military posture (for we assume from his work that he has the military instinct). The heels should be together and in line, the feet turned out at an angle of about forty-five degrees; the knees should be straight; the body should be erect, the arms hanging easily from the shoulders with the thumbs immediately behind the seams of the trousers, the hands being partially closed. The head should be steady, the eyes looking their own height and straight to the front."



AFTER THE COLLISION.

Carter (having indulged in terrific language which has been listened to with benevolent toleration by policeman). "JUDGING BY THE WAY YOU BE'AVE, I SHOULD TAKE YOU FOR A GERMAN!"

Policeman. "NOW THEN—NOW THEN! WE CAN'T 'AVE NO BAD LANGUAGE 'ERE!"

MORE TEA-TIME GOSSIP.

(*With apologies to the "Star."*)

SINCE it is notorious that no one at tea-time ever talks of anything but the stage—what plays and *revues* are on and what plays and *revues* are coming on—it follows that the conversation over this meal is always alluring and bright and worth reporting. For what is more important to England, especially at this time, than the stage—legitimate or variety—unless possibly it is racing.

* * * * *

When I met Mr. Gully Buttran yesterday he was full of his plans for beating the Umpire and the Hoppodrome and the Palaceum at their own game. The public, he said, cannot have too many *revues*; and his project was to have three every night—one at eight, one at nine and one at ten. The first was to be called *Who said Rats?* The second, *Wait till the Train stops;* and the third, *This Way Out.* The costumes, he said, were to be most carefully arranged to come just within the safety *revue* limit laid down by the Lord Chamberlain's Office. "But how do you know what that is?" I asked. "We test it," he replied. "The LORD CHAMBERLAIN always threatens three or four times before he strikes, and that gives us our chance."

* * * * *

Passing on to the next theatrical magnate, Mr. Batten Wing, I found that he, too, was meditating a *revue.* Between his cups of souchong he told me that it seemed to him that what the country most needed at the present moment was a strong lead from the male choruses. "The oftener," he said, "that recruiting songs can be sung by active and vigorous young men on the stage the better must the results be." But when I asked him to specify the results he begged to be excused. "The stage," he added, "has a sacred duty to perform, and it is rising to the occasion. Nothing could be finer than our male chorus singing in unison that splendid song, *You're wanted at the Front.*"

* * * * *

"Yes," said Miss Rip Topping, "it is true that I have just signed a contract for £500 a week to dance my famous *negligée* dance in London. I have refused many offers in my time, but when it was made quite clear to me by my manager that men home from the Front, either wounded or on leave, wanted to see me, I gave way at once, although my price is really five hundred guineas. I think that there is no sacrifice too great to be made by artists, to give pleasure to these brave fellows." And I agree with her. Brave little lady, I wish you all luck!

"THE FEEBLE-MINDED.

OFFICIAL PROPOSES TO REDUCE HIS OWN SALARY."

Wolverhampton Evening News.

A hopeless case, we fear.

In view of the amount of barbed wire that our troops have to negociate, our Boy Scout suggests that it would be advisable to reinforce our troops by an army of "little nippers."

Another Infant in Arms.

"WILLIAMS.—In this city, on April the 14th, to the wife of Sapper W. Williams, a daughter, now serving in the trenches in France."—*Montreal Star.*

Tact.

Extract from letter to an East Coast resident, after the recent raid :—

"I sincerely hope the Germans won't send any more bombs your way, as they don't seem very successful, do they?"

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Park Lane.

THE WAR SPIRIT.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The season, if one must call it so, seems by way of resolving itself into a series of Matinées (with an object), and of restaurant dinners and suppers, and theatre-parties. People are too *serious* for anything more this summer. And yet, in certain quarters, there 've been most *unkind* comments on "Gorgonzola's" and "Kickshaw's" being crammed for dinner and supper every night, and the stalls and boxes of the "Sans Souci," being always full of people laughing *à gorge déployée* at the delicious absurdity of Harry Capers and Evy de Colty, in *Garn! You're Kidding!* These silly critics don't realise that all this is because we're too serious for any private entertaining, or for much racing, or any of the usual functions.

Lady Manœuverer is at her wits' end. "Here am I," she said to me to-day, "with two girls still on my hands. I meant to bring Rosemary out in London this year, and now there 's virtually no London to bring her out in! Mary St. Neots was saying yesterday that this is a cruel War for the mothers of sons—it 's *crueller*, if possible, for the mothers of *daughters!* I really see *nothing* for me and the girls, Blanche, except to go and be *benevolent* somewhere. Isn't it a frightful ending to all my hopes and plans for the poor darlings?"

Mais, que voulez-vous? Everyone 's got to suffer in some way. There 's Lala Middleshire, for instance. The worry and anxiety of her husband's being in the Anti-Aircraft Corps has tried her so that she found it quite imposs to live a quiet, home life. Sir William Kiddem was called in, said it was a complicated case, and agreed that Lala's own remedy for herself—coming out as a stage performer—might prove the very nerve tonic she needed. She 's always had a wonderful talent for turning cart-wheels—no acrobat could do it much better—and has been constantly asked, at private and semi-private parties, to show her skill. (It was at a party at Dunstable House, years ago, after she 'd surpassed herself in turning cart-wheels, that Middleshire asked her to *dire le grand oui.*) Well, and so, when it got known that her state of nervous tension during her husband's hours of duty made it necessary she should take a stage engagement, she 'd plenty of offers from managers. She accepted the best one, and "The Duchess of Middleshire will Turn Cart-Wheels" was put in as an extra attraction in the Pantechnicon revue, *Absolutely Top-notch.* We all went to see her the first night, and, after she 'd cart-wheeled right across the stage and back again we fairly rose at her, and in a minute she was up to her knees in flowers. Her engagement at the Pantechnicon is over now, but the state of her nerves, though improved, yet made quietness dangerous, so she 's going the round of the suburban halls; and, if she 's not all right after that, Sir William Kiddem says he gives her permission to tour the provinces.

How differently troubles affect people of different birth, my Daphne! A woman of long descent like Lala (she was a Montilol, you know, and they boast the blood of Plantagenet, and have an old, hereditary right to stand in the presence of the Sovereign with their arms akimbo) has such a high-strung organisation and such a delicate poise that any worry and anxiety make it *imperative* she should be got out of herself. On the other hand, Lady Exborough, who was a Miss Nobody of Nowhere, and whose husband is at the Front, shuts herself up and is never seen at restaurant dinners or suppers or at the theatre or anywhere. One would think quietness and seclusion would be insupportable to her in the circumstances, but *ces autres* have blunt feelings, I believe.

Apart from *the* great subject, perhaps the most burning question at present is, *How* long ought the war-wisp to be? (The war-wisp, dearest, is the lock of hair now worn in front of each ear.) Myself I hold that it should steal gently down past the ear, just trespass unobtrusively on the cheek, and then stop. With these war-wisps it 's correct to wear a faraway look, faintly touched with anxiety. The idea is that one's thinking of somebody in Flanders, or the Dardanelles, or the North Sea. Some people, however, overdo everything. For instance, Peggy Preston's war-wisps reach nearly to the corners of her mouth, and, though she's no *personal* worry about the war, she overdoes the faraway frown to such extent that the other night, when she came into "Gorgonzola's" with a party for supper, I heard a man at a table say to his friend, "My hat! Here 's a woman going mad while you wait!" I thought it only kind to tell her, later, what I 'd heard.

Dear Professor Dimsdale is working day and night at some *marvellous* experiments that may end the war *quite* suddenly and prevent *all* future wars. *Isn't* that lovely? Of course everything 's being kept very secret, but I may tell you *this*, he 's discovered a drug of *tremendous* strength (not cruel or painful in its effects—he wouldn't do such a thing!). It 's a narcotic of *undreamt-of* power, and the idea is for aeroplanes to fly over the enemy's army and drop this down in a liquid form (it only acts when dropped from above, so the airmen would be safe). It takes effect on those below while it 's still a long way up in the air, and half a pint of it, scattered in drops, is enough to put a whole army corps into a deep sleep. So there it is, Daphne! When the enemy's whole army is in profound slumber, it will only remain for us to find their Commander-in-Chief, wake him, and dictate terms of peace! The waking will be done with an anti-dote the Professor's now at work on. The laboratory is guarded day and night, and the dear Professor himself wears a bullet-and-dagger-proof waistcoat and his soft felt hat has been fitted with a steel lining.

A story is being whispered about an escapade of Beryl Clarges'. She was week-ending with some people at a Place on the Coast. Off this Place on the Coast was lying a certain British Warship, which one afternoon gave a *thé dansant* to which Beryl and the others went. You know what she is—nothing would satisfy her but to be shown just what they do when going into action. She insisted on knowing how the guns were trained and loaded and all that; teased and coaxed them to show her exactly what was done when a broadside was to be fired, and kept on urging them to show her a little more—and a little more—till at last things went too far—and a real broadside was fired! All the windows of a Place on the Coast were broken; all the natives thought their last hour had struck; the little pier and parade became only a memory, and Beryl clapped her hands and yelled for joy! And now Somebody 's been severely reprimanded and has lost five years' seniority, while the real culprit goes on her way rejoicing. Certainly, there 's *this* to be said—it would be no punishment to poor, dear Beryl to lose five years' seniority!

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

From the Front.

All battalions were recently warned to keep a careful watch for any contrivances which the Germans might use with the object of producing poisonous gases. Shortly afterwards a certain regiment on taking over some trenches, found an old bag-pipe left in the lines. At once the Colonel (a southron) sent the following message to Brigade Headquarters:—"A weird instrument has just been discovered in my trenches; it is believed to be used for producing asphyxiating noises."

LACTAQUEOUS LISPINGS.

RECOGNISING the need of a wholesome antidote to the harassing influence of a diet exclusively composed of War news, one of Mr. Punch's literary staff has compiled the following brief anthology of cheerful and sedative sentiments extracted from the poems of Mrs. Ada Stanleyette Stookey, the famous American poetess. The poems, we may add, are not copyright, and may be sung or danced to anywhere in public with impunity or at least without payment of a fine:—

KNOWLEDGE TRUE AND FALSE.

I know that the Solar Orb shines bright
When 'tis not obscured by a cloud;
I know that the stars we see at night
Are a perfectly countless crowd;
I know that honey is very sweet,
That beauty is fair to the eye;
That sugar we strain from the beet or the cane,
That apples are good in a pie;
But my soaring Muse would flatly refuse
To tell you the How or Why,
For we shun the tracts that are peopled with facts—
TUPPER and WILCOX and I.

I know not whither I 'm going,
Nor whence I came to earth,
But it 's perfectly clear that I am here
In this world of sorrow and mirth;
And never the lotus closes,
Never the hedge-pigs whine,
But I chant a stave that is sweet and brave
At the rate of two dollars a line.

TRUE HEROISM.

It is easy enough to be gay when one feels
That the world is progressing on rubber-tyred wheels,
But the man who is jolly when stung by a bee—
Oh, that is the right sort of hero for me!

THE BETTER WAY.

In stormy youth myself I hotly hurled
Against the brick walls of a brutal world;
Now wiser grown, and for survival fitter,
I soothe the Million with my cheery twitter.

IL FAUT SE BORNER.

'Tis folly to aim at a world-wide fame
When you 're only a small potato,
But the man who pours oil on a village broil
May be happier far than PLATO.

HER EPITAPH.

Though sneered at by the cultured highbrow critic
For being neither subtle nor mephitic,
Obscurity she rigidly eschewed,
And scaled the topmost peaks of platitude.

THE POET'S IDEAL.

I hold it the duty of those who in verse
Have command of a style that is simple and terse,
To raise their emotions from life's lee scuppers
Until they emerge to the level of TUPPER'S.

THE MIGHTY MONOSYLLABLE.

All weighty words are brief: "bread," "beef" and "beer,"
"Eggs," "cheese" and "ham," and "Life" and "Death" and "Fear";
Brief too are "lamb" and "peas," and "prose" and "rhyme";
Yet in them lies a majesty sublime.

THE THING THAT MATTERS.

Oh, it is not the *song* of the poet, though naught could be possibly sweeter
Which touches the spot with a flame that is hot, but the *heart* that is back of the metre;
And therefore, although right through I 've loved pure Art for its own pure sake,
It is not Art, Oh no! it is *Heart* that finally takes the cake.



THE EGOIST.

"NO, I'VE NOT DONE ANYTHING AS YET—BUT, 'PON ME SOUL, I'VE 'ALF A MIND TO JOIN ONE OF THESE SELF-DEFENCE CORPS."

Some idea of the crisis in Italy may be gathered from the following poignant message sent from Rome to *The Morning Post*:—"The German Embassy has ordered its washerwoman to send back its linen instantly." No doubt to have it washed in public at home.



Proud Mother (*taking her first walk with her son since he put his uniform on*). "YOU SEEM TO HAVE MADE QUITE A NICE LOT OF NEW FRIENDS ALREADY, MY BOY."

A COMMON ENEMY.

Uncle Henry is such a bloodthirsty person when properly roused that it seems a pity he is too old for service. However, rumours of German spies in our neighbourhood set him bristling. "I expect they are after my maps," he said. "I hope so. If I catch one I'll *kill* him. I neither give quarter nor expect it." I have great confidence in Uncle Henry, and his words made me feel much safer.

This morning I was arranging the flowers in the drawing-room, when all at once I heard sounds of a scuffle from the library where a few minutes ago I had left Uncle quietly reading the paper. The library window slammed to, so did the door, there were thumps on the wall, heavy footsteps stamping, staggering, slipping round the polished floor.

My heart stood still, and I went and hid behind the window curtains. Then came a crash, the sound of breaking glass, a groan in Uncle's voice, more struggling, furniture overturned, a heavy fall and a sickening series of thuds.

A few minutes' deathly silence followed; then the drawing-room door burst open, and there stood Uncle, pale, panting, dishevelled, his coat half off, a hard, cruel glint in his eyes and blood on his hands.

"I've killed him," he panted. "He put up a good fight, but I killed him."

"Oh!" I gasped. "What has happened?"

"He came in at the window—didn't see me—went straight over to the big map on the wall. I ought to have got him there, only I missed—but I stuck to it—nearly wrecked the room before I finished him."

"Oh, Uncle," I cried, "shall I telephone for the police?"

"What for?" he said.

I shuddered.

"To—to—take away the body."

He gave a savage laugh.

"There's nothing of him left, only a smear on the carpet."

"But his clothes, Uncle. They must still be there."

"He wasn't wearing any," he replied.

I gasped.

"Then how did you know he was a German?"

"He wasn't a German. He was English—an enemy to his own country—a common poisoner—a plague spot—a traitor of the most insidious sort!"

"Oh, Uncle Henry," I cried, "what have you done? Who is it you have killed?"

"A fly," he said, simply.

Honesty its own reward.

"Lost, Lady's Gold Watch in Wristlet, in vicinity of Drumcondra Road, Botanic Road and Richmond Road. Finder rewarded by bringing same to 10, Drumcondra Road."
Dublin Evening Mail.

From a notice of an impending route-march:—

"The far-famed village of Moulton, as termed by Whyte-Melville, lies 2,875 miles due north of Northampton from St. Matthew's, and can be reached by the 'softest' pedestrian without the penalty of blistered heels or stiff joints."
Northampton Daily Chronicle.

This is a high tribute to the excellence of the local manufactures.

"A guard of honour of officers, with crossed swords, was drawn up at the church. The bride was driven away by the commanding officer of the 17th Royal Fusiliers."
Southern Daily Mail.

We are glad to say that the lady refused to be daunted by this unchivalrous behaviour on the part of the C.O., and that after a counter-attack the marriage duly took place.



WILFUL MURDER.

THE KAISER. "TO THE DAY——" DEATH. "——OF RECKONING!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 10th of May.—The civilised world ablaze with horror and anger at latest example of German Kultur. Reasonable to suppose House of Commons, epitome and representative of British nation, would reassemble to-day in state of turbulent indignation. House of Commons is an odd place, unique in its characteristics. Looking round the benches, noting tone and purport of inquiries addressed to FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY, one might well suppose that nothing particular had happened since it adjourned last Thursday. Questions numerous; all of practical character. Unemotional as if they referred to outrages by newly-discovered tribe of fiends in human shape peopling Mars or Saturn. FIRST LORD, equally undemonstrative, announced that Board of Trade have ordered inquiry into circumstances attending loss of *Lusitania*. Pending result, it would be premature to discuss the matter.

This way of looking at it struck some listeners as the sublimation of officialism and national phlegm. Here is a British passenger ship homeward bound across Atlantic. Within sight of land she is feloniously struck without warning by a torpedo launched by a German submarine. Out of a total of 1,906 souls, passengers and crew, 772 survive.

These are bare facts beyond dispute. But, as FIRST LORD says, we must have enquiry into the matter. It will take days to complete, maybe weeks. Meanwhile we must say nothing about it.

Continued absence of SPEAKER an incident illustrating universality of influence of the War. Mr. LOWTHER'S son was wounded when gallantly fighting at the Front. The SPEAKER, "leaving the Chair" without putting the usual question, has gone out to succour and cheer him in his hospital bed. He carries with him the sympathy and good wishes of the whole House. These extended to the PRIME MINISTER who also has a son stricken down on the battlefield.

Notable to-day how, with exception here and there of a touch of khaki, majority of Members are in mourning. Doubtless partly in sign of sympathy with relatives of the victims of the wholesale murder on the sea off Kinsale. Has for some time been the token of abiding sorrow among Members of both Houses, which have, perhaps in exceptional proportion, been hardly hit.

Business done.—Bill dealing with control of Drink traffic in munition areas read a second time.



THE SUPER-STATESMAN.

The Majesty of the Law (to Anti-German rioter). "YOU ARE CHARGED WITH A VERY GRAVE OFFENCE. WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?"

Prisoner. "WELL, ME LUD, I DON'T WANT TO BOAST, BUT THEY DO SAY AS I'VE GIVE THE GOVERNMENT A LEAD."

Tuesday.—"Save me from my friends!"

'Twas the voice of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. I knew he'd complain. And with good reason. In charge of Bill of declared and admitted urgency. Designed to withstand malign influence diminishing supply of munitions of war, hampering splendid efforts of army in the field, imperilling safety of the country, at least lengthening duration of War with its daily holocaust. Limited to single operative clause it proposes that, wherever it appears expedient for successful prosecution of the war, supply and sale of intoxicating liquor shall be controlled by the State in any munitions, transport or camp area.

Temperance party, whilst approving bestowal upon Government of supreme control of supply of liquor, object to their undertaking its sale. Visions of LORD CHANCELLOR with apron conveniently tucked up over his portly figure handing tankards of four-half across the counter to perennially thirsty workmen, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER trotting out at midday with the dinner ale, crossed their mind.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL pointed out that it is essential part of scheme that Government may supply liquor as well as food to workmen in areas where public-houses are closed against them. BY-YOUR-LEIF-JONES led little band of teetotalers armed with amendments. In vain CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER pleaded that if carried they would destroy object of legislation.

"Insert them," he said, "and the Bill is practically dead. We must be authorised to make provision for adequate reasonable refreshment for the men in these districts or we may as well withdraw the Bill. The situation is a grave one. Any man who does anything to hinder the output of the munitions of war or the transport of ships and materials accepts a responsibility I should be sorry to share with him."

Argument fell on deaf ears. With or without your leave JONES and his friends insisted on pressing their amendments.



THE GOVERNMENT BAR.

"VISIONS OF LORD CHANCELLOR WITH APRON CONVENIENTLY TUCKED UP OVER HIS PORTLY FIGURE HANDING TANKARDS OF FOUR-HALF ACROSS THE COUNTER TO PERENNIALLY THIRSTY WORKMEN."

At this stage, Leaders of Opposition came to rescue. Time was when sign of revolt in any section of multiform Ministerial majority would have been studiously fostered. In this hour of peril patriotism stands before party. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and LEADER OF OPPOSITION in succession rose to support Ministers. Amendment and others of similar purport finally withdrawn. Bill passed through Committee; by consent was carried through Report Stage.

Business done.—A Couple of War Emergency Bills hurried forward.

Thursday.—Amid poignant personal sorrow pervading House under shadow of war,



AN ECHO FROM NEW ZEALAND.

"I HEAR THE DOCTOR WOULDN'T PASS YOUR BOY FOR THE REINFORCEMENTS, SIR."
"NO. POOR LAD'S AS MAD AS A HATTER."
"DEAR ME, SIR! IS *THAT* THE TROUBLE? I THOUGHT IT WAS HIS HEART."

there is grief for the untimely cutting off of one of the Liberal Whips. WILLIAM JONES was much too good for human nature's daily food as it is earned in the Whips' Room of House of Commons. A scholar, a poet, an orator of rare loftiness of tone and beauty of style, he was among the most modest, the least self-seeking of men. One can imagine how embarrassed he must have been when he woke up one morning to find himself a Junior Lord of the Treasury with a salary of £1,200 a year and appointed to the work of a Whip.

No one envied him his good fortune. On the contrary it was universally applauded. Still, under chorus of approval there was note of regret that the trammels of subordinate office would rob the House of one of its chiefest ornaments in debate.

WILLIAM JONES rarely addressed the House. Whenever he did he commanded its instant and held its entranced attention. Among his chief admirers was Prince ARTHUR, himself an expert in the art of speech. Gifted with a beautiful voice, attuned to the intonation of his native tongue, his contributions to Parliamentary debate were things apart. Equally successful on the platform, he swayed mixed multitudes in fashion that surprised and to some extent alarmed him.

A self-made man, he found his way to the front without pushing. Perhaps the one-time country schoolmaster more highly prized his tutorship at Oxford than his Parliamentary honours. His scholarship was as unobtrusive as were his other qualities. The MEMBER FOR SARK recalls an occasion when it unexpectedly flashed forth. At a small, intimate dinner-party, whereat WILLIAM JONES sat opposite the then Lord Advocate, now Lord DUNEDIN, chance reference was made to a topic in Greek literature. Forthwith the two involuntarily, apparently unconsciously, dropped into colloquial Greek and continued the conversation in that tongue.

Business done.—PREMIER announced drastic procedure in respect to enemy aliens. There are 40,000 Germans and Austrians still at large. Of the men all who are of military age will be interned. Above that age they will be packed off to Fatherland. Women and children are also liable to be repatriated, but cases will be considered upon their merits, with object of avoiding unjustifiable hardship. Proposals greeted with general approval. Only regret that found expression was that they were not enforced nine months ago.

"Sir,—On February 2nd I drew attention to the fact that there existed a remedy for the vermin which are so unpleasant a feature of life at the front through the medium of the London Press. Large quantities of this have been sent out and have proved entirely successful."—*Letter to "Scotsman."*

It would be interesting to know the names of the journals that have proved so effective.

In a review of JOHN WESLEY'S "Journal" *The Daily News* gave as one of the causes for his excellent health "constant punching, particularly at five in the morning—one of the healthiest exercises in the world." The pleasing picture thus conjured up of the famous revivalist keeping in condition "by apostolic blows and knocks" was spoiled by the conscientious reviewer, who wrote next day to say that the word should have been "preaching."



Sergeant. "What did you mean by telling me you was accustomed to 'orses? What kind of 'orses was it?"
Recruit. "Wooden 'osses. I was workin' the hengine wot drove the roundabout."

THE PERFECT LETTER-WRITER.

Sometimes it happens that illiteracy can get there as quickly and surely as the highest culture, though by a different route, as in the following instance.

Once upon a time there was a Little Tailor in a little shop in Soho. Not a tailor in the ordinary sense of the word, but a ladies' tailor. He was never seen out of shirt sleeves which might have been whiter, and he came from one of the foreign lands where the youths seem to be under conscription for this trade. What land it was I cannot say for certain, but I should guess one of the Polands—German probably, but called Russian by him.

Once upon a time—in fact, at the same time—there was also a lady connected with the stage, and as her theatre was contiguous to the Little Tailor's place of business, it was only natural that when one of her gowns was suddenly torn her dresser should hasten to him to have it put right. But the charge was so disproportionate to the slight work done that the dresser deferred payment, and deferred it so long that the Little Tailor had to lay down the shears and take the pen in their place. And this is what he wrote:—

"Dear Miss,—I don't feel like exactly to quarrel with somebody. But it is the first time in my life happens to me a thing like that. And therefore I am not going to let it go. I was just keeping quiet to see what you would do. But what I can see you think I have forgotten about it. But I may tell you this much. It is not the few shillings but it is the impudence to come in while I am away to ask the girl to do it as a special, and then to come in and take it away, and then tell the girl you would come in to-morrow to see me. And this is six weeks already and you have not come yet. The only thing I can say now, Miss, if you will kindly send the money by return, because I tell you candidly. I will not be had by you in this manner. Should you not send the money I shall try to get to know you personally, and will have something to say about it."

If the art of letter-writing is to state clearly one's own position, that is as good a letter as any written. Every word expresses not only the intention of the writer but his state of mind. Not even—shall we say?—Mr. Landfear Lucas could improve upon it except in inessentials.

Baby Mine!

"Fenning.—May 6, 1915, at 3 Wood quay, Dublin, the wife of Thos. J. Fenning of a Goldfields."—*Irish Independent.*

Our Comforting Experts.

"Travelling at sea is dangerous always. It is not made more so by the submarine . . ."
"*The Times*" *Naval Correspondent.*

"She usually enveloped herself in a large, stiff, white apron. It was her sinecure of office, as the curé's shabby black cassock was his."—*Everyman.*

Thus carelessly clad they were, no doubt, the "sinecure" of every eye.

"This crow outside Biffi's café, in the famous Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, was not thirsting for German blood. It was merely good-humouredly encouraging some German visitors to catch the next train to that haven of German refugees, Lugano."—*Daily Mail.*

As Hamlet (another wearer of sable) remarked:—"Report me and my caws aright."

From an article by "A. G. G." on the Kaiser in the *Daily News*:

"He has never laughed at himself. He has never seen himself, in Falstaff's phrase, 'like a forked radish carved out of cheese-parings after supper.'"

No, we are sure the Kaiser has never seen himself like that. We rather like this method of telescoping two quotations into one.

"As Cook-General, now; age 30; good wages; deaf; stamp reply."—*The Times.*

Just the person required to go with the dumb-waiter.

ON THE SPY TRAIL.

V.

Jimmy never knew his bloodhound Faithful was such a good swimmer until a man showed him. The man was fishing for roach in a canal, and when the roach took the dough off his hook they nudged the float for more. Jimmy says the roach were very good nudgers. The man told Jimmy that he put aniseed in the dough to give it a relish. He had about a pound of it on the ground beside him and a small piece which he kept rolling between his finger and thumb to make it look darker. Jimmy's bloodhound Faithful ate the big lump of dough and then sat down to enjoy the fishing. Faithful loves anything with a relish to it, Jimmy says, and it made him smack his lips.

Faithful liked watching the float bob, and every time it bobbed Faithful bobbed. Jimmy says it is like when you watch a boy kick a goal at Rugby football and you lift your leg out of sympathy and kick the boy standing in front of you, except that you have to fight the boy afterwards to show it was an accident.

Jimmy says Faithful was very anxious to get to the float to see how it did it, but there was too much water in the canal, and Faithful hadn't room for it all. Jimmy says the aniseed kept egging Faithful on to drink up the canal till he got a hiccough over it.

Jimmy says the man had never heard a bloodhound hiccough so much and he was surprised.

When the man had used up the last bit of the dark dough he looked everywhere for the rest of it. Jimmy says Faithful never said a word, he just went on hiccoughing quietly to himself. Jimmy says the man must have had his suspicions, because he sent Faithful spinning through the air right into the middle of the canal. Before he went away he told another man about it; he said the roach were just beginning to bite real lusty as you might say. The other man stopped to admire Faithful's breast stroke. He showed Jimmy how to train Faithful to fetch things out of the water. Jimmy says you do it by throwing your walking stick into the middle of the canal and saying "Good dog" quickly. Jimmy says it was a nice walking stick, much better than the ordinary ones because it was made of ebony and sank.

Faithful liked to see the man get into the water after his stick. Jimmy says Faithful got very excited when the man dived under the water, and he tried to take the man's shirt to him. Jimmy says the man laughed when he came to the surface and saw Faithful in the water; he said "What *has* he got in his mouth?"—just like that, you know. The man swam after Faithful and pulled it out of his mouth. He said it was—bless me, a dirty old shirt, and threw it away from him, because he said you never knew what tramp had been wearing it, and he might have had fever or what not.

The man showed Jimmy how to do the trudgeon stroke. Faithful liked to see the man do this stroke; he was lying on the man's vest, guarding it till he came back. Bloodhounds are very good at that, Jimmy says.

Whilst the man was doing the trudgeon stroke Jimmy noticed he had something tattooed on his arm. You see Jimmy knows all about tattooing; you do it with a pen nib and copying ink pencil, and if the other boy goes too deep you wait till you do it on him, and then you can't do it for laughing. You'd never guess what it was on the man's arm. Jimmy saw it when the man was drying himself with his pocket handkerchief—it was an eagle Jimmy says, and then he knew that his bloodhound Faithful had been tracking another spy down all the time. Jimmy says the man noticed that his vest was all hairy where Faithful had guarded it; he sang Faithful a little hymn of hate about it as he was putting it on. He said so much about it that Jimmy crawled through to the other side of the hedge ready for the time when he missed his shirt. Jimmy says he could hear the man wondering where his shirt was as he was crawling through. Jimmy says when the man remembered where he'd seen it last he wanted to catch Faithful and hold his head under the water for a very long time, but Faithful thought he was playing cross-tick with him, and wouldn't let the man catch him. Jimmy says Faithful is a good cross-ticker.

When the man got his shirt again Jimmy saw that Faithful's toe-nails wanted cutting, as you could see where they had caught in the shirt when he was swimming with it.

Jimmy says the man dressed very quickly, and said he was going home to catch his death of cold. He promised to meet Faithful again. Jimmy found out where the man lived, and told a policeman about the German eagle.

Jimmy says the policeman soon found the man; he did it by going up to the man's house and knocking at the door.

He said the man was very rude to him, very, very rude, the policeman said; you wouldn't believe it unless you were in the force, he said.

The policeman said that when he asked the man to take off his shirt the man invited him to come into the back yard where they would have more room.

Jimmy says the policeman told him he took down three pages of evidence which might have been used against the man, but it was all wasted because it wasn't a German eagle after all; it was a love bird, and they are different.

Jimmy says the very best bloodhounds make mistakes sometimes, and it must have been the aniseed in the dough that put him off the scent.

FROM HOME TO THE TRENCHES.

SONNY, it seems like twenty year,
The while that you 've been gone,
And left me lonesome for you here
Trying to do my bit—eh, dear!—
By keeping steady on.

I promised and I 've meant to do,
But now and then at night
I 've been to blame, the times it blew
Like guns that answered guns, with you—
My you—amongst the fight.

But in the morning "Dear old fool"
I 've seemed to hear you say;
"Mother, no need to fuss, keep cool,"
Just like the cheeky brat from school
You was the other day.

You wasn't always quite so grand;
Once you was mighty glad,
Chased by a puppy-dog, to stand
Behind your Mummy, slip your hand
In hers, the way you had.

Small son turned big, now that you 're grown
And in a real war,
And set to face it all alone,
I 'm wild to run and guard my own
Same as I did before.

You 'd laugh at that; but keep your fun
Till fighting 's through, and then
Hurry off back to where there 's one
All of a fuss to hear her son
Say "Dear old fool" again.

A Mixed Bag.

"The following is a copy of a wire received at a certain R.I.C. station quite recently from a farmer—'Grey motor passed here. Killed a heifer containing four gentlemen and two greyhounds, one of which was a clergyman.'"

Belfast Evening Telegraph.

"THE DARDANELLES OPERATIONS
PRIME MINISTER'S CHEERING REPORT
MORE BRITISH VESSELS SUNK."

Glasgow Herald.

Although Mr. ASQUITH has declared himself an optimist, and quite rightly, we cannot think that these headlines accurately represent his attitude.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



THEATRICAL COMPANY (TIME OF CHARLES I.) STARTING ON A PROVINCIAL TOUR.



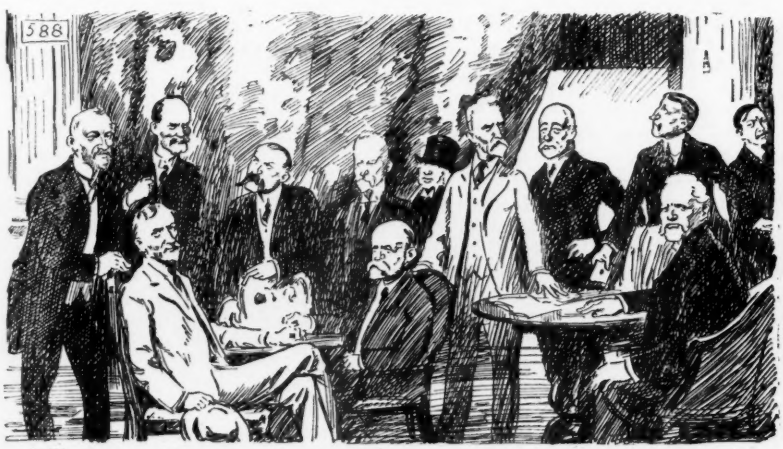
TRYING TO GET GRANDFATHER TO UNDERSTAND THAT THERE IS A EUROPEAN WAR IN PROGRESS.



Shepherd. "DON'T YOU BE AFEARED, MISS; THEY AIN'T GOT THEIR TEETH YET."



ANTIQUE FURNITURE ON THE HIRE-PURCHASE SYSTEM.
The Master. "TELL HIM IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL PAY THE THREE MONTHS' ARREARS ON SATURDAY."



A WHIST CLUB COMMITTEE INQUIRING INTO THE CONDUCT OF A MEMBER AGAINST WHOM THE GRAVE CHARGE OF PLAYING BRIDGE HAS BEEN BROUGHT.



Junior Satyr. "I DON'T LIKE HIM. WHERE'S HIS LEGS?"

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXII.

(*From the President of the* UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.)

SIR,—The Imperial German Government will shortly receive through the usual channels a document in which are expressed the sentiments of the Government of the United States with regard to the grave questions involved in the sinking of unarmed merchant vessels by German submarines, and particularly with regard to the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the consequent death of many American citizens. These sentiments are necessarily expressed in diplomatic form, though I trust you will not mistake their restraint for weakness or imagine that because the terms are courteous there is any lack of determination on the part of this Government to obtain not merely reparation, but an assurance that such outrages shall not be repeated. Still there may be such a danger, and I am therefore impelled to write this private letter which I beg you will read into the gentler language of the Secretary of State. In that way, perhaps, all future misunderstandings between your Government and that of the United States will be avoided, and to secure this object I shall use all the frankness which the occasion demands.

Let me tell you, first, that I cannot find words in which to state adequately the feelings of horror, indignation and loathing which have been aroused in the minds and hearts of the American people, by the dastardly and inhuman outrage of which the *Lusitania* with her passengers and her crew was a victim. No warning was given. Death appeared suddenly at your orders, and more than a thousand innocent men, women and children were hurried to their doom. Their only fault was that they were going about their lawful avocations, and that in so doing they offended, forsooth, against your claim to omnipotence and terror. You had determined to shut the gates of mercy on mankind, unless mankind was willing to tremble before your sword and to do obeisance before your jack-boots. Mankind, I can assure you, will not admit that claim and American mankind as little as any other. They will recoil from you in scorn and detestation, seeing in you not the honourable warrior whose chivalry, while not impairing his strength, adds lustre to his deeds, but rather the skulking assassin who deals a felon's blow in the dark and gloats in his hiding place over the innocent blood he has shed. Hundreds of years hence this dreadful murder will still stain the escutcheon of Germany. Nothing will ever efface it or mitigate its shame, and the world, whatever may be the result of this terrible conflict, will continue to wonder how men can have planned and executed such an atrocity. On you and on no other rests the ultimate responsibility for the crime, and you will be known to distant ages as the Lusitanian Emperor.

Already I perceive that your German newspapers are singing their inspired and accustomed strain. They have been told to weep a tear or two, and, lo, in a moment they are all turned into crocodiles. They weep perfunctorily over the loss of life, but they point out, as their master commands them, that the fault is with those who are dead and with England who lured them to their fate and who still presumes to affront Germany by fighting against her on land and sea. CÆSAR BORGIA was a frequent and a merciless assassin in his time, but I do not think he used hypocrisy of this stamp to gloss over his crimes. Nor was he known in private life as one who made broad his phylacteries and claimed for himself and his crew of bravoes the special favour of Almighty God.

You have chosen your course, and I suppose you will endeavour to abide by it. Humanity may, perhaps, protest in vain against your arrogance and your vanity and the hideous misdeeds in which you delight. But there will come a day of retribution, when even the German nation whose chief misfortune it is to be ruled by you will see you for what you are and will shrink from the sight. And in the meantime, while I contemplate your actions with disgust and horror, I do not envy you your dreams.

WOODROW WILSON.

SHORT AND SWEET.

BEFORE the War I had tried and tried again, and each time I had failed. Diana is so disarming. Several times I had ventured on the preliminary cough, followed by a husky "Diana, I——"

But Diana is very clever. Her invariable reply was, "What a nice boy young So-and-so is," young So-and-so being a different boy each time.

Then at the beginning of August last there came a time when for three whole days I never once thought of Diana. I was more concerned with the measurement of my chest, the soundness of my heart and the difficulty of purchasing a sword.

With the assumption of my uniform I wakened to the realisation of things. "By George," I said, "in these clothes I ought to stand a chance. I ought to be able to propose at least." I was wrong.

My first day's leave saw me in her drawing-room. "Dick," she said, "I often wonder how you manage on parade."

I stiffened. "How do you mean?"

"Well, you've such a gentle voice."

I walked to the fireplace, picked up the tongs and handed them to Diana.

"Fall in, please," I said, "and we'll show you."

Diana fell in. I cleared my throat threateningly and began—

"DIANA—AT-TEN-TION!" (This is how it appears in the Manuals.)

"Oh, good!" she exclaimed.

"SILENCE IN THE RANKS!"

I cleared my throat again. Then an idea came to me. Diana, I knew, would not talk again; she is like that.

"STAND—A—TEASE," I bellowed. "DIANA——" She waited for the "'SHUN." It never came.

"I—" I began; and then I realised it was unsporting to take advantage of her enforced silence. "I—I—EYES—RIGHT," I finished brilliantly.

"Dick, you dear," said Diana, and I felt pleased with myself.

The pleased feeling had worn off a long time when some months later we were moved to Aldershot. I wondered hopelessly if Diana would change at the last minute. We expected of course to proceed frontwards from Aldershot, and this Diana knew; so I was just a little more confident when the time came. But I got no further than the preliminary cough, for at that moment Diana's father entered, shook me warmly by the hand and presented me with some milk tabloids.

* * * * * * *

A trench is an uncomfortable place to write in, and there are distractions. I had got as far as a P.S. beginning "Diana, I——" when something hit me; and a sporting companion, finding the addressed envelope and the unfinished letter, sealed it up and despatched it. But it was sufficient. The reply came by wire to the hospital—"So do I, dear. DIANA."

I abandoned the idea of confirming my communication with a complete proposal, and wired back something rather snappy—"Darling," I think it was.



Lady. "I HEARD THAT YOUR BOY HAS LEFT HIS LAST PLACE, AND I THOUGHT HE MIGHT COME TO US AS A GARDENER."

Cottager. "WELL, MUM, THERE'S BIN 'ALF A DOZEN AFTER 'IM THIS MORNING. BUT I SHALL BE VERY 'APPY TO PUT YOU ON THE WAITING LIST."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT may not seem very probable that a world-renowned inventor should be so seized with hatred for the restraints of ordinary existence that he should suddenly leap from a motor car, somewhere in the New Forest, without even asking the driver to stop; but, granted that he did so, it becomes entirely natural that he should thereupon crack his crown, be picked up by gipsies camping near and (granted further that it is the way of gipsy girls to be as sweetly attractive as *Mary James*) should proceed to fall in love with one of them during the period of recovery. That even Miss E. S. STEVENS finds it a little difficult to account for the behaviour of the hero of *Allward* (MILLS AND BOON) is proved by the fact that she feels under an obligation to sketch in an elaborately unhappy past for the purpose of explaining him; but really it does not matter a bit; for so likeable is the world into which he projects himself—and us—that honestly we would rather not be bothered with too many reasons for our introduction there. It is a world that is alive with the spirit which the forest lover feels stirring in the sway of the bushes, the patter of raindrops and the shimmer of blue distances, and *Mary* is the visible incarnation of that spirit. Her lover calls her his little "shushy," recognising a sort of kinship between her and the earth-grubby, earth-happy rabbit. When you have read this charming story, simpler and stronger than any the author has given us before, I think you will agree that those of *Lyddon's* friends who lived in houses and pronounced their aspirates were wrong in trying to break off the romance, and you will add your blessing when the nomad and his gipsy bride wander northward, southward, eastward, westward—in fact, *Allward*.

Chapman's Wares (MILLS AND BOON) is the agreeable title that Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON has given to a collection of short stories. The wares comprise one rather lengthy and dullish tale called "Elaine" and a number of others which, if they might justly be called pot-boilers, contrive a pleasant sparkle in the process. I do not think you will care over much for "Elaine," which is about a man who brought a wife home from India, and found (or would have found had he been less obtuse) that his sister's betrothed was the only man that the lady had ever loved. So of course there were ructions. People were introduced, and after a sufficient pause said "How do you do?" quite naturally, as they do just before the curtain drops on the first Act of a problem play. Indeed I would take a modest bet with any lady or gentleman that Mr. WATSON has at one time or other considered a dramatic medium for his story. If so, I am glad he thought better of it. The other tales, as I say, are better company. There is one, "The Wayside Inn," as improbable and genuinely thrilling as you need wish. I fancy, though I may be wrong, that I recall meeting it in a Christmas Number; indeed many of the stories will bring you memories of those mid-autumn shillingsworths. The best of the bunch, I think, because its probability, though subjected to a severe strain, never quite reaches snapping-point, is "The Room at the Dolphin." What happens therein you might find out on your next railway journey.

I see that one of Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL'S tales is advertised by his publishers as the sweetest story ever told; no doubt, however, this criticism was penned before they had read his latest, *The Chronicles of the Imp* (SAMPSON LOW), which must otherwise have made a bold bid for the superlative. Whether sweetest stories appeal to you or not is of course a matter of constitution. For myself I can only regretfully confess to a habit somewhat too gouty for their assimilation. The fact is that Mr. FARNOL'S world affects me as adulation did the *Duke* in *Patience*. Here, in the present book, you shall find it in full luxuriance. It is a world where it is always afternoon, and mostly midsummer; where never wind blows loudly; where attractive heroines wander through landscapes as comfortably picturesque as those that hang in pairs upon the walls of lodging-houses; where, above all, infant phenomena are constructed with engaging lisps and a passion for unconscious match-making that inevitably lands the heroine in the hero's arms at the last chapter. I find that without intending it I have told you all about *The Chronicles of the Imp*. I do not know that we need go much further into detail. *Lisbeth* was the heroine and *Uncle Dick* was the hero, and almost the last illustration (very pleasant these illustrations) depicts the heroine reassuring the hero, who with incredible simplicity had imagined that she was going to marry somebody else. As if there had been the remotest chance of such an ending! Well, well, Mr. FARNOL counts his public by the tens of thousands. He has even achieved the high guerdon of "an appreciation of the author and his work by CLEMENT K. SHORTER," printed here as a preface, and read by me with the sympathetic interest that a tale of hardships overcome must always command. It made me glad that a book which I personally could not like was so certain of its success.

Miss WINIFRED HOLT in an introduction to her life of HENRY FAWCETT, *A Beacon for the Blind* (CONSTABLE), is careful to tell us that her book has no pretensions; but, as in many ways—and those the most essential—she is an admirable biographer, no such disclaimer was needed. Without undue insistence upon the gallant spirit of the man who refused to accept blindness as a fatal impediment to his life's work, she leaves us with a picture of a very real hero. Uncompromising honesty of purpose, intense sympathy with the afflicted and oppressed, and a never-failing courage were the qualities that won for FAWCETT not only the love of his personal friends, but also the respect and admiration of those political opponents to whom some of his advanced ideas were extremely distasteful. Miss HOLT'S work—a labour of love—appears at a moment when help and sympathy are sorely needed for those who have lost their sight while fighting for their country, and I can imagine no book that should bring to them a more heartening message of hope and comfort.

The Sword of Youth (MACMILLAN), the story of a young recruit in the Confederate Army of the war of North and South, is dedicated by JAMES LANE ALLEN to "the Soldier-youth of England." *Joseph Sumner* goes to the war to follow a father and four brothers, all dead on those terrible fratricidal fields. He takes the call of duty in a great-hearted way; faces staunchly the ordeal of parting from his beloved and from the mother who refuses her consent and blessing to his enterprise, and sends him forth with bitter words. Then, coming near death in loneliness, she sends for him to ask his forgiveness. And on the eve of battle, tragically conscious of the shame of his desertion, he leaves his comrades only to arrive too late, makes his way back again to the army, and has his pardon from LEE himself on that fateful evening before the Appomattox surrender. It is Mr. ALLEN'S method to take but a few incidents, to embroider them delicately, and to inspire the whole with that passionate love of his dear Kentucky which colours all his work. *The Sword of Youth* has these good qualities, along with a simple and romantic idealism particularly refreshing in this day of the ultra-realists.



AN OMEN OF 1908.

Reproduced from "Christmas Cards for Celebrities" in Mr. Punch's Almanack *of that year.*

THE RECORDS ACHIEVED BY THE *LUSITANIA* HAD RECENTLY CREATED A JEALOUSY WHICH THE KAISER AND HIS FRIEND, BALLIN, OF THE HAMBURG-AMERIKA LINE, HAVE NOW APPEASED.

A considerable chastening awaited me when I held a roll-call of "KATHARINE TYNAN'S" books and discovered that of the splendid muster standing to her credit some sixty-three were still unread. No excuse can cover such a colossal omission; but were I compelled to offer a timid explanation it would be that Mrs. HINKSON writes rather for women than for men, and as evidence of this I should bring forward *The House of the Foxes* (SMITH, ELDER). In a sense nothing could be more attractive than the tale of the curse hanging over the house of *Turloughmore* and of the way in which it is removed by the sweetest of delightful maidens. If you can enjoy a simple Irish story in which the course of true love is but little disturbed, here is your book; but if your pleasure is in problems and psychology I advise you to seek it elsewhere. Small beer, perhaps, but nevertheless so excellently wholesome that it possesses almost a tonic quality.

Vive L'Entente Cordiale.

The following Notice has been placed in the window of a Hairdresser's shop in Manchester :—

"MAISON FRANÇAISE late Watzlaffs. In order to avoid misconception the Proprietor who is an ENGLISHMAN has decided to alter the name of this Establishment to MAISON FRANÇAISE."

He (*political*). I see some of the papers are talking of a Coalition Ministry.

She (*practical*). A Coal-and-Ammunition Ministry would be more use to us.

"The German journalist finally condemned the sinking of the Lusitania in a sentence which deserves to pass into history. 'It is worse than a crime—it is a blunder.' "—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

History had already anticipated this brilliant *mot*.

Advice to certain highly-placed aliens :—

"Pull up your socks, now that you've lost your Garters."

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER, it is said, has decided to strike off all British princes from the roll of the Order of the Black Eagle. Now that this bird has proved to be as black as he is painted this seems to be an act of common justice.

* * *

We are sorry to see that it has been suggested that the German eagle on Banbury Cross, placed there in 1885 to commemorate the marriage of the KAISER'S father with the PRINCESS ROYAL, should be obliterated. It ought not to be forgotten, difficult as it is to realise now, that the KAISER'S parents were gentlefolk.

* * *

The Vossische Zeitung attempts to make capital out of the fact that Germany uses, according to recent statistics, 22 lbs. of soap per head per annum, and England only 20½ lbs. Even so the former country does not seem to produce very clean fighters.

* * *

By the way, at the annual meeting of Messrs. JOSEPH WATSON AND SONS, soap-makers, the chairman stated that no fewer than 80 per cent. of their employees had enlisted. We doubt, however, whether even these could make a white man of the KAISER.

* * *

"KING OF GREECE IMPROVING"
Evening News.

This statement is, unfortunately, misleading. HIS HELLENIC MAJESTY, we understand, still favours the Germans.

* * *

Mr. EUSTACE MILES holds the opinion that the meat diet of our army prevents many men enlisting. Alter this, and thousands of vegetarians would take the field—and even eat it.

* * *

While the notices stuck on the front of taxi-cabs calling on men to enlist are undoubtedly a good idea one cannot help feeling now and then that it is a pity that these appeals are placed in such a position that the young and able-bodied driver himself cannot read them.

* * *

The Metropolitan Water Board has decided that, during the War, it is inadvisable to continue the arrangement under which the surface of some of the Board's covered reservoirs is let to lawn tennis clubs and for other sports. It is not, we believe, generally known that these reservoirs are searched every day for submarines.

"How did the *Transylvania* manage to escape the submarines?" asks a correspondent. We have heard, dear friend, that she came across cleverly disguised as a canoe.

* * *

The KAISER'S admirers are now drawing attention to yet another proof of his love of peace. HIS MAJESTY, they are pointing out, strained every nerve to prevent Italy becoming involved in the War.

"BOOKS, PERIODICALS, &c.

HORSES.—Job Horses and Sale Horses. Messrs. Milton continue to supply superior Job Horses for any period, and also several beautifully-matched Pairs and Single Horses for Sale."—*Morning Post.*

The name Milton seems to have misled our contemporary in classifying this advertisement. The horses referred to are not the poet's bays.



German (as wind changes). "GOTT STRAFE ENGLAND!"

"Lady (27), who has suffered much in the school of life (which deals out sweets to some, and blows to others of its pupils!), will willingly correspond stimulatingly with any lonely Naval Officer who is humorous, honourable, idealistic, compassionate, and sincere. Less laudable traits understandingly overlooked in consideration of aforesaid rare and admirable qualities! Honourable confidence expected and reciprocated. 'Sincerita.'"
T. P.'s Weekly.

If we know anything of the Navy, "Sincerita's" correspondents will be both numerous and humorous, though we cannot answer for their "less laudable traits."

UNBELLING A MOUSE.

"I ADMIT," said Arthur, "that for picturesque appearance and dignified movement Clara has it."

Clara, I should say, is my favourite waitress. I do not go so far, however, as to sit in Clara's sphere of influence. This is not because Rose is quicker, as Arthur suggests, but because my angle of vision includes a wider segment of Clara's movements.

"I admit, too," he went on, "that Arabella probably has a larger hoard of unfinished socks than anyone in London. And Gwendolen certainly holds the record for breakages. But in an emergency I would bet my last puttee on Rose."

My attention was drawn to a shy and nervous young man seated near us, in the disputed territory between two spheres. He was evidently suffering from a bitter sense of isolation.

Clara sailed past him. Arabella nonchalantly "cast on" a new sock. All about him people were fed, but in spite of his miserable efforts to secure attention he remained without even a roll to keep him company.

At last he looked at the bell desperately. Then he fidgeted with it. Then he struck it!

The effect was electrical. There was a long painful silence—you could almost hear Arabella drop some stitches. The little man in the corner ordered "Tea" in a thin agitated voice instead of his invariable "China tea." In a hasty whisper I drew Arthur's attention to a remarkable fact: *Clara was hurrying.* The cashier said "Thank you" to a customer.

Arabella, as I said, dropped some stitches. Gwendolen dropped a cup and saucer. Others came hurrying from outlying parts of the room. They gathered behind us. "Who did it?" they asked each other in tense whispers.

There was no need to ask. The miserable young man, covered with blushes up to his ears, was trying to hide himself behind a salt-cellar and a sugar-basin.

There were excited whispers. "What shall we do?" "Give him last week's buns." "Don't give him anything at all." "Give him one of Amy's white feathers." "Charge him double."

Across these distracted counsels came Rose's calm decided voice. "Take away his bell," she said.

"The simplicity of a great mind," whispered Arthur.

And slowly the restaurant resumed its leisurely tinkling life.

THE WEEKLY ELUCIDATION.

(After the style of our leading strategic journalist.)

THE WESTERN FRONT.

THE elements of the situation in the West—as has been previously remarked in these notes—are of a very simple nature. If my readers are not familiar with them by this time all I can say is that I am not to blame. Nevertheless, let us reiterate. You have two forces opposing each other upon a front that reaches from Switzerland to the North Sea. This is not a Campaign of Envelopment or of Encirclement: there is no immediate prospect of its becoming a Campaign of Central Disruption (a *decision*, as I may have said before, can only be achieved by *piercing* or *turning* the enemy's line); it is a Campaign of Cumulative Propulsion. In a word it is chiefly a matter of shoving. This point is admirably illustrated by an incident, reported in the official *communiqué* of Thursday last, which on a small scale gives the key to the whole.

This incident occurred in the sector Cuielly-la-Maison, in a small salient, which has been held by the French (as a *point d'appui*) since the afternoon of November 17th. It is a part of the line remote from human agglomerations (nothing would induce me to say *towns*) and the subsoil varies to some extent. The entire front affected was only twenty-seven yards, and the forces engaged cannot have been excessive, but it will be worth our while to examine this little action (which the German wireless reports, by the way, have absurdly compared with Auerstadt).

Here you had part of a platoon of French Territorials in occupation of a short railway embankment just south of Cuielly-la-Maison station. I must describe the *terrain* in detail. To the west of the embankment a little octagonal meadow of about 4½ acres runs north and south, and the subsoil is, for the most part, clay. The surface of the meadow is undulating: it contains an old poplar tree in the south-east corner, and there used to be a cow in it. On the other side of the embankment—occupied up to 5 P.M. on Wednesday last by part of the 32nd Division of Würtemburgers—is a Cattleman's Shed. Two-thirds of a kilometre to the north of this is a Journeyman's Shop, and in close adjacence to the left centre of the French position you have a Railwayman's Hut.

Let us now examine the action in considerable detail—even at the risk of wearying my readers. The German attack began at dawn on the Wednesday, introduced by a heavy storm of shell. (The reader will note that I never write *shells* though I am always willing to speak of *propulsive explosives*.) Their reserves were no doubt concealed in a leafy little dell (where I used to gather primroses) 968 yards east of the Journeyman's Shop. The subsoil in that direction is, curiously enough, sand.

The French resistance must be dealt with in still greater detail——

(Deletion by Editor)

THE EASTERN FRONT.

Accounts of the fighting in the Carpathians are, at the moment of

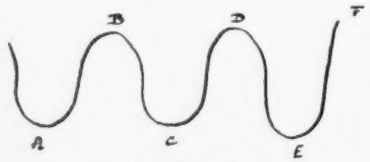


DIAGRAM 352.

compiling these Notes,—10.27 P.M. on Tuesday evening, unless my watch is fast—of a rather conflicting nature. The Russian Effort in this direction, which is neither an Initiative nor an Aggressive, but a pure Offensive, has brought about an instance of what is known to strategists as the *Waving Line*. (Arcola was a battle of the waving line and the same may be said to some extent of Bull Run; NAPOLEON was a master of this form of strategy, though, it is true, he began to wave it too soon at Leipzig.) We need not at the moment concern ourselves with the

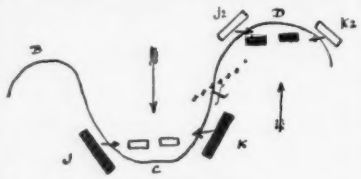


DIAGRAM 353.

operations in the Caucasus, where the conflict has become purely a matter of the *Wobbling Front*.

Now it must be manifest that a waving line is not straight in the same strict sense as a rigid line from point to point is straight. Look at Diagram 352. (And here let me explain, in response to many enquiries that have reached me, that the fact that I occasionally forget to stick into my diagrams the letters referred to in my brochures is due to the enormous pressure of work one has to get through of a Tuesday evening. Let me beg you yet again to get it into your heads that *we go to press on Wednesday*. Commanders in the field must understand that operations undertaken on that day must be carried over till the following week.)

Dangerous salients will be observed at the points A, B, C, D, E, F, etc. Thus it comes about that a force attacking in the direction of the arrow at C (Diagram 353) is subject to a devastating enfilading fire from J and K. But at the same time a force attacking at D is similarly subject to fire from J2 and K2. But if this sort of thing goes on a point must arrive when K will become involved with the hostile force at J2, unless there is an *Obstacle* on the line C—D. Now this is just what seems to be going on at Przlcow, the obstacle in this case being the disused railway cutting at X (where I have enjoyed many a picnic in my childhood). Should the Austrians succeed in establishing a bridge-head on the far side of this obstacle, the Russians replying by a counter-offensive-defensive, the whole of this sector of the line may become compromised. This is all that can be usefully said of the Eastern theatre at the moment of writing—10.59 P.M.

THE DARDANELLES.

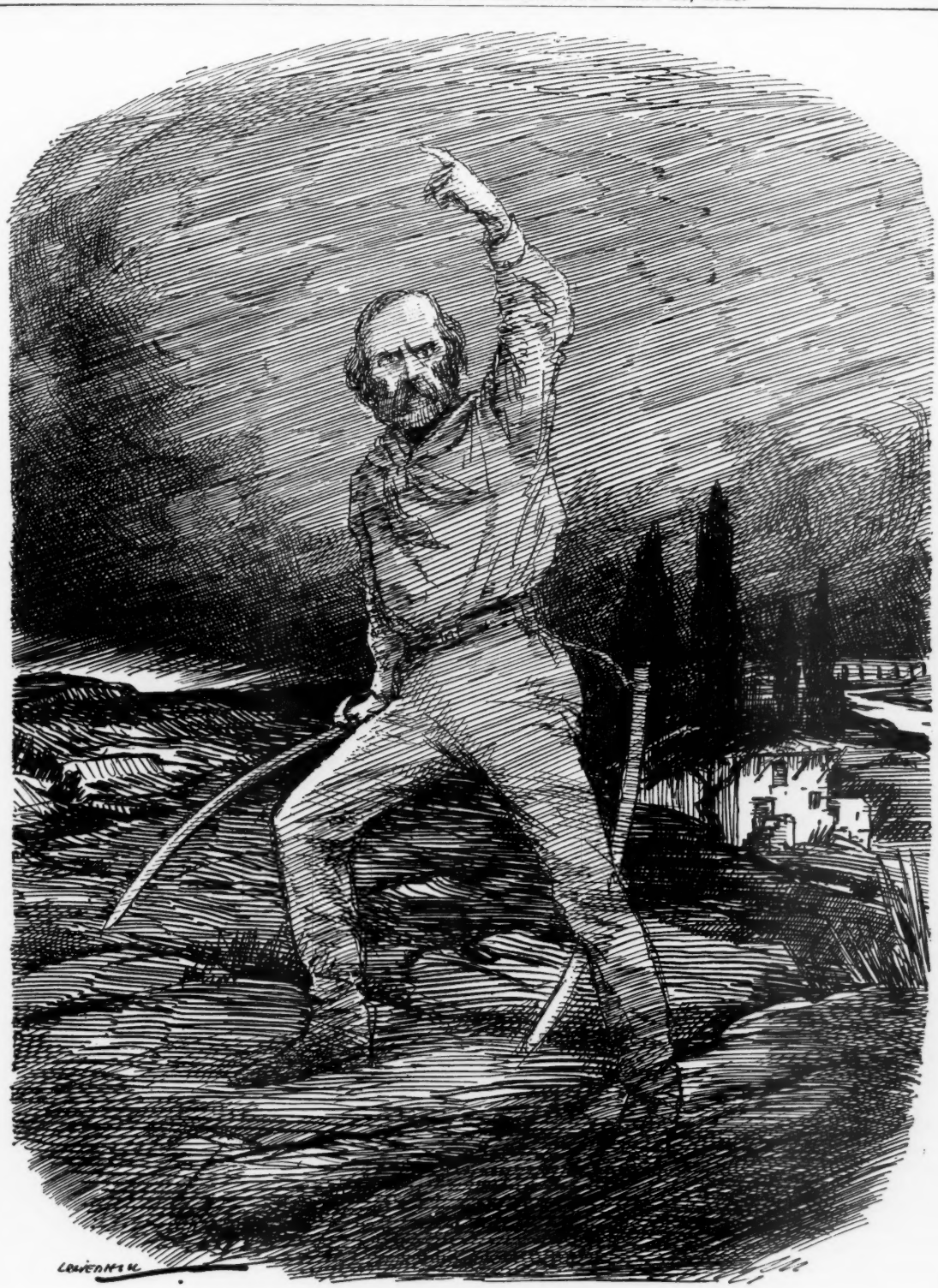
On this question I can only say that we have no news. The operations have not been timed so as to suit this journal.

THE SUPPLY OF BUTTONS.

Judging by correspondence that is reaching me in enormous quantities there is still a good deal of misapprehension in the public mind upon this most vital point. So let me say briefly that we do not guess, we *know* that buttons are necessary for the equipment of the German soldier. Also we do not have to calculate, we *know* that even at the rate of one button a man—surely a conservative estimate, but it is well in these matters always to weigh the scales against one's hopes—four or five million buttons must be already in the field. Of two things one. Either the supply is ample or it is not. I shall return to this point next week.

THE QUESTION OF MORAL.

I am forced to reopen this question in this week's Notes owing to the prevalent ignorance and confusion as to what is meant by *moral* (which, by the way, I shall continue to spell without an *e*). It must be remembered that we have to deal with three different aspects of moral—Political Moral, Economic Moral, and Military Moral. But as I learn that we are *just on the point of going to press* I am compelled to reserve what I have to say to be dealt with in a forthcoming lecture at Queen's Hall, a notice of which will be found at the foot of this page.



A GREAT TRADITION.

Shade of Garibaldi. "ALL' ARMI!"



Benevolent Visitor (to dame who has a son at the War). "CAN'T YOU TELL ME WHAT HE IS IN? IS IT THE INFANTRY, OR CAVALRY OR ARTILLERY?"

Dame. "WELL, MUM, WHERE 'TIS I DON'T EXACTLY BELONG TO REMEMBER. BUT I KNOW '*TIS SHOOTIN'*."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XIX.

DEAR CHARLES,—Since I last wrote to you my time has been almost exclusively devoted to that peculiarly offensive animal the *cheval de frise*. Of the many unpleasant things one may meet on a dark night in these parts, this is quite the worst. It has four long wooden legs, two at each end: it measures anything from ten to thirty feet in length, and consists almost entirely of barbed wire. It is only the pleasing thought of the annoyance it will cause to any Germans who step across from over the way to call upon us that enables us to bear with it while we convey it from our local base to the trench, for some hundreds of yards along the trench, and finally over the parapet into the open beyond. During this period it displays—what no doubt it supposes to be its charm—an affectionate, clinging mood. To every telephone wire, clothes line, pole, prop, sandbag or person within reach it attaches itself tenaciously, and, if only you would keep these letters of mine to yourself, I could entertain you for an hour with the language in which Joe Bailey, Jim Perry, Harry Hughes and one Bolter address it.

The other night I was assisting the operations of these four stalwarts of mine in front of the parapet, where deadly silence is enjoined and observed lest star shells, search-lights, bullets, shrapnel, high explosives, hand grenades, rifle grenades and what-nots ensue, when feelings reached a crisis. The last straw broke the back of the camel, and a score of sentries, listening in the night for the slightest sound, were startled by "a voice without" saying in tones rather louder than those of ordinary conversation:—"'Oo are yer ketchin' at? I ain't no bloomin' Bosch." My sympathies were so much with the speaker that I could but forgive him his sin and his imprudence even while we lay with beating hearts upon the ground, waiting for the sequel.

There is a tale current here of the dismal fate of certain of the enemy who, after no less toil and suffering, had established their *cheval* in front of their parapet by night. Conceive their feelings at daylight on observing the faithless monster posted as a bulwark in front of our English trenches, whither they had been removed!

We have had a curious instance of the upside-down nature of things now prevailing. Four of us were dozing in the bright sun of a Sunday afternoon, just as you might be doing in your own cabbage patch. Suddenly a bullet passed over the parapet, and with no more than a matter of inches between itself and my skipper's ear. His indifference to these little varmints is usually such that we were not a little surprised to see him leap nervously to one side. Apology was offered as he settled down again. "Sorry," he said, "I thought it was a wasp."

You will like to hear the details of a recent enquiry touching the death of a certain horse in the transport lines, an event undoubtedly due to rifle fire,

since the shots were heard. This is the explanation of the sentry (apparently selected from the transport section) who caused it:—"I sees a suspicious bloke walking along be'ind the lines. I ses to 'im, 'Alt! 'oo are yer?' He making no response I lets off me rifle, not taking any particuler aim like." "But did you shoot high or low?" he was asked. "Mostly low like, Sir, whereupon down drops the horse." "But what about the subsequent shots?" he was asked. "Well, Sir," he says, "I takes me rifle hunder me harm, in the horthodox fashion, and presses down the leaf, whereupon off it goes again, so I ses to the other——" "What other?" "The suspicious-looking bloke; he'd run up to see what the trouble was. 'Ere, Bill,' I ses, 'for 'eaven's sake take this gun off me; it's going off of its own.'"

And if it interests you to study the native method of speech you will also like to hear of my servant who has just brought me a tidy little canvas bag, officially issued and technically known as an Emergency Ration Carrier. But he has no use for technical terms. "What's this, Joseph?" I ask him. "To put summat in t'eat," says he.

Lastly a quotation from a slightly better educated member of my platoon. He is writing to a quondam friend, and is entering into the field to take part in a serious conflict between that friend and his family at home in the matter of a certain passing in the street with never so much as a nod of recognition. (You will observe that this jolly little tour abroad hasn't altogether suppressed the more serious quarrels of home life). "For my part," he writes, and I simply must divulge it, however indiscreet, "for my part," he writes in an extremely dignified conclusion, "I value our friendship very highly, but I regret to say that, unless some steps are taken by you in the matter, that friendship will not continue when I return to England, an event which, judging from the infernal noise going on in the distance, is never likely to happen."

I have received an unexpected response to the touching appeal for oddments contained in one of my recent letters. It took the happy shape of a neat box containing the soap, candles, sweetmeats and toothpicks, and labelled "From CHARLES to HENRY." I have my reasons for knowing it was not yourself, but someone masquerading under your name who sent it. Emboldened by this success, I venture now to indent on the same source for a dozen saddles of real mutton, five hundred real bundles of asparagus, a fifty-gallon cask of iced champagne cup and a hot bath; carriage, if you please, prepaid.

In the matter of parcels our Signal officer has just taken a toss, at which we are all secretly pleased since he has hitherto achieved a perfection, almost priggish, in his Private Supply Department. For instance within forty-eight hours of the first foul gas being used by the first foul German, he was supplied by relatives with no fewer than twenty-seven respirators, all for his personal use and of different design; that supplied by his paternal grandmother was of such solid worth that no wearer of it could possibly ever breathe chlorine, bromine or anything else. This time, a niece, hearing of our want of *fresh* meat and vegetables in the trenches, sends him, neatly and thoughtfully packed in blue paper and pink ribbons, a Maconochie Meat and Vegetable ration (one tin). No doubt she had scoured all London for it; but out here in Flanders you can have a million of them thrown at you anywhere for the asking.

Yours ever, HENRY.



OUR PEACEFUL HEROES.

Farmer (*visiting "War Fund Sale of Work" in strange village*). "AND WHO BE THAT PARSON WORKING HIS HANDS LIKE A FURRINER?"

Friend. "THAT'S OUR CURATE. THEY DO SAY HE'S HAD MORE WOOL WOUND ON HIM THAN ANYONE IN THE COUNTRY."

BOMBS.

Molly has been staying with her uncle. There had been a slight shower of bombs near her home, and as the barometer still indicated "Fair to Zeppeliny," her mother thought it best to remove temptation out of the way of the Germans.

Molly's uncle lives a retired life with his liver. He is on speaking terms with most of his internal organs, knows the name, position and for what noted of each, and takes a tablespoonful after every meal.

As for Molly, well, she is fifteen, and she has blue laughing eyes with imps in them, and usually a hole in one or other of her stockings. Whenever she chases the hole from her stockings she always finds it again in her gloves, also the other way about.

You know when a cyclone blows open the front-door, slams all the other doors in the house and distributes things? Well, in such wise was the coming of Molly to her uncle's house; she just blew in. She left the door wide open, gave her uncle two lyddite kisses, hung her hat and cloak on the floor, and placed the mud from her boots on the brass fender to dry.

All her uncle's internal organs immediately jumped up and told him to "Shut that door," which he did, and then he inquired after her mother. Molly said her mother was busy catching rheumatism in the cellar, thank you. She had fitted a shade to the night-light and was quite cheerful.

How did she pass the time? Well, sometimes she sits and thinks and sometimes she sits. Oh, no! not all day; she comes out when she thinks the Germans are not looking.

Next day Molly's uncle was a little late for breakfast, so she put his lightly-boiled egg into his table-napkin to keep warm. Unfortunately he was not in the best of humours and when he testily flicked open the napkin he was quite surprised at the pattern the lightly-boiled egg made on the wall. He looked at it as if he expected it to speak first.

As Molly said, it is extraordinary how much of an egg there is when you spread it out. Her uncle rang the bell to show it to the maid. She seemed

to think a lot of it. Molly's uncle mentioned that the confounded egg had gone on to the confounded wall. He insisted upon showing her how he had done it; he had just flicked the napkin—like that. But what puzzled the maid was what master had aimed at.

Molly's uncle soon got into the habit of forming opinions about Molly. The day he found her hatpin for her he formed one. He found it quite easily, though certainly it met him half-way. The way you do it is to get out of a chair very hurriedly, and there it is all the time, under the hat.

Then there was the half-crown. Of course it couldn't be lost really. If everything else were turned out of the house on to the lawn, why there it would be—the one thing left. Her uncle found it for her when he tripped up over the wool; by pressing one eye on the floor he could see it with the other.

Before he fell he told her as quickly as he could that if she would always place the ball of wool in her lap it wouldn't get wrapped round her ankles' uncles: he then clutched at something he thought he saw in the air, missed it, did the exercise for strengthening the muscles of the back, taking your time from me, and delivered the ball with a break from the leg.

Molly's mother had said that her uncle would find her a bright little thing and very unselfish.

She was; she gave some chocolates to a man in the pit the evening her uncle took her to the pantomime.

Molly was in the front row of the dress circle at the time. They were cream chocolates, and when they hit they dum-dummed. The man in the pit looked up, rubbed his head and then looked at his fingers; he did it twice to make sure.

Molly's uncle said it might just as well have been the opera-glasses, but by that time the man had changed places with his wife; the same happy thought had occurred to him.

The man doesn't like chocolates that way. He looked up to say something he had thought of, but when he saw Molly's deeply repentant look, beseeching forgiveness, he just nodded and smiled. You see it is War-time.

When it is raining hard, it is waste of time to stand at the window barking at the weather.

So Molly just let the canary out of the cage and spent the rest of the morning putting it back again.

It is no good climbing up the curtains as it does not come down when they do.

Molly found this out quite early on, and then her uncle came to help her.

He said that if the wretched bird had not been let out of the wretched cage—and then rang for the cook.

Cook evidently knew the game quite well; in fact she almost as much as said her handicap was sixteen.

You do it with a step-ladder whilst someone holds your apron. Molly's uncle had never seen his cook standing on a step-ladder with a birdcage in one hand and a piece of sugar in the other, murmuring "Sweet, sweet."

He was interested.

In fact he tried to help by standing in the middle of the room holding a piece of groundsel over his head.

But this was too much for his liver. It took him on one side and said gently but firmly, "I've had enough of this,—do you hear me? Telegraph to the girl's mother at once, I say, and offer to change places with her. What's that you say? Bombs? Look here, dear old thing, you've lived with me long enough to know me; do you seriously think a German bomb would have the slightest effect upon me? I put it to you now as liver to man. Bombs indeed! I like that."

Molly saw her uncle off at the station: she said he was doing a noble deed. Her uncle smiled at her, and as the train was going out his liver actually waved his hand.



Private of Motor Cycle Corps. "YES, SIR, I'VE A FINE LOT OF KIDDIES AT HOME, AND NO FAVOURITES AMONG THEM. BUT OF COURSE WE'RE MORE INTERESTED IN THE 1915 MODEL THAN IN THE EARLIER ONES."

SONGS OF THE EMPIRE.

OUR contemporary, *Splashes Weekly*, of Sydney, N.S.W., under the heading, "The Bookshelf," writes as follows:—

"A local application of the War is to hand in a little book of verses by Dorothy Frances McCrae, the talented daughter of one of the most cultured of Australian poets, George Gordon McCrae. *Soldier, My Soldier!* is the appropriate title of this book, which contains thirteen excellent little poems, specially concerned with the Expeditionary Force, and giving the women's view of the situation, calling forth so signal a display of patriotism. The book is very artistically printed, and has an attractive pictorial cover in two colours, with ribbon, and is published at a shilling. It is sure to be very popular. Here is a sample of the verses:—

Pack his shirt in prayers,
Cast lavender away;
Do not drop your tears
On the mufflers grey—
Put a pile of pluck and joy
In the kit you pack your boy.

That is the tone of all the poems—a patriotic fervour, a depth of restrained feeling."

Our readers, however, must not be under the misapprehension that Miss MCCRAE alone of Colonial writers has stepped into the artistic field opened up by the War. Thus in Canada Miss Margery Morne, daughter of the well-known historian, Dr. Macnamara Morne, of Toronto, moved by an inspiration which we can only characterise as prodigious, has published a dainty volume, appropriately called *Heroes All*, to celebrate the departure of one of the Canadian contingents. This little work, which is charmingly bound in detachable skunk moccasins for the convenience of travellers, is sold at one shilling net. We give an excerpt which admirably illustrates the high quality of the workmanship displayed in the ten excellent little poems which the book contains:—

Heroes all, heroes all,
At home do not stay!
Answer to your Empire's call,
Plunge into the fray!
Do not stop at home in bed!
Go and punch a German head!

In New Zealand Miss Esmeralda Zadwick, daughter of the great and well-known musical genius and *entrepreneur*, Erasmus Zadwick, has electrified and delighted the critics by producing, under the pseudonym of "True Bluebell," a curiously fascinating book of patriotic verse entitled *Brave Soldier*. The designer of the cover is to be congratulated on his happy taste, for it represents KING GEORGE and Mr. MASSEY (Premier of New Zealand) shaking hands across a picture of H.M.S. *New Zealand*, whilst beside them a British lion is fraternising with a kiwi (the New Zealand national bird). The following verse may be quoted as showing Miss Zadwick's marvellous grasp of the technique of versification:—

English soldiers, French soldats,
And the warriors of the CZAR,
God be with you in the War.

Europe need not feel a fear,
For our soldiers brave are there;
And we at home are doing our share,

Packing in a tidy box
Flannel shirts and warm thick socks,
To keep our soldiers' feet from knocks.

There is in this poem, as in the others, a fine spirit of courageous altruism shining through the inspired words, which is all the more remarkable as Miss Zadwick is only eleven years and seven months of age. She is, however, a linguist of no small attainments, speaking fluently both Low and High German, Tamil, Gaelic, Maori and Tierra del Fuegese, in addition to her native English. She is also a performer of no mean order on the bass fiddle.

We are glad to receive from Fiji the first-fruits of the pen of Miss Daisy Dunkley; we say the pen, although in fact it appears that her composition was taken down in writing by her father at the young lady's dictation. The performance of this talented new authoress is all the more noteworthy and startling because she has barely attained the age of nine months. Her father, however, Mr. David Dunkley, a prominent member of the Suva Chamber of Commerce, has for years been a constant contributor to the open columns of *The Fiji Times*, and it is thought by students of heredity that his transcendent literary genius has communicated itself to his daughter. Be this as it may, the book, which contains no fewer than fifty-three poems of the highest order, has reached us for review, and we find it somewhat difficult adequately to express our admiration for it. The binding is most tasteful and attractive, being composed of cocoanut fibre delicately plaited over a handsome vellumesque cover, prepared from hippopotamus-skin, with a backing of pulped banana. What makes this little book all the more delightful (though perhaps less easy of understanding to the average reader) is the fact that Miss Dunkley, with a mastery of language rare in one so young, has composed all her poems in the Cristocolombo dialect of the Solomon Islands, a language which for soft vowel sounds and harmonious quantities has no equal in the world. The very name of the book, *Um Borrowee Boo* (*i.e.* The Human Sacrifice), whilst possessing that soothing quality so dear to the ear of the true poet, yet contrives to contain also a scathing condemnation of German military methods and manners. We append the poem called "Umbo Upoo" (*i.e.* "Our Soldiers") as being the best of a very good collection:—

UMBO UPOO.

Umbo Upoo gâg-gug-gar
Ogglim fysh Luko
Marpit ologâg phumphphuphtar
Umbo garubbaboo.

Of which the following is a translation obligingly furnished by Mr. David Dunkley himself:—

Our soldiers are very brave, even brave as lions,
But they must have coats, these gallants, lest they perish.
Pack shirts therefore (carefully addressed), O old women!
Soldiers! forget not the changing of garments when wet.

From this sample our readers can readily see for themselves the fervour of white-hot patriotism in which the poems were composed.

In spite of her tender years, Miss Dunkley shows high promise as a linguist. She is undoubtedly a patriot and an Empire-builder of the first rank, and, although she cannot as yet play a note on the bass fiddle, she is without doubt a most talented performer in the bassinette.

Home Rule in Operation.

"The Irish Ambassador called at the Foreign Office this afternoon and had a long interview with Sir Edward Grey."—*South Wales Echo.*

"S.O.S.
BELLOC
IS COMING TO DUBLIN."
Irish Times.

We learn, with considerable relief, that this is not a despairing cry for help against a coming danger. "S.O.S.," it seems, has been chosen as the motto of a charity bazaar at which Mr. BELLOC is to speak.

"Paris, Tuesday.—An enemy airship was reported in the district of Compiegne Dammartin this evening. The prescribed precautions were immediately taken. The police ordered all lights to be extinguished, and crows collected in all open spaces to watch a squadron of French aircraft perform its evolutions above the city."—*Edinburgh Evening Despatch.*

How these patriotic birds must have longed to join in the chase of the German "doves."

"Lovers of Shaksperian drama will find one of that poet's immortal works, 'David Garrick,' presented at the Lyric Picture Theatre, Symonds Street, Auckland."
Auckland Weekly News.

It is pleasing to learn of one Shaksperian drama whose authorship will not be challenged by the Baconians.

RECESSIONAL.

CAB whistles were shrieking and shrilling on every side. The rain was pouring. Commissionaires and other theatre attendants were darting away and returning clinging to the sides of taxis. The lobby was a crush of white-shirted men and low-necked women in wraps. The pavements were filled with passers-by. Under all the awnings people were massed. Umbrellas glistened.

In short, the conditions were ripe for taking a backward step in civilisation and hailing a hansom; and this is what I did.

It was my first hansom for five or six years, and the sensation of being so near to the hindquarters of that dangerous animal the horse, and having no buffer state in the person of a driver, was alarming. At every slip it seemed inevitable that the horse would fall. He slid and sprawled and swerved until I was sure my end had come: all so different from the steady rigid progress and security of a motor.

None the less, he did not fall, and by degrees I won back some confidence, and, the rain having ceased, leaned over the doors and began rather to like the fresh air and my romantic perch. The taxi, I mused, is no such private box at the comedy of the streets as a hansom is. There is no invigoration in a taxi, except possibly for the driver.

The past surged back. I thought of hansom rides in the days, and even more in the nights, when all the world was young and WILLIAM II. of Germany was more or less a decent fellow. I remembered this fair companion and that . . . Jolly things hansoms, then. Absolutely made for two. The horse's jingling bell brought to mind so much that was merry and mad . . . Those bells used to be almost the sweetest instrument in the London orchestra. Hooting horns are a sad declension.

Suddenly I had a return of panic, but of a different kind. How on earth should I know what to pay him? I wondered, recalling old arguments with drivers which the introduction of the taximeter had made impossible for so many years now. I felt in my pocket. I had only two half-crowns; they were my sole silver coins; and the fare in a taxi would be one-and-four and twopence tip: one-and-sixpence. Would the hansom driver have a shilling change for one of my half-crowns, and would he give it me if he had? So my thoughts ran on, and I laughed to think how the past was all reconstructing itself; for that is how I used to speculate on the way home, almost regularly, years ago, when half-crowns were fewer, too. I found myself rather enjoying the situation. Is it all to the good, I wondered, that the machinery of the taximeter should have banished these tremendous dubieties? Has life really improved? Has it?

"How much shall I give you?" I asked the driver when we stopped.

"I'll leave it you," he said, as I guessed he would.

But I did not pay him at once; I had questions to be answered.

"How 's business?" I asked.

"Pretty poor," he replied. "Wet nights are all right; but they don't come too often. I wait for hours for a fare some days. Some days I don't get one."

"Then how on earth do you live?" I asked him.

"We rub along," he said.

But by what means I could not for the life of me see.

"Why don't you learn to drive a taxi?" I asked.

"I don't seem to want to," he replied. "It 's not my line. Horses is my line."

"But it 's the taxis that are too much for you," I said. "It 's they that are doing you in."

"That 's right," he said. "As cabs they beat us every time. They 're quicker, and they tell you what to pay. But there 's one way in which we beat them."



McPherson (seeing his nephew off by steamer). "AN' FUR FEAR YE MEET WI' ONY O' THEY GERMAN SUBMARINES, HERE 'S A BRAW LIFE-SAVIN' WAIS'CUT. THEY TELL ME THEY 'RE VERRA EFFICACIOUS."

Donald. "WHA 'S GOTTEN THE REST O' THE SUIT?"



Jack (just turned fifteen). "MOTHER, ARE YOU *POSITIVE* YOU HAVEN'T MADE A MISTAKE ABOUT MY AGE? YOU KNOW HOW CASUAL YOU ARE ABOUT DATES."

"Is there?" I asked. "I can't see what it is."

"As curiosities," he explained. "We're curiosities, we are, and that's our only chance when it isn't raining at eleven o'clock at night. People take to us the same as they go to Madame TUSSAUD'S or the British Museum. Country people, I mean; and people from Australia. 'Let's have a hansom ride,' they say, 'while we can. Just to say we've had one.' Then there's people who want their children to do what they used to do when they were children themselves. And I had a gent the other day who wanted to be driven all over the place, just, as he called it, to renew the past. But I think he was a bit up the pole. What do you think?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied.

And then I said good-night, and he drove off; and when I was inside the house I found that in some mysterious way I had given him the second half-crown as well as the first.

Perhaps that is how it is that they can still keep going.

IN PRAISE OF THE TAPE.

I'M going to give up the daily Press
And study the tape instead;
'Tis the only way at this time of day
To steady and keep one's head;
The tape is bad for the eyes, I own,
And it sometimes runs amok;
But its negative virtues fully atone
For the tricks that are played by *Puck*.

The tape that I mean is not the machine
At the club, that reels out slips
Of the width of garters, with names of starters
And winners, and racing tips;
No, this yields volumes in type-script columns
Of war-news, great and small,
Which the porter tears off and duly bears off
To pin them up in the hall.

The tape is unable to print a map,
But it never raves or squeals;
It has no novelist critic on tap
And you can't peruse it at meals;
It gives the official news without
Superfluous gloss or frills,
And it hangs no headline horrors out
Like the yellow newspapers' bills.

Some terrible phrases, as common as daisies,
Embroider each War-scribe's screed,
And the tape hitherto has contrived to eschew
The worst of this baleful breed;
(If any one here is not quite clear
And for information begs,
I allude to the making of omelettes and breaking
Of antecedent eggs).

If I were in charge of the Press Bureau
Instead of pulling our legs
I'd lay a ban on each newspaper man
Who wrote of omelettes and eggs;
And if I were KITCHENER I'd deport,
To the land of the Tosks and Ghegs,
The novelist corps who exploit the War
And deluge the Press with their dregs.

Editorial Candour.

"Beyond that all is rumour, and we trust and believe unfounded rumour."—*The Times.*



WANTED, A LEAD.

Mr. Punch (*to the Prime Minister*). "YOU CAN GET ALL THE WILLING SERVICE YOU NEED, SIR, IF YOU 'LL ONLY ORGANISE IT. TELL EACH MAN OF US WHAT IS WANTED OF HIM, AND HE 'LL DO IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 17th of May.—In Committee on Bill for restricting sale of immature spirits; slack attendance; dulness predominant. Champions of The Trade don't like the Bill; responsible Members of Opposition content with offering criticism and making protest. REES moved amendment reducing period of retention of new spirit in bond from three years to two. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, while not hopeful of any great result from operation of the Bill, declared it "impossible to contemplate dividing the House on a question of this kind."

To prevailing dolour CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER appreciably contributed. Generally brisk and cheery, he remained throughout in despondent mood. Understood his original proposal for dealing with Drink question was overruled by Cabinet. Support given to rumour by his description to-night of measure under discussion as "salvage from a wreck, so battered that it could hardly be recognised what part of the vessel it formed."

"I would like," he added, "to have gone much farther, and still regret it could not be done."

Thereafter, while amendment was discussed, sat in moody silence, a picture of depression that recalled *Mrs. Gummidge* at her worst.

"He's thinking of the Old 'Un," whispered PRIME MINISTER aside to PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE seated on his left.

"What, the drastic scheme we shrank from adopting?"

PREMIER nodded assent.

Business done.—Immature Spirits (Restriction) Bill passed through Committee.

Tuesday.—Talk about reconstruction of Ministry.

Mr. HOGGE convinced that something should be done. Looks a ticklish job, but, as he says, firmly approach it and difficulties will dissolve. For full measure of success everything will depend upon selection made, alike in matter of ousting Ministers now in office and picking out men to replace them. Of course ASQUITH must go. For himself, though something of a Radical, Mr. HOGGE admits a perhaps natural leaning towards hereditary claims of royalty. *Ceteris paribus*, or, to put it in frank English, other things being equal, he cannot help thinking that a direct descendant of one of the oldest royal dynasties would (if he could be found, and were disposed to sacrifice personal inclination on the altar of his country) lend to the Premiership added strength in the Cabinet, wider popularity throughout the country. In this connection Mr. HOGGE strongly holds the view that the reigning monarchs of to-day are mere mushrooms compared with the line of OG, King of Bashan.

HANDEL BOOTH doesn't think there's very much in that. What is rather needed to strengthen the Government in time of national peril is the addition to its ranks of a man of independent character, wide views and the gift of discursive speech.

Mr. KING has his own opinions. A man intimately familiar with domestic affairs in territories stretching from China to Peru, who moreover was upon occasion ready to pose a Minister with queries dealing with the minutiæ of domestic matters in country parishes—such a man, he ventures to think, is the sort calculated to raise the Government from the lamentable level toward which it is daily sinking.

"What is really wanted," said BY-YOUR-LEIF-JONES, "is a man at the head of affairs capable of subordinating everything to one great purpose. I—and in this matter perhaps I may be said to represent the nation—have no patience with a rum-and-milk policy. Let us have rum *or* milk."

It is recognised that what HANDEL last night hailed as "a united Ministry that is coming and will come before long," must be partly recruited from the Benches opposite. In view of this contingency KINLOCH COOKE would like it known in the proper quarter that no personal prejudice in favour of one Department of the State or another would stand for a moment in the way of his obedience to the call of duty. Whilst, like the late Lord JOHN RUSSELL, he is prepared to take command of the Channel Fleet at ten minutes' notice, he is equally ready to relieve Lord KITCHENER of the burden of responsibility which the War Office imposes.

Sir JOHN REES would not go so far as that. He holds the opinion that if by chance a man, with whatsoever measure of universal knowledge, superadds a speciality of information in a particular field, it is there he has the fullest opportunity of saving the State. Incidentally, he is reminded that after long secretarial service under successive Governors of Madras he himself was for a brief period Resident in Travancore and Cochin. Lord CREWE may be all



THE OPTIMIST.

"The root cause of the trouble is not apathy or lack of patriotism, but over-security and over-confidence."
The Times.

Munition-worker (complacently). "WHAT'S THE WORRY, GUVNOR? THE WAR'S GOIN' ALL RIGHT—WE'VE GOT 'EM BEAT."

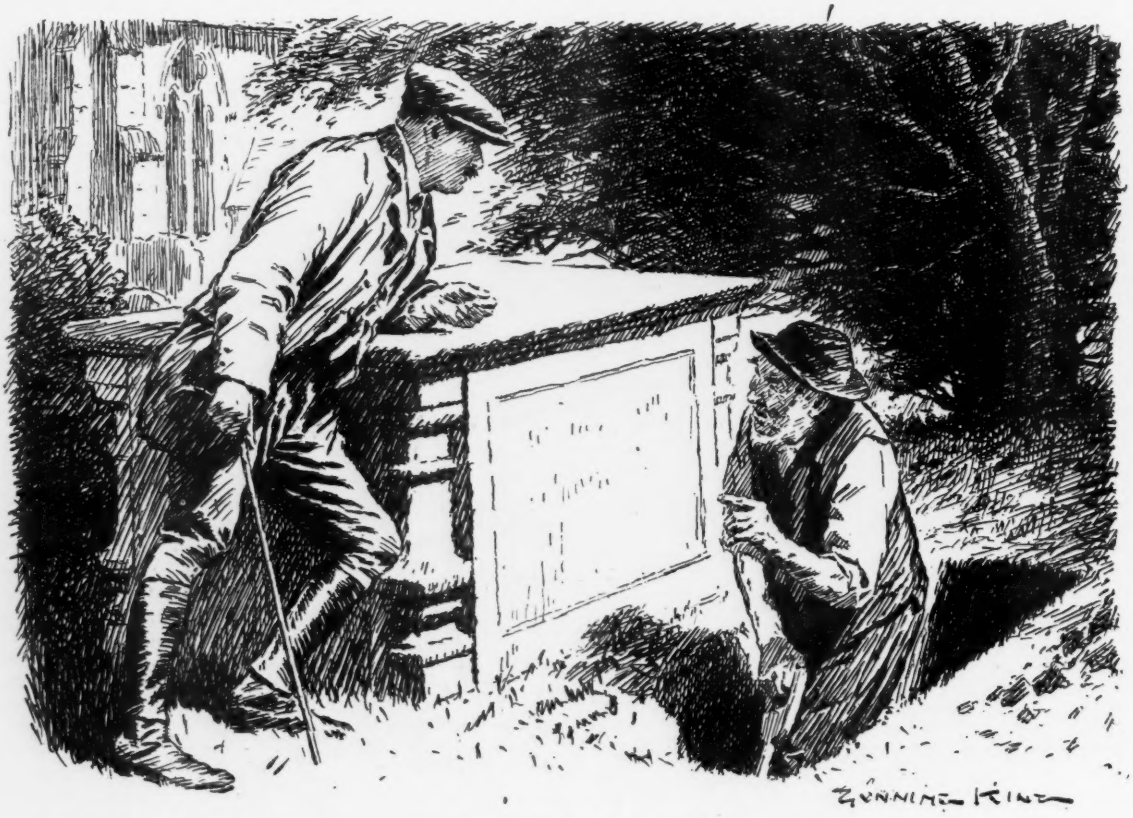
Sir J. Simon. "LOOK HERE, MY MAN. I'VE HAD TO PUT A STOP TO THE SALE OF IMMATURE WHISKY; HADN'T YOU BETTER KNOCK OFF INDULGING IN PREMATURE SPIRITS?"



A COALITION MINISTRY.

John Bull adopts the old Roman style.

"THEN NONE WAS FOR A PARTY,
THEN ALL WERE FOR THE STATE."
Lays of Ancient Rome.



Sexton (to young farmer who has called to arrange for the christening of his child). "DOANTEE BRING 'E TOOSDAY—VICAR BE FISHING O' TOOSDAY."

Farmer. "WELL, THEN, SAY MONDAY." *Sexton.* "NOA—NOT MONDAY. FONT 'LL BE FULL O' MINNOWS MONDAY."

very well in his way. But what could he know of India who only India knew?

Business done.—In House of Lords K. OF K. made interesting, cheering statement on progress of War. Summed up progress in the field during last few weeks. Has successfully taken the form of "a vigorous offensive" carried on by concerted plans between General JOFFRE and Sir JOHN FRENCH. Delay in producing adequate supply of ammunition admitted. Confident that, "in very near future," position in this respect will be satisfactory. Announced reprisals in matter of use of poisonous gas; concluded by demand for additional 300,000 men.

Wednesday. — Talk about reconstruction of Ministry, noted yesterday, taken sudden turn. Definitely decided upon. Negotiations in progress with view to forming a Government recruited from Opposition camp. Oddly enough in course of speculation as to identity of new Ministers no mention made of names of any of the Members whose personal views have been conjectured above.

Business done.—Adjourned for Whitsun recess. Convenient interval for reconstructing Ministry.

Humour in Scotland.

"PARENTS are WARNED to PREVENT CHILDREN from TRESPASSING in FIELDS at LOCHBANK, Castle-Douglas, in search of COWSLIPS, as one of the COWS is DANGEROUS to STRANGERS."—*Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser.*

"AN ODDMAN for London, titled gent., 12s 6d wk., clean knives, &c.—Collins' Agency, Camb."—*Cambridge Daily News.*

In these hard times some of our needy aristocrats may be glad of the chance.

"Mr. Runciman, too, had said much the samnhtmgie oh oh antonio the in said much the same thing."—"*The Times*" *of Ceylon.*

It is pleasant to have the compositor's lightsome comment on his own blunder enshrined for us in print.

"The Tinks are now a beaten nation, they have very greatly sinned, and their pins will now have to he paid for in full."
The Planters & Commercial Gazette (Mauritius).

Tink! Tink! one can almost hear the pin-money dropping.

From a notice of Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS' *Armageddon*:—

"There is a prologue and an epilogue, the scene of which is laid in Hell. I may mention that the language of Hell is blank verse."
Manchester Guardian.

Most appropriate: the blanks can be filled in according to taste.

A South Australian Correspondent sends us the subjoined paragraphs, and asks "which of these is the 'howler'?"

"GERMAN PIGS IN BELGIUM.
LONDON, April 1.

The 'Daily Mail' war correspondent states that, owing to the shortage of fodder in Germany, nearly a million German pigs are billeted in Belgium."
The Adelaide Advertiser.

"FEEDING THE ENEMY.
LONDON, April 1.

The London Daily Mail states that in consequence of the shortage of food in Germany nearly 1,000,000 German soldiers are billeted in Belgium."—*The Adelaide Register.*

We believe *The Advertiser's* version is correct, but *The Register's* was in the circumstances a venial error.

AT THE FRONT.

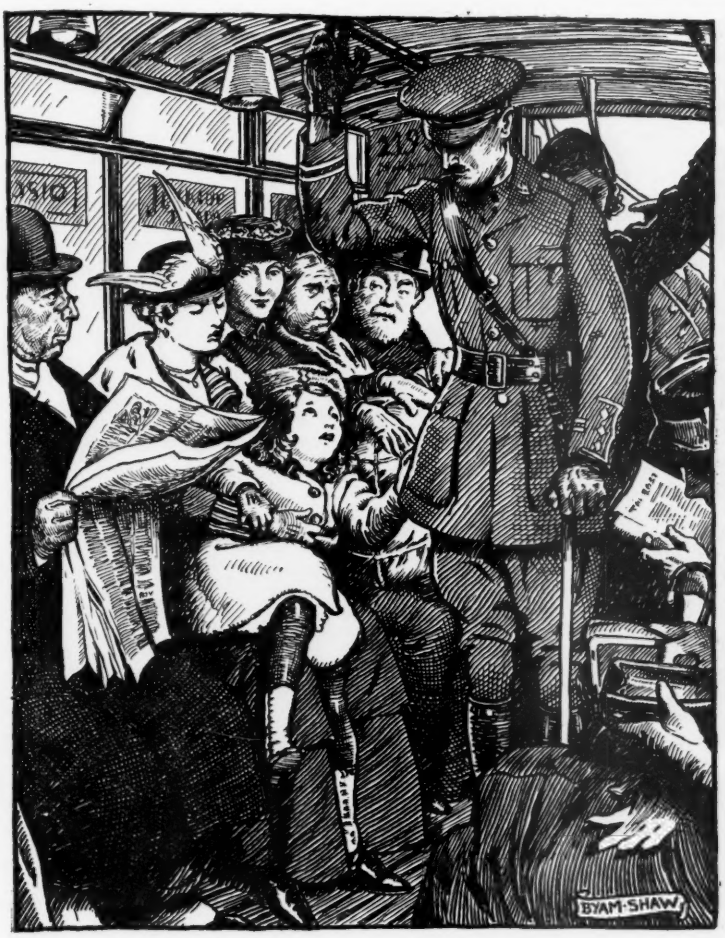
EVER since I gave up working and became a soldier I have longed to be in charge of an outpost. Then at last I felt I should get clear about the relations of its curious component parts. Can you, for instance, I have wondered, draw on your fatigue men for sentries over reconnoitring patrols? If you can't, you have twenty idle men and fifty vacant jobs; if you can, you have twenty men far too busy doing the fifty jobs. It didn't seem quite satisfactory either way. I felt it must be one of those arrangements that are right enough in practice but break down when you come to theory. I wanted the thing to play with a little by myself.

Not until three days ago, however, was I ever in charge of any such thing; then to my great joy, instead of going back to the enervating influence of our billets, I was sent to look after twenty men and one outpost.

Frankly I am disappointed. I don't believe it is an outpost. I don't believe it ever was an outpost. The twenty men are there all right. True, I'm always losing one or two in the straw, but they turn up again at rifle inspection. I don't really complain of the men; it's the apparatus that's all wrong. The post—I won't call it "out" any more; if I qualified it at all I should call it an inpost—consists of a stable, two cupboards, and a cellar. There used to be a house, too, facing towards Germany, but I can't find it anywhere now.

So much for the actual post. Now for us. We never reconnoitre, we never patrol, we never picket and we hardly ever fatigue. One sentry, and he by night only, watches over the entire proposition. If you were to enter suddenly you would fancy you had stumbled upon a homœopathic hospital for the treatment of sleeping sickness—in short, *non* outpost *sed* bedpost.

The reasons for this scandalous state of affairs are twain. In the first place we have a whole firing line some hundreds of yards in front of us. So the chances against the Bosch arriving unbeknownstlike (as the corporal puts it) are less large than might appear if I were to swank to you that we were *really* an outpost. In the second place the disintegration of the house that used to face Germany, and a considerable accumulation of sizeable craters round about, suggest that it would be unwise for us to advertise our presence. We are, in fact, a sort of ambush. The men are first-class at ambushing, so far as we have gone at present.



Small Patriot. "OH, PLEASE DO TAKE MY SEAT."

To leave the post by day you must crawl out through a hole in the wall, and carry on through fourteen other holes in walls to a point some hundred yards in rear. You may then walk about and pretend to be a reconnoitring patrol or a picket as much as you like. We usually reconnoitre after leeks and lettuce, but there are carrots still surviving and strawberries to come, if, as seems to be the general opinion, we are here for three years or duration of War.

My cupboard is simply but tastefully furnished, with one chair, six boxes small-arm ammunition, one incomplete escritoire and four bricks (loot). When helped out with lilac, soldiers' buttons, hyacinths and pansies, it hardly knows itself, and the Major, dropping in unexpectedly the other day, mistook it for a room.

We have our moments of excitement even here. Now and then my appetite is broken by sudden messages, always arriving as I sit down to my lettuce. Then I parade the garrison and speak to them as follows: —

"Englishmen — (pause; electrical effect; two men drop their rifles)—Englishmen, your time of trial has come. Since we cannot go to the War the War is to come to us. The Adjutant has arranged for us to be heavily shelled (by the enemy) shortly after 3 A.M. to-morrow. Englishmen, I rely on you to behave as such; I am persuaded that you will. After dusk we will fare forth and put three more layers of sand-bags over the cellar. We will sleep there to-night and spend to-morrow there. Englishmen, Dis—miss!"

They are a mutinous crowd, I am afraid. They finished the job just as our guns started; then they all went to the front of the building and looked on. The enemy were mutinous too; they didn't shell us at all the whole morning. I told our Adjutant, and I expect he'll do something pretty severe about it.

FOOTMANRY.

"Francesca," I said, "the War——"

"Yes," she said, "I know. The War is going on. There's no need to tell me that. A good many people seem to have heard about it."

"I wasn't going to tell you that."

"Well, what were you going to tell me, then?"

"I don't know," I said. "You caught me up so sharply that you've knocked it all out of my mind."

"I wonder what it can have been," she said. "There's not much that's new to be said about the War. It's been perfectly hateful all the time."

"It has," I said, "but we've got to set our teeth and see it through."

"Yes," she said, "and we've all got to help wherever we can."

"Bravo!" I said. "Even men beyond the military age can be useful as volunteers, or subscribers to funds, or in a thousand other ways."

"And women," she said enthusiastically, "have at last found their true spheres. After this men will no longer be able to sneer."

"They never were," I said. "That is to say, they never were able to sneer properly. It takes a better man than most men are to do that."

"All the same," she said, "a good many men tried."

"It was a poor effort," I said.

"Yes," she said, "it was. It always began by declaring that women had no logic."

"Logic!" I said. "Pooh! What is logic? Who cares about it?"

"Logic," she said, "is the science and art of reasoning correctly. I looked it up in a dictionary."

"And here is a woman," I said, "who can find time in the midst of a million Committees to look up a disagreeable word in a dictionary. Francesca, why did you do that?"

"The newspapers keep on telling us," she said, "that we must try to understand our enemies. Logic never was a friend of mine, so——"

"So you looked him up," I said, "in order to smash him. Splendid!"

"If logic was any good," she said, "there wouldn't be a KAISER. But there is a KAISER, so logic's no good."

"Logically," I said, "that settles it. I'm not sure you haven't been guilty of a syllogism or something of that kind, but, anyhow, you've settled logic. What shall we put in its place?"

"Sympathy," she said, "charity, mutual help, relief funds, Red Cross Hospitals, St. John Ambulance—any amount of things."

"Yes," I said, "they're all excellent; but we want to invent something quite new, something that will take our thoughts off the War for a moment or two."

"That's difficult," she said.

"But not impossible. Why not try footmanry?"

"Footman *what*?" she said.

"Footmanry. It is the new science and art of footmen. Yeoman—yeomanry. Footman—footmanry."

"It's out of the beaten track, anyway," she said. "How do you work it?"

"Well, you begin by postulating a footman."

"It sounds cruel," she said, "but I think I can manage it."

"Then you inquire into him, and you find that the footman is the young of the butler."

"Yes," she said, "but the butler doesn't like his young. In fact he can't bear him. He says he can't get him out of bed in the morning."

"But if the butler doesn't like him, why doesn't he *leave* him in bed? That's one of the questions the new science will answer."

"As far as my experience goes," she said, "the reason is that if the footman didn't get up there'd be nobody to help in smashing glasses and other things. Glasses have to be smashed regularly, and so the footman must get up. It's one of the rules."

"Yes," I said, "and another rule is that after a year or so the footman wants to better himself, but according to the butler he gets worse all the time."

"And when he betters himself he vanishes."

"And when he's bettered himself about four times he turns into a butler himself and begins to dislike footmen."

"I see," she said, "that there are many fascinating mysteries about footmen."

"There are," I agreed. "Why, for instance, do they never take down a telephone message correctly?"

"Lots of people can't do that. Some of the best Dukes are said to be thoroughly inefficient at it, and you yourself——"

"Thank you," I said, "we needn't go further than a Duke or a footman."

"But it wasn't a Duke or a footman who took down Mrs. Hutchinson's message the other day. It was——"

"All right," I said, "all right. I know who it was. You needn't keep rubbing it in. Besides, Mrs. Hutchinson is deaf."

"Which, of course, explains why you couldn't hear her."

"It does," I said. "Deaf ladies talking through a telephone have a shattering effect on a high-strung sensitive temperament like mine."

"I thought," she said, "you were one of the strong silent ones."

"So I was," I said, "but it was long ago. What's the use of being strong and silent when you've got a wife and three girls in the house?"

"If you take it like that," she said, "it's no good talking at all."

"We will not discuss telephone messages any more," I said with dignity.

"No," she said, "we won't. Let's finish off about footmen. Do you know that it's Thomas's birthday to-day?"

"I didn't know footmen worried about birthdays."

"Well," she said, "ours does. He's nineteen to-day, and he told me this morning he's going to enlist, and hopes I shall be able to suit myself."

"Well done, Thomas! But he'll have to get up earlier than ever when he's a soldier."

"He'll soon get used to that when he never goes to bed at all."

"Anyhow," I said, "he's bettered himself with a vengeance this time."

"Yes," she said, "and when the War's over he can come back and unbetter himself back into our footman again."

"Certainly," I said, "and he shall have the run of the glass-cupboard. He shall break as much as ever he likes when he returns."

R. C. L.

Our Helpful Experts.

"The operation undertaken by the French and British in concert must clearly have been thought out and prepared beforehand."
The Times.

"In the course of the day General Botha received a representative deputation of the male residents. The marital law proclamation issued by General Botha. . . ."—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle.*

So that was what the male residents went to see him about.

Germany's latest ambition; a place in the San.



THE WHILE-YOU-WAIT SCHOOL OF HATRED.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE DAY BEFORE THE DAY."

I ONLY wish the stage were a mirror of life in the matter of the spy spied-on; for in Mr. FERNALD'S new play, as in *The Man that Stayed at Home*, the alien enemy within our gates is gloriously confounded. In the present case he is not defeated by superior wit; the author relies upon the superb bravado of his hero and the no less superb credulity of his audience. Between the two of them they bring about the collapse of a diabolically ingenious organisation.

The plot was not so clear in detail as we should have liked it, but we never permitted this defect to cloud our confidence in a happy issue. For on a happy issue depended not only the existence of our nation, but the author's chance of a run for his trouble. All the same we were kept in a right state of tension for two-thirds of the time.

The chief notes of the play were revolvers and musk. Musk was the scent worn by the envelopes which contained the letters written by *von Ardel* of the Prussian Guard to an English girl, *Victoria Buckingham*, who had once been engaged to him. The interception of one of his letters had laid her under suspicion, and *von Ardel's* idea was to bring about a meeting with her on the strength of their former relations, and to place in her hands a false plan of invasion which would be sure to fall into the clutches of the War Office and put them on the wrong track — Northumberland, in fact, instead of Kent. The envelopes in which his secret instructions arrived were strewn all over the stage, and one could almost sniff the asphyxiating perfume of their musk in the tenth row of the stalls.

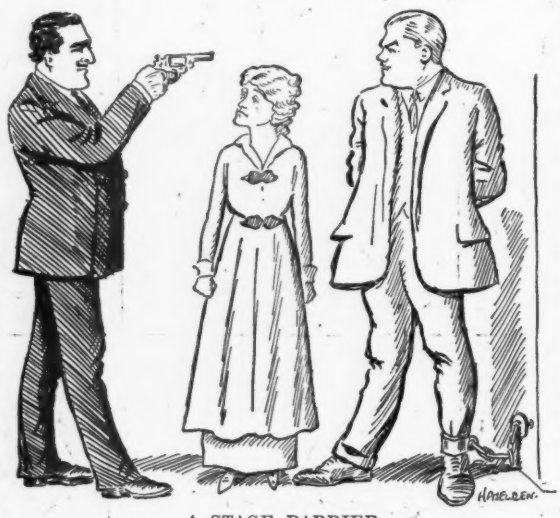
As for the revolvers, it is a long time since I have seen so many whipped out at one moment. The only one amongst the spies who never could get his weapon out in time was an American, and you would have expected him to be the handiest of them all. Fortunately, not a single revolver was discharged, except "off" and between the Acts, so that the report of it only reached us verbally. But there was a period, that seemed interminable, during which the only thing that intervened between *von Ardel* and his target was the frail form of a woman—an obstruction that a resolute man ought easily to have circumvented. Nothing but the fact that he had other designs for the lady could have deterred him—being a Prussian—from letting the bullet take her *en route*.

The first scene of the Second Act was extremely well done. It gave us the East Coast haunt of the spies—a member of the Prussian Secret Service, a stockbroker, a German-American and a Professor of Infernal Mechanics. They talked German and English alternately with equal ease, though the Professor felt it incumbent upon him to correct the American's pronunciation of the *ch* in *ausgezeichnet*.

The scene flattered the German spirit, showing its thoroughness, the intensity of its purpose, its readiness to sacrifice the individual for the cause, the iron discipline which directs its licence and organises its passionate hate. The man who came out of it worst (for Mr. FERNALD is not very tender to his countrymen) was the American *Schindler*, who never got much farther than a protest against brutality to women, and a hint of what his nation might do if it was annoyed. "You're not a nation," said one of the Germans, "you're a mass meeting."

The second scene (unchanged) of this same Act was a little dragged out. For a long time *Captain Howison*, the British Intelligence Officer, has nobody to talk to on the stage. He has been left alone in the dark, gagged and bound and riveted to the wall. With his free foot he reaches a chair and rubs his gag off on one of its legs. With the additional breath thus acquired he reaches a table, and luckily finds a knife in the drawer of it, and so cuts the ropes that hold his arms. With fresh prehensile power he now reaches a long pole with a hook to it, fishes a box from across the room, finds it contains the very tool he wants, and unrivets his leg. All this took time, and so did the long interval, largely devoted to the levelling of revolvers, before he could get to grips with *von Ardel*.

But Mr. LYN HARDING was equal to his responsibilities and kept us alert. Indeed he shone in action much more than in speech. Twice he was called upon to cope with improbable conditions. When, in the First Act, he suddenly returns from the dead (out in Alaska) the author provides him with no argument (except his falsely-reported death) by which to explain to the lady of his heart a two years' unbroken silence. His manner was abrupt and halting, and you wondered a little why he was selected for the Intelligence Department. In the Second Act, again, when he appeared, unarmed and unannounced, among the gang of enemy spies, his method of introducing himself was extremely unconvincing, and it seemed incredible that he should not have been shot at sight with all those revolvers about, or at least have been thrust into the Professor's electric crematorium under the stage.



A STAGE BARRIER.

Max von Ardel . . . . . Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE.
Victoria Buckingham . . . Miss GRACE LANE.
Guy Howison . . . . . Mr. LYN HARDING.

The honours of the evening went to Miss GRACE LANE, who played the part of *Victoria Buckingham* with a most compelling sincerity. From the first there was need of great candour on her part to disarm the suspicions both of her friends on the stage and us in the audience. But Miss LANE made an easy conquest of all the hearts that were worth winning. Of the spies Mr. FREDERICK ROSS, Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR and Mr. EDMUND GWENN were horribly German. Mr. GWENN indeed might have been the author of the *Hymn of Hate*. But Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE, as *von Ardel*, lacked something of the true Prussian manner, and had not even taken the trouble to disguise himself as a "blond beast."

The return of Miss STELLA CAMPBELL (playing a quiet American woman, loyal to the land of her adoption) was very welcome; and Miss CHESNEY seized her brief chances as a British hostess with admirable effect. Of Mr. DAWSON MILWARD and of Mr. OWEN NARES, who

played with his usual ease, I can only say that I should have liked to see more of them.

Mr. FERNALD could hardly hope to recover the mysterious charm of his first success, *The Cat and the Cherub*. Yet at our own doors to-day there are secrets as dark and sinister as any in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. And though the revelation of them, if ever we get so far, may not correspond very closely with his picture, he has done well to stimulate our slow imaginations, which threaten to remain torpid till the day after The Day. O. S.

"SATIRES OF CIRCUMSTANCE."

(Being a few minor tragedies of domestic life designed to supplement Mr. THOMAS HARDY'S latest volume, and couched in a similar spirit of healthy optimism.)

I.—HER HAIR-BRUSH.

WHY do I keep it? That is what you 'd ask!
But, man, you surely guess
It long ago performed a graceful task
Smoothing the yellow tress
Of one in whose fond sunlit glance to bask
Was all my happiness.

Well, yes; her hair a sonneteer might sing;
'Twas gold without alloy;
I would that all our fond philandering
Had been as pure a joy.
But for the brush—I only keep the thing
To spank her little boy.

II.—IN THE NURSERY.

"Don't pick the plums from all the buns,
Johnny; *keep some for the little ones*"...
Nurse at the teaboard broods and pours;
John plans how to pay off old scores.

"Dear little sister, here 's a plum" ...
Baby turns purple. Nurse sits dumb.
'Twas a button from Mother's best Sunday boots.
Children—in Wessex—*are little brutes.*

III.—THE HATPIN.

Her hat was high. His head was low.
They sat at the cinema-show.
He flustered: "Lady, please remove ..."
She shook with passion—not of love.

Then in the dark he drew the pin,
And in the dark he thrust it in.
Next morn attendants strangely greet
A maiden skewered to her seat.

A Picture Theatre Poster :—

"VANITY FAIR BY CHARLES DICKENS."

And yet there are people who question the educational value of our cinemas.



A NURSERY HEROINE.

Peggy. "YOU MAY EAT MY BISCUIT, YOU LITTLE BEAST! BUT YOU NEEDN'T THINK YOU CAN MAKE ME SCREAM—NOT IN WAR-TIME."

How Not to Do It.

"WANTED, FOR GOVERNMENT WORK. First-class CAPSTAN LATHE HANDS, used to chuck work."
Yorkshire Evening Post.

"Some children suffer from an imperfect speech development, and continue to babble lisping baby talk when they are old enough to articulate distinctly. In these cases chastisement applied to the patient's mother in the early stages of the disease would have had remedial value."—*Daily Mail.*

We are inclined to agree with this view, but should have hesitated to express it so bluntly.

"WILL the Person who gave one of my men a Sovereign in mistake for ice cream on the Terrace on Friday night call at Reay's Benwell Temperance Bar."
Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

The Temperance Bar is certainly the safest place for him.

"Pressing their attack with their extraordinary vigour on Elan, the French have taken successively the lines of the crest near Loos, La Tarquette, and Neuville St. Vaast."
Cork Examiner.

This is wrong. Our allies have never lost Elan, and therefore have no necessity to attack it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

There are few themes so full of horrible and creepy fascination as that of witch-finding. The historic and notorious epidemic of it in New England has been taken by those clever sisters who combine as "K. L. Montgomery" for the subject of their latest novel, *Maids of Salem* (Long). You can hardly expect it to be a cheerful tale, but the interest is undeniable. This same interest, however, and the effect of the book generally, would be much increased if the authors would prune a little the luxuriance of their style. If ever there was a case of the wood being hidden by the trees, it is here. Every character in the book garnishes his or her talk with such a wealth of metaphor and archaic ornament that I have felt tempted to quote the exhortation of the Lancashire man, and beg "K. L. Montgomery" to "get eendways wi' the tale." In one kind, however, the authors do exercise a commendable restraint; we have little insistence upon the merely physical horrors of the persecution. Without this there is enough of dread in the pictures of a time when the lives of the most innocent were at the mercy of the random accusations of hysterical children. The other phases of the story, the love-making of *Favour Gray* and young *Constant Grenvil*, and the somewhat conventional missing-heir motive, are less striking. But it is the witchcraft that makes the book; and I wish "K. L. Montgomery" would publish a translation of it into simple English.

The poor dear young *Duke of Cheshire* was in the deuce of a dilemma. On the one hand, inclination urged him to run away with another man's wife; on the other, all the deeply rooted traditions of his proud race told him that he ought to marry for money. ("Playing the game" was the way he described the latter course). If he ran away with the other man's wife, he would not get the money; if he concentrated on the money, he would not get the other man's wife. It was a trying situation for a fine, thoroughbred young Englishman, and I was not surprised that Mr. Cosmo Hamilton grew almost tearful over it in the course of the three hundred and sixty-three pages of *The Miracle of Love* (Hurst and Blackett). These are the real tragedies of life. I think the poignancy of the thing was a little too much for Mr. Hamilton. It obsessed him. Most of the first hundred or so pages are occupied with the *Duke's* narration of his troubles, first to one minor character, then to another. And as it is a peculiarity of Mr. Hamilton's literary style that he never uses ten words where a thousand will produce the same effect this tends to become tedious. And—but I was forgetting that all this time you are on tenterhooks to know if it all ended happily. It did. The other man died, and the *Duke's* aunt married a man with money and gave the *Duke* some of it, and never have the wedding-bells rung out more blithely than in the dear old church where so many generations of the *Cheshire* family had espoused middle-class heiresses from the highest commercial motives. So that's all right. It is a thin little story, but Mr. Hamilton pads it out to a marketable size with the aid of his amazing gift of language. Words flutter from him like bats out of a barn. He can say the same thing over and over again in a different way oftener than any other novelist of my acquaintance. And in these days when the public chooses its books from the library almost entirely for their chunkiness an author can have no more useful gift.

Perhaps you would not think that the making of quarry-waste into vitrified slate would be the most satisfactory background for a love story, but Miss Una L. Silberrad, in *Co-Directors* (Hodder and Stoughton), has chosen it deliberately, and done very well with it. True, there is more slate than love, but the struggles with technical and other difficulties are made interesting beyond all likely conjecture. *Elizabeth Thain*, a business spinster of considerable capacity, and *Marlcroft*, absent- and single-minded man and clever chemist, absorbed in his laboratory explorations and only incidentally, as it were, happening upon the great treasure embedded in vitrified slate—these are hero and heroine, of a type unusual enough in fiction to give a special interest to this rather pleasant book. Characterisation is adequate, sentiment well handled, sentimentality eschewed, and workmanship competent, even though Miss Silberrad contrives to split her infinitives and foozle her pluperfects with the best.



"Kindly 'elp a poor Beljin soldier, Sir, severely wounded in the 'ed at Noove Chapel."

"Get out, you fraud! Why, I don't believe you can speak French or Flemish."

"I admit it, Sir. It's a case of lost memory—brain injured—I've forgot every word of me native langwidge."

Mr. Douglas Sladen in *Twenty Years of My Life* (Constable) has poured forth a stream of reminiscence and anecdote. An index of the "well-known people" to whom he refers is appended, and as this list contains between four and five hundred names I feel constrained to offer my respectful sympathy to anyone who happens to have been omitted. But I am not so intrigued by what he has to say of these people as by the delightfully ingenuous details he gives of himself. True, he suggests that those who are likely to be more interested in his reminiscences than in his life should begin at Chapter VIII., but this advice I am thankful not to have followed. For had I neglected those opening chapters I should not have known where Mr. Sladen was baptized, and I should also have missed this magnificent statement:—"At Cheltenham I was the most prominent boy of my time, and the prestige with which I came up from school gave me a certain momentum at Oxford." In justice, however, I must add that Mr. Sladen is as frankly generous to most of his "leading people" as he is to himself, and that, whatever the faults of his book may be, it is, and will be, valuable as a work of reference and appreciation. Mr. Yoshio Markino has contributed some colour pictures of various parts of the house in which Mr. Sladen lived, and some portraits.

CHARIVARIA.

"Prince von Bülow," an Exchange telegram informs us, "is keenly distressed and humiliated at the failure of his diplomatic mission." Somehow or other we had a sort of presentiment that it would not please him.

* * *

"The Italian Admiralty has refused the application of Signor D' ANNUNZIO, the poet, to enlist in the Navy, but the War Office has offered him a commission in the light horse." The light horse, we imagine, includes our old friend Pegasus.

* * *

It is not, we believe, generally known that, as a result of the German official instructions to the Press to show Italy goodwill to the very last second, quite a number of German editors broke out in spots all over.

* * *

The practical nature of the Teuton has once more been asserting itself. Busy men in Germany, we hear, are now allowed, in order to save time, to greet their friends with the abbreviations "G. S. E." and "G. S. I.," instead of saying at length, "*Gott strafe England*" and "*Gott strafe Italien.*"

* * *

We hear that the only persons in Germany who are thoroughly pleased at Italy's entry into the War are the schoolboys there. They have resolved never to let a word of Latin pass their lips again.

* * *

A writer in the *Münchener Post* refers to the "hang-dog look" of the British officers in France. It evidently is not realised that this hang-dog look means a determination to suspend the mad dog of Potsdam.

* * *

The King of SAXONY prohibited all public celebrations of his fiftieth birthday last week. This is taken to signify that His Majesty wishes he had not been born.

* * *

Referring to Lord KITCHENER and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and their respective spheres *The Pall Mall Gazette* remarks, "Each part of the work in this war is big enough for a giant." Physically, of course, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is one of the smallest giants in the world.

* * *

It is possible, we hear, that, with a view to the nation's devoting its entire energies and attention to the war against Germany, the anti-fly campaign may be dropped.

* * *

"Not a hair on the head of a single foreigner who has thrown in his lot with Germany, and lives in our midst as a German citizen," says the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, "has been touched since the war began." This certainly shows wonderful self-restraint on the part of the German barbers.

* * *

A German Professor of Theology, Herr D. BAUMGARTEN, has been delivering a remarkable sermon on the righteousness of the German cause. "The destruction of the *Lusitania*," says this holy man, "should be greeted with jubilation and enthusiastic cheering, and everybody who does not cheer is no real or true German." Many harsh things have been said of the Germans, but nothing quite so bitter as this suggestion for a test of nationality.

* * *

"Is the world," asks the *Berlin Lokalanzeiger*, "so helplessly shackled under the English hypnotism that it cannot see the hideous monster of despotism which, at England's beck, is crouching on their very shoulders, and under which they are surely doomed to be crushed." The answer is in the affirmative. Isn't it awful?



THE DAMOSEL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

RECRUITING POSTER IN THE STYLE OF THE NEW DECORATIVE SCHOOL.

The Paris *Matin* states that a consignment of preserved food in tins, which was seized during transit to Germany, was found to contain 4,000 revolvers. This—which points to gross carelessness on the part of somebody—is by no means the first occasion on which foreign matter has been found in canned foods, as witness the Chicago revelations of some years back.

* * *

Leather is now becoming scarce in Germany, and an appeal is being made to parents to allow their children to go to school in wooden shoes. In return, we take it, the children would not be leathered by the schoolmaster.

* * *

The latest suggestion from Germany, the home of Culture, is, we hear, that captured flying men should be placed in cages.

* * *

It seems very strange, after all that we have heard of the thoroughness of the enemy's methods, that not a single case of scalping has hitherto been brought to our notice.

"New York, Wednesday.—I learn from a Washing source which is usually of the best authority that the German Government has ordered the suspension of its submarine activities against neutral commerce."
Manchester Evening News.

These things always come out in the wash.

From a review :—

"The book is revolting. It is an insult to every patriotic and fine feeling. It ridicules all that is noble and good. It is fit meat for the common hangman."—*Globe.*

This appears under the headline, "Books Worth Reading." Well, *Disgustibus non est disputandum.*

New theory of the origin of the War. From Dublin University :—

"Changes in French Honor Courses necessitated by the War made with the authority of the Council during Michaelmas Term, 1914, and approved as permanent changes by the Committee of the School of Modern Languages and Literature."

"Aigues Mortes, the historic little port on the Mediterranean from which St. Louis sailed on his two crusades in 1848 and 1870."
The Graphic.

These episodes in the after-life of ST. LOUIS had not been previously recorded. One cannot wonder, however, that he preferred to be out of his native land in those particularly strenuous years.

LIBERTY: THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

We rocked ourselves in balmy sleep,
Knowing Britannia ruled the waves,
And while her watch-dogs held the deep
Never, oh no, should we be slaves;
Others in less enlightened lands
Had lords to drill and drive and bleed 'em,
But we, thank God, could fold our hands
All in the blessed name of Freedom.

By that most comfortable word
We claimed, as only Britons may,
The right to work, if we preferred,
The right, if so we chose, to play;
Under that flag we danced and dined,
Lifted the lusty patriot chorus,
And paid a few (that way inclined)
To go and do our fighting for us.

So, when the sudden war-bolt fell,
We still kept up our games and strikes,
True to the law we loved so well—
Let everyone do what he likes;
This was a free land; none should tramp
In conscript lines, dragooned and herded,
Though some might take a call to camp
If the request was nicely worded.

And now we learn—at what a price,
And in an hour how dark and late—
That never save by sacrifice
Men come to Liberty's estate;
No birthright helps us here at need;
Each must be taught by stern probation
That they alone are free indeed
Who bind themselves to serve the nation.

O. S.

OUR WHITSUN CAMP.

OUR Commandant is very pleased about it. Nearly all the photographs came out very well and the Censor has passed some of them for publication I think that the snapshot of the Adjutant misjudging the width of a trench was rightly censored. It is a pity that some of the villagers, including three boys and two of the oldest inhabitants, got into the group of officers entitled "not too old to fight."

A battalion of regulars, who, also taking advantage of the fine weather and holiday season, had pitched their tents in our neighbourhood, took a great interest in us, especially in our red armlets. It cost us a long time to convince them that we weren't a flock of budding staff officers out for a picnic or a battalion in quarantine. It wasn't until they saw us manœuvring that they understood that the armlet scheme was to prevent the possibility of the Germans missing any of us if we went into action.

Our ceremonial parade was marred by the conduct of the leading Platoon Commander who was guilty of three breaches of military etiquette on the march past, none of which was excusable even if a mosquito did bite him under the left eye at a critical moment. He said something that was not in the Infantry Training Book, threw the battalion out of step and finished his salute before passing the post.

The camp pastimes consisted largely of trench digging and tactical manœuvres. The ungrudging manner in which one of our Platoon Commanders in the course of swinging a pick sacrificed his near fourth rib to the common good was voted a sporting effort; but Holroyd's double event with his neighbour's shoulder and his own shin in one swing was considered clumsy. Considerable ingenuity was shown in disguising the trenches. In spite of our Commandant's disparaging remarks I still think that my idea of laying out our parapet as a potato bed was most practical, and that it was churlish and unsporting of the original potato-planter to complain to our Commandant. A man is not much of a man who cannot give up a few unripe potatoes for his country.

My first idea was mustard and cress, and after consultation with a local gardener I came to the conclusion that the best plan would be to start the seeds growing on flannel. As I hadn't got enough flannel I had to use Higgs's blanket and rug. I watered the blanket and rug well before spreading the seeds, and I am sure that the scheme would have been a success but for Higgs's lack of co-operation. I was just going to explain the matter to him when "lights out" sounded and he went hurriedly to bed with my seeds. Of course he discovered his mistake at once, but the damage was done, and we were both reprimanded by the Section Commander for creating a disturbance in billets. I think that I shall try for strawberries if we entrench in the summer. Bailey's river scene, with bulrushes and waterlilies, would have been all right if his trench had not been on the rise of a hill and if the scene had harmonised with the next trench, which was adorned with gorse and tulips.

A grand finale to the camp was provided by an exhibition battle between the infantry and the motor squadron. Our operations—I am infantry—were considerably hampered by the insubordination of the Commandant's horse. First, he refused to bring back his hay cart in time and was late for parade; secondly, he was insulting to the Adjutant, who had waited for him and wanted to exhibit his knowledge of the *haute école*, and thirdly he objected to the Commandant unfolding the plan of campaign to our officers from his back. While the Commandant was endeavouring to explain that the motor squadron was going to make a surprise attack on us, the attack happened and the surprise was complete. Considering the number of conflicting orders which were given we did fairly well, and most of us found some kind of cover. I concealed myself in a furze bush which I hadn't noticed until I got there. Bailey found cover for one leg in a rabbit hole, and this helped him to lie down very quickly; he kept lying down until the ambulance came up. Having fired five rounds rapid into our officers and one another we had leisure to look for the motor squadron. We felt that they had taken a mean advantage in attacking when our Commandant's horse was entertaining us by giving an exhibition cake-walk, so we decided to charge them. This figure was a great success, as they imagined that we had practically annihilated ourselves. They didn't know that our infantry is as resilient as the Russian army. We could have captured them all if we hadn't wanted the spectators to see them retreat along the road. We had a crowd of spectators whom our ex-Adjutant had invited to motor down to see us perform. He had posted them on a hill commanding a view of the whole operations, and doubtless they would have been much impressed if he hadn't told them beforehand everything that was going to happen. Unfortunately, owing to the conduct of the Commandant's horse nothing happened that he had told his friends about, and his reputation as a military prophet is ruined.

We didn't go back to camp after wiping out the motor squadron, but marched straight on the railway station. The motor squadron tried to attack us again on the way, but we weren't going to fight dead men, and there were too many regulars about, so we just told them not to be silly and took no further notice of them.



REINFORCED CONCRETE.

JOHN BULL. "IF YOU NEED ASSURANCE, **SIR, YOU** MAY LIKE TO KNOW THAT YOU HAVE THE LOYAL SUPPORT OF ALL DECENT **PEOPLE** IN THIS COUNTRY."

THE STAMPS OF FORTUNE.

OUR GREAT NEW WAR SERIAL.

A Romance of Love, War and Philately.

[Synopsis of preceding chapters and characters in the story, which takes place in the autumn of 1914.

Emilia Watermark, a sweet young English girl, possessor of a magnificent Stamp Collection inherited from her father, which includes a unique set of San Salvador 1896 issue (unused). She is in love with

Harold Pootwink, a splendid young English athlete and enthusiastic philatelist, employed in Steinart's Grand Emporium.

Steinart, a wealthy naturalised merchant, only interested in stamps as a side-line on which money might be made. He presses his unwelcome attentions on Emilia, but has no real love for her, his only wish being to obtain possession of the priceless Salvadors.

He really loves

Magda Ivanovitch, a beautiful adventuress whom he employs to abstract valuable stamps from famous collections. She cherishes a secret passion for Harold, and hopes to tempt him from his Emilia by pandering to his craving for hitherto unobtainable specimens.

Steinart, having discovered that his employé dares to be his rival with Emilia, has sent him on a special mission to Germany to buy Teddy Bears for the Toy Department, and hopes to attain his object before Harold can return.

Read on from here—if you have any strength left.]

CHAPTER XLVI.

Steinart was shown into Emilia's boudoir, tastefully decorated with glass cases containing the famous Collection, among which he saw with a spasm of joy the exquisite designs and colours of the Salvador gems.

The fair occupant was bending over a table on which lay a sheet of stamps of the 1823 issue of Kamschatka.

She was deep in the absorbing task of separating those *with* the full-stop after the "A" (value sixteen a penny) from those *without* the full stop (Catalogue value 39*s.* 6*d.* each), and did not at first observe him.

When she at last did so she bowed coldly, at the same time tactfully stifling a yawn with her pocket magnifier.

She made a pretty picture as she stood in her 5 cent French 1906 issue green evening wrap, trimmed with fur of the peculiar shade seen to such advantage in the background of the Russian 2 kopeck of 1875.

Her features had all the natural grace observable in the early Colonial attempts at the presentment of Her Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA, but a close observer might have noticed that the pupil of one of her eyes was badly centred, while a fairly well defined watermark was visible in the shading of her neck.

"Why do you force yourself on me like this?" exclaimed the beautiful girl. "You must know that you are more worthless in my eyes than even the ten pfennig stamp of the country which had the misfortune to give you birth."

"Ha! you haf then not yet heard the news," hissed Steinart. "War has been declared between England and Germany, and every Stamp Collector in the country is wringing his hands over the 'worthless' German stamps he has so often contemptuously thrown away, each one of which is now worth at least double its weight in threepenny-bits!"

"And Harold! What of him?" shrieked Emilia, as she suddenly realised the horror of the situation.

"Interned in Germany as an English spy," returned Steinart with guttural glee.

Emilia fell over in a swoon, fortunately landing on a large sack of Portuguese Colonials (surcharged "Republica") which had just arrived and so escaping injury.

When she recovered the German had disappeared, and on going to the window she observed him some distance down the street with a large flat parcel under his arm.

For a few seconds she hardly realised what had occurred; then, with a wild cry and a despairing look at the empty space on the wall, she sank to the floor in a second merciful access of unconsciousness.

The priceless case of San Salvadors had disappeared!

CHAPTER XLVII.

In a lonely turret cell in the grim prison fortress of Schweinoberunduntergwolfenberg Harold Pootwink had now been immured for over two months.

Late one evening he was seated over the remains of a miserable meal, with his precious Stamp Album, of which even the brutality of his gaolers had not deprived him, propped against a loaf of war bread.

Forgetful of his sordid surroundings he was feasting his eyes on the matchless beauty of the new English "Postage Dues" he had recently acquired, when the door opened noiselessly and a figure in the long cloak of a German officer stood before him.

Harold rose to his feet as the cloak was thrown aside, revealing the magnificent form of Magda Ivanovitch.

"Cruel boy!" she whispered; "see what dangers I have passed through for your sake. Come; my private airship lies moored at the window outside your cell. We have but to fly together to some far land where this frightful war cannot reach us, and in savage solitude live for love and stamps alone."

Harold made a gesture of refusal, but the lovely Magda, sinking on her knees before him, cried, "Ah! do not spurn me. I can make you famous, the possessor of stamps which Kings have fought for."

With these words she drew from her valise and exposed before Harold's fascinated gaze some specimens that might well have tempted any philatelist—a superb example of the Costa Rican issue of 1892, but bluish green instead of greenish blue, being the only example known with this peculiarity; a beautiful early Afghanistan which looked even more like an intoxicated Catherine-wheel than any previously discovered, and a handful of "Post Office" Mauritius which, if thrown on the market, would have instantly brought the price of this famous stamp down to a few paltry thousands.

Harold took a step towards her with outstretched hands. But just in time he recalled that his affections were centred in the beautiful girl he had left in England.

Regaining command of himself with an effort he turned away from the temptress, exclaiming in a broken voice, "Enough! even for these I cannot give up my Emilia."

Magda's features grew as white as a plain embossed stamp as she cried, "Your Emilia, forsooth! Do you still dream of that baby-faced child while such a woman as I plead for your love? Fool! months ago she forgot you, and already when I left London her engagement to Steinart was rumoured in the Society papers."

Harold's iron manhood almost failed him, but only for a moment. Drawing himself up as nearly to his full height as the ceiling of his cell would permit, he retorted, "You say her engagement is *rumoured*; I refuse to believe it until it is officially passed by the Press Bureau."

The face of the adventuress instantly flushed as dark as an old English penny red. Rushing to the table she seized the stamp album, and, ere Harold could intervene, heaved it through the open window. A sullen splash far below told that the loving work of a lifetime was lost for ever in the depths of the Dummereselbach.

Then with a vicious slam of the door she disappeared, while the unhappy prisoner buried his face in the war loaf and burst into sobs.

(To be continued.)

Evviva!

"The King and Queen waved the Italian flag, and the King shouted 'Long Live Italy!' The crowd shouted, 'Long Live the War!'"
The Star.

This was perhaps carrying enthusiasm a little too far.



Mrs. Henry Throgmorton. "HARRY'S GETTING ON SO WELL IN THE NATIONAL GUARD. THEY'VE MADE HIM A COMPANY PROMOTER."

LADY TU-TI.

If you've moments to spare, will you spare me a few
While I make you acquainted with Tu-Ti (or Tu)?
With her mane, which is thick, and her waist, which is thin,
She derives from the bluest blue blood of Pekin,
And to those who would question her race she is able
To prove by her genealogical table,
Far beyond all the carpings of ignorant malice,
That her ancestors lived and were pets in a palace.
Please note as she sleeps on her favourite bed
That her muzzle is black and the rest of her red,
With a sleekness so sleek it were shame to have roughed it,
While her nose is turned up and her trousers are tufted.

Lo, she shakes off her slumber and stretches and seems
To emerge with regret from the country of dreams,
With a yawn so immense that you'd think I defied her
To see who could yawn it the pinker and wider.

It is time for her walk, but, alas! she sets eyes on
Her harness and stands like a miniature bison,
A rebuke to the humans who foolishly tether
The soul and the legs of a lady with leather.

But at last she submits, and her footfall is fleet
As Her Daintiness skims through the crowds in the street.
She's as light as the air and as gay as a lark,
Being bound for the freedom and joy of the Park.

"Ho, bring me the Round Pond this very same minute,"
She cries, and she tugs at her lead and is in it;
And I'm bound to confess, though she's dry as a clinker,
It's a very large drink for a very small drinker.

We have all of us faults; even Tu has her failings,
Such as leaving her home through the area railings.
Recaptured and rated she proves her contrition
By assuming a pose of the meekest submission.
Her conviction of sin isn't open to doubt;
She repents most sincerely of being found out.

Though her learning is scanty in Greek or in Latin,
There are tricks not a few she is perfectly pat in.
Hold your stick off the ground, half a yard or so from it,
And lo, with a rush of a fiery-tailed comet,
Inspired with pure rapture and eager to dare,
She has cleared the great fence without turning a hair.

She can die for her country, her King and her brothers,
While she keeps an eye open for Germans and others.

Fascination's her forte; she's aware how it tells,
So she sits up on end and starts weaving her spells;
And she never gives up till you pay the magician
With a store of tit-bits as an aid to nutrition.

Did you notice—I did—in *The Pekinese Times*
An announcement deserving of pictures and rhymes?
"In her basket," it said, and I read it with joy,
"Lady Tu-Ti of twin-pups, a girl and a boy." R. C. L.

"Boxers (Experienced female) wanted."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Bombardier WELLS is stated to have rejoined the army, and his brother-pugilists should now have no hesitation in following his lead, since there are experienced ladies ready to fill their places in the ring.

MULLINS.

"THIS 'ere War," began Bill Corrigan, and the opening was so familiar that the line of men leaning against the factory-wall scarcely looked up from their pipes and papers, "may be right enough for them as was born with the martial instink, but for them as wasn't it 's jest silly!"

They agreed with him, though languidly. The sentiment was in entire accordance with their mood: the sole objection to it was that they had heard it expressed by Bill many times before.

"Slackers?" he had echoed amiably, in reply to a persistent recruiting-sergeant in the early days, "oo 's denyin' of it, mate? No, we ain't reg'lars, nor territorials, nor nash'nal volunteers, nor yet speshuls, an' we don't manufacture as much as a bootlace for the bloomin' troops, an' we 're about the only crowd in England as ain't ashamed to say so!"

And the rest, following Bill's heroic lead, were quite remarkably proud of the fact that they also weren't ashamed to say so. The thing had become a cult, a sort of fetish They regarded each new recruiting-poster with amused interest; passed the barracks at the corner with light and careless steps, and made a decent bit overtime.

"'Eard yest'day," said Alf Chettle, "that they 've got a noo recruiting-sergeant, name o' Cheem, at the barracks. Reckons 'e 's goin' to wake us up. Got an ideer that the other fellers that tried to make rookies o' me an' Bill didn't understand our temp'ryments."

There was a choru of chuckles.

A little man in khaki who had been listening to the dialogue came nearer hesitatingly.

"Any o' you chaps live in Ponter Street?"

"I do," said Bill, suspiciously. "Why?"

"Met a feller at the Front that used to live in this neighbourhood, an' 'e sent a message. Larky sort o' boy, 'e was, not more than sixteen, though 'e wouldn't own it. 'E was wounded in the ankle while we was retreatin', an' the Huns got 'im before we could carry 'im off. Late that night 'e crawled into camp, an' the things 'e told us before 'e died——"

"What name?" asked Alf, sharply.

"Mullins—Tim Mullins."

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COALITION



THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.



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O FIERCE and vociferous Mentors,
Arch-geysers of infinite gush,
Whose cries, like a chorus of Stentors,
Put the peacock itself to the blush;
All terrible noises sound mellow
When matched with your pitiless blare,
As you loose your pontifical bellow,
High priests of hot air!

While most politicians are sinking
Their feuds for the general weal,
You choose to exhibit, by thinking
Aloud, your implacable zeal;
Other scribes not unworthy of mention
Gude conceit of their gifties have shown,
But never such cranial distension
Was hitherto known.

And the greater the perils of crabbing,
The sooner you yield to the itch
Of carping and grousing and blabbing
And queering the national pitch;
You praise, and are far more effective
In damning than if you were mute;
You rail, and enhance by invective
A stablished repute.

There's room and to spare for the writers—
Thank Heav'n there are scores of them left—
Who cheer and encourage our fighters,
Who soothe and console the bereft;
There is none in the time of our trials
For those who endeavour to blight
Our leaders with gall from the vials
Of organized spite.

Then come, let us boycott the boasters
Who daily enlarge on their skill,
Who foster the plague of the posters
And feed the disease of the bill;
For it isn't the crisis that matters
So much as the pestilent ways
Of the critic who censures or flatters,
Who postures and brays.

"AS BARMAID, a respectable young man."
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Shirkers should take up this idea and disguise themselves as women. It ought not to be difficult.



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SUNDAY.

It 's all over but the shouting. I have private information:
Berlin starving—horseflesh tickets—hungry millions pouring in,
Choking all the roads to Potsdam, singing hymns of execration,
"One foe ours, one only, WILHELM"—KAISER'S rumoured abdication—
Seen disguised at Nish and Lisbon—midnight flight by Zeppelin.

MONDAY.

No news? Never is. The papers fob us off with mere surmises,
Censor-shredded wireless canards, prophecies for next July;
"Nothing to report," they tell us, "but *Le Figaro* advises
Vict'ry everywhere impending." Fiction soothes till fact surprises,
And the truth will slip its shackles and awake us by-and-by.

TUESDAY.

Heard the news? Then you 'll acknowledge that my faith is vindicated;
I perceived the GRAND DUKE'S purpose, grasped the subtle French design;
Let them squander their resources; patient, confident we waited
Till the tide had spent its fury; then, with vigour unabated,
We in turn assume the offensive. June will see us cross the Rhine.

WEDNESDAY.

It was madness to attempt it. Irretrievable disaster!
Turkey claims six Super-Dreadnoughts sunk outside the Dardanelles;
Not a single land-fort damaged. TIRPITZ chuckles, left the master
Of the U-swept British waters. Ill news follows fast and faster,
And—your ear!—I've secret knowledge, we have but a fortnight's shells.

THURSDAY.

Right is might and doubt 's a traitor. Westward, through the mountain passes,
Rolls the Cossack wave, submerging all the wide Hungarian plain.
Culture, moribund, putrescent, voids its store of poison gases,
And the tattered Prussian eagle from Masurian morasses
Yelps "*Gott strafe England*," scuttling to the Vosges and back again.

FRIDAY.

I 'm an optimist by nature, but the Censor cannot blind us
To our Navy's disappearance and the deadlock in the West.
KITCHENER himself confesses that a decade hence may find us
Still in Flanders digging trenches. And the Stop-Press will remind us
"Ypres bombarded by the Germans. Our offensive in arrest."

SATURDAY.

Best week's record since October, progress passing expectation—
Save my own; I never doubted we had but to strike to win.
"Patience, courage, calm assurance," that 's the watchword for the nation.
Million Japs *en route* for Cracow; I have private information.
It 's all over but the shouting and the quick-march to Berlin.

MULLINS.

"THIS 'ere War," began Bill Corrigan, and the opening was so familiar that the line of men leaning against the factory-wall scarcely looked up from their pipes and papers, "may be right enough for them as was born with the martial instink, but for them as wasn't it 's jest silly!"

They agreed with him, though languidly. The sentiment was in entire accordance with their mood: the sole objection to it was that they had heard it expressed by Bill many times before.

"Slackers?" he had echoed amiably, in reply to a persistent recruiting-sergeant in the early days, "oo 's denyin' of it, mate? No, we ain't reg'lars, nor territorials, nor nash'nal volunteers, nor yet speshuls, an' we don't manufacture as much as a bootlace for the bloomin' troops, an' we 're about the only crowd in England as ain't ashamed to say so!"

And the rest, following Bill's heroic lead, were quite remarkably proud of the fact that they also weren't ashamed to say so. The thing had become a cult, a sort of fetish. They regarded each new recruiting-poster with amused interest; passed the barracks at the corner with light and careless steps, and made a decent bit overtime.

"'Eard yest'day," said Alf Chettle, "that they 've got a noo recruiting-sergeant, name o' Cheem, at the barracks. Reckons 'e 's goin' to wake us up. Got an ideer that the other fellers that tried to make rookies o' me an' Bill didn't understand our temp'ryments."

There was a chorus of chuckles.

A little man in khaki who had been listening to the dialogue came nearer hesitatingly.

"Any o' you chaps live in Ponter Street?"

"I do," said Bill, suspiciously. "Why?"

"Met a feller at the Front that used to live in this neighbourhood, an' 'e sent a message. Larky sort o' boy, 'e was, not more than sixteen, though 'e wouldn't own it. 'E was wounded in the ankle while we was retreatin', an' the Huns got 'im before we could carry 'im off. Late that night 'e crawled into camp, an' the things 'e told us before 'e died——"

"What name?" asked Alf, sharply.

"Mullins—Tim Mullins."

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THE COMING OF THE COALITION.

[With acknowledgments to GUIDO RENI'S fresco of Phœbus, Aurora and the Hours in the Palazzo Rospigliosi at Rome.]

FIELD KIT ALLOWANCE.

(*How to earn £7 10s.*)

EXTRACTS from the diary of a subaltern:—

Sept. 1*st.*—Received commission in His Majesty's Forces. Gazetted temporary sub-lieutenant R.F.A.

Oct. 1*st.*—Decided to apply for £7 10*s.* Field Kit Allowance.

Oct. 2*nd.*—Wrote to local Paymaster demanding £7 10*s.*

Oct. 10*th.*—Received letter from Paymaster requesting receipted bill for articles bought.

Oct. 10*th.*—Forwarded receipted bill.

Oct. 21*st.*—Letter returned from Paymaster with memorandum referring me to Messrs. Charing and Cross, Government Agents.

Oct. 21*st.*—Wrote to local Paymaster requesting return of receipted bill.

Nov. 1*st.*—Received bill.

Nov. 1*st.*—Wrote to Messrs. Charing and Cross enclosing receipted bill and requesting payment of £7 10*s.*

Nov. 5*th.*—Received communication from Messrs. Charing & Cross, stating that only Government grant and salary passed through their hands, Field Kit Allowances being paid by Regimental Paymaster at Land's End.

Nov. 5*th.*—Wrote to Regimental Paymaster at Land's End, enclosing receipted bill, and requesting £7 10*s.*

Nov. 22*nd.*—Received memorandum from Regimental Paymaster stating that Field Kit Allowances must be claimed within two months of receiving commission. If claimed after two months, certified statement that claim has not already been made must be enclosed.

Nov. 22*nd*—Wrote to Regimental Paymaster enclosing certified statement.

Dec. 7*th.*—Memorandum from Regimental Paymaster stating that under Army Order X02Y Central, on and after Dec. 4th, Field Kit Allowances are paid into Messrs. Charing and Cross. Receipted bill and certified statement returned.

Dec. 7*th.*—Wrote to Messrs. Charing and Cross, enclosing receipted bill and certified statement, and asking if Field Kit Allowance had been paid into account.

Dec. 12*th.* — Communication from Messrs. Charing and Cross, stating that Army Order X02Y Central only applies to officers gazetted on or after Dec. 4th. Officers gazetted previously obtain Field Kit Allowance from Regimental Paymaster at Land's End.

Dec. 13*th.*—Ordered ten days' sick-leave by Medical Officer on account of nervous breakdown.

Dec. 23*rd.*—Wrote a full and detailed and moderately calm letter to Regimental Paymaster at Land's End. Wished him a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and requested payment of £7 10*s.* Field Kit Allowance. Enclosed receipted bill, certified statement and Christmas card.

Jan. 2*nd.*—Received sympathetic letter from Regimental Paymaster, stating that all claims for Field Kit Allowance must be accompanied by Certificate K.Y.O.7635, to be obtained from Commanding Officers.

Jan. 2*nd.*—Wrote to C.O. requesting Certificate.

Jan. 21*st.*—Wrote to C.O. requesting Certificate.

Feb. 7*th.*—Wrote to C.O. requesting Certificate.

Feb. 19*th.*—Received crushing letter from Adjutant enclosing Certificate.

Feb. 19*th.*—Wrote to Regimental Paymaster demanding Field Kit Allowance. Enclosed Certificate K.Y.O. 7635.

Mar. 2*nd.*—Received cheque for £7 10*s.*

June 1*st.*—Able to sit up and take a little nourishment.

Horti-Kultur.

"There are tales of snipers being captured with their faces and hands stained green, and their clothes hung about with leaves in order to stimulate the vegetation in which they hide."—*Morning Post.*

But we are glad to say that despite this expedient the "plant" did not flourish long.

"The German Catholic Deputy, Herr Erzberger, who took refuse in the Vatican . . . has hastily left Rome in secret."

Daily Record and Mail.

To prevent any repetition of the incident the Vatican authorities would be wise to put up a notice, "Rubbish may not be shot here."

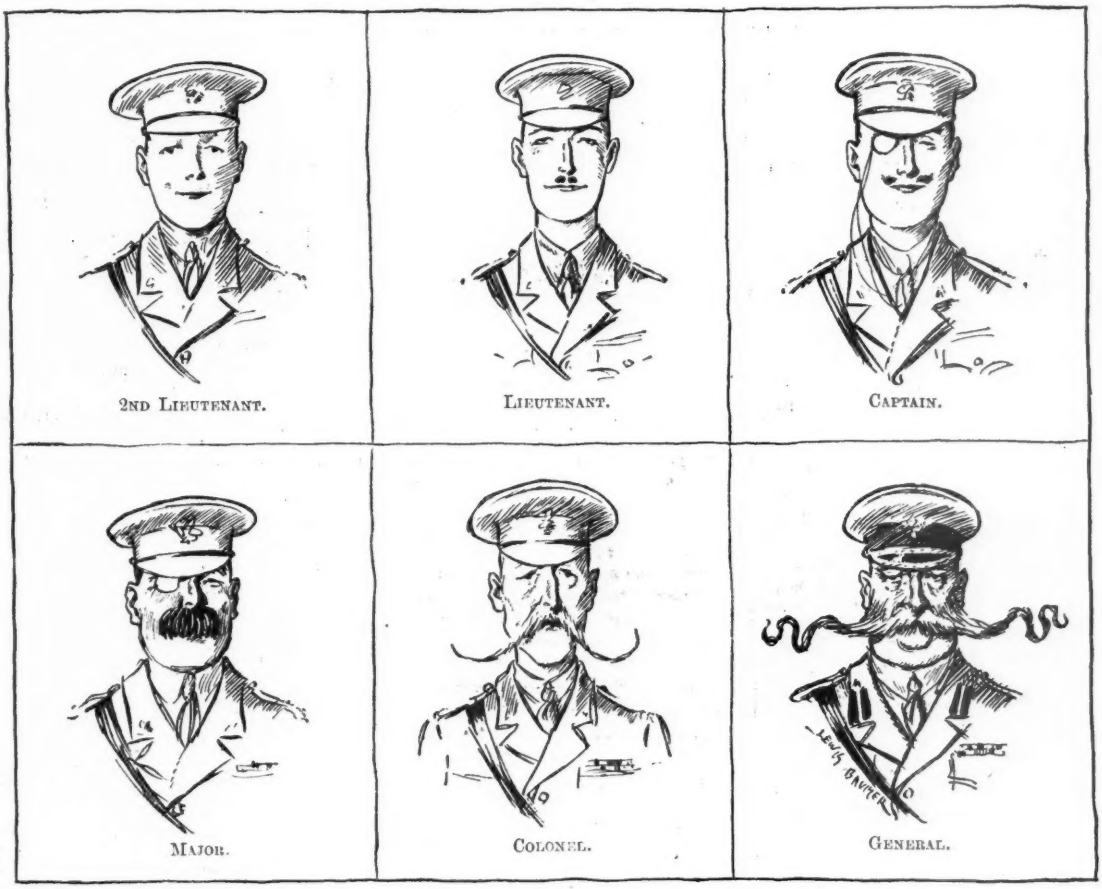
"For years there was a prejudice in this country against ready-made clothes—in fact, that description is still disliked—but of course there is no reason why a man of 'stock size' should not be able to clad himself in this way."

The Observer.

Unless, of course, he has a prejudice against ready-made verbs.

A CIVILIAN GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

Why not use the moustache to indicate military rank?



2ND LIEUTENANT. LIEUTENANT. CAPTAIN.

MAJOR. COLONEL. GENERAL.

A SEA-CHANGE OF MIND.

Twickenham, May 3rd.

MY DEAR TANKER,—It is all right. Batson says the fishing is excellent, and the house is at my disposal; the caretaker will look after us and the bailiff will show us the ropes. I can get away for a fortnight, and if you can travel by the Irish Mail Boat on the 20th I will complete arrangements.

Ever yours, BRANDON QUINN.

Hampstead, May 4th.

MY DEAR QUINN,—Right you are. I'm your man for the 20th. I feel sorry for your Batson's salmon already. How big are they, and are they fat ones and fairly tame? What is their favourite fly, and do they like a single or a double hook best? or shall I bring prawns? and what about waders and a harpoon?

Ever yours, P. S. TANKER.

Twickenham, May 5th.

MY DEAR TANKER,—Batson says it's all bank fishing, and prawns are no use. Fly and spinners, which can be got locally, are what are wanted.

Yours ever, BRANDON QUINN.

P.S.—What do you think about this submarine scare?

Twickenham, May 9th.

DEAR TANKER,—You did not answer my question about the submarines. There is no doubt that there are lots about, and they mean mischief. I feel that to risk our lives in the pursuit of pleasure is, perhaps, a little uncalled-for just now. Will you let me know what you think?

Ever yours, BRANDON QUINN.

Hampstead, May 10th.

MY DEAR QUINN,—The line I take is that no German, in or out of a submarine, is going to interfere with any holiday of mine. It would be an admission of defeat. Besides the risk is practically *nil*.

Yours, P. S. TANKER.

Twickenham, May 11th.

DEAR TANKER,—I quite agree that this country ought not to admit that the German blockade is successful, but we are too old to fight, and I do not see what benefit it would be to the country if we were blown up. Besides, I have the office to think of, and the Lawn Tennis Club, of which I am Secretary *and* Treasurer. Who could take my place? Then again, the risk is a real one. The news of the past few days leaves no doubt on that point. It seems to me that we ought seriously to consider whether it is right for us to go.

Yours, BRANDON QUINN.

Twickenham, May 11th.

DEAR TANKER,—Since writing this morning I have seen a lady who came from Ireland two days ago. She says

it was a "*most unpleasant*" experience and one that she would not face again for "*love or money.*" The boat went the whole way under full steam, zig-zagging about with lights out. I have decided that I should be failing in my duty to my numerous relations and friends, and to the office and Tennis Club, etc., if I risked my life for a few days' salmon fishing. Besides, salmon fishing is all a matter of luck, and we might get very few fish or none at all.

Yours sincerely,
BRANDON QUINN.

Hampstead, May 12th.

DEAR QUINN,—I do not feel inclined to give ground to any piratical German marauders. Your letter astonished me. We know that there are submarines about, but your only objection appears to be that adequate precautions are taken to elude them. I understand that if the boat steamed slowly on a direct course, with lights burning brightly, you would be ready to go in her. You remind me of the lady who refused to make a voyage in a ship because she saw a lifebelt in her cabin. By staying below you need not know how the ship is being steered or whether lights are burning or not. You want to know too much. Your job is to be properly seasick and to leave the rest to the captain. It is quite probable that you are not nearly so popular at the office as you suppose, and the Tennis Club will struggle along without you all right, never fear. If we are blown up we shall only fall into water; fibre waistcoats that will float one like a cork can be obtained; water-tight sandwich cases can be got for a few shillings, and I know you already possess a flask for keeping liquor hot. If you dislike the idea of getting wet, you can smear yourself with axle-grease, which is quite cheap, and I will gladly lend you a watch that keeps better time wet than dry.

Yours very truly, P. S. TANKER.

Twickenham, May 14th.

DEAR TANKER,—I have been considering your letter, and in spite of its uncalled-for levity I agree with you that one ought not to admit that the German blockade is achieving its purpose by interfering with our holiday; still one must not be unduly self-indulgent. *I hear that a submarine was seen off Holyhead only two days ago.* I have made enquiries about insurance rates, and they are prohibitive when one's purpose is nothing but a little fishing. I am sure you must agree with me. It is not as if one had only oneself to consider.

Yours, BRANDON QUINN.

Hampstead, May 15th.

DEAR QUINN,—It must be all bosh about the submarine off Holyhead. Someone has been frightened by a lobster pot. However, you seem to have made up your mind, so it is no good saying any more on the subject.

Yours truly, P. S. TANKER.

Twickenham, May 16th.

DEAR TANKER,—Oh, all right. If you are going to be huffy about not going, let 's go. I 'm sure *I* don't mind the risk if *you* don't.

Yours truly, BRANDON QUINN.

Hampstead, May 17th.

MY DEAR QUINN,—I did not mean to be "huffy." In point of fact I am reconciled to giving up the holiday, for when I got your previous letter I showed it to a friend, and he made the suggestion that if anything happened to you and I felt when I got back that it was due to my having persuaded you from your better judgment I should feel very uncomfortable indeed; and I am bound to say that I think I should. It was a point that had not occurred to me. Added to all this, I have just consented to second a motion in favour of a new stove-pipe at our annual parish meeting, and I cannot very well let them down as we are up against a most formidable reactionary movement. So I 'm afraid there is no chance of my being able to come with you. I am sorry. You see how it is, don't you? It's not my fault, I mean; I have all along expressed my willingness to go, as you know.

Ever, my dear Quinn,
Yours, P. S. TANKER.

From a report of the Gaming Raid:—

"The principal male defendant was remanded on boil."—*Yorkshire Post.*

That should teach him not to get into hot water again.

"Germans boast that submarines are being turned out at the rate of one a fortnight. That is probably an exaggeration, but I know for a fact that within the last three or four months twelve have been constructed at the Hoboken works at Antwerp."

Mr. James Dunn in "The Daily Mail."

Let us hope that his information is no better than his arithmetic.

"2. Saluting the Fag. 'This ceremony,' says the leaflet, 'will doubtless appeal with deeper and clearer meaning than ever before to the children. It is suggested that it should be made as general as possible.'"

Daily Telegraph.

This part of the Empire Day celebrations was very widely observed by the male juveniles at least; and we noticed that with patriotic discrimination they usually selected the American and not the Turkish variety.

THE STARLING.

THESE new Spring morning hours
I've heard
Outside my window in the grey
Of twilight dawn a vagrant bird
Giving a friendly world "Good day"
In strains picked up since last he
lodged with me—
"Ooh-ooh-aah-eeh."

This good-for-nothing vagabond
Will mimic anything he can;
In Germany, *e.g.*, he 's fond
Of sizzling with the frying-pan;
And this new talk that whines from
note to note
Is learnt by rote.

He heard last Winter while abroad
Strange birds he likes to imitate
And in his own small way applaud—
Great birds that hadn't time to wait
Or chatter with him as they swung along
Screeching their song.

A million squealing shells have flown;
And, though they all have passed
him by
Each with a mission of its own,
He still would greet them friendlily
And thought the cheerfullest thing that
he could do
Was to squeal too.

Now with the turning of the year
The little fellow 's back again,
And in his song I seem to hear
The scream of battle hurricane,
Where gathered guns of England,
Belgium, France
Thunder advance.

A Way they have at Southend.

"'During the raid Southend,' said one eye-witness, 'looked more or less as it does in holiday times. The people were out, many of them in their night attire, with an overcoat hastily put on.'"—*Morning Post.*

"We owe to Sir John French the leadership which has enabled a handful of men from the British Islands, the Dominions, and India to hold back the mightiest army in the world."

Daily Mail.

Still, it would have been only fair to mention that some assistance was received from General JOFFRE and his platoon.

"Cheesemakers are in high spirits. They are finding a keen demand for newly made cheese at prices well over 80*s.* per cwt., and indeed the cheese is moving off as fast as it is made."—*Glasgow Herald.*

Headed by the Gorgonzolas, whose agility is well-known.

TITLE FOR MUNITIONS MINISTER.
LORD HIGH EXPLOSIVE.

JONES—SUPER-PATRIOT.

Jones (I 'm very sorry, but his name is really Jones) is a true patriot, every inch of him; but unfortunately he hasn't many inches. Nevertheless, the War wasn't a week old before Jones placed all sixty-one of them at the disposal of the nation. And they threw him out because sixty-one was not enough. Later, when the official altitude-scale was reduced, he offered them again; but on this occasion they threw him out because his teeth came from Welbeck Street. And when subsequently the War Office decided that false teeth were not necessarily a barrier to a military career; were, in fact, a valuable asset in connection with bully-beef, they threw him out because he saw nineteen spots on a card that only possessed seven. And then, when the authorities at last came to look upon *pince-nez* with a more benignant eye, they threw him out because, while they had been busy rejecting him for paucity of inches, falsity of teeth, and debility of eyes, Jones had passed the age-limit; and when he wanted to argue the point with the Recruiting Officer they threw him out once more for luck.

Then he tried for the Special Constabulary, and the first night he was on duty he contracted pneumonia, bronchitis, influenza and laryngitis. And they threw him out of that because they wanted Special Constables and not collectors of germs.

When he got better—and his convalescence was a long business notwithstanding that his sentences ran concurrently—he applied to join the A. A. C. and would have got in if the Medical Officer had not rung him up on the stethoscope in order to hear his wheels go round. As it was, the M.O. informed Jones that he couldn't pass him into the A. A. C; but if he was really anxious to "serve" he might try and get taken on at an A. B. C.; and it finally took a retired Rear-Admiral, a Chief Petty Officer, a Sergeant of Marines and an Elder Brother of Trinity House to throw him out on that occasion.

Disappointed but undaunted Jones next attempted to qualify as a stretcher-bearer in the Home Service Branch of the Red Cross. There, at any rate, they didn't seem so particular whether his lungs squeaked or not. But even they threw him out when they found that Jones's end of the stretcher was always six inches nearer to the ground than the opposite end.

In desperation he tried to join his local Defence Corps, but they wouldn't have him there because, they said, he completely spoilt the look of their parade. And when Jones expostulated, and urged that the question of appearance was a matter of individual taste, and that for his part he would be ashamed to be found dead wearing a face like that of the Commander of X Company, they fell upon him with eager hands and drill-toughened feet, and threw him out yet once again.

Then, having done his best, Jones went back to his business. A few days ago I met him and he related the foregoing experiences to me. "But I 've found a way to help," he concluded, "and it 's a help which they can't refuse however overaged, undersized, weak-eyed and false-toothed I may be."

"Taking a course of elementary surgery at one of the hospitals?" I asked.

"No."

"Making recruiting speeches?"

"No."

"Putting in overtime and Sundays at the Arsenal?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Something I 've never done before," said Jones, a little shamefacedly. "I—I—I 'm returning my Income Tax Form to the Assessors with the correct amount of my Income filled in."

Other patriots please copy.



"NOT MANY PEOPLE AWAY HOLIDAY-MAKING IN WAR-TIME, I SUPPOSE, MILKMAN?"
"WELL, MUM, YOU 'D BE SURPRISED; AT LEAST FIVE GALLONS OF MY CUSTOMERS WERE AWAY LAST WEEK-END."

"The formation of a black battalion has been under consideration for some time, and a number of coloured red men, many of them born in Cardiff, have offered their services."
Daily Mail.

They will have to begin by dyeing for their country.

A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

VIII.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Immense and portentous events are taking place in Europe as I write, but among us the great subject of discussion is moustaches, upon which, it would appear, the strength and military glory of the British Empire ultimately depend.

When the War broke out many of us who are accustomed to go clean-shaven in civilian life foolishly imagined that King's Regulation Number One-thousand-and-something would not in our case be strictly enforced. In a period of desperate emergency, we told ourselves, the authorities would concentrate their efforts upon making us fit for active service in the field in the shortest possible time, and, recognising that we were merely temporary soldiers, would ignore our smooth upper lips.

During all these months we have clung to this pleasant delusion, but at last we have been undeceived. Someone in authority, I take it, has been reviewing the situation after nine months of war, and has found cause for dissatisfaction. Everything was not as it should be. Some undiscovered influence was hindering the full success of our arms. What could it be? As he was pondering, there was brought to him the staggering information that a number of Territorials in India were shaving their upper lips. No wonder the Germans had not yet been driven out of Belgium.

So the fiat went forth, and now every man of us, under the threat of hideous penalties, is allowing the abhorred fungus to sprout as freely as nature permits, and the final defeat of the Huns is doubtless in sight.

We of course accept this facial disfigurement for the period of the War with the same resignation that we have displayed with regard to our other discomforts. If the maintenance of the Empire depends upon hairy upper lips, then the Territorials will never shrink from their duty. Thus a suggestion that we should show public resentment by taking advantage of another provision of the same Regulation and growing side-whiskers was at once rejected from motives of pure patriotism.

When I expressed the opinion, some little time ago, that the tales about the Indian climate with which we had been regaled were much exaggerated, I omitted to take the simple and obvious precaution of touching wood. The result is great heat, or, to employ the more expressive language of the country, *pukka garmi*. We are sweltering inside the walls of our Fort like twopenny loaves in a baker's oven.

But every cloud has a silver lining, and the hot weather has already worked one beneficent miracle—we are allowed to do certain of our guards, if we wish, in shirtsleeves. To show the profound nature of this revolution, let me describe the authentic experience of a friend of mine on Salisbury Plain in the far-away days before we left England.

He was on guard one night, pacing up and down in full marching order, when it began to rain heavily. My friend had never been in such a situation before, and it seemed to his unsophisticated intelligence that it was foolish to get wet through while a neatly-rolled overcoat was strapped to his shoulders. On the other hand he knew enough to refrain from taking such a grave step as to unroll the overcoat on his own initiative, and he therefore called out the Corporal of the Guard to consult him on the matter. Unfortunately the Corpora' misunderstood the situation and turned out the Guard, a proceeding which made my friend for a time the most unpopular man in the South of England.

When this difficulty had been adjusted, an animated discussion on the problem took place between the Corporal and the Sergeant of the Guard. The former was of opinion that nothing could be done. If the Guard paraded with rolled overcoats he felt positive that overcoats must be carried rolled for the next twenty-four hours, whatever happened.

The Sergeant, on the contrary, was not quite sure. He had an idea that there were circumstances in which it was permissible to unroll an overcoat and actually wear it. But he was not prepared to take the responsibility upon himself, and he accordingly sent the Corporal to request the Officer of the day to step down to the guard tent.

The Officer of the day was frankly nonplussed, but, being young, was prepared to take the risk. He therefore sent out a very unwilling substitute for my friend, while the latter (now wet through) came into the tent to put on his coat.

Both the Sergeant and the Corporal were extremely horrified at my friend's idea that he should merely slip on the coat outside his equipment until the rain stopped. Such a costume was not provided for in Army Regulations, and could not be tolerated for a moment, even in the middle of the night. So he had to remove his belt, bandolier, water-bottle, haversack, etc. (we were not provided with the new webbing equipment), and put them all on again (properly adjusted) outside the overcoat.

Then arose another difficulty. The Sergeant asserted that, if the Officer was of opinion that the weather conditions were such as to necessitate the wearing of overcoats, all the men on guard must wear theirs, so as to be dressed alike. He was not the man to shirk an unpleasant duty, and he woke up the harassed Guard again and made them go through the same performance, to a steady accompaniment of muttered profanity. Then the dripping substitute was called in, and my friend went out to his post, to find the storm over and the night full of stars.

Thus you can understand why we smile happily to ourselves as we leave the guardroom to go on sentry in our greybacks (if we wish), even though the heat as we step outside seems to leap up from the ground and hit us with a bang in the face.

Another circumstance which marked the arrival of the heat-wave proves that we are still strangers in a strange land. Man after man a short time ago used to return from his evening stroll with the conviction that he was in for a severe bilious attack. Each had received that unmistakable warning—the dancing of bright spots before the eyes.

Our education proceeds. We know now, when the familiar symptom appears, that it is not biliousness but fireflies.

Life is of necessity a very dull affair for us here, but the authorities, solicitous as ever for our physical and mental welfare, have recently devised a pastime to keep us occupied during the long hours of the day when it is too hot to leave the barracks. They have served out mosquito nets and have given us peremptory instructions to keep them in proper repair. Now these nets are so constructed that if one breathes heavily they fly into holes. Consequently we spend all our spare time busily plying needle and cotton.

I should never have believed that material of such excessive flimsiness could possibly be manufactured. The other evening, I was lying on my bed, watching a mosquito outside the net busily seeking an entrance. At length, weary of flying, he decided for a change to continue his investigations on foot. In landing (if you will believe me) he broke clean through the net and fell on my face with a crash.

Yours ever,

ONE OF THE *PUNCH* BRIGADE.

"The toe of the Berlin press obviously causes concern at Washington."
Manchester Guardian.

Can it be that it suggests the approach of the Prussian jack-boot?



Sergeant. "'ERE, BROWN, WHAT ARE YOU KNOCKIN' YOUR 'ORSES ABOUT FOR?"

Brown. "PLEASE, SERGEANT, THEY'RE ALWAYS 'ANGIN' BACK. IF IT WASN'T FOR THEM TWO BLOOMIN' 'ORSES WE'D 'A' BIN IN BERLIN MONTHS AGO."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. GALSWORTHY has never been much in love with the plain Englishman. He has often dealt him very shrewd and cutting strokes. Perhaps he might plead that the cruelty of deftly turning the knife in the wound cannot be so very great, seeing that the victim (as happens rather from the nature of the victim than the operation) makes no general sign of taking notice. In *The Little Man and other Satires* (HEINEMANN) he is at his old task again. "The Little Man" is, in form of a playlet, a fantastic study of an odd, insignificant, pathetic idealist who finds himself, by accident of travel, left with a strange woman's baby, and faces with equanimity the typhus with which it is thought to be infected. Of course you can't state the case in such bald terms without injustice to what is actually a very amusing and effective trifle. But the meat of the book is in the other satires, and chiefly "The Plain Man" and "The Perfect One" (who is in fact merely the Superplain One). For, though Mr. GALSWORTHY scarifies The Artist, The Critic and The Writer, the studies of these latter types seem rather academic essays in the gentle art of flaying alive, whereas the others express the author's characteristic attitude towards life. His hand has not lost its cunning, but one feels that this is pre-eminently one of the many books written before the War which the War throws out of key. In the matter of the plain man, for instance, I doubt if Mr. GALSWORTHY will ever again write or think of him in quite the same way; so obviously and so often in these grim months has this simple, substantial type done the plain, hard, right thing in the heroically right way; and little shafts, such as "his eyes, with their look of out-facing Death, fixed on the ball that he had just hit so hard," flatter lamely to the ground.

Most fervently I hope that the title of Dr. J. WILLIAM WHITE'S book will not prevent it from achieving an enormous circulation in this country. *A Text-Book of the War for Americans* (WINSTON) is not exactly a seductive title, but when that obstacle has been overcome you will thank me for recommending one of the most illuminating books that the War has brought forth. Dr. WHITE is a modest man, out to tell the truth. He is surprised at the success that his earlier work on the same subject has already gained in America, but there is really no reason for wonder that so lucid a statement of his case should attract and convince countless readers. As everyone knows, the strong point of the Allies' cause is that they have been able to lay their facts upon the table of the world, and to ask that they may be judged wholly and solely by them. But knowing the justice of their cause they may occasionally have been impatient with those who have not instantly and actively recognised it. As regards America, for instance, some of us may have been amazed that the invasion of Belgium and the atrocities following upon that wanton act should have called forth no official protest. Dr. WHITE makes no excuse for this attitude of his country's government; indeed he deplores it deeply and is anxious, both for practical and sentimental reasons, that the States should come at once into the open and join the Allies. Had I ever whispered a quarter as much on the subject of America's policy as Dr. WHITE has openly said here, I should have expected hornets to buzz around my ears, but I shall now fearlessly admit that I agree with every word he has written. Out of their own mouths Dr. WHITE proves the Germans again

and again to be liars as reckless as they are futile, and the efforts these mealy-mouthed apologists for German crimes have been compelled to make in their attempts to explain away BETHMANN-HOLLWEG'S famous excursion into truth leave me with such a feeling of nausea that for once I find myself almost applauding MAXIMILIAN HARDEN when he writes, "May the Teuton devil throttle those whiners whose pleas for excuses make us ludicrous in these hours of lofty experience." What this "lofty experience" consists of Dr. WHITE can tell you with proof irrefutable and absolutely damning.

In *Unofficial* (SECKER) Mr. BOHUN LYNCH has chosen to study, with more sympathy than public opinion would be likely to sanction; that type whose world fell crashing about it at the first shock of war—in a sense not easily comprehended by the normal man. It is the type—artist, philanthropist, philosopher, dilettante—to whom visions, dreams, disquisitions, a perception and expression of beauty, seemed the all-important pattern upon a rather tiresome, ugly and unnecessary background of common life. The background is suddenly smashed with a dreadful violence, and the patterns are left, as it were, "bombinating in a vacuum," like the Schoolmen's chimera. It is a real tragedy of the spirit, and many of our modern young men have had their hour of agony before their great decision. And it is in this fateful day an agony peculiar to the youth of England; for all who know anything of self-mastery know that to make is an immeasurably harder thing than, however heroically, to accept difficult decisions. To their great honour they have, even the least "likely" among them, so often made them unflinchingly, like that young poet whose ashes now lie in Lemnos. Mr. LYNCH has complicated his hero's decision by involving him in an honourable obligation to look after a helpless young wife deserted by a blackguard husband. Naturally everyone diagnoses the usual relationship, but the fact that it is so far a Quixotic tie (liable, no doubt, to dissolve into the other kind) complicates the problem. The question lies: Is it this man's duty to enlist or to protect the life he has so far sheltered? The author is not the less true to life as it is, in distinction to what it is supposed to be, in making him determine on the final decision for enlistment in a momentary mood of exaltation which has a swift reaction of doubt. The play of motive and argument on a subtle and fundamentally honest mind and temperament is very skilfully suggested. It is the most real war novel I have yet struck.



Antique Dealer (to grandson, who has made a new placard). "GENIUS, MY CHILD—GENIUS! PUT IT IN THE WINDOW AT ONCE."

Summer Friendships (GRANT RICHARDS) is an agreeable specimen of the touring story, as inaugurated by the late WILLIAM BLACK. I am not saying that DOROTHY MUIR has a pen as skilful as that of the chronicler of the *Phaeton*, but she manages to make her travellers and their very mild adventures sufficiently entertaining. There are some seven or eight persons—the number varies—voyaging through Scotland in two caravans; and by an ingenious device they tell the tale in a series of letters addressed to the mother of two of them, who is also a mutual friend of the others. I liked especially the rather subtle way in which this unseen personage is drawn in at the end to have her share in the inevitable engagements. But you needn't bother about the story, which is of the slightest. The characters are the charm of the book; they all write exceedingly pleasant letters with a somewhat feminine tone to them. They write, indeed, as clever women talk, delightfully, but a little too much. What seems most to have impressed the publishers are the illustrations, "forty-eight pages of them on a new plan." All that this means is that somebody had a camera, and that the resulting snap-shots are reproduced. They are very good ones, even if the continued reappearance of the caravan as the central object makes a little for monotony; but as for being on a new plan, well, any one who has ever endured the album of "What-we-took-when-we-were-away" could contradict this flatly. Still, I repeat that *Summer Friendships* is an agreeable holiday book; and one, moreover, that might be of practical use to those about to caravan without previous experience of the art.

I have lately suffered some genuine disappointment in reading "RICHARD DEHAN'S" volumes of short stories, so that her triumphant return to novel-writing in *The Man of Iron* (HEINEMANN) fills me with the purest pleasure; and in spite of my personal conviction that the most wholesome literature for war-time is to be found in the works of JANE AUSTEN or in *Cranford*, I confess that I make an exception in favour of this vigorous tale of BISMARCK and 1870. The author tells us that the subject was long chosen and the book nearly finished when the August of 1914 came to give it an extraordinary aptness. "RICHARD DEHAN" really knows her subject, and there are telling scenes in England, in Germany and in France, especially in the zone of war. In fact, the hero and heroine, whose duty it is to hold the plot together, find it a task nearly, if not quite, too much for them. But in any case, though the interest necessarily centres round the giant figures of BISMARCK and MOLTKE, who bulk huge through the book, I never forgot or wished to forget the young Irishman, *Patrick Breagh*, and his charming lady, *Juliette*, true daughter of France. How they cross the path of the Man of Iron, and know him in his strength and weakness, is fully told—much too well, indeed, for me to spoil things by telling you about it. The last nine months may possibly have given you an unusual, even a professional, interest in wars in general and the German way with them in particular; in which event you will be as grateful as I am to "RICHARD DEHAN" for a romance so well woven into a piece of living history.

"THE RIGHT TO KILL. LAST WEEKS."
Surely an optimistic view of the duration of the War.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is gnashing of teeth in Germany. The Allan liner *Corsican*, with 700 women and 300 children on board, has arrived safely at Glasgow from Canada. Someone, it is said, will have to pay the penalty for allowing a cargo such as this to escape.

* * *

"ROMAN REMAINS IN THE CITY," states a head-line in a contemporary. The explanation probably is that he is too old to return to Italy and take his place in the firing line.

* * *

The *Vossische Zeitung* has published an article suggesting that Austria should make friends with Serbia by offering her a present of a slab of Austrian territory. This would certainly be a most strange ending to Austria's punitive expedition, and we suspect that Serbia is wondering where the catch is.

* * *

A lesson to the pessimists here who make mountains out of molehills. The soldiers at the Front have now, *The Morning Post* tells us, made a plain of Hill 60.

* * *

The fact that the visit of the Zeppelins to London was followed by a boom in recruiting in the Metropolis, is of course being pointed to by the Germans as a sign that Londoners now realise that it is not safe to remain in their city.

* * *

The HOME SECRETARY, we understand, cannot see his way to allow a distinguished Anglo-German who dwells in our midst with his family to exhibit, with a view to safeguarding his home against Zeppelins, an illuminated sky-sign bearing the words "*Gute leute wohnen hier*" ("Good people live here").

* * *

The *Berliner Tageblatt* states that Herr PHILIPP SASZKO, a Hungarian artist resident in London, has been removed from the list of members of a Hungarian artistic society for having adopted British nationality. This is another lie. The compliment in question has been paid to Mr. PHILIP LASZLO.

"It does not matter to me," said a Birmingham Socialist and gas-worker, "whether I am under Germans, Russians, or KAISER WILLIAM, or anyone else." That being so he cannot grumble at having been sentenced to be under Lock and Key for three months.

* * *

It seems almost a pity that the French should have found it necessary to take the sugar refinery at Souchez last week. Frankly we think it regrettable that the modern Huns should be deprived of any refining influence.

* * *

The *Telegraaf*, of Amsterdam, reports that the German military authorities in Belgium have decided to entrust the watching of the frontier to police dogs, each sentry having two of these animals at his disposal; and our Government is now being blamed for keeping our dogs in ignorance of the War which is raging, and so preventing them volunteering for the Front and making short work of the German hounds.

* * *

By the way, the Germans are said to have induced their dogs to go to the Front by a characteristic trick. The animals were told that, if they did not go, they would be stored as emergency rations.

* * *

The Inland Revenue authorities anticipate that the valuation of the whole of the United Kingdom as provided for under the Finance Act of 1910 will be completed by the end of this month. It is possible, however, that the result will be kept secret for fear of whetting Germany's appetite.

* * *

The Home Office has issued a denial of the statement that it has ordered that in all cases of deaths occurring in baths an expert pathologist should be called in. We hear that many nervous married ladies never enter their baths now without an inflatable blouse and a life-buoy.

* * *

A Brussels printer has been fined forty pounds by the Germans for having printed a prayer in which the phrase occurred, "Deliver us from our enemies." This is curious, as we understood that the Germans were now the friends of the Belgians.

* * *

Modesty is an engaging quality in a young man, and the War Office is said to have appreciated the letter of a youth with no military experience whatever who, in applying for a commission, stated that he would be quite willing to start as a lieutenant.



"So vast is Art, so narrow human wit."

Cubist Artist (who is being arrested for espionage by local constable). "MY DEAR MAN, HAVE YOU NO ÆSTHETIC SENSE? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT THIS PICTURE IS AN EMOTIONAL IMPRESSION OF THE INHERENT GLADNESS OF SPRING?"

Constable. "STOW IT, CLARENCE! D'YER THINK I DON'T KNOW A BLOOMIN' PLAN WHEN I SEES ONE?"

Commercial Candour.

Extract from money-lender's circular:—

"Should business result from this letter, either now or in the future, I take this opportunity of assuring you that you will find my methods honourable to the smallest degree."

An extract from one of Mr. BELLOC'S articles:

"It may fairly be said that the Trentino is for the Austrians a defensive asset of the first quality, and that if Italy can force it she will have achieved a task which military opinion throughout Europe regards as one of the utmost difficulty, and will correspondingly raise her prestige. . . . hm hm hm mmm."
Manchester Evening Chronicle.

For our part we consider the statement to be almost a truism, and cannot understand why the Manchester compositor should be so sceptical about it.

"The merry month of May has played her daintiest pranks, and the page of the calendar that ends on Monday will be indexed among those which are to be found among the superlative adjectives in the list of the weatherwise. Nature has contrived to crowd its most wonderful whims into the thirty-two days of the fickle month."—*Smethwick Telephone.*

Even at Smethwick, you see, *The Telephone* cannot avoid its besetting sin—"Wrong number!"

TO A MINSTREL, GONE TO THE WARS.

"Grinder who serenely grindest . . ."
CALVERLEY (né BLAYDS).

KIN to him that stormed the portal
Where the poet passed his prime—
Him, the grinder, made immortal
By a spell of radiant rhyme;

Type peculiarly Italian,
Whose exotic airs (and ape)
Live upon the bronze medallion
BLAYDS alone knew how to shape;

Loftier yet had been his carol
If he 'd seen you go to-day,
Round your neck the well-slung barrel,
Light of heart to join the fray.

For with many a loud *Evviva!*
You are called to pitch your tent
Where the ridges look on Riva
And the vale runs north to Trent.

There they need the heartening succour
Of your instrument's appeals
To infuse a finer pluck or
Aid digestion after meals.

You shall play them into action
Like the pipes whose eerie wail
Seems to give such satisfaction
To the sentimental Gael.

Fresh as paint your Bersaglieri
Shall negotiate the heights
As you grind out "Tipperary"
Up among the Dolomites.

Mobile as the climbing squirrel
You shall make the mountains hum,
Till your music, heard in Tirol,
Strikes the native yodlers dumb.

Go! and, mindful of Magenta,
Churn and churn the martial strain
Till Italia Irredenta
By your art is born again.

Then (for I am getting wordy),
When you 've floored your ancient foe,
We will crown your hurdy-gurdy
With the homage of Soho!

O. S.

We understand that General VON HINDENBURG, having now been commanded South by the EMPEROR to take charge of the Italian campaign after his successive exploits in the East and West, is negotiating with Miss MARGARET COOPER for the Continental singing rights of that popular ditty, *Waltz me round again, Willie.*

The announcement that Stonehenge is for sale comes at an opportune moment, when we are all looking for something handy to throw at the KAISER.

MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS O'REILLY.

I DON'T know why I am in Ballybun. I volunteered for the Front, and the Government sent me at once as far to the West as the Atlantic Ocean would let it. Perhaps it had seen me shoot. Cecilia thinks it had seen me in puttees. It is true that with me they never stay put, but in a good deep trench this would never be noticed by the men behind. You have guessed right; Cecilia and I are related by marriage.

Cecilia is the most delightful woman in the world, but I fear she disapproves of Ballybun. She says it is so different from dear Ealing. In Ealing, she says, no lady going shopping would be knocked down by a pig coming out of a grocer's shop with a straw in his mouth. Perhaps the pigs in Ealing do not chew straws. And Cecilia was not knocked down. And didn't Mrs. Quinn apologise in the most handsome manner to the sweet foreign lady? This, Cecilia said, was the last straw, as if an Englishwoman, even on the Continent, could ever be a foreigner. It has been no use explaining that people from the next county are foreigners in Ballybun. I fear this still rankles in Cecilia's mind.

Cecilia thinks we are unpunctual in the West of Ireland. We are not. As I have tried to show her, Time, according to the greatest philosophers, has no real existence; and we are all philosophers. If a meeting is summoned for half-past three on Monday "evening," as long as the chairman is in the chair by six on Wednesday no one worries. That is why we all live so long in the West. There was old Patsy Gollogher of Lisnahinch Cross Roads who remembered the Battle of Waterloo and, if you gave him a glass or two, the Spanish Armada; he simply refused to die. They had to induce him. Cecilia will not believe in Patsy Gollogher. It is true they promised us our house in six days and that we did not get in for six weeks. But as I pointed out to her the people here are mystics, especially the working-men. She said mystics would not paper half the drawing-room wrong side up and then leave the work for two days to go to the races. I said they would.

The little house looked beautiful once we had settled in. Perhaps they should not have washed their paint-brushes in the bath-room. They don't, it seems, in Ealing. Fogarty, the paper-hanger (he 's not a real paper-hanger, of course, but his cousin had a sore thumb), clean forgot one strip of paper in the drawing-room. He told me he had it all wet on the back verandah, but Mulligan's goat came through the hedge and ate it on him. Cecilia says it is absurd to think an able-bodied man like Fogarty would allow so small a goat to knock him down and then sit on him eating wall-paper. It is no use explaining to her, but she regards Fogarty as untruthful. It 's a pity, as they cannot match the paper owing to the War, and it was the last strip. Still, it was hardly Fogarty's fault, and with the big screen in front of it no one could tell it wasn't there.

Fogarty is an invaluable man and can do anything. He has never anything particular to do, and so I have been sending him on errands chiefly to the waterworks to implore them to send our water up. Thanks to him a trickle came through yesterday, but someone else has it to-day. In the intervals of water-finding Fogarty is hanging the pictures for us. Fogarty tells me—and he is always ready for a little conversation—that all his family are born water-finders. I wonder if Cecilia will notice the marks of Fogarty's boots on the top of the piano. It was a wedding present. I must give Fogarty a hint.

Lunch was late again to-day. Mary Ellen had mislaid the leg of mutton, Fogarty found it for her. That man is a born finder. I told Fogarty to find a good place in the hall for the hat-rack and put it up. I then went in to lunch. It was our first lunch together in peace since the last painter went out. I filled Cecilia a glass of wine and I was just about to say, "At last, darling, we have our peaceful little home to ourselves, free of painters and plasterers and paper-hangers and plumbers!" when Mary Ellen burst in the door with a shriek, "For the love of Heaven, Sir and Ma'am, come quick, Fogarty has us all drowned!"

I rushed into the hall, and my breath was taken away by a jet of water which swept from the end of the hall into the road. Fogarty, it seems, had driven the nail for the hat-rack into a concealed water-pipe. He was trying to stop the stream, which came down one of his sleeves and out at the other, with an ancient pocket-handkerchief, muttering to console himself, "Look at that now, and I only making a small hole. Will nobody turn her off at the main?"

Fogarty had found water.

Another Impending Apology.

On the retirement of a public official:—

"His intentions with reference to remaining a valued and respected member of the community are understood to be indefinite."
Natal Mercury.



THE DOGS OF WAR.

THE ROUMANIAN DOG. "I SAY, THAT'S A SIGHT THAT MAKES YOU STRAIN AT THE LEASH—WHAT?"

THE BULGARIAN DOG. "RA—THER!"



MORE PEOPLE WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE INTERNED.

Hostess. "NO, I HAVE NO RELATIVES AT THE FRONT. THE WAR MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO DARLING BONIFACE AND ME, EXCEPTING THAT, OF COURSE, I HAVE REDUCED MY SUBSCRIPTIONS."

THE IMPISH PEDANT.

THE passion for scoring off others is in some persons deeply rooted. No one held it in greater esteem than a late friend, whom I will call Mr. Aberdeen, because that was the place of his birth. He was blessed with an impassive face, which never betrayed the fun lurking behind it, and his general demeanour was so sedate and respectable that none of his victims suspected mischief. He played no practical jokes; he was the soul of courtesy in his own walk of life; but the very sight of anyone in the position of an underling excited him to a process which he himself might term the elongation of the nether limb.

One of his favourite devices was the adoption of exact but unfamiliar periphrasis. Thus, needing *Punch*, he would ask young bookstall clerks for *The London Charivari*, and for years before the sub-title was given up his enquiry at evening was for *The Globe and Traveller*. Recent journalistic amalgamations afforded fresh chances and he had the satisfaction of demanding both *The Daily News and Leader* and *The Star and Echo* before he passed away.

He would gravely ask a porter if he thought that he could find him a taximeter cab, or if there were facilities at this or that terminus for sending a message by the electric telegraph. Cabmen he bewildered by the request for change in "bronze," and if they had none it was his delight to convey the question (like a boomerang) to the nearest policeman, with whose Force the phrase of course originated.

A similar meticulousness would accompany his purchase of theatre tickets. "You are quite sure that Miss GERTRUDE MILLAR will be in the cast?" he would say to the box office attendant; or "Mr. HENRY TATE is not absent, I trust."

A Concession to Mrs. Grundy.

"DRESS.—Reference Garrison Order 664 of 16th April, 1915. Officers above the rank of 2nd Lieutenant may wear trousers when in the town."—*Garrison Orders, Weymouth.*

"A week ago the Liberal Government, with Lord Kitchener as War Minister, Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher at the Admiralty, and most of the other offices held by well-tired statesmen, appeared to be firmly established and likely to last as long as the war."

Daily Sketch.

Truth will out, even in a misprint.

Human Fortresses.

"The Germans rained bombs in rapid succession in the central part of the town. Three fell almost at the same moment in Burdett-avenue, one hitting and scorching a tree on the pavement, one—a shrapnel bomb—striking the roof of a special constable and flying upwards instead of downwards."

Daily News.

"During the advance of General Mackensen from Gorlitze by Jaroslav to Naklo, north-east of Przemysl, an officer holding a responsible position received within a short space of time 10,000 bombs on his front."

Newcastle Evening Mail.

"Darjeeling, May 3.

Mr. Sherlock Holmes was arrested on the evening 1st at Kurseong for impersonating a Police Officer and has been bailed."

Bengalee (Calcutta).

A case of professional jealousy, no doubt. We are waiting to hear what *Watson* has to say about it.

"DORSET COAST.—Furnished, inaccessible fifteenth century COTTAGE; four bedrooms, bath-room, kitchen, sitting-room; twelfth century chapel; no neighbours; sea two minutes; station five miles."—*The Friend.*

And three centuries between cottage and chapel. No, it is too inaccessible for our taste.

THE STAMPS OF FORTUNE.

OUR GREAT NEW WAR SERIAL.

A Romance of Love, War and Philately.

(Concluded.)

[Synopsis of preceding chapters and characters in the story, which takes place in the autumn of 1914.

Emilia Watermark, a sweet young English girl, possessor of a magnificent Stamp Collection inherited from her father, which includes a unique set of San Salvador 1896 issue (unused).

She is in love with

Harold Pootwink, a splendid young English athlete and enthusiastic philatelist, employed in Steinart's Grand Emporium.

Steinart, a wealthy naturalised merchant, only interested in stamps as a side-line on which money might be made. He presses his unwelcome attentions on Emilia, but has no real love for her, his only wish being to obtain possession of the priceless Salvadors.

He really loves

Magda Ivanovitch, a beautiful adventuress, whom he employs to abstract valuable stamps from famous collections. She cherishes a secret passion for Harold, and hopes to tempt him from his Emilia by pandering to his craving for hitherto unobtainable specimens.

Steinart, having discovered that his employé dares to be his rival with Emilia, has sent him on a special mission to Germany, and in his absence calls on Emilia. During the interview, which takes place in the room containing the famous collection, Steinart suddenly informs Emilia that war has been declared between England and Germany, and that Harold has been interned in Germany as a spy.

Emilia faints with the shock of the announcement, and when she recovers finds that the German has taken his departure, along with the priceless case of San Salvadors!

Meanwhile Harold Pootwink, immured in the prison fortress of Schweinoberunduntenwolfenberg, has had a midnight visit from Magda Ivanovitch, who by the offer of some specimens of marvellous rarity tries to induce him to leave his prison with her in her airship.

Harold nobly resists the temptress, who in rage and despair revenges herself by throwing his precious stamp album into the river flowing past the castle walls. The loving work of a lifetime is lost for ever, and Harold resigns himself to hopeless grief.]

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Magda Ivanovitch had returned to London, after her unsuccessful attempt to seduce Harold Pootwink from his early love, with a heart full of bitterness and disappointment. Even the unhealthy excitement of abstracting rare specimens from public or private Stamp Collections had palled on her. In this mood the capricious beauty welcomed the devotion of Steinart, whom she had formerly despised, and allowed him to regard himself as her accepted lover.

Some weeks after the events narrated in the last chapter she was sitting in her luxuriously furnished flat in Brixton, listlessly looking over some of the philatelic treasures she had risked so much to obtain. Her pet snake looked on over her shoulder, and there was a noticeable similarity in the steely glitter of their eyes when any particularly superb specimen was handled.

Her maid announced a visitor, and Magda, laying aside her cigarette and throwing the snake to the other end of the couch, made room beside herself for Steinart.

"You are late, my friend," she said coldly. Then, noticing his wild hunted appearance, "What has happened?"



THE PATRIOT'S SACRIFICE.

Barber. "ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?"

Customer (who has been shaved). "I'LL GET YOU TO TRIM MY HAIR A LITTLE LESS KAISERISH."

she cried. "Do not say you have lost the Salvadors!"

"The Salvadors! Bah!" he replied. Gott strafe England! Donnerwetter! Not the Salvadors alone, but all I possess, mine life itself, are in danger. For some times past haf I by a figure draped in black closely followed been. Last night, as I out of the secret entrance to the cellar creep, I think I glimpse it. To-day, when I send a message by the wireless in the wastepaper basket of mine private office concealed, I haf a haunting feeling I am by those unseen eyes observed. We must leaf the country at once, before all is discovered." With a groan he sank down on the end of the couch occupied by the snake, and rose again hurriedly.

"Calm yourself, my friend," returned Magda a trifle contemptuously. "I also have seen your veiled figures, not once or twice, but I snap the fingers only. I am too clever to be caught; and as for your cellar and your wireless no living soul can know of them but ourselves, and your secret is safe with me."

"But it is not safe with *me*," cried Emilia Watermark, as she flung open the door to admit a file of special constables. "Officers, do your duty!"

As this is the last we shall hear of the villain and villainess we may add that, three Zeppelins, complete with their crews and bombs, having been discovered in his cellar, Steinart was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment under the Act for Prevention of Cruelty to Women and Children.

Magda Ivanovitch was interned on a lonely island in the Pacific, where she was out of temptation, the island having no collection—on Sundays or any other day—while the pet snake received naturalization papers and was given an honest English home in the Zoo.

CHAPTER XLIX.

When Steinart and his accomplices had been safely disposed of, Emilia awoke to the fact that she was almost penniless. For months she had lived for nothing but to complete the evidence against her enemies. Money had been spent like water, and to gain her object she had even sold part of the famous collection at a sacrifice. The Salvadors had of course been returned to her by the police, but, alas! in the meantime a secret hoard of the same issue had been discovered in an obscure pawnshop, and the once unique stamps were hardly worth the paper they were printed on, the market price quoted being 1*s.* 9*d.* for the entire set. She was now keeping body and soul together on a miserable pittance of £300 a year.

Her only link with the past was a large tin trunk filled with the letters which Harold had written her daily, nay, almost hourly, since his departure for Germany. The very envelopes were dear to her and were numbered from 1 up to 325, this being the last one Harold had posted before his arrest.

One evening, as had become her custom, she was seated on the floor beside the trunk, re-reading the precious words of the lover she might never see again, when a manly step outside her door made her heart beat high with a new hope. In an instant she was on her feet, in another she was in Harold's arms.

[There will now be an interval of ten minutes, and we will rejoin the happy pair when their conversation becomes intelligible . . .]

"But you have not yet told me how you escaped, darling," went on Emilia, her voice sounding muffled and far away owing to the position of her face on Harold's breast.

"Simply enough," he replied. "As soon as the Commandant realised that I was a stamp-collector my trials were at an end. He said he could never conceive of a genuine philatelist being guilty of any other crime. And you, dearest," he asked tenderly, "how has it been with you under the terrible strain of my absence?"

In return Emilia made him acquainted with all that had happened, and when she described the final scene in the Brixton flat Harold was deeply moved. Now that Steinart, Magda and the pet snake were safely provided for he felt that the last obstacle to their immediate marriage was removed, and drew her even closer to his breast as he told her so.

Emilia answered with a troubled look. "You forget, dearest, that I am practically a pauper, that Steinart's Emporium is in dissolution, and that you are out of employment."

In the joy of their reunion Harold had forgotten these points, and now in utter despair he sat down heavily on the tin trunk.

Suddenly his eyes sparkled, he grasped a few dozens of the envelopes scattered over the floor and exclaimed, "My angel girl! We are saved! We are rich! What good spirit told you to preserve these German stamps? Why, every one of them is now obsolete. The German Empire exists no longer! All stocks of stamps in the post-offices were destroyed by order of the Allies as they advanced to Berlin, and the dealers are offering unheard-of figures for the few specimens that remain."

There is little more left to add.

Harold and Emilia disposed of the German Empire-stamps for a princely sum. Their marriage took place immediately, and their lives, which had been so troubled, flowed on together in a happy dream of love.

* * * * *

It is at the close of a golden Summer day that we catch our last glimpse of the devoted pair.

"Have you forgotten, dearest," says Emilia softly, "that Tuesday next is our darling little Harold's fourth birthday?"

"No," replies her husband. "I am just now thinking over what present we could give him."



"CAN YOU WONDER THAT OUR STATESMEN SOMETIMES MAKE MISTAKES? WHY, ONLY YESTERDAY I GOT INTO A 'BUS THAT WAS GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!"

"Only last week," Emilia returns, "I found him trying to suck the stamp off an old envelope! Don't you think it is quite time the little dear had a stamp album of his very own?"

And Harold, with tears of happiness in his eyes, embraces the kindred spirit whose every finer impulse accords so sweetly with his own.

Shakspeare on the Alien Peril.

"O let me have no subject enemies
When adverse foreigners affright my towns!"
King John, Act IV. Sc. 2.

The Huns' Proverb.

The hand that wrecks the cradle rules the world.

Political Fashions.

"Sir Edward Carson, in black, with black Trilby hat, looking very grave; Mr. Clavell Salter in a bowler hat; . . . . . Mr. Hayes Fisher in an elegant green motor-car; and several members of Parliament almost hidden by khaki disguise, were among the first on the scene."—*Evening Standard.*

Mr. HAYES FISHER's remarkable costume was doubtless intended to distinguish him from the ex-Ministers "in the cart."

"It is still stated in certain circles professing to be well informed that Lord Fisher will return to the Admiralty as Fish Sea Lord."
Worcestershire Echo.

This is a fish-story that we decline to believe.

ON THE SPY-TRAIL.

VI.

Jimmy says that when his bloodhound Faithful has picked up the trail of a German spy he sometimes adopts a ruse in order to approach his victim. Jimmy says Faithful is a good ruser, and he has often seen him scratching his head—and his back—thinking hard.

Jimmy says Faithful thought of a splendid way of coming up to a spy under cover; it was like they did to *Macbeth* with some laburnum woods, only it wasn't woods, it was a wild cow.

Jimmy says the wild cow had been taking a walk all by itself, and when it turned in at his gate he thought at first that it had come to deliver the milk itself because of the War. Jimmy says the cow didn't seem to know what it had come in for until it saw Faithful.

Jimmy says as soon as he saw the way Faithful looked at the cow he knew Faithful was going to use it for a purpose, and that Faithful had got some ruse up his sleeve.

Jimmy says they first started wagging tails at one another. Jimmy says the cow was a better wagger than his bloodhound, because it could do fancy loops, and it was all Faithful could do to keep his end up. Jimmy says the wild cow got a bit cocky over it, and lifted up its stomach and coughed right in Faithful's face. Jimmy says it was awful, because you know what bloodhounds can do with wild cows. They just catch them by the nose and fasten on there tight for ever, and in time the wild cow dies of hunger, because it is unable to browse with a bloodhound like that; and then the bloodhound goes home just as if nothing had happened, and you say, "Where *have* you been all this time?"

But Faithful's training came to his aid and helped him to deny himself the nose-grip, Jimmy says, and he could see Faithful bending the cow to work his will.

Jimmy says Faithful's first rush made the wild cow tilt up and down and swing its bulk about just to show off its agility. But it made no difference to Faithful; he simply went behind the kennel and began pulling himself together until the cow had got over it. Faithful just kept one eye round the corner of the kennel biding his time. Jimmy says the cow tried to throw its head at Faithful, but it couldn't work it loose enough, and then Faithful, rushing round, made a fearful grab at the cow's ankle and drove it right back into the corner of the garden.

Jimmy says it made the cow get desperate and it bit off the top of a cabbage and began wagging its ears and working its lower jaw from side to side at Faithful, like you do when you want to mesmerise anyone. But it was no good, so the cow sounded the horn for Faithful to get out of the way and made a fearful plunge; Faithful hurled himself to one side and gave a bay that shook the cow to its core, and the cow took a standing jump right through the hedge into the next garden.

Jimmy says the cow went mad when it got into the next garden; it began swinging its head loose and looping the loop over flower-beds and things. Jimmy says it was because it felt so relieved; but, when it had straightened itself out again and saw Faithful making a bee-line for it, it pushed up its tail in the air as high as it could get it, just to say good-bye, and then went right through another hedge into a garden where a man was watering seeds. Jimmy wondered whether this was the spy Faithful was using the cow for.

Jimmy says the man wasn't thinking of bloodhounds and wild cows, and all he could do at first was to open his mouth wide and pour the water from the watering-can into one of his slippers. Jimmy says it took the man nearly half a minute to throw the watering-can at the wild cow, and then he only thought of it because his slipper wouldn't hold any more water and the wild cow was trying to walk the tight rope over some black cotton he had put down to keep the sparrows off his peas.

Jimmy says the cow began to look unstrung. It 's awful to think a bloodhound is tracking you down, Jimmy says. It 's like a rabbit when a stoat is after it; no matter how far it runs there the stoat is coming along after it three fields away and so the rabbit just lies down and squeals. Jimmy says the cow kept looking for a place to lie down and squeal in, but the man would keep on bothering it with flower-pots, so the cow wormed its way through another hedge. Jimmy says the man said it was a horned cow and he gave Faithful leave to eat it alive.

Jimmy knew the boy in the next garden, and when the boy saw the cow and Jimmy and Faithful he sat down and laughed nearly as much as Jimmy did. You see the boy's father and mother had gone out, and they had the cow all to themselves, and it was a nice bright day and there was a wall on the other side of the garden.

Jimmy says they played with the cow, whilst Faithful, who had cast aside all disguise, flung himself openly on the trail of the lurking spy.

Jimmy says the boy knew all about wild cows; you do it with a lasso made out of the clothes-line, and you don't want a saddle because you don't stay on long enough.

Jimmy says the man who owned the cow easily tracked it down because so many people kept showing the cow's imprints to him.

Jimmy says when the cow saw the man it ran up to him and asked him to take care of it.

Jimmy says they were just going to ask the man what the cow's name was when they heard the deep baying of Jimmy's bloodhound. Jimmy says he always feels excited when his bloodhound has worked out his ruse; it 's like when you work out a problem in arithmetic and then look at the answer at the end of the book—it 's the surprise, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says they soon found the traces of Faithful's deadly work; they were in the coalhouse and it was the cook. They found her with her nose pressed against a lump of coal. When the cook came to she said that all she remembered was going to fetch some coal to make up the fire, and she had just shovelled up a nice piece and was carrying it out when it put up its wet nose against her face and barked at her.

Jimmy says you should never try to shovel up bloodhounds; it only makes them worse.

Jimmy asked the boy if he knew the cook must be a German, and then the boy told him. He said his father and mother had gone to the War Office to get them to send a regiment of soldiers to intern the cook because she was a German, but she had been born in Ireland.

Jimmy soon found his bloodhound; they could hear him tracking for more spies in the larder, and when they got to him he was searching a cold rice pudding.

"Against that ambition England will always send forth her last ship and her last man."
"The Times'" Literary Supplement.

Excellent for a single occasion; but we can't keep on doing it.

From a list of the new Cabinet in a French local paper:—

"Intérieur: Sir Mac-Kenne. Premier lord de l'amirauté: Sir Balfour. Sécretaires d'Etat pour l'Irlande et l'Ecosse: Sirs Birrel et Macchinnon. MM. Wood Attorney, général Edward Carson, Winston, Churchill restent définitivement dans le nouveau cabinet."

The military title conferred upon Sir EDWARD CARSON is a reminder of unhappy far-off days and battles (in Ulster) long ago.



Youth. "IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO TALK ABOUT POLICEWOMEN. BUT WHAT COULD THEY DO AGAINST US MEN?"

One of the three ladies (promptly). "I SUPPOSE THE AUTHORITIES THINK THAT THEY WOULD BE QUITE A MATCH FOR THOSE WHO HAVE REMAINED AT HOME."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XX.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—No doubt you are feeling it is just about time I had a battle for you. Very well, then.

The most important feature in our daily routine, next to the tinned meat and vegetable ration, is the possibility of poisonous gas. You have already heard from me as to the ration, a choice mixture of cooked meat, vegetable and gravy, which is eaten cold by the lazy soldier, hot by the industriously luxurious, but without the gravy by the cautious dyspeptic. So much for that. Of the gas you have heard much, but you cannot have heard as much as we have. Ever since it first spread itself, our life has been one long lesson, theoretical and practical, as to how to be prepared for, to avoid, to neutralise, to cure, or, failing all else, to cough up again the revolting vapour. We have lectured and been lectured so incessantly and remorselessly on the subject that every member of the audience always knows what word to expect next and is never disappointed. We have had Chlorine Parades and Bromine Drill *ad infinitum*. We wear respirators attached to all parts of our person and equipment, and are suddenly ordered to fit them on at the most unusual and uncomfortable moments. So rigorous is the discipline in the matter that Lieutenant-Colonels beyond number are said to have been reduced to the rank of unpaid Lance-Corporals ("at their own request") in consequence of their being discovered not wearing these respirators while performing their morning ablutions. One officer, of rank so high that I dare not mention it, looks, when enclosed in his black muslin attachment, like *The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turning*, but even so he has no dispensation. With all this, and more, what wonder that the mere thought of gas lies as heavily on our minds as the gas itself is said to lie on its victim's chest or as the meat and vegetable ration (if eaten hot with gravy) lies on the consumer's?

It had been, on the whole, a peaceful evening; I suppose we had not expended more than a few hundred pounds' worth of ammunition upon the German trenches or received more than a fair return in precious metals. At any rate, neither side had shown any real animosity or malice, and I for my part retired, as did all officers and men of the first watch, and rested at my usual hour of midnight in my handsomely furnished apartment in the East Wing. The details of what happened I have mostly compiled from the immediate actors in the drama; for the best of the time I was gazing over the parapet, convincing myself that I was *not* in a punt in a Thames back-water, as I had supposed two minutes ago.

It appears that a sentry away to our left had been diligently watching at his post when he felt himself being overcome. (He is quite firm that he saw the gas, lots of it, but is not very vivid with his details.) With one supreme effort he managed to shout the fateful word "Gas!"—the most recent and least difficult of military operations, and then collapsed. Down the line came the word, starting in a whisper, ending in a yell. I myself heard the call repeated in every possible accent, surprise, indignation, interrogation, curiosity, incredulity, amusement, interesting information, command; or as if to say "We've been told to shout



Anxious Wife (watching her husband as he replaces dust-cap after cleaning new rifle). "THAT'S RIGHT, DEAR. YOU'LL ALWAYS KEEP THE STOPPER ON WHEN YOU'RE NOT USING IT, WON'T YOU? I'M SO NERVOUS ABOUT THE CHILDREN PLAYING WITH IT."

'Gas!' when anyone else shouts 'Gas!' and so we now shout 'Gas!' but we do so without prejudice and accepting no personal responsibility in the matter." And a private was heard to ask amidst all the bustle, "I say, Len, is it all correct about this gas they're talking of?" Of one thing I was persuaded as I set about waking up thoroughly; wherever I was and whoever I might be, the leading topic of the moment was undoubtedly gas. All else was a *mêlée* of men gagging themselves and each other with their hands and apparently working the bolts of their rifles in rapid fire with their feet.

Besides the personal precautions, there were also a hundred things to be done and a hundred men to do them. The darkness was no obstacle, efficiency was everywhere. In less than no time the man with the ammonia pump had sprayed the parapets and all things tangible with his powerful lotion, and had got upwards of a pint of it down the neck of his section commander, with whom, by a curious coincidence, he had not been on speaking terms during the previous day. Within about the same time our Company Sergeant-Major had "crimed" seven privates for breathing in through the nose and out through the mouth, instead of breathing, as directed, in through the mouth and out through the nose. It is said that our Adjutant was overheard shouting thickly through his own apparatus, "Fix . . . respirators! One: one, two." I believe that one of the anti-gas-bomb party was so rapid in throwing the bombs out that his colleague and assistant had no time to find, much less fix, the fuses, and I can speak from bitter experience of the activity of the man with the flares, whose apparatus is locally known as the joy pistol. He operated so close to me on this occasion that I'll swear I felt one of those rowdy stars pass through one of my ears and out through the other. Only one man remained idle, our quaint sanitary man. Hanging at the Sergeant-Major's heels he kept imploring him, with pathetic insistence, "Wot bin I to do, Mister?"

The only other details calling for notice are the case of the excited corporal who found, after it was all over, that he had eaten the bulk of the medicated cotton-waste in his respirator; the "old soldier" who was caught sleeping light and spent the period of action searching for his boots; the curious invisibility of the gas; and the remarkable fact that the wind was in the wrong direction; and the unsatisfactory, if not criminal, conduct of the machine-gun officer, who informed all inquirers that he wasn't going to fire his old machine-gun until he saw something to fire at.

Charles, whatever the sceptics may say, it was a magnificent to-do and an overwhelming victory. Don't you believe anything to the contrary; for the ten who pooh-pooh the idea a hundred will confirm the fact of gas and will tell you exactly what it feels and tastes like. The further we get from the event the more precise the details of it become in the correspondence of my platoon. Men who were once sceptical themselves have since recalled elaborate and convincing details of black clouds and pungent smells. You must not share or even sympathise with the contempt of one incorrigible in my platoon who, as soon as the rapid fire ceased, was heard to call over the parapet in that peculiarly raucous and penetrating voice of his, "Put another shilling in the meter, Allemand!" If it is indeed admitted that that original sentry is notoriously imprudent in his consumption of the Tinned Meat and Vegetable Ration and had, that very evening, excelled all his own previous efforts with the rich gravy, what on earth, I ask you, can that have to do with it all? Yours ever, HENRY.



THE WORD-LORD.

KAISER (*to Uncle Sam*). "EVERYTHING CAN BE EXPLAINED: I CAN PUT THE WHOLE THING IN A NUTSHELL, IF YOU'LL ONLY LISTEN TO ME FOR THREE YEARS, OR THE DURATION OF THE WAR."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Thursday, 3rd of June.—House reassembled after Whitsun Recess. Great things had happened in interval. Liberal Ministry under leadership of ASQUITH broken up. In its place a Coalition Government, in which LANSDOWNE, PRINCE ARTHUR, BONAR LAW and other Unionist chieftains figure.

Result naturally expected to be obliteration of Opposition. Realised as far as organisation goes. But if PREMIER supposed that because the two Front Benches have become a united force, sharing the good things of Office, Hon. Members below Gangway on either side will relinquish right of free-born Englishmen to criticise, even to oppose, propositions coming from Treasury Bench he was quickly undeceived.

Disillusion came with very first legislative proposal of new Government. HOME SECRETARY (Sir JOHN SIMON, *vice* McKENNA, gone to Treasury) moved for leave to introduce Bill suspending statute which requires Members newly appointed to places of profit under the Crown to submit themselves for re-election. Pleading urgency of case in view of desirability of new Ministers getting immediately to their task of grappling with necessities created by War, he asked House to pass the Bill through all its stages at current sitting.

Now or never for the new Opposition. Inchoate in form, lacking a leader, it would by a moment's hesitation have lost its opportunity. The Coalition Government would have enjoyed privilege secured for its predecessor by habit of BONAR LAW and his friends of refraining from obstructing measures recommended in interests of public service.

As occasionally happens at great crises, with the striking of the Hour the Man appeared.

It was Mr. GINNELL!

Rising from bench below Gangway, where on a famous occasion he held the Speaker-nominate at bay for half-an-hour by Westminster clock, he denounced the Bill as an affront to the electorate. The proposal to pass it through all its stages at a single sitting he resented as an infringement of rights of Members. Encouraged by cheers from below Gangway on both sides the new Leader of the Opposition-in-the-making went on to describe the measure as put forward by Ministers to suit their private ends, instigated thereto by the PREMIER, who, "posing as a Liberal, is a Tory at bottom."

This phrase so pleased him that he emphatically repeated it during pauses occasioned by his notes getting mixed up. Device, ingenious in its conception, proved his ruin. After having thrice called him to order the SPEAKER peremptorily directed him to resume his seat.

This awkward. But did not minimise importance of two facts established at this first sitting under Coalition Ministry. There is still an Opposition party in the House of Commons and it has found its Leader.

Business done.—Re-election of Ministers Bill passed all stages and sent to Lords. Bill creating Minister of Munitions read first time.

Friday.—PREMIER has keen sense of humour; but it is rather receptive than creative. This makes more striking the one flash that irradiates his construction of new Ministry. Known in advance that the WINSOME WINSTON had severed connection with Admiralty, a department in which at very outset of War he achieved brilliant stroke that materially influenced its course and earned for him what should be everlasting gratitude of nation.

Question everyone asking up to Tuesday in last week was, What Ministerial post will fall to WINSTON'S lot? What field will be assigned to him wherein he may find fresh triumph for his tireless energy and his administrative genius? India spoken of. Suggestion accepted with modified approval. To be Secretary of State for India would mean attainment of high historic position. Just now, with no vital question stirring its multitudes, a little dull after hourly excitement of the Admiralty. Still, compared with anything else available, India would serve.

When official list of re-constructed Cabinet circulated, the PREMIER'S little joke had full success of surprise. The buoyant, occasionally turbulent, tirelessly active, still young Minister, who by sheer merit has won his way to front rank of British statesmen, is to-day Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, custodian of an annual revenue slightly exceeding £100,000, administered by a staff of less than a score—including, it is true, a Coroner.

There is about the arrangement something that recalls the deportation of NAPOLEON to Elba. "The Duchy," as it is called for short, is a sort of Chelsea Hospital for statesmen past work who have established a claim upon their Party. Towards close of his active career JOHN BRIGHT dwelt in it. Lord JAMES OF HEREFORD and Sir HENRY FOWLER, after long term of office, in turn succeeded.

And now WINSTON, scarcely yet in prime of life as years count, drops into the easy-chair.

Business done.—Royal Assent given by commission to Re-election of Ministers Bill.



THE SOLDIER AND THE MUNITION-WORKER.

"WE'RE BOTH NEEDED TO SERVE THE GUNS!"

[*With acknowledgments to a popular poster.*]

The Baptism of Fire.

"On the font near Seddel Bahr artillery and rifle fire was exchanged."

Liverpool Daily Post.

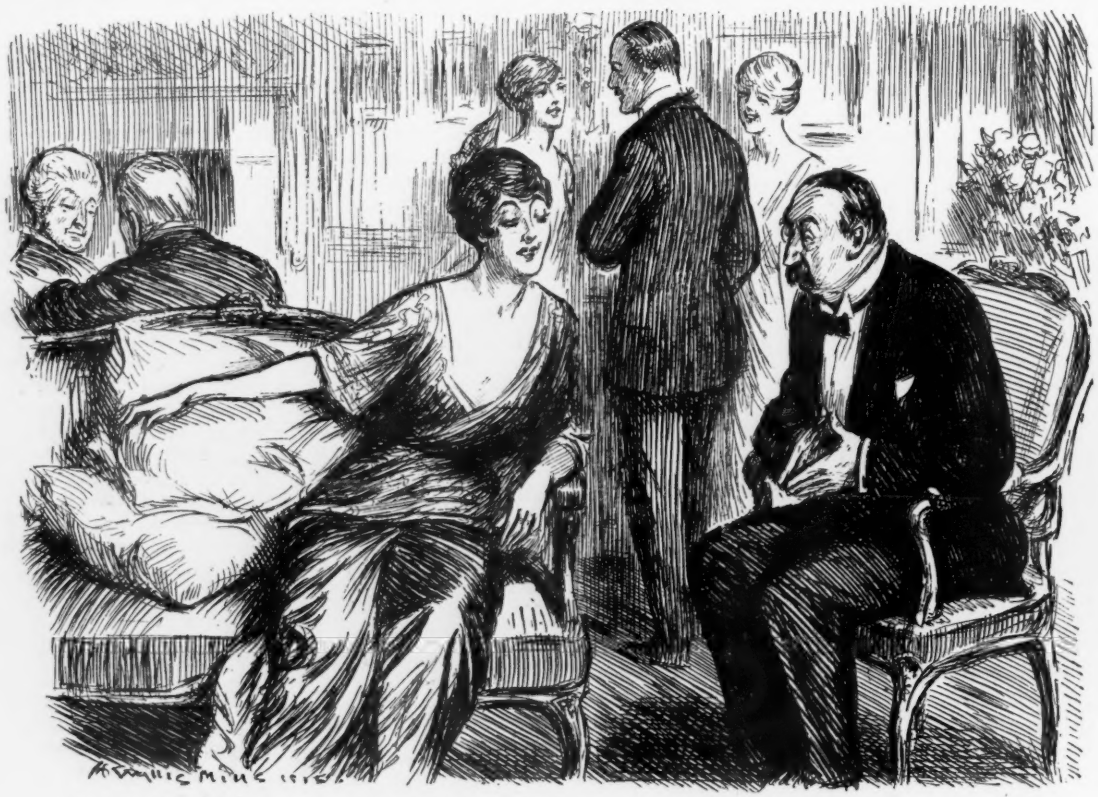
Extract from a letter from the Front:—

"We are in reserve, not as soft a job as it sounds: Reveille at 5.0; parade at 6.0; Swedish drill till 8.0; parade at 9.0; Swedish drill till 12.0; parade at 2.0; Swedish drill till 3.0. Gott strafe Sweden."

"The next attraction at the Princess's Theatre will be a production of the historical costume drama entitled 'Lady Godiva,' which was recently seen at the Adelphi Theatre, Sydney, and caused something of a sensation."

Melbourne Punch.

As originally presented at Coventry we believe it was not a costume drama.



Special. "ONE OF THE BOMBS FELL LESS THAN TWENTY YARDS FROM WHERE I WAS ON DUTY THE OTHER NIGHT."
She. "REALLY! HOW EXCITING! DID IT WAKE YOU?"

REPENTANCE.

AT the unusual sound of cheering in a London street—at so undemonstrative an hour as 9.15 A.M.—I turned and stopped. Down Charing Cross Road came three taxis, each containing many bags and many young men—certainly seven young men in each, packed high and low—and each containing two or more of that beautiful red-white-and-green flag which flutters so gaily and bravely over public buildings in Rome and Florence and Turin, Venice, Verona and Milan, and on *festa* days (which come several times a week) in all the villages of the loveliest land on earth.

The young men waved and shouted, and apathetic London, which has never yet cheered its own soldiers through the street, shouted back. For these were young Italians on their way to Italy, and there is something about a foreigner hastening home to fight for his country that would seem to be vastly more splendid than the sight of our own compatriots leaving home for the same purpose. So oddly are we English made.

Still, these young fellows were so jolly and eager, and even in the moment of time permitted by their sudden apparition it was so possible to envisage war's horrors in front of them, that no wonder there was this unwonted enthusiasm in the Charing Cross Road at 9.15. A.M. Besides, Italy had been a long time coming in . . .

A block brought the taxis to a standstill just by me, and I was conscious of something familiar about the youth in grey on the very summit of the first. He had perched himself on the fixed fore-part of the cab, and knelt there waving a straw hat in one hand and his country's flag in the other. And suddenly, although his face was all aglow and his mouth twisted by his clamour, I recognised him as a waiter at the—well, at a well-known restaurant, whose stupidity had given me from day to day much cause for irritation and to whom I have again and again been, I fear, exceedingly unpleasant. Less than a week ago I had been more than usually sharp. And now I found myself trying to catch his eye and throw into my recognition of him not only admiration but even affection—a look that would convince him instantly that I wished every impatient word unsaid. But he was too excited to see anything in particular. His gaze was for the London that he had lived in and was now leaving, and for that London as a whole; and his thoughts were on his native land and the larger life before him. He had no eyes for a bad-tempered English customer. (And quite right too.)

In a few moments off they all went again, and with them went my thoughts—to their beautiful land of sunshine and lizards, blue skies and lovely decay, and absurd gesticulating men with hearts of gold. With them went my envy too, for it must be wonderful to be young and able to give up waiting and strike a blow for one's country.

Since then I have found myself saying to myself, I don't know how many times, "I wish he had seen me."

Old lady, selling red-white-and-green flags during the passing of the Italian procession through the West-end:—"'Ere you are; on'y a penny; all silk; another Alien for England!"



"WHY *DON'T* YOU USE YOUR BRAINS, DOUGLAS?" "BECAUSE I WANT THEM TO LAST."

IMPROVING THE OCCASION.

(Being some metrical suggestions for the encouragement of Home Travel.)

TO LOVERS OF BEAUTY.

"SEE Naples and die"
In the days long gone by
Was a saying of wide circulation;
"See Blackpool and live"
Is the counsel I give
To all who require recreation.

Why be lured from Old England to roam
By the charm of melodious names?
There are plenty of places at home
With quite as euphonious claims.

You may talk of Bellaggios and sich,
I call them mere musical footle,
They never attain to the pitch
Of Chirk, Ballybunnion and Bootle.

TO CLIMBERS.

If you 're anxious for to shine
In the mountaineering line
And desire an object worthy of your mettle,
Don't allow your thirst for fame
To inspire you with the aim
Of escalading Popocatapetl.

No, spend a brace of weeks
On MacGillycuddy's Reeks,
They will put you in the very finest fettle;
And what is more, your choice
Will infallibly rejoice
The heart of good Professor T. M. KETTLE.

As it 's costly to seek
Aconcagua's Peak,
With its crown of perpetual snow,
Be contented and hie
To the Coolins of Skye,
They 're the handiest Andes I know.

Though Switzerland seems just at present
Too near the War zone to be pleasant,
All its charms are supplied
In our Lake countryside,
Excepting the merry Swiss peasant.

TO EXPLORERS.

Leave Darkest Africa alone
Until the war-cloud 's overblown—
We 've a Black Country of our own
Where BENNETT sits upon his throne.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

The famous capital of Greece,
Though nominally still at peace,
Is in a state of ebullition;
But why regret it? Have we not
A Modern Athens on the spot
Replete with classical tradition?

If you 're feeling run down
By the racket of town,
Which the best constitution enfeebles,
Health, pastime and pleasure
You 'll find in full measure
On the Scots Riviera at Peebles.

"It is understood that the campaign in Skibbereen and district has been successful, several young men, principally shot assistants, having come forward and volunteered."
Cork Constitution.

Recruits who have already been under fire are, of course, particularly valuable.

"As the result of a vigorous bombardment on Friday the enemy was forced to make a voluntary retreat at one point of his line."
Yorkshire Telegraph.

This manœuvre resembles what hunting-men call "taking a voluntary."

"One mother, a widow, was asked by her son in Australia for her permission to volunteer for the front. She cabled him at once:—'Join the Austrian contingent.—Mother.'"
Kingston (Jamaica) Daily Chronicle.

Traitress!

AT THE PLAY.

"ARMAGEDDON."

IN his series of *tableaux parlants* Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS conducts us on a kind of *Rundreise*, or circular tour. Starting from Hell and returning to Hell, we assist at the bombardment of Rheims; a domestic scene in an English orchard; the operations of the Official German Press Bureau; and the capture of Cologne by the Allies. Imagination, you will gather, is brought into perilously sharp contrast with the realities of to-day; and it is not confined to the realm of Satan, but permeates the Headquarters of the 5th German Army Corps before Rheims, where the types are almost incredibly un-Teuton in appearance.

In two of his more practical *tableaux* the author wisely resorts to prose. A third scene, where an English mother learns of the death of her son in action, lends itself more easily to poetic treatment; yet even here we are conscious of the old incongruity of blank verse as a medium for the emotions, however elemental, of the hour that is. The verse suffers by its association with actuality; and the realism of the drama suffers by the literary form in which it is conveyed. The most unlikely people are made to poetize on Hellenic lines. Thus the mother and the girl who is betrothed to the soldier-son hold a sort of antiphonal competition, like the half-platoons of a Greek chorus, on the splendours of military service; and later, when they have heard the tragic tidings (delivered in prose by the boy's late tutor), and are both broken with grief, they start a fresh argument on their comparative claims to the crown of sorrow.

But in the fourth of the terrestrial *tableaux* there was a chance for heroic declamation. It is true that you might not expect the Generals of the advanced armies of France, Belgium and England to utilize the occupation of Cologne for the delivery of a *résumé* of the motives actuating their respective countries. But the conditions may be allowed to pass for the sake of the noble eloquence with which the French and Belgian Generals (and in particular the latter) claim the avenger's right to sack the city. The English General, pleading the loftiness of England's cause, opposes himself to their passion for reprisal; and, though shaken by news of the death and mutilation of his own son, reiterates his resolve to forgo revenge, and is confirmed by a vision from the unseen world (Heaven, in this case). The purpose served by the apparition (it was JOAN OF ARC in full armour) might have had some plausibility if she had presented herself to the French, and not the English, General. And so it was in the original book; but when I tell you that the actor-manager took



Satan (Mr. MARTIN HARVEY) takes cover from a searchlight.

the part of the Englishman you will understand the reason for this disastrous substitution which was the ruin of the scene. For, apart from the unfortunate relations established a few centuries ago between Joan of Arc and the English, *General Murdoch* was already inclined to a policy of humaneness, whereas *General Larrier* stood in plain need of conversion.

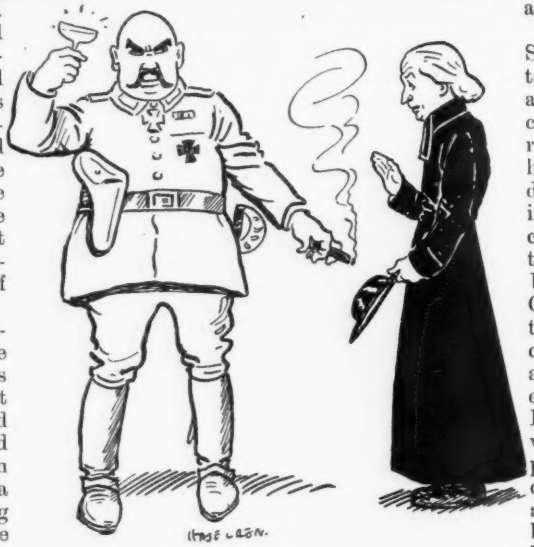
The scope for humour—humour, that is, of intention—was naturally limited in a play about Armageddon. But Mr. PHILLIPS found a fairly easy and obvious occasion for it in the scene of the German Official Press Bureau. It had been foreshadowed by *Belial*, "Lord of Lies," who, along with the shade of *Attila*, had, in the Prologue, been given a commission on the Headquarters Staff of Hell for the period of the War. His claim had been advanced in the following words:—

> "If any deem that I too lightly speak
> In such assembly, and appear to jest,
> Remember, in losing humour we lose all;
> The thought provokes a spiritual sweat."

So now we know where the Spirit of Comedy comes from. For the humour of Hell is apparently cosmopolitan and not merely Germanic. One catches a hint in it of the manner of our own censorship. Thus:

> "*Rumour.* I give this as report, though unconfirmed.
> *Belial.* I am content that this report go forth,
> But hold myself no way responsible."

I don't know Satan really well, in a personal sense, and so cannot say whether Mr. MARTIN HARVEY was a good imitation of him. But I gather that the Master of Hell wears fewer clothes than his subordinates and talks enormously louder than anybody else. His long pointed wings—faintly suggestive of a butterfly existence—afforded good cover when used as an umbrella to keep out the searchlight of Heaven. For the rest, the author made a brave show with his arch-devil, though perhaps a little conscious of the literary effort that was asked of him in view of the fact that MILTON had already passed that way.



THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

Abbé of Rheims . . . . Mr. MARTIN HARVEY.
Von der Trenk . . . . Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY.

The play, as always with Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS' work, contained some great lines, and the actors, with one or two exceptions, did justice both to rhythm and rhetoric. Best, perhaps, was the passage, finely delivered by Mr. FISHER WHITE, in which the Belgian General, clamorous for revenge, rehearses the wrongs of his country. *Herr Weiss*, Director of the Official German Press Bureau, was almost the only alien enemy who succeeded in suggesting his origin, and Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL was excellent in the part. Mr. COOKE BERESFORD, as his First Reporter, whose business it was to manipulate the lies about London, was quietly effective. Mr. GLENNEY, as *Count von der Trenk*, was blustering and brutal, but might have come from anywhere but Germany. Mr. EDWARD SASS was very sound and workmanlike as *General Larrier*, and so was Miss MARY RORKE as an English matron.

Also a word of compliment must be given to the brief performance of Miss MAUD RIVERS (as a French peasant-girl), who cleverly skirted the fringe of melodrama. As for the supers, Mr. MARTIN HARVEY was always a little



"MY FRIEND, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THINGS. THEY MEAN BUSINESS. NO ONE IN ENGLAND NOW KICKS THE CRICKET-BALL."

provincial in the matter of these accessories.

I cannot close without warning my friends to take their respirators with them when they go to view *Armageddon*, for there is an asphyxiating shell (three-inch and French) which penetrates the German Headquarters and reduces its occupants to a condition of permanent coma (painless, you will be glad to hear), in which they preserve the attitude of the moment; and its fumes achieve the object of all dramatic art, which is to get across the footlights.

O. S.

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

WHAT ought a critic to do when he finds by the continuous ripple of laughter throughout the performance that a play is obviously more attractive to other people than to himself? First, perhaps, to examine the condition of his liver; and next, if he finds nothing amiss there, to ask himself, like the fox-terrier in the advertisement, "What is it that Master likes so much?" Messrs. EDEN PHILLPOTTS and MACDONALD HASTINGS, the authors of the new comedy at the Savoy, owe a good deal of their success, I fancy, to the all-round excellence of the cast, the skill of the "producer," and the brightness of the First Act. We are introduced to a fine old English family in a fine old English country house. *Sir Rupert Bindloss*, Baronet and widower, is one of those benevolent and slightly eccentric old gentlemen whom Mr. HOLMAN CLARK plays so well. His household consists of two charming daughters (Miss VERA COBURN and Miss MARY GLYNNE), their *fiancés*, and their chaperon, *Lady Sarel*. But it is presently increased by the *Hon. Hyacinth Petavel*, son of an old flame of *Sir Rupert's*, and commended by his mother in a letter written *in articulo mortis* as "an angel in any house." Preceded by a quantity of luggage, including a parrot, and accompanied by three lap-dogs, *Hyacinth* arrives. He proves to be "a mother's darling" of the most pestilential variety—selfish, hypochondriacal and opinionated—and at once shows his intention of taking command of the family.

In the Second Act, a fortnight later, we find him fully installed as domestic tyrant, with all the household, save the two young men, at his feet. *Sir Rupert* has acquiesced in the alteration of his meals, the disfigurement of his garden by "topiary" monstrosities, the keeping up of gigantic fires in August, and the banishment of his family portraits and Greek busts in favour of Futurist productions, on which *Hyacinth* lectures at interminable length. He even persuades the girls that in the interests of Eugenics and the "unborn" it is their duty to break off their engagements and exchange lovers. This is the last straw. The young men plan revenge.

The Third Act finds all the party picnicking at the Temple of Eros on an island in the lake. The lovers arrange that *Hyacinth* and *Lady Sarel* shall be left stranded as night falls, reckoning that the "angel's" susceptibility to cold and *Lady Sarel's* obvious *penchant* for him will bring them together. So it falls out. A capital scene, in the course of which *Hyacinth* consents to borrow her ladyship's flannel-petticoat, ends in his proposing marriage on account of her "beautiful temperature." Lady TREE gives an admirable portrait of the amorous widow, and Mr. IRVING is absolutely lifelike—in the Second Act I found him almost too lifelike—as the bore. The play would be improved if it were taken a little more quickly, and if the "angel's" speeches were slightly curtailed. Some of the "eugenic" jocosities could perhaps be spared with advantage, though I am bound to say that the audience seemed to enjoy them. L.

"The French official report shows that the weather has stopped fighting."—*Daily Mail.*

It is good to hear that our most dangerous enemy is *hors de combat*. But for how long, we wonder?

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXIII.

(*From John Brown, of London.*)

SIR,—This letter is intended for your benefit, and, that being so, I ought not, perhaps, to write it. However, you will never receive it—you are too well guarded for that, and I haven't the least doubt that everything calculated to upset your preconceived opinions and to set up the truth in their place will be kept away from you with the utmost rigour. My conscience is therefore clear; I run no risk of doing good to the alien arch-enemy, and can freely write this letter to relieve my own feelings. And even if by some outside chance it should come before your august eyes and penetrate into your heroic mind it would merely make you angry and thus disturb such judgment as is left to you after ten months of war.

In the first place I strongly advise you not to believe implicitly every rumour that may come to you as to the attitude of the British people in regard to this War. We are a peaceable folk and we don't enjoy being at war—that much may readily be granted. But we realise that it is our duty, being in this quarrel, so to bear it that the opposer (yourself) may beware of us. We rejoice certainly in the high courage and gallant bearing of our troops and we rejoice equally in the unquenchable humour and cheerfulness with which they support death and wounds and suffering. It is our business as a nation to see to it that they shall not have fought in vain and that the great cause of liberty shall have been maintained unimpaired against your brutal assaults. This duty, hard and painful as it is, we are firmly determined to carry through, whatever the cost may be to us.

But you may answer that you read occasional numbers of *The Daily Gloom*, and that you gather from these a very different impression. *The Daily Gloom* has repeatedly declared and keeps on declaring that our people have hardly realised that a war is going on. We are, it appears, sunk in sloth, and our young men, far from having made an unparalleled effort, are, most of them, waiting timidly at home until they shall be fetched and compelled to don khaki and go into the trenches. They are, in fact, slackers and shirkers, and it is useless for the recruiting-sergeants to din their duty into their ears, for they will only yield to compulsion and not to persuasion. As for the working men, who are the backbone of the nation, they all prefer drink and holidays to work, and they have a special dislike for the making of munitions. They must be nagged and ragged into doing what they ought to do. The inhabitants of England generally, not having seen their cathedrals and their homes destroyed by big guns, are by no means sufficiently Cimmerian to please the critic. In one column they are told to change their minds and lengthen their faces and to take example by the Germans, who in every department of life—at least, so I infer—show a discipline and a despondency worthy both of the highest praise and of our slavish imitation. Yet in another column of the same organ some neutral observer assures us that the German people, having been hypnotised by the lies they have learnt to believe, are serenely happy and quite confident; that they do not despond at all, that their food is ample and that their Professors still discourse on the mild virtues of Germany and the intolerable wickedness of other nations. What are we to believe?

Well, the fact is, of course, that our beloved *Daily Gloom* does not really want us to despair quite so despairingly as the tone of its articles might imply. It has a policy to promote, and it thinks that unless a certain object is at once secured we shall all go to ruin. And so it writes jeremiads and summons to its aid Bishops and Archdeacons and University dons and angry puzzled patriots. As to the merits of that policy I say nothing here. What I wish to make clear to you is that this attitude of despondency is put on. We do realise the seriousness of the struggle and the strength of our foe as well as his murderous lack of scruple, and while we are not entirely overwhelmed and crushed by the prospect we are still sternly determined to do all that lies in our power to crush you and to overwhelm your cause.

Yours faithfully, JOHN BROWN.

THE YOUNGER SON.

THE younger son he 's earned his bread in ways both hard and easy,
From Parramatta to the Pole, from Yukon to Zambesi;
For young blood is roving blood, and a far road 's best,
And when you 're tired of roving there 'll be time enough to rest!

And it 's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "Who'd ha' thought of meeting you!
Thought you were in Turkestan or China or Peru!"—
It 's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons stray,
But in war-time, in war-time, it 's just across the way!

He 's left the broncos to be bust by who in thunder chooses;
He 's left the pots to wash themselves in Canada's cabooses;
He 's left the mine and logging camp, the peavy, pick and plough,
For young blood is fighting blood, and England needs him now.

And it 's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "How 's the world been using you?
What 's the news of Calgary, Quebec and Cariboo?"
It 's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons stray,
But in war-time, in war-time, it 's just across the way!

He 's travelled far by many a trail, he 's rambled here and yonder,
No road too rough for him to tread, no land too wide to wander,
For young blood is roving blood, and the spring of life is best,
And when all the fighting 's done, lad, there 's time enough to rest.

And it 's good-bye, tried and true, here 's a long farewell to you
(Rolling stone from Mexico, Shanghai or Timbuctoo!)
Young blood is roving blood, but the last sleep is best,
When the fighting all is done, lad, and it 's time to rest!

Girls are now employed at some of the "Tube" stations to punch the tickets. A susceptible Shakspearean, on encountering one, was heard to murmur:—

"Ah, that I had my lady at this bay
To kiss and clip me till I run away."

Under the heading, "Winston enjoys the Change," *The Daily Sketch* recently had a picture of Mr. CHURCHILL riding in the Row, to which was appended the momentous information that "he wore his favourite hat." With commendable reticence it made no attempt to explain why he had not been able to get it on before.



Sergeant. "AS YOU WAS!" *Young Officer.* "'AS YOU WERE,' YOU SHOULD SAY."
Sergeant. "'SCUSE ME, SIR, I KNOWS MY DRILL. 'AS YOU WAS' FOR ONE MAN; 'AS YOU WERE' FOR TWO; 'AS YOU WAS' FOR A SQUAD!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HONESTLY, *The Flame of Daring* (MILLS AND BOON), by HAROLD SPENDER, is a very unlikely book. Not merely in such little details as that *tête-à-tête* in which *Nathan Bey* of the Turkish Embassy describes a brilliant plan of his for dishing the Greek fleet (first Balkan War) to the adorable Greek maiden, *Ione Manetta*, who was, as he knew, very good friends with *Chrysos*, the Secretary at the Greek Legation, but also in such really more important points as the description of a fight. Figure to yourself one *Jack Harper*, a journalist, struggling inadequately with some Turkish ruffian, indeed "barely holding on to him by his coat," and *Sylvia*, *Jack's* best girl, conscious of "a pale livid face, dreadful with hatred, and in front of it the fearful searching muzzle of a revolver, moving round as if in search of its prey" (it was the ruffian's face and revolver). Then a flash and a report, and another villain lying supine on the floor with a hole in his forehead. Then a cry of triumph: "Allah, Allah, so perish all traitors!" And then "slowly, it seemed very slowly, that dreadful muzzle moved round towards her father." Before the new "searching" is complete *Jack* seems to have let go of the coat, for suddenly "the muzzle flew up, and the white drawn face disappeared. Then there was a sound of blows, a silence, and her next vision was that of Jack Harper standing in front of her father." But what kind of blows, and what happened to the white drawn face? Mr. SPENDER doesn't say. Because frankly he never saw any such fight in his mind's eye and was never cut out for story-telling in this mode. Then again there was that other scoundrel at the Turkish Embassy, who stirred slightly and cleared his throat, then spoke a sentence of twenty words. "It was one of the longest sentences that Chrysos had ever heard from the mouth of Alexander Romas." Yet three much longer appear but two pages earlier—a trivial detail in itself, but enough to prove that Mr. SPENDER does not realise his characters, has no sort of conviction about them. And you simply cannot help that defect from spreading to the reader.

Of all titles to take the wind out of the lungs of the critic, commend me to *Stilts* (DUCKWORTH), because this unkind monosyllable practically sums up all I could find to say against Mr. ADAM SQUIRE'S novel. Therefore its presence causes me to greet him respectfully as the owner of a sense of humour rather quicker than (to tell the truth) I should have gathered from the story itself. Not but what the persons in this book are quite mildly agreeable company. My complaint is that their author has hardly mastered the art of omission. He tells us little at wholly disproportionate length. And while they chat at foreign hotels or order pleasant drinks at their clubs, in a manner that holds as it were the mirror up to nature, the mirror never reflects anything to make them seem more than cheerfully painted dolls. So the story never gets any grip of me. Perhaps, anyhow, there is hardly enough of it. Some time before the curtain rises, *Langton*, who was a widower with an infant daughter, had married the widowed mother of *Constance Tancred*. For some reason he had given *Constance* a pearl necklace that belonged to his first wife, and when the second wife, *Constance's* mother, also died *Langton* wanted it back. However, the leading part

in subsequent events belongs, for the little it is worth, not to *Langton* but to *John Inglis*, who had known the first *Mrs. Langton*, and, meeting *Miss Tancred* at Palermo, tries to induce her to surrender the necklace, and incidentally falls in love with her. There is besides some matter of hypnotism, of no moment, and even the pearls fail to provide anything more thrilling than a muddled incident, which may have been meant for burglary on *Inglis'* part, but only confused me as to his integrity. Mr. SQUIRE shapes and polishes his material prettily, but I express my hope that he will put a little more stuff into the next consignment.

Humour is such a subjective and unstable quality that a book which professes it must always be faced by the reviewer with some diffidence. From this start you may perhaps guess already that I have found myself baffled by *Windmills* (SECKER). Frankly, this is so. Still more frankly, the book not only bewilders me, but causes me a feeling of distress, the more acute because it is signed by so distinguished a name as that of Mr. GILBERT CANNAN. How far it is still permissible to be facetious about the War may, I suppose, be a matter of opinion. But, if one must poke fun at it, the least and lowest test is that it should be amusing, and this is precisely what Mr. CANNAN'S dreary absurdities about "Fatland" and the "Skitish Empire" do not even begin to be. There are other satires in the book, one of which, "Out of Work," is not without beauty. Another, which I will not specify, appeared to me simply disgusting. I am sorry to have to use so painful a candour about a writer of Mr. CANNAN'S known artistry. But the fact remains that *Windmills* seems to me a foolish little book, by no means free from offences against what I might call (with no flippant intention) the elementary canons of good taste.



A RAILWAY TICKET COLLECTRESS HAS AN UNHAPPY MOMENT WITH HER COIFFURE.

If many more authors take to telling their tales in consecutive books, publishers will have to adopt some kind of synopsis, on the you-can-start-now system. For example, in *The Invisible Event*, you need a little previous knowledge of the circumstances to understand why *Betty* is discovered so greatly worried about what answer she is to give *Jacob*. Of course, however, if you are familiar with the previous books of Mr. J. D. BERESFORD (as you should be by now, if you are concerned for the best in modern fiction), you will remember that *Jacob* had just asked *Betty* to manage and share his life—and this though there was a discarded but undivorced *Mrs. Jacob* still in the background. The present volume, which is the last of the *Jacob Stahl* trilogy, tells you what *Betty* did, and what sort of a thing she and *Jacob* made of their joint existence. Like the other two, it is a piece of work remarkable for a rare gift of insight into personality. The relations between the only two characters that matter are realized with extraordinary truth and detail. One is tempted here, as in all these photographically realistic novels, to wonder how much is autobiography. Mr. BERESFORD indeed deliberately provokes this temptation by making his hero a novelist, and (rather less excusably) by causing *The Morning Post* to review *Jacob's* first novel in precisely the words of the notice of the author's own previous work in that journal, printed here by Messrs. SIDGWICK AND JACKSON in their advertisement pages. As a reviewer I am by no means certain that I approve of this hauling of a brother craftsman out of the critical stalls and over the footlights. That, however, is a small point. What matters more is that *The Invisible Event* certainly justifies those who have saluted Mr. BERESFORD'S earlier volumes as the work of a distinguished writer.

I have an idea that *Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fraser* intended me to find points to admire in some of *The Pagans* (HUTCHINSON), but I confess that they seemed to me one and all very unpleasant people. Even *Nita Hardwick*, who "carried her own atmosphere with her," a "spiritual perfume," indulged quite freely in a quantity of minor lies and meannesses which she could fairly easily have avoided, though she showed a dislike of the grosser misdemeanours of the extremely smart circle in which she moved. *Tressida Sackwood*, on the other hand, infinitely beautiful and intent only on her own game, was a much more thorough-going person, though rather after the manner of a newspaper *feuilleton*. Then there was a handsome retired naval officer, *Tom Carew*, the only man whom *Tressida* had ever loved (*Lord Sackwood* was an absolute waster, and in any case, being her husband, would hardly have counted). *Tom* fell deeply in love with *Nita*, and being unwilling either to give *Tressida* away or to lower himself in *Nita's* eyes vainly tried to arrange to be on with the new love without the old love's noticing anything. I was not sorry that he failed; but he did so more dismally than I should have expected in a man of some wits and a good deal of experience. The real dramatic interest came at the end. *Tom Carew*, who was a widower, had a daughter, who loved and was loved by his friend *Cochrane*. Forgiven at last by *Nita* for his offence and its concealment, *Carew* was brought suddenly up against the same offence in *Cochrane*, lately freed from *Tressida's* toils. Could he too forgive? The authors stated this most painful problem, but it was obviously impossible for them to deal with it in a book of this kind, where the whole thing is on the melodramatic rather than the tragic plane. The conclusion therefore hardly cleared things up. But I was not really keen enough on any of the people to care very much.

CHARIVARIA.

ALL schoolchildren in Berlin and Vienna were given a day's holiday on the occasion of the re-capture of Przemysl. This makes one wonder whether they were all made to work overtime when the Russians took the fortress.

* * *

By the way, it is not generally known that the name Przemysl is onomatopœic and indicates the noise the town makes when it falls.

* * *

We must anyhow give the Germans credit for constancy. In spite of the entry of Italy into the War the mass of the Germans are still true to their old hate of our country.

* * *

According to Reuter the Turks have been using wooden shells. It would look as if they were beginning to lose their heads.

* * *

"Paradoxical though it may sound," says the *Lokalanzeiger*, "Germany is destined to win either way, whether she emerge victorious or defeated from this titanic struggle, and the greater her defeat the surer and more lasting will be her ultimate triumph." In these circumstances it seems rather stupid of her not to give in at once.

* * *

The effect of the hot weather is now evidently being felt at the Front. A recent communiqué wound up with the statement, "On the remainder of the front there is nothing fresh."

* * *

The members of the Coalition Cabinet have decided to pool their salaries with a view to their being divided equally. The sum, we learn from *The Express*, has been worked out in detail by Mr. MCKENNA. So much for those who declared that the new Chancellor of the Exchequer would be unable to cope with his duties!

* * *

"Yesterday," says a writer in *The Daily Chronicle*, "I dropped on the photograph of an American writer on the causes of the war. I mistook it at once for President Wilson's face. But the face was that of Mr. James M. Beck. From the camera's point of view the likeness is surprising—only that the one is a slightly handsomer edition of the other." We suspect that that tactless word "slightly" has annoyed them both.

* * *

"At the Palladium last week," we read, "Mr. Charles Gulliver presented Max Erard, the pianist, with his gigantic cathedral organ, which weighs eight tons." We hope that Mr. MAX ERARD is not a Lilliputian.

* * *

According to the New York papers the wife of a Methodist minister of Sedalla, Missouri, while cooking eggs for breakfast, broke one, and, seeing some foreign substance in the shell, removed it, and it turned out to be a scrap from a newspaper. The explanation probably is that it was a duck's egg containing a small *canard*.

* * *

The cry of "Eat Less Meat" has, we hear, caused no little alarm in canine circles, where it is feared that, if prices continue to rise, humans may discover the nutritive value of bones.

* * *

The newest railway station of the Bakerloo line is staffed entirely by women, and it is proposed to call it Maiden Vale.

* * *

Answer to Lady Correspondent:—Yes, we agree that those respirator-masks are unbecoming to nine persons out of ten and are apt to lead to a loss of individuality, but have you tried the effect of adding a little lace insertion and a few hanging beads?

* * *

We are glad to see that Ireland is Ireland still. The Clerk to the Local Authority, Omagh, publishes in *The Mid-Ulster Mail* an advertisement which begins as follows:—"Sheep Dealers, and others, are reminded that all Sheep imported into the County from other Counties are required to give to the Sergeant of Police in the District in which he resides, within three days, his Notice of Intention to Dip."



THE SALUTE.

To Stout Travellers.

"TUESDAY, 8th June, 1915. 'The more waist the less speed.'"
Murray's Edinburgh Railway Timetable.

CASES RESERVED.

["The Government are of opinion that the general question of personal responsibility shall be reserved until the end of the War."—*Mr. BALFOUR in the House.*]

LET sentence wait. The apportionment of blame
To those who compassed each inhuman wrong
Can bide till Justice bares her sword of flame;
But let your memories be long!

And, lest they fail you, wearied into sleep,
Bring out your tablets wrought of molten steel;
There let the record be charactered deep
In biting acid, past repeal.

And not their names alone, of high estate,
Drunk with desire of power, at whose mere nod
The slaves that execute their lust of hate
Laugh at the laws of man and God;

But also theirs who shame their English breed,
Who go their ways and eat and drink and play,
Or find in England's bitter hour of need
Their chance of pouching heavier pay;

And theirs, the little talkers, who delight
To beard their betters, on great tasks intent,
Cheapening our statecraft in the alien's sight
For joy of self-advertisement.

To-day, with hands to weightier business set,
Silent contempt is all you can afford;
But put them on your list and they shall get,
When you are free, their full reward.

O. S.

ESMERALDA.

A Tragedy of the Artistic Temperament.

WHEN Margot Davenish proved herself unworthy of a poet's homage by her hilarious reception of a proposal of marriage framed in deathless anapaests, Reggie Outhwaite found himself in a quandary. Margot's bright eyes had inspired the rapturous abandon of the early pages of his *Purple Passionings*, and without her he despaired of completing the volume. As a lover scorned, he realised that tradition called upon him to eschew the society of women; as a writer of erotic verse, he felt that his Muse stood urgently in need of a lady-help.

It was at this crisis that Esmeralda came into his life. She lived at the corner of Bath Street behind the plate-glass of "Sidonie, Robes et Modes," and her mission was to demonstrate the ethereal perfection of Madame Sidonie's creations. Coarser natures lacking the artistic temperament called her a dummy, but at the first glance Reggie knew that at last his prayers had been answered. That night he threw off two sonnets and a *virelai* before going to bed to dream of her.

Esmeralda was not one of those shameless hussies whose outrageous *déshabillé* crimsons the young man's cheek. She was a very superior article, fashioned probably in Paris and obviously by an artist. No mere pedestal surmounted by a head and shoulders; as far as the eye could see she was quite all there. She sat in an armchair with one knee crossed discreetly over the other and one dear little mouse of a shoe daintily tip-tilted; toying with her parasol and smiling mysteriously. For Reggie her smile was fraught with all the suggestive allurement of the *Monna Lisa*. Moreover, in his infatuation, he deemed her eyes a wondrous passion-grey, and grey eyes had always done anything they liked with him.

For weeks Reggie haunted the neighbourhood of "Sidonie, Robes et Modes." He did not care to stand in open adoration, for the window contained other things besides Esmeralda, and he was a man as well as a poet. He would pace slowly past his divinity; then, turning suddenly as if he had remembered something, as slowly retrace his steps. Some days he covered miles in this way. One morning a damsel in black silk draperies whose bearing would have graced a Princess of the Blood Royal moved Esmeralda farther back into the shop, fearing doubtless that her ears would come unstuck under his ardent glances. It was then that Reggie decided that he must buy Esmeralda. With her companionship to inspire his pen he would not disappoint posterity. But the artistic temperament never shines amid the sordid chafferings of the market-place and the thought of the Princess's icy scorn daunted him.

To brace himself for the encounter he took a month's rest at the seaside. Returning full of courage he at once made his way to Bath Street in such a state of elation that blank verse positively streamed from his lips. But a cruel shock awaited him. Where formerly had gleamed the tender message, "Sidonie, Robes et Modes," there now flaunted the vulgar inscription, "I. Isaacstein, Gents' and Boys' Outfitter." Behind the plate-glass there smirked a wax figure clad in an Eton suit. An icy fear gripped at his heart as he stumbled towards the door. What if this upstart tailor proved ignorant of Madame Sidonie's new address! Then, as his gaze fell again on the smirking lad, the truth burst upon him in all its horror, and he sank heavily to the pavement. From out that waxen countenance there smiled a pair of wondrous passion-grey eyes! The incomparable Esmeralda had been melted down to fit an Eton jacket!

Reggie is now a respectable member of society, for in that awful moment the last spark of his poetic fire flickered out for ever. But he never despairs. Often of a Spring evening, when the throstle is calling to his mate and the very air is palpitating with passion, he will sharpen his pencil and bear his swelling heart out into the garden, there to compose an elegy worthy of his lost goddess. His progress is very slow. Hour after hour the pages of his rhyming dictionary rustle beneath his questing thumb, but not yet has he achieved an opening couplet to satisfy his fastidious soul. At present his choice is wavering between

"O Esmeralda, silent is my lute;
I cannot bear thee in an Eton suit";

and

"I weep for Esmeralda! O my dolour
For Esmeralda in an Eton collar!"

He feels both these couplets possess the true poetic touch, the greatness of simplicity, but he cannot make up his mind which of them more accurately interprets the tender melancholy of his spirit.

"Mr. Balfour and Mr. Austen Chamberlain both visited Buckingham Palace and had audiences of His Majesty. The King to-day received the American Ambassador, Mr. Page, at Buckingham Palace. The inquest was adjourned until June 16."
Manchester Evening News.

We have to thank innumerable correspondents who have forwarded the above paragraph, and regret that none of them has been able to throw any light upon what looks like a tragedy. We are happy to state, however, that all the distinguished personages mentioned are still alive.

"Since the war began the honour of being the first airman to bring down a Zeppelin has been eagerly sought."—*The Globe.*

The new adverb is excellently appropriate.



ON THE BLACK LIST.

KAISER (*as Executioner*). "I'M GOING TO HANG YOU."

PUNCH. "OH, YOU ARE, ARE YOU? WELL, YOU DON'T SEEM TO KNOW HOW THE SCENE ENDS. IT'S THE HANGMAN THAT GETS HANGED."

The *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, remarking on "the black and distorted souls of decadent peoples," issues a warning to *Punch* and others. "Their performances," it says, "are diligently noted, so that when the day of reckoning arrives we shall know with whom we have to deal and how to deal with them most effectually."



Tommy (who has just caught an intruder and is asphyxiating it). "NAH, THEN, WHAT ABAHT YER BLOOMIN' RESPIRATOR?"

A NEW REIGN OF TERROR.

THE other week I had the privilege of laying before the world (or, to be more precise, the threepenny world) a choice example of unambiguous letter-writing on the part of a little Polish tailor. There now arrives the very latest specimen of the Baboo skill in this art; and, as very often happens, the writer is an official connected with a railway. The classic example of Baboo railway correspondence is the frantic telegram about the tiger that was consuming the staff. In the following document we find similar trouble, but the tiger is now a man. An ironical touch to the affair is added by the circumstance that the unfortunate officer in charge who tells the tale had taken command of the assaulted station only that morning. But here is the letter:—

"16*th Feb.* 1915.

"Further to my code CP of date I hasten to inform you that this noon about 2.30 P.M. I noticed a quarrel just behind this office window. I paid little or no attention to this, but a little later on I heard a great alarm raised from the station platform; rushing out I saw to my great surprise a heap of men in one mass, few bleeding; sticks and fists were freely used. With the help of few passengers I approached the mob, not without fearful beating in my heart, and attempted to separate them in vain, and at the way one burly-looking villain stared at me I left the place, leaving them to their own fate, and got inside the office. I tried every one of the staff to send for the Headman, but none would dare for fear of being assaulted by one who I understand is the bully of the place. Shortly this particular individual rushed inside carrying the door-bar, which he broke off, and used criminal force on me and the booking clerk. He threatened both of us of bodily harm, swearing that he will bring down the whole station apparently for no reason.

"It was far more than what a man alive could have put up with, and but for the timidity of the staff I would have bundled them together. I thought of my firearm more than once. Thanks to Providence, I controlled, although I am unable to say how. He pulled me about twice, and it was my sickness that prevented me from running him down to earth. In the meantime I wired to all concerned. He has also damaged some flower plants, etc. No. 17 Down was due, and when she was approaching the mob dispersed and this burly villain rushed inside again and forced a ticket from the B.C., who very wisely issued it lest he would assault and upset all, for the man appeared very desperate and fearful and did not pay the fare of the ticket. The police arrived and are taking necessary steps. I would like to point out that the life of the station staff here is in danger every minute.

"I took charge of the station only to-day.

"(Signed) ——
O. in C."

The curious thing about this letter is its frank admission of fear. Usually the writer testifies to his own courage and reflects on the pusillanimity of his staff; but here the Officer in Charge, although he admits that the staff was timid too, does not disguise his own reluctances.

But what a first day!

From a stock-broker's circular:—

"You will see that several guilt-edged issues can now be purchased at prices which will yield you over four per cent."

The reference is presumably to the German and Austrian Government stocks.

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXI.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Perhaps it is that I have not been quite myself lately; at any rate, whatever the inner cause, a change has come over me and I am no longer able to suffer fools gladly. Between ourselves, I have conceived the utmost dislike for these Germans, a dislike which is all the more remarkable since I happen to be fighting some of them at the moment, and I'm sure that to fight against people is to get to know them better and to appreciate all their good points. However insufficient my data may seem to be, I am convinced that these Teuton fellows are quite impossible, their manner atrocious and their sense of humour nil. I surmise that at their officers' mess they overeat themselves methodically four times a day, making nasty noises. I suspect them of having very ostentatious baths in the morning, at which they are offensively hearty, and yet really, if the truth were known, only wash the parts that show. I can picture them talking exclusively about themselves, shouting down each other and putting such a mixture of superior virtue and patronizing joviality into their morning greetings that the genial and kindly "*Gott strafe England*" becomes little more than a sullen menace to the addressee. And if they ever do stumble upon a joke, I am quite certain they repeat it *ad nauseam* and end by quarrelling about its inner meaning. All this I have gathered from the noises they make behind their parapet, and the way they shoot or don't shoot at us. Possibly there is one little group of better men in the middle, by the ruined farm-house, whose sympathies are all with us and who shoot at us only because they must shoot at something, being at war, and cannot shoot at their own people because it would crick their necks.

Having been driven to this opinion of the enemy I have been reluctantly compelled to put a little frightfulness into my personal campaign. With the kind assistance of my men, I have been able so to arrange our rifle fire in my platoon that, at the busy time when everybody who is anybody is firing, every five rifles make a tolerable imitation of a maxim, thus giving the enemy the impression that we have twelve machine guns per platoon, that is one hundred and ninety-two to the battalion. At other times we do an organised sulk, refusing to fire for hours at a time. Nothing is more trying than a silent foe; he's bad enough when he's shooting, but when he's quiet he's very likely preparing something more dreadful, possibly coming across to you in the dark to stick a piece of cold steel into you. And so we get him thoroughly nervous and craning much too far over the parapet, and then we suddenly recover our good spirits and burst into a very rapid fire of our own invention, to a merry sort of syncopated beat.

Another way to punish Germany (by human agency) is to take a couple of dozen empty tins, fill them half-full of stones, tie them together, leaving a very long tail-piece of string, and send the whole out, in the dark, to be placed by an audacious and impudent patrol amongst their barbed wire. You then wait till the quiet time of the next day, and when you think you've got your enemy just dozing off you give the long string (which your patrol brought back) a series of spasmodic pulls. You can always judge the extent of your success by the mileage of artillery, of all weights and diameters, which your simple device sets in motion.

I can offer you another suggestion for what it is worth. About once a fortnight I send up a flare in broad daylight before breakfast, and my accomplices carry the signal along the line by doing the same at intervals. In civilian life fireworks by day serve no useful purpose; but in war time their very incongruity and inexplicability give them a sinister air of mysterious import. To us these signals mean nothing; to the enemy they suggest, I hope, the very worst, in whatever shape their guilty minds may conceive it.

Our best effort was quite unintentional. A subaltern (whom I will not advertise by name, since goodness knows what he'd be doing next if I did) came into possession of a new kind of automatic pistol; he is always coming into possession of a new kind of something or other, and must always try it forthwith. In the absence of available targets upon which we could see the hits, he had the original idea of proceeding down the sap which runs out in front of our parapet, and shooting from there at the lonely tree in the middle of the beyond. He was followed by eight other subalterns, who were by no means prepared to admit the superiority of this pistol, for all its newness, over their own weapons in the matter of speed. I do not include in the official starters either D'Arcy or the machine-gun officer who dragged out a maxim to set the pace. D'Arcy's revolver has all the distinction of being an heirloom and all the disadvantages of capricious senility. It is at present on strike, but he refused to be left out of the competition and turned up with a hand-grenade to provide, as he said, the comic relief . . It was a good start, and for sheer rapidity easily surpassed anything in this or any other war. We were so pleased with the affair from our own point of view that we forgot all about the Germans and their point of view. For a long time after it they were obviously irritable and nervy. It didn't occur to us that of course anyone would be moved by so sudden, terrific and peculiar a noise, which would have been bad enough if it had come from our parapet, but must have been intolerable when arising, as it did, from what was supposed to be the unoccupied midst of a well-known and highly-respected turnip-field.

Anything annoys them now. Even our singing *God Save the King* and cheering loudly, with caps raised on bayonets, on the occasion of His Majesty's birthday, raised a storm of indignation expressed in rifles, mortars and Jack Johnsons. I cannot understand their feelings; however German I was myself I should regard such a question as the enemy's own business and not mine and leave him to it and



Voice of Envy. "GARN! 'E AIN'T NO REAL BANTAM! THEY JEST DRESSED 'IM UP TO KID BLOKES WOT FINK THEY 'RE TOO LITTLE TO JOIN."



WHY NOT TRAIN OUR MASCOTS TO BE USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL?

go on cleaning my rifle. And even if, having done justice to their sentiments, they next rose on their firing platform and put three rounds into me—well, I might certainly reply in kind, but I shouldn't be spiteful about it.

Let us turn from the contemplation of such dull and sordid humanity to the refreshing picture of the honest worth, if unsoldierly deportment, of my stable-boy turned sentry. Time and again I have ordered and besought him to say "Halt! Who goes there?—Advance one and be identified.—Pass, friend, all 's well!" but always in vain. When the emergency arises he confines himself to what no doubt he regards as the point, and calls out shortly, "Who bist?" Only when I myself approach does he elaborate his challenge. "Who bist, Sir?" says he.

Yours ever, HENRY.

For K. of K.

Some slight protection against hitting below the belt—the Garter.

HIS ONE GRIEF.

I COVET not the glory
Of Pella's wondrous youth;
My methods are as gory
And more devoid of ruth;
Still, later generations
Applaud his imitations
Of German close formations,
Though cumbrous and uncouth.

I can assert sincerely
I envy not the Hun,
Old ATTILA, for clearly
His exploits I 've outdone;
For though I am his debtor
In spirit and in letter,
I 've never failed to better
The triumphs which he won.

Nor am I ever jealous
Of CHEOPS and his line,
Whose temples seek to tell us
That builders are divine;
A heresy demoded,
By common sense corroded,
And utterly exploded
By KRUPP and Me and mine.

The Corsican dictator
Had grandeur in his aim,
But I should be a traitor
To advertise his name;
For he was only smitten
Because we aided Britain—
The blackest entry written
In Prussia's book of fame.

One monarch and one only
Humbles my lofty pride—
HEROD the grim and lonely,
The great infanticide,
Who, zealously fulfilling
The function of child-killing,
In this kind of blood-spilling
All rivals hath defied.

"Sentence of three months' hard labour was passed yesterday at Bow-street on Ernest Taylor, clerk, no fixed abode, for obtaining money by fraud from Metropolitan policemen. He was arrested in the Strand by a Scottish policeman who had lent him sixpence. A detective said he was believed to have victimised 40 constables."—*Daily Chronicle.*

CONSTABLE *(thoughtfully)*: "Bang went saxpence, but *(with an effort)* I 'll no be sayin' it wasna worth it."

WAITING FOR MORE.

WHEN I joined, the battalion was 1,500 strong. In those days I never bothered to look for a job; jobs were flung at me. "Somebody must take the company digging," said the Captain to the junior Captain; "You heard that?" said the junior Captain to the senior Subaltern; "Carry on," said the senior Subaltern to me; and for three and a half hours the company and I excavated heavily. After two months of this my health broke down so badly that I had to go before a medical board. "Nothing less than five bottles of champagne, five plays, and five little suppers," they reported, "can save this officer's valuable life." So I took five days' leave . . . .

I came back as from another world, and reported myself to my Captain next morning in a dazed condition.

"Hallo," he said; "had a good time?"

I could hardly trust myself to tell him what a good time I had had.

"That 's right. Well, somebody must take the company digging."

I saluted and went out. It was all just the same, but now I was glad of it. I wanted to forget about my five days' leave. The harder the work, the less time to think.

The Orderly-Sergeant came up to me as I reached the company lines.

"Company present, Sir," he said.

"Present where?" I asked, looking round the horizon.

"Here, Sir," he said, indicating a man next to him.

I opened and shut my eyes rapidly several times; no more men appeared. It was obviously a dream.

"Wake me up properly in an hour's time," I said, "and bring me some hot water."

"This is all the men for parade," he said patiently.

"This one one?"

"Yes, Sir."

I turned to it. "Company, stand easy," I said, "while the Sergeant explains."

The explanation was simple. Taking advantage of my absence the War Office had sent more than a thousand men to France or some such foreign place. There was only just enough left for guards, fatigues and what nots. Moreover I was now the senior Subaltern of the company.

"Well," I said, "we must carry on. What 's the parade this morning? Digging?"

"Attack on a flagged position is down in orders, Sir, but it 's sure to be cancelled."

"Why? Our man could hold the flag. He 's just the shape for it. Well, anyhow, we 'd better get down to the parade-ground. Company, slope arms. Move to the left in ones—form ones. By the centre, quick march."

I got my man down safely, none of the company falling out on the way, and stood him at ease while I considered how to display him to the best advantage. I was just maturing a clever idea for misleading the Sergeant-Major by trotting my man round and round him several times with great rapidity, when the Orderly-Sergeant came back with the news that the parade was off.

"Then so am I," I said, and I went back and reported to my Captain.

"I thought that there wouldn't be much doing," he said, "but you 'd better hang about a bit in case anything turns up."

"Can't I help you at all?"

"No, thanks; not at present."

So I hung about. It was a sultry day—the sort of day when doing nothing makes you hotter than the most violent exercise. After an hour I could bear it no longer; I went back to the company room.

The Captain was just signing something.

"Blotting-paper?" he said, looking round at a junior Subaltern near him.

The junior Subaltern stretched out his hand for the blotting-paper.

"Pardon me," I said, stopping him just in time. "*You* have been busy all day; I have done nothing as yet. This is *my* work." And I handed the Captain the blotting-paper,

The junior Subaltern nearly cried.

"It isn't fair," he said. "The junior Subaltern 's *always* supposed to do all the work. As it is I haven't had anything to do for three days. At least, except yesterday. And they only let me take something across to the orderly-room yesterday because it was raining."

I looked at him eagerly.

"Say that again," I commanded. "You took something across to the orderly-room—right across the square?"

"Yes. You see, it was raining hard."

"And then walked back again and reported that you 'd done it? *Two* walks?" He nodded. "I say, I wonder if there 's any chance today——"

The Captain looked up.

"I shall want somebody to take this across to the——"

The junior Subaltern was just a shade too quick for me.

"Yes, Sir," he said, snatching at it.

I followed him to the door.

"I must remind you that I am your superior officer," I said, as I got my foot against the door just in time. "Give me that paper."

"Be a sportsman," he pleaded.

"It isn't only that. What I feel is that you are too young for a job of this kind. We want a more experienced hand." I took the paper from him. "There is a particular busy way of walking across to the orderly-room which it takes weeks to acquire. You would probably stroll across as if you were going to borrow a match, and then the whole job would be wasted. Now watch this."

I strode briskly across the square, the obviously official document fluttering in my hand. A few subalterns with nothing to do watched me enviously. Outside the orderly-room door I hesitated a moment, and then turned round sharply and strode back again. The junior Subaltern, mouth open, waited for me to come up to him.

"By the way," I said, tapping the document in a business-like way, "is it Monday or *three* pairs?"

"Who did?" he said stupidly.

"Because, if it was Portsmouth," I went on, "it ought to have been endorsed on the back." I showed him the back, nodded to him, and hurried off to the orderly-room again. I handed in the paper and stepped briskly back to report to my Captain.

* * * * *

"Initiative," I said to the junior Subaltern, two minutes later, as I upset the ink over the Captain's table, "initiative is what you junior officers lack so greatly (I 'm extremely sorry, Sir; let *me* mop it up. Perhaps I 'd better write these lists out again, Sir, as I 've spoilt them rather). Initiative, my dear young friend," I went on, as I selected a suitable pen, "is to the subaltern on active service what—er——" I caught his eye suddenly and had pity on him. "If you 're very good," I said, "you may read these names out to me."

We settled down to it. A. A. M.

The Prismatic Blush.

"'The German Ambassador's face thereupon became suffused with all the colours of the rainbow.'

Signor Salandra concluded: 'Von Flotow was a gentleman.'"—*Evening News.*

Without this assurance we might have been tempted to imagine that he was a chameleon.

"Rome, Tuesday.—Great indignation is felt at a report from Barletta that the Austrian destroyer which yesterday fired on the town, hitting the castle, was flying the British gag."—*Evening Times.*

We wonder that the Press Bureau permitted this impudent infringement of its powers.



High-spirited Special Constable (to suspicious character). "I-IF YOU D-DON'T CALL Y-YOUR B-BRUTE OFF—I'LL *RUN YOU IN!*"

FROM A MINE-SWEEPER IN THE DARDANELLES.

(Letter from Sub-Lieut. John Blundell, R.N., to his Uncle, the Rev. J. Blundell.)

May 30, 1915.
H.M.S. ——, *at Sea.*

DEAR UNCLE,—I was very pleased to get your letter this morning and to hear that Aunt Fanny is recovering from influenza, and that Cousin Dorothy got second prize in Divinity. It was most interesting to hear that Tabs had two black kittens this time; I rather thought that they would be grey, as the last lot were white. I quite follow your arguments about "Should clergymen fight?" As you say, the matter is of the greatest importance, and naturally *The Times* published your letter.

You tell me that you gather from the papers that the great silent Navy is having a quiet time now, and you ask me what we are doing. I wish I knew myself, but as we only go into port once a week to coal and are not allowed to communicate with the beach, I am rather ignorant of its doings. No, I am sorry to say I did not get the wild duck. It went, as all gifts do, into the Fleet Pool, and I got a pair of mittens (my seventh pair) instead. We are the Scouts, and come last on the list. There are five grades before us. The luckiest devils are the harbour defence flotillas, who get the fruit and fish. The next best off are the Coast Defence Patrols, who get the fowls and their so-called fresh eggs. The intermediate grades, such as Grand Fleet, seagoing flotillas, etc., get the general cargo, and we, who are far from home, get the frozen mutton, the imperishable corned beef, the indestructible tinned salmon, and the endurable woollen gear. The things that we might reasonably hope to find in our class, such as grouse and gorgonzola, never pass beyond the second grade.

As our boats are not sufficient to carry all hands, the latest scheme is to keep a large barrel of grease and thick oil on the upper deck, and preparatory to abandoning ship all men are supposed to strip and smear themselves over with this stuff as a protection against cold water. They then, according to the latest Admiralty circular letter, are permitted to leave the ship. We had a false alarm the other night, hitting a floating mine, which didn't explode. A weird figure was seen hovering round the upper deck afterwards, and it took us all the middle watch to clear the oil and grease off the ship doctor.

My last skipper has been having an awfully good time in port since the Great Blockade began, as a German submarine kept on hovering about outside and they could not go to sea until it had been dealt with by the T.B.D.'s. It was known as the "Married Man's Friend," and they were quite sorry to hear of its decease. I saw Jack the other day. He is in one of the old battleships, officially termed "Fleet-Leader" (we call them "mine-crushers"), and he says his only diversion is the constant redrafting of his will so that each member of the family shall bear a fair burden of his debts.

Charlie Farrel is in the mine-sweeping brigade. He is now in his fourth trawler, and is known as "Football Charlie," as he's always being blown up. Rather bad luck on a fellow who is +2 at golf and who regards all other games (except fighting) as contemptible.

As you say in your letter, great issues are at stake, and it must be awfully exciting in England just now, but it's very dull at sea, so I will clear up this letter.

Your affectionate Nephew,
JOHN.



"ARE YOU A MILLIONAIRE, FATHER?"
"NO, MY BOY; I WISH I WAS."
"HOW MUCH MONEY DO YOU GET, FATHER?"
"OH, WELL—SOMETIMES I MAKE AS MUCH AS A HUNDRED POUNDS IN A MONTH."
"A HUNDRED POUNDS A MONTH!"—(*slowly, after a pause*) "*AND HE GIVES ME TUPPENCE A WEEK!*"

MR. PUNCH APPEALS.

THERE is urgent and ceaseless need for more of those sand-bags which have been the means of protecting the lives of so many at the Front. Men are dying daily for need of this protection, and one can imagine no more useful work for those who want to be of practical service to our troops. No possible limit can be put to the number required. Mr. Punch earnestly hopes that his readers may be persuaded to devote some of their time and labour to this simple means of saving life. Communications should be addressed to Miss M. L. TYLER, Linden House, Highgate Road, N.W.

Those whose hearts have been moved by the gallant deeds of our Canadians in France and of our Australian and New Zealand troops in the Dardanelles will be very glad to have an opportunity of doing some little service to the brave soldiers of our Dominions who are training in England or come home to us wounded. F.-M. Lord GRENFELL has just opened the Victoria League's Club for Overseas Soldiers at 16, Regent Street, Waterloo Place, and contributions will be very welcome. They should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer of the Victoria League, at 2, Millbank House, Westminster, S.W.

Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge a donation of £5, collected by two officers at the Front on a water-wagon, for the Children's Country Holidays Fund. He has forwarded this generous gift to the Secretary of the Fund.

False Teeth in Literature.

"A Court of Inquiry will assemble at 11 A.M. to-morrow the 10th inst., to investigate upon the circumstances under which Pte. ——— lost his artificial dentures."

Battalion Orders of the — th Bn. Royal Fusiliers.

To the Munitions Department.

"Arma acri facienda viro: nunc viribus usus,
Nunc manibus rapidis, omni nunc arte magistra:
Præcipitate moras."

Virgil, Æneid, VIII. 441-3.

A FISH STORY.

(*Whales sometimes attain an age of five hundred years.*)

WHEN centuries have rolled away
Until this young and lusty fellow,
The whale who swims the deep to-day,
Has sunk into the sere and yellow,
And talks as only old age can,
A garrulous cetacean,

His fellows may believe the tales
He 'll tell of what a long life's taught him,
His escapades with brother whales,
The times harpooners nearly caught him,
And how he oft contrived to dish
The predatory devil-fish.

But, if for further yarns they crave
And, leaving fishes' feats for men's, he
Should tell of deeds beneath the wave
That marked the days of German frenzy,
Swift will each great-great-grandchild cry:—
"By Neptune, how these old fish lie!"



SOME BIRD.

THE RETURNING DOVE *(to President Woodrow Noah)*. "NOTHING DOING."
THE EAGLE. "SAY, BOSS, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH TRYING ME?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 7th of June.—Attention just now centred on Treasury Bench, where the lion of Conservatism sits down with the lamb of Liberalism, and that shrewd little child, HENRY HERBERT, leads them. The MEMBER FOR SARK has idea that even more interesting is the figure on Front Opposition Bench of the statesman who by strange chance, after many vicissitudes, comes to represent that well-known agricultural hunting district, the Wimbledon Division of Surrey.

Forty-seven years ago HARRY CHAPLIN entered the Commons as Member for Mid-Lincolnshire. Held the seat for twenty-eight years. Through period approaching half a century has watched slow changes of procedure and manner that have revolutionised the House. Whilst ever preserving the courtly manner of his early generation, has tactfully adapted himself to circumstance. For a while, between 1886 and 1900, he found himself included in any creation or reconstruction of Conservative Governments that happened to be in progress. Ministerial career terminated with last year of nineteenth century, fitly closing with its calendar. In conjectural talk about constitution of Coalition Government, roaming over probabilities and possibilities, his name was never heard.

There remains vacancy in one post unsalaried and, in the strict sense of the word, unofficial. There is no Leader of the Opposition, for sufficient reason that organised opposition is non-existent. His Majesty's Ministers still with us; for first time in Parliamentary history His Majesty's Opposition has disappeared from the scene. To man of CHAPLIN'S constitutional principles (a matter of native instinct), this condition of affairs fraught with grave danger to the State.

Not lacking Members below Gangway on both sides self-comforted by assurance that they could add fresh influence to important position. Mr. GINNELL, for example, last week made bold but ineffective bid for it. On reflection Member for Wimbledon Division, with his long experience, his intimate acquaintance with Parliamentary men and matters, modestly but justly conscious of possessing esteem of all parties and sections of parties, came to conclusion that perhaps no one would fill the office better than himself.

Accordingly on first day of assembly of House under direction of Coalition



HENRICUS CHAPLINIUS WIMBLEDONENSIS.

"TO-NIGHT THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL FILLED HIS PART WITH ADDED GRAVITY."

Government he, rising from seat on Front Opposition Bench in far-away times occupied by his old friend and master DISRAELI, of late in possession of BONAR LAW, interposed with the question Leader of Opposition is accustomed to put to Ministers on such occasions—

"What business does the Government propose to take next week?"

Crowded House, quick to grasp the situation, genially laughed and heartily cheered.

To-night, the noblest Roman of them all filled his part with added gravity. Usual when a Minister moves Second Reading of important Bill for Leader of Opposition immediately to follow and indicate line his party is prepared to take. CHAPLIN, preserving the non-party but all-patriotic attitude assumed by his immediate predecessor in office, expressed the hope that the Bill would be passed without a moment's delay.

In a well-disciplined force that should have settled the matter. LEADER OF OPPOSITION has, however, not yet had time to drill his men. Using phrase in Parliamentary sense, he cannot yet get them promptly to "form fours" on word of command. Their natural instinct is to break out in sixes and sevens. Thus it was to-night. Long wrangle delayed progress with a measure declared on highest authority to be urgently needed for safety of country and for protection of gallant men who by thousands daily sacrifice life and limb to preserve it.

Business done.—After acrid debate Ministry of Munitions Bill passed Second Reading without division.

Tuesday.—HANDEL RACHEL BOOTH weeping at absence of EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, would not be comforted. Anxiously enquired about him yesterday. This afternoon, observing his vacant seat, HANDEL, nothing if not musical, chanted the enquiry, "Oh where and oh where has my Celtic laddie gone?"

"My Right Hon. Friend," the PRIME MINISTER loftily replied, "is either Minister of Munitions or he is not Minister of Munitions. If he is Minister of Munitions he is not entitled to sit here. If he is entitled to sit here he is not Minister of Munitions. As a matter of fact he is not Minister of Munitions as there is no such office until the House passes this Bill, and there is no such person."

Gibe of course unintentional. But a little rough on hard-working colleague that he should be alluded to as the *Mrs. Harris* of the Cabinet. LLOYD GEORGE was officially nominated to new Ministerial office. If, truly, there is "no sich a person," as *Mrs. Betsey*



DESIGN REPRESENTING THE DISTORTED VIEWS ENTERTAINED BY CERTAIN QUERULOUS SONS OF LIBERTY AS TO THE METHODS OF THE NEW MINISTER OF MUNITIONS.



Little Boy. "HOW ANGRY THE SHARKS MUST BE WITH THESE GERMAN SUBMARINES—OF COURSE I MEAN THE ENGLISH SHARKS."

Prig asserted on historical occasion, House and country have suffered serious loss.

That stormy petrel, ARTHUR MARKHAM, all over the place, pecking at everyone. Began at Question time with harmless PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE, whom he accused of shielding an enemy firm concerned in construction of chimneys; of keeping up price of coal; and of encouraging large blue-bottle flies to frequent butchers' shops.

Impression naturally conveyed that MARKHAM was in league with small body of Radicals irresistibly inclined to dissemble their love for members of Coalition Government. Illusion happily removed when, towards end of squabble that lasted a couple of hours, he blandly alluded to "a party growing up in the House who are friends of the Germans."

Finally suggested that House should conduct debate with closed doors. General shrinkage from proposition. Sufficiently alarming to have the stormy petrel flying round in full light of criticism. What might happen if doors were locked and Press Galleries emptied fathers of families do not like to think about.

Business done.—Ministry of Munitions Bill read a Third time and sent on to Lords, who passed first stage in less than a jiffy.

Wednesday.—Making first appearance in capacity of member of new Government, PRINCE ARTHUR on rising was greeted with general cheer. He brought good news, supplementing announcement by important statement. Another German submarine has been sunk. After manner of British sailors, foreign to habit of the enemy, her crew of six officers and a score of men were rescued and brought in as prisoners.

In course of WINSTON'S reign at the Admiralty no action of comparatively minor importance was more heartily or more unanimously applauded than his insistence that men systematically engaged in practices which PRINCE ARTHUR to-day described as "mean, cowardly and brutal," ought not to be placed upon equality of treatment with other prisoners of war. The submarine crews were accordingly isolated in their internment. As everyone knows, the KAISER retorted by taking thirty-nine British officers, and subjecting them to special privations, including solitary confinement.

It happened earlier to-day that Lord ROBERT CECIL was asked whether it would not be well in view of proposal to exchange invalid civil prisoners of war to placate Germany by reconsidering question of treatment of submarine crews.

"I think," said the new UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, "it would be a very unfortunate precedent if this House allowed itself to be blackmailed by the German Government."

Loud cheer approved this noble sentiment. Equally loud applause, twenty minutes later, greeted PRINCE ARTHUR'S announcement that the alleged blackmailing had been successful. Neither demonstration was so enthusiastic as that which followed upon WINSTON'S original statement on the subject.

A concatenation of circumstances which shows how strange and fickle a thing is public opinion.

Business done.—The Lords pass Ministry of Munitions Bill through all its stages. Commons interrupted in engrossing study of Scotch Estimates to repair to other House and hear Royal Assent given by Commission.

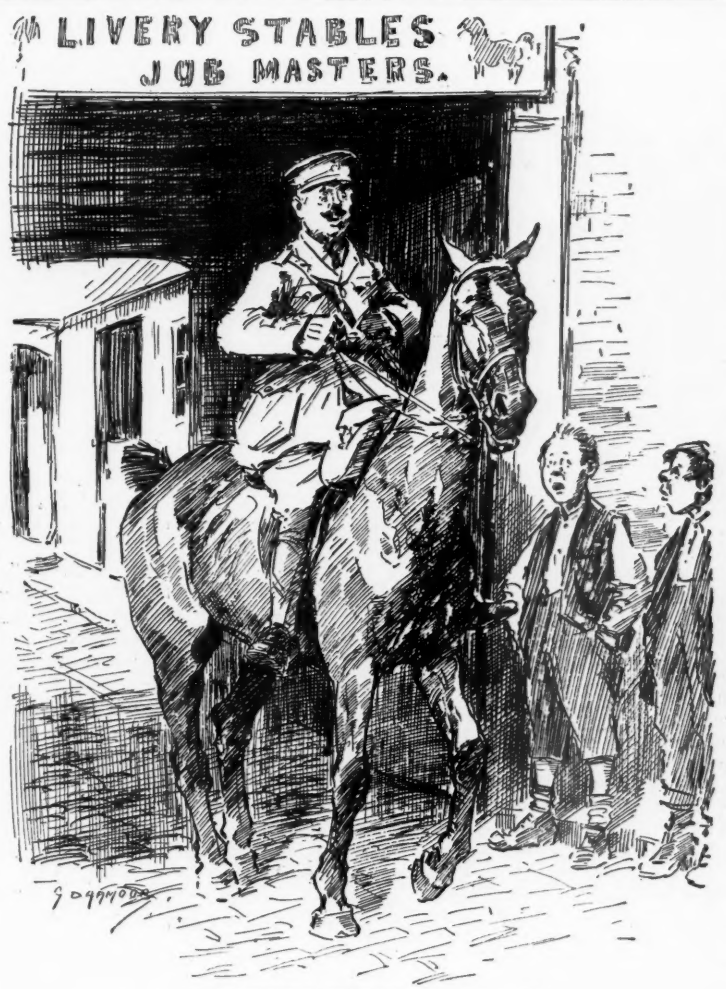
Thursday.—Interesting debate on increased cost of food stuffs, coal and other necessaries of life. In one of his quietly delivered, forcibly argued, lucidly expressed speeches, RUNCIMAN made it clear that Board of Trade is doing the utmost within its power to grapple with unexampled condition. Debate carried on till twenty minutes past eight, unusually late sitting for these times.

Business done.—Vote for Board of Trade and other Civil Service Estimates carried without a division.

THE TALE OF A TONIC.

WHEN my sister came up to town a couple of months ago she commented severely on my appearance. I was lacking in "tone" and looked ten years older than I ought to. When I demurred and observed that I was all right, and also that at my advanced age the appearance of years lent dignity, she grew annoyed. "You should take Malzwein regularly," she said. "George has been taking it for the last month and you wouldn't know him." (George is my brother-in-law, a door-mat of a man). When I remarked that I had conscientious scruples about drinking German wines, Jane became almost angry. "'Malzwein' isn't a wine, it's a tonic made of malt and meat-juice and caseine, and recommended by the best doctors." "Well, anyhow," I replied, "'Malzwein' must be of German origin, and I don't like trading with an alien enemy." "Nonsense," said Jane. "The firm is now reconstructed—I made sure of that by inquiry—all the directors are English, and the tonic is made in England. Besides, if it was a German product, and you derived advantage from it, you would be spoiling the Egyptians." I forebore to criticise the accuracy of Jane's parallel, because argument with her is generally ineffectual, and when she promised to send me a bottle I expressed my gratitude with well-simulated effusion. Two days later "Malzwein" arrived at my flat. He was a formidable-looking object in a cardboard case, with a quadrangular body and a lead-paper capsule covering his head. I placed him reverently on a shelf in my bedroom with other bottles, and having so to speak installed him in my pharmacopœia forgot all about him until last week. It was on the night of the hottest day of the year, and I awoke at about 1.30 to be conscious of a sickly smell pervading the room.

Zeppelins—poison bombs—asphyxiating gases—such were the thoughts that crowded into my mind. But the night was still and my breathing was unaffected. I jumped out of bed, switched on the light, and became aware of a gentle dripping sound from the shelf in the corner. And then the truth was revealed. "Malzwein" had burst, and a dark treacly substance was dripping down on to the floor. Whether it was the malt that had fermented with the heat, or the violence of the meat juice, or the explosive energy of the caseine I cannot say, but anyhow "Malzwein's" head was blown off and he had done his best to behave like a bomb. Personally I cannot help thinking that this particular bottle must have been made in Germany, and that it was inhabited by a malevolent imp who sought to be avenged on my indifference by at least destroying my carpet. Anyhow I am not going to take "Malzwein"—at least until I have had his remains analysed.



"AS OTHERS SEE US" (IN UNIFORM).

Boy (impressed by the sight of Tomkins, who has recently joined the Tooting Rough Riders Reserve Regiment). "LOR! AIN'T 'E LIKE A BLOOMIN' OOLAN?"

In a "leader" directed against compulsory military service *The Daily News* says:—

"In these matters we should beware of empty phrases, and we should be guided by three maxims."

Unfortunately the War Office has none of these weapons to spare.

"BEES for Sale; strong, healthy stock; only one left.—Apply, 'Gardener.'"
Llandudno Advertiser.

In the circumstances the use of the plural seems hardly justified.

"As for we Londoners, who are supposed to be cowering in our holes, respirator on mouth, we are still our old dogged determined selves."
Evening Standard.

Though the respirator does interfere a little with our parts of speech.

From an Australian trade circular:—

"FOR SALE. Country Butchering Business Safe Southern District. Turnover, 2½ bodies and 25 sheep weekly. Reliable man could be supplied wholesale, live or dead, by the vendors."

The "Safe Southern district" would appear to be situate in the Cannibal Islands.

"In various parts of South Germany earthquake hocks have been felt."—*Times.*

These Rhine wines have been known to have a disturbing effect upon the pavement even in this country.

MORAL GOOD.

"FRANCESCA," I said, "would you mind——"

"You needn't say any more," she interrupted. "I know you're going to ask me to do something for you which you ought to do for yourself."

"Wonderful!" I said. "How do you guess these things?"

"There's no difficulty about it," she said. "You've only got to know your man."

"Is that," I said, "what is called intuition?"

"You can call it what you like," she said.

"When you guess right I shall call it intuition, but I can't do that this time."

"Well," she said, "I'm willing to bet a shilling about it."

"Francesca," I said, "when you condescend to use the language of the Turf, you may as well condescend correctly."

"I'm always a willing learner. What ought I to have said?"

"The market odds are at least two to one on. Your tremendous certainty makes them so. You will therefore offer to lay a bob to a tanner."

"And when," she said, "shall I get my bob?"

"You will not get your bob at all. I shall get your bob—that is, if you're honest."

"But where," she said, "does the tanner come in?"

"The tanner," I said, "doesn't come in at all. It remains in my pocket."

"Then I'm expected to pay you a bob and get nothing back for it. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes," I said, "that's what it amounts to. You've lost, you know."

"Then I don't wonder," she said, "that people get ruined on the Turf. But how do you know I've lost? Let's get back to the start."

"Right," I said, "let's."

"About turn!" she said. "On the left form platoon! Good gracious, where are you all?"

"We're forming two deep," I said. "Don't be angry with us. We're only volunteers, but we have our feelings, just like Kitchener's army."

"Very well then. What was it you wanted me to do?"

"When you interrupted me so roughly I was going to ask you whether you'd mind ordering some safety-razor blades for me from the hairdresser's."

"There," she said, "I knew it. Didn't I say you were going to ask me to do something for you which you ought to do for yourself."

"Remember," I said, "it's war-time."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"You mustn't be selfish in war-time," I said. "You must keep on doing things for other people, and the less you like doing the things the better it is for you. I'm really giving you a tremendous chance."

"I admit that," she said reflectively, "but I don't see how *you're* to get any good out of it."

"I shan't have any beard and whisker to worry me. My chin and cheeks will be as smooth as vellum."

"Yes," she said, "that'll be very jolly for you; but you won't be doing things you don't like doing for other people."

"Doesn't that sound a trifle mixed?" I said.

"Never mind the mixture," she said. "You know what I mean."

"Do I?"

"Yes," she said, "you do. You won't be getting any *moral* good out of it; and that is a thought I can't bear."

"Don't let it weigh on you," I said. "I'm quite willing to sacrifice myself. And, anyhow, my moral good can wait till you've got yours."

"No," she said, "I can't see it in that way. I should be taking an unfair advantage of you."

"Take it," I said; "I don't mind."

"Generous-hearted man! But try to imagine yourself after I've ordered your safety-blades. Won't there be a galling sense of inferiority?"

"What of that?" I said. "You'll step into your proper place, and that will be sufficient reward for me."

"No," she said, "if I'm to rise in the moral scale by ordering your safety-blades, I must invent something to raise you to the same height at the same time."

"That's very noble of you; but I think you'd better begin, and we can talk about my elevation afterwards."

"You shall be elevated simultaneously or not at all. I'll go to the telephone and order the blades, while you walk round to the linen-draper's and buy me a packet of assorted needles and half-a-dozen reels of cotton."

"But," I said, "I don't know the draper. He's a newcomer in the neighbourhood."

"He beats the hairdresser by a week or two."

"Besides, what good am I at needles and reels of cotton?"

"Am I," she said, "profoundly versed in the blades of safety-razors?"

"I shall buy you the wrong kind of needles and cotton."

"And I shall order you the wrong kind of blades. Won't it be fun?"

"You may think it fun at first," I said, "but what'll you say when I've got hair half an inch long on my face?"

"I shan't mind," she said. "I can pierce through the outer shell to the beauty within."

"It's a silly thing to ask a man to do," I said. "I haven't the vaguest idea what needles cost."

"The draper will tell you. He's a most obliging man."

"Mayn't I order them on the telephone?"

"No," she said, "I'm going to use that for the hairdresser. And the point of the whole thing is that we should both get our moral good at the same moment."

"I shall make a mess of it," I said.

"Not you. You'll have a glorious success, and you'll want to be buying needles for ever afterwards."

"All right," I said, "I resign myself. I'm off to the draper's."

"I'll give you three minutes' start," she said, "and then I'll call up the hairdresser."

R. C. L.

Messrs. LONGMANS announce the publication of a theological work entitled *Was Wycliffe a Negligent Pluralist?* We understand that this will be shortly followed by a series of similar volumes, of which the following are already promised:—*Was Confucius a Dissolute Supralapsarian? Was Socrates an Absent-minded Archimandrite? Was Marcus Aurelius a Petulant Anabaptist.*

"JUNE the FIFTEENTH is WATERLOO DAY and as in 1815 so also in 1915 will England be engaged in one of the Great Battles of the World. The coming of War found us unready. Our Fathers had not sufficiently kept alive the lesson of Waterloo. We, of this generation, will not easily forget the lessons of Mons and Ypres. But we have already forgotten, if we let pass the unique occasion of June the Fifteenth without using it as a means to the education of those who are to follow us."—*Advt. of the Medici Society, Ltd.*

Medici, heal yourselves. We shall wait for the eighteenth, as usual.

"An English lady, whose husband is much away, wishes another as companion for walks."—*Glasgow Citizen.*

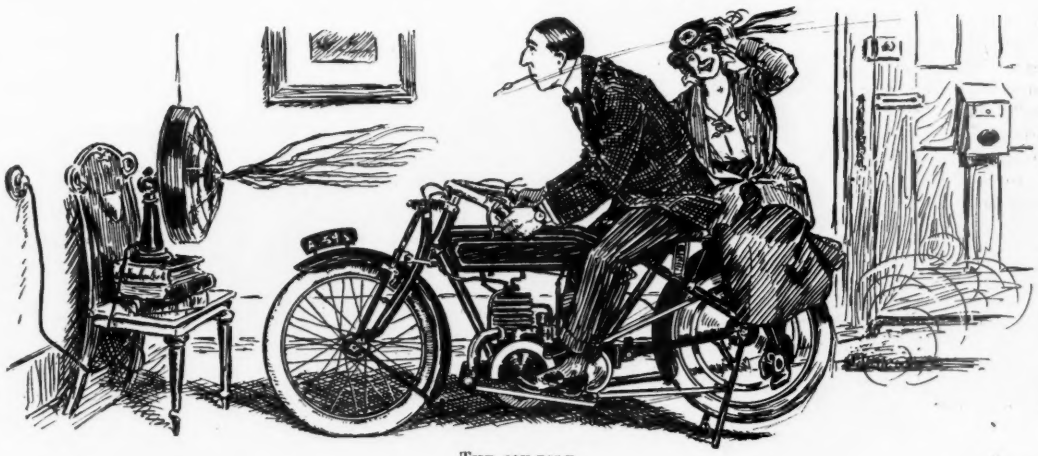
A good chance for a "walking gentleman."

COVER FOR SHIRKERS.

It is daily requiring more and more courage for the man of military age not in uniform to be seen enjoying outdoor pleasures.



THE SUNDAY MORNING CONSTITUTIONAL.



THE JOY-RIDE.



TEA-TIME IN THE BACKWATER.

AT THE PLAY.

"MARIE-ODILE."

IT would be easy enough to be indelicate about the rather embarrassing theme of Mr. KNOBLAUCH'S play; for (in crude terms) we have here the tale of a little nunnery-novice who accepts at sight the advances of the first alien enemy that comes her way, and bears him a "war-baby." But the author disarms criticism by his transparent idealisation of innocence. For you are to understand that this novice has been brought up in cloistered ignorance of sexual facts; that she has never even set eyes upon a man on the right side of senility; that she is left alone in her convent, the sisterhood having fled at the enemy's approach; and that the first soldier who breaks in upon her solitude is himself virginal, and bears so strong a likeness (thanks in part to a brown-red wig which did not go very happily with Mr. BASIL GILL'S head) to ST. MICHAEL in the nunnery fresco that she at once identifies him with that archangel. So well is her innocence sustained that it serenely survives the relations into which they enter; nor could I even find that the "miracle" of her child's birth was ever associated in her mind with those relations. This of course means that we are asked to believe a good deal, though not perhaps an absolute breach of natural laws.

Mr. KNOBLAUCH may have been influenced by memories of REINHARDT'S *Miracle* or DAVIDSON'S *Ballad of a Nun*, but he has gone his own way. He has not taken the obvious course of approving the revolt of natural instinct against the hot-house atmosphere of the convent; he simply shows us a type so childlike that it is incapable of taint.

Perhaps any lover, not too boisterous, might have served the author's purpose passably well; but he makes sure of his ground. His soldier, though he loves and rides away (to the grave disappointment of some of the audience he failed to return and "make an honest woman" of the novice—having died, I hope, in action), is no common corporal of Dragoons, but goes far, by his attitude, to justify the child's error in mistaking him for ST. MICHAEL. My only complaint is that, having arranged these conditions, quite arbitrarily exceptional, the author should have taken occasion to pronounce, through the medium of the only enlightened nun in the establishment, a tirade against the stuffy secretiveness of the conventual system. To assign this sort of blame is to suggest (which he never intended to do) that the innocence which he has all along been glorifying was largely a mere matter of ignorance.

Miss MARIE LÖHR, a charming figure in her novice's dress, was the best possible choice for this virginal type. In the Second Act, when she treats the intruding soldiers like a lot of nice large dogs, she was delightful in her naïve simplicity. But the last Act dragged heavily, and I grew very tired of *Sister St. Marie-Odile's* enthusiasm over her "little one" in the cradle (an enthusiasm which I was not in a position to endorse, as the infant was concealed from me) and her reiterated protest that she "could



The Novice. "ARE YOU REALLY A MAN? YOU KNOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO, YOU 'RE JUST A LITTLE BIT LIKE ONE OF THOSE WAXWORKS."

Sister St. Marie-Odile . Miss MARIE LÖHR.
A Corporal . . . . . Mr. BASIL GILL.

not yet understand" the very natural indignation of the Mother Superior. Mr. KNOBLAUCH might have made more of this lady if he had allowed her a touch of humanity, but here he went the way of least resistance, and Miss HELEN HAYE followed him with a great and cat-like fidelity. Mr. BASIL GILL had a difficult task in combining the personalities of ST. MICHAEL and a seducer of innocence, but he achieved it with such discretion as the case permitted. Mr. O. B. CLARENCE as *Peter*, the sole male attached to the convent, made a lovable dotard. Mr. HUBERT CARTER, most robust and swarthy, showed a rough good-nature very admirable in the leader of a licentious soldiery. Among the inarticulate characters the convent pigeons did well, including *St. Francis*, the brown one, who was condemned to death for the Mother Superior's dinner, and never knew how large a part he played in the issue of the drama.

When I have added that the scene was too pleasant for any need of change I hope I have done my duty by a play that is not likely, for all its good qualities and still better intentions, to repeat with us in London the success it won in America at a time when they could still treat the subject of War in a spirit of detachment.

O. S.

"GAMBLERS ALL."

Sir George Langworthy, stockbroker, had a holy horror of gambling in every form—his own business, which he described as "legitimate speculation," of course excepted. That being so, it was unfortunate that he should have selected as step-mother to his grown-up son and daughter a young lady with a congenital passion for play. For a time the new *Lady Langworthy* managed to conceal her proclivity under the guise of an absorption in music, and ascribed to concerts the time she spent at the bridge-table. But a run of bad luck proved her undoing. She dared not tell her husband what she owed and why she owed it. Her brother, *Harold Tempest*, had the same fitful fever running through his veins and was already deeply in debt to one *Amos*, a money-lender. In despair, and on the off-chance that her luck would change, she went off to a fashionable gambling-hell, kept by *Major* and *Mrs. Stocks* (admirably played by Mr. LYSTON LYLE and Miss FRANCES WETHERALL). Here she met *John Leighton*, a mysterious financial acquaintance of her husband, who vainly endeavoured to dissuade her from playing and offered to lend her the money; and here, too, came *Sir George* to fetch his wife from the "musical evening" which he supposed to be in progress. He had barely discovered his mistake when in marched the police and arrested the whole party, himself included.

The Third Act takes place at the *Langworthys'* on Christmas Day. In spite of her pleading *Sir George* refuses to forgive his errant spouse, and goes off to church in a most un-Christian state of mind. *Harold* appears to reveal the fact that to get money from old *Amos* to pay his sister's debts he has put *Leighton's* name on the back of a bill, and that the forgery cannot be concealed, as he has since learned—what the experienced playgoer has guessed for some time—that *Leighton* and *Amos* are one and the same. And no sooner has he gone than in walks *Leighton* himself to make hot love to the forlorn little gambler and to urge her to fly



WARNING TO HOUSEHOLDERS.

IF YOU *MUST* TAKE YOUR ANTI-GAS RESPIRATOR TO BED WITH YOU, YOU MIGHT MENTION IT TO YOUR WIFE FIRST.

with him. In the last Act *Leighton* is visited in succession by all the principal characters. *Ruth Langworthy* (*Sir George's* daughter) tells him of her love for *Harold; Sir George* seeks his advice as to the recovery of his wife's affections; and *Harold* comes to confess the forgery. At last *Lady Langworthy* arrives, a pathetic little figure in white, ready to surrender herself to save her brother, though she admits that her love still remains with her husband. By this time, one suspects, *Leighton* is heartily tired of the whole family. At any rate he refuses the sacrifice, packs *Lady Langworthy* off with *Sir George*, and is last seen lighting *Harold's* cigarette with the forged bill.

The play, though a little old-fashioned both in plot and presentment, is well worth seeing, if only for the admirable acting. *Leighton*, a sort of Robin Hood among money-lenders, is not an easy character to make convincing, but Mr. LEWIS WALLER goes as near success as is possible, and in his scenes with *Lady Langworthy* maintains his reputation as one of the best lovers on our stage. Miss MADGE TITHERADGE, who seems to advance with every part she plays, has done nothing better than her *Lady Langworthy*, whose naughtiness never overcomes her charm. As the husband Mr. CHARLES V. FRANCE makes us believe that the anti-gambling stockbroker is not only possible but probable; while the comparatively small part of *Harold*, with which Mr. DU MAURIER contents himself, fits him like a glove. The minor characters are all adequately filled, and a special word of praise is due to Miss AGNES GLYNNE'S performance as a tempestuous flapper. L.

"Mr. Lloyd George announces the withdrawal of beer and wine duties, and the prohibition of the sale of spirits to those under three years of age."—*Ceylon Sportsman.*

This part of the late CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S policy had hitherto escaped notice, even the persons directly affected having raised no articulate protest.

"Here the party was courteously received by Miss Broach, secretary to the Rev. Canon Rawnsley (who, owing to absence, was unable to be present)."—*Manchester City News.*

Nothing else would have kept him away.

"The press are specially reminded that no statement whatever must be published dealing with the places in the neighbourhood of London reached by aircraft, or the curse supposed to be taken by them."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

But for the Censor's warning we should have hazarded the suggestion that it was G— S— E—.

"The War Office has issued respirators to all the staff of the Press Bureau."
Evening Standard.

The rest of the world can now breathe more freely.

By custom a half-quartern loaf is understood to weigh 21lbs., and purchasers who require a loaf weighing 21lbs. should ask for a 21lb. loaf."—*Cambridge Weekly News.*

Of course they should also see that they get it.

From a notice of *Marie-Odile*:—

"The theme is a very frail one, and honestly Mr. Knolsland has not the skill or delicacy to save it. . . .

What Mr. Knolslanch knows of nuns would go into a very small compass."
Evening News.

In the circumstances it is just as well that Mr. KNOBLAUCH wrote the play, and not either of these other gentlemen.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM not quite sure that we haven't had enough of white-hot War-books. All that can be said without further, and as yet unavailable, evidence as to the causes of the Great Tragedy has been said by many competent men, and perhaps in fewer, though certainly not more eloquent, words than by Sir GILBERT PARKER in *The World in the Crucible* (MURRAY). And yet I think these forceful vigorous pages will find many readers and drive home some terrible convictions. Our new baronet's method of select quotation from adversaries is open to the objection attaching to all work of the sort, that it raises a certain kind of doubt in the fair-minded reader. No doubt one might find some German book composed exclusively of hot-headed and very yellow utterances by Englishmen, arranged as a complete justification of this "Preventive War," or proving guilty machinations on the part of Albion the always perfidious. The best part of the book is the summary of German war crime, from the beginning of August last to the sinking of the *Falaba;* and the significant reminder of the fine chivalry with which Japan and Russia conducted their desperate struggle in the opening years of the century. Said the Japanese officers to Sir IAN HAMILTON when he congratulated them on the conduct of their men: "We cannot afford to have any people connected with this army plundering or illtreating the inhabitants of the countries we traverse." While of the Russians he wrote: "The Muscovites haven't lifted so much as an egg, even during the demoralisation of a defeat." That is the answer to those sensitives who sit apart and murmur, "All war is terrible," with the implication that the kind waged by Germans is no worse than the others. It simply isn't true, and because it isn't true there are old and stodgy merchants who have never done anything more adventurous than miss the 9.45 up-train, yet, if there were any talk of premature peace, would be clamouring to be sent across the Channel in protest to the death.



ARTFUL DEVICE RESORTED TO BY A GERMAN SNIPER WHO THOUGHT HE WAS OBSERVED.

I think I ought to warn you against prejudging *The House of Many Mirrors* (STANLEY PAUL) by the picture on the cover. The pale man with staring eyes who is holding up a lamp depicts indeed the hero of the tale, but the actual circumstances are not so melodramatic and creepy as their presentation suggests. Indeed, though there is drama, and grim drama, in Miss VIOLET HUNT'S latest story, it is not of the sensational kind. It is a story of a woman's self-sacrifice, and as such has done much to strengthen me in a previous conviction that self-sacrifice can be one of the most terrible forms of selfishness. Consider the facts. *Rosamond Pleydell*, a woman of the idle, not quite well-enough-to-do set, loved her husband, whom she supported out of her own income. The husband was one of several possible heirs to an old uncle, but was supposed to have lost his chance by marrying *Rosamond*, the betting being strongly in favour of *Emily*, a female cousin, who had been sent to look after the old man—in more senses than one. *Rosamond*, finding herself stricken with mortal disease, and knowing her death would leave the man she loves without his little comforts, conceals her state, and, having persuaded him into a protracted visit of ingratiation to the will-maker, herself goes off abroad to die alone. She even prepares a batch of cheery letters, to be sent at regular intervals before and after her death, in order to keep the husband from deserting his task. Naturally when, having got the inheritance (and incidentally complicated matters by falling in love with *Emily*), he finds out the truth, he suffers as any woman who cared for him could surely have foreseen. My admiration for Miss HUNT'S real cleverness of style made me sorry that she has wasted it here—and not for the first time—upon a sordid tale of unpleasant people.

Tares (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is the name that Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON has given to a collection of short stories and sketches. To save you from a wholly unjustifiable misapprehension, I should perhaps explain that the title is simply taken from that of the first story in the book, and has no reference to the general character of the whole. "Tares" itself is a very well-made and poignant little sketch of certain events in Malines, centred in the historic and terrible pronouncement made from the pulpit by a priest of that town. Both here and elsewhere in this book Mr. TEMPLE THURSTON has shown himself able to write about the War with passion and yet with dignity and restraint. A rare gift. There are other sketches, semi-satiric studies of the female character divine, which are of more unequal merit. Some of them, to be honest, hardly seem quite to have earned their place. The best of the humorous batch is the last, a story told with delightful humour of an engaging idiot named *Cuthbertson*, who thought he could box and was tempted into a Surreyside ring—with disastrous consequences. I liked especially the touch which depicts him, confronted with the peculiar aroma of the dressing-room, and observing that it was "a bit niffy"; though, as the author points out, "this was not his usual method of speech. He was doing as the Romans do in Rome." Perhaps Mr. THURSTON won't thank me for saying that I place some of the contents of this modest volume much above his better known novels. But I do.

A selection of the verses which have appeared on the second page of *Punch* during the War has been published by Messrs. CONSTABLE at 1*s.* under the title *War-Time*.

More Commercial Candour.

Draper's notice in the middle of a sale week:—

"I have no guarantee that these blouses will last till Saturday."

CHARIVARIA.

A GENTLEMAN writes to *The Evening News* to mention that it is impossible now to get paper collars, as they were of Austrian make. We had noticed lately many of the smartest men about Town wearing the linen article.

* * *

"I know no more subtly delicious sensation," says Mr. ERNEST NEWMAN, "than sitting in a hall full of people who dislike you." Oh, that the KAISER would realise this, and come to Westminster Hall!

* * *

The *Vossische Zeitung* publishes a paragraph suggesting that Lord HALDANE, when he visited Wetzlar, the *Werther* town, was acting as a spy. Whatever may be the failings of that rotund statesman, the ex-LORD CHANCELLOR, we fancy that this is the first time that he has been accused of being slim.

* * *

Further revelations as to the underfeeding of prisoners in Germany are now to hand, and are openly reported by the *Tägliche Rundschau*. In the Zoological Gardens at Berlin, we are told, the Polar bear is now getting fish refuse instead of bread, the brown bears have to content themselves with roots and raw potatoes, while the cranes and other water birds have been deprived of their meat.

* * *

The author of *Esther Waters* has addressed a letter to the Press, on the subject of the food question, which has aroused the wildest indignation in canine circles, and angry dogs are now asking for MOORE. The distinguished novelist, who estimates that there are in London "a million and a half of dogs, every one of which eats as much as a human being," has, it is declared, mistaken the dogs' ambition for their actual achievements. It is Man, the dogs retort, that is the greedy animal, and, if he could only be abolished, there would be no food question at all.

* * *

A German surgical journal says that a Prussian cavalry captain who was wounded in September has now resumed active service with an artificial leg. More remarkable than this, in our opinion, is that quite a number of Austrian officers are fighting with wooden heads.

* * *

There is said to be some alarm among the clients of the beauty doctor who was deported the other day lest the lady should retaliate by publishing a chatty volume of reminiscences about the triumphs of her art, with illustrations of some of her more remarkable restorations.

* * *

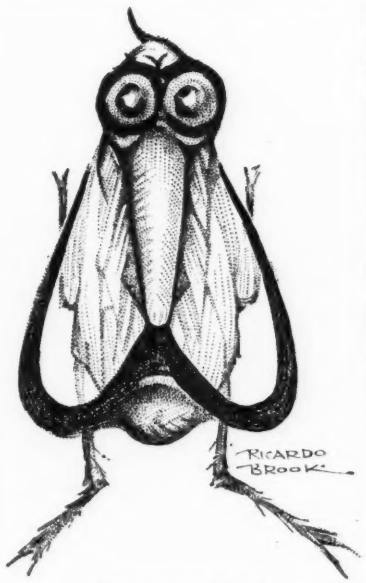
"To the north of Neuville we carried some German listening posts."—*French official communiqué.* So there 's another illusion gone—the dear old simile, "As deaf as a post."

* * *

"This war," complained a flabby peace-promoter, "is an iniquitous war." Well, it is being prosecuted; what more can he want?

* * *

The *Ottawa Free Press* announces that Mrs. POLLY ANNE STRODES, who



"SWAT THAT FLY!"
(The "Willy" or Prussian Blue-bottle Fly.)

is seventy years of age and has been married thirteen times, has decided to seek a divorce from her present spouse. This would seem to confirm the belief that thirteen is an unlucky number, anyhow as regards husbands.

* * *

"RACING AND FOOTBALL SWEEPS."
Evening Standard.

While one may disapprove of those who during War-time have continued to take part in these sports, this language is surely stronger than the occasion warrants?

* * *

The French, *The Evening Standard* informed us the other day, have gained ground "on the heights which separate the valley of the Fecht from that of the Laugh." It is just as well that the Germans should realise that the Laugh is not always with them.

A Clever Disguise.

"Many Austro-German women dressed as ladies are infesting Northern Italy."
Australian Press.

More Apologies Impending.

"It is obvious that Mr. Lincoln cannot be trusted to tell the truth. His confessions testify to the efficiency of the Intelligence Departments of the War Office and the Admiralty."—*Daily Chronicle.*

More Commercial Candour.

Advertisement in a photographer's window:—

"Enlargements made. Faded ones guaranteed."

"Splendid manufacturing opportunity; only small amount of honey needed; must have good live man as partner."
News-Times (Denver).

No drone need apply.

Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, in *Land and Water*, positively asserts that "the enemy consists in a certain group commonly called the Germanic powers." Ought these revelations, so helpful to the enemy, to be allowed? What is the Censor doing?

"The Hon. Secretary reported that the tender of Mr. H. Newton for panting at the hospital, of £36, had been accepted."
Northampton Chronicle.

Surely some of the patients could have done it cheaper.

"It looks to the new National Government to take all those steps which may be found necessary to weld the whole power of the nation into one mighty weapon with which to put an early fishing stroke to the war."
Western Morning News.

This new weapon must be some kind of rod—in pickle for the KAISER.

From the paper that is ever first with the news:—

"Three years later, in July, 1915, Dr. —— was strongly censured by a coroner's jury, &c."
Daily Mail, June 11, 1915.

"Colonel W. H. Walker (U — Widnes) asked whether the Board of Agriculture would communicate with county councils of districts where German prisoners are interned with the object of making arrangements for employment of pisoners for haymaking and other harvest help."—*Manchester Guardian.*

We trust the Government will not listen for a moment to this horrible suggestion.

"The bronze horses of St. Mark, once probably on the Arch of Nero, and later on the Arch of Trojan,"—*The Field.*

With the wooden horse of Troy playing so large a part in descriptions of the Dardanelles operations our contemporary's slip is intelligible.

OF GASES.

(To the enemy, who has given praise to Heaven for the gift of poison.)

THERE is a gas your murderers make,
Not such as cleanly chokes the breath,
But dealing, just for cruelty's sake,
A long-drawn agony worse than death;
Nor do you deem it odd
To vaunt its virtues as a gift from God.

And there's a gas, the "laughing" blend
(Although its humour seems remote);
They peg the patient's mouth and send
A soporific down his throat;
And, like a child at dawn,
Waking, he finds a stump or two withdrawn.

Such is the gas your masters' art
Gives you to deaden pain and fear;
They take and prize your jaws apart
When gaping wide for Munich beer,
Press-gag your mouth and nose,
And pump and pump till you are comatose.

Long draughts of strange and windy lies
Down your receptive maw you gulp,
Until the opiate seals your eyes
And Reason gets reduced to pulp;
So well the vapours work,
Like hashish on your torpid friend, the Turk.

But, when you breathe pure air again,
Sore with a sense of something missed,
And want to know who drugged your brain,
I envy not the anæsthetist;
You'll raise a hideous rout
On finding all your wisdom-teeth are out.

O. S.

THE BOMBSTERS.

Billy was gravely occupied in splashing vivid colours on to the persons and dresses of fashion-plate ladies. To him came Dickie and watched the process with a supercilious air.

"Ladies don't have green cheeks," he remarked.

"Tired of pink," said Billy tersely.

"I've thought of a game," observed Dickie.

"I know: me be Germans an' you bay'net me with the sword what Uncle Ted gave you. Don't want to play."

"It isn't that; it's quite new."

Dickie drew nearer.

"Wouldn't you like to play at being a bomb, while I pretend to be a village?" he said persuasively.

"A English bomb?"

Dickie looked a little anxious.

"I meant you to be a German bomb, so as you wouldn't have to hurt me much," he admitted.

"You hurted me quite a lot with your sword," said Billy.

"Only pretence hurt."

"No, real hurt."

"Well, will you play?" urged Dickie, waiving that point. "You'll have to climb a tree to be a bomb."

Billy's eyes lit up.

"Why?" he asked.

"So's you can drop properly," explained his brother. "Come on."

Billy surrendered, and the two ran into the garden and made for the apple-tree.

"Who's to drop me?" asked Billy.

"Yourself will drop you, of course," Dickie replied with some impatience. "I'm a village. I can't be in the Zeppylin as well. The tree's the Zeppylin. First, you're the German soldier what throws you an' then you're the bomb."

"*Can't* I be English?"

"No; you might kill me, an' then what would mother say?"

"A village can't be killed."

"Well, but I'm everything in the village. The postman, an' the cocks an' hens, an' the doctor, an' they might be killed. At least, they might if you could aim straight, but, anyway, you can't be a English bomb, 'cos they aren't dropped 'cept where it's all right, you know. On forts an' things."

"You be a fort, then, an' I'll be a English soldier what can aim," persisted Billy.

"No, you mustn't. You've got to miss, an' bounce, or make a hole in a soft place," said Dickie, firmly. "Or you can be the village if you like, only I thought you'd like to be allowed to climb the tree first."

"All right, then. May I make a loud bang?"

"Yes, a *very* loud one, if you like."

So Dickie assisted his brother up the lower part of the tree, and then left him to scramble along a forked branch.

"Now you're a German in a Zeppylin, an' I'm the village," said Dickie, proceeding to walk about below, playing the doctor, the postman, cocks and hens, or a cottage, as the fancy seized him.

Suddenly there was a rending of twigs, and Billy was on the top of him. The impact was considerable, and they both rolled over. The bang was forgotten.

"You s-shouldn't have hit me," gasped Dickie, rubbing his head while indignant tears stood in his eyes.

"C-couldn't h-help it," sobbed Billy. "I wented by accident."

They sat looking at each other in the true enemy spirit for some time.

"I don't like this game," Billy sniffed resentfully.

"I'll be the bomb, then," decided Dickie, getting up on his feet. "You'll like the village better. There's so many things you can be, all at once."

"I'll be a motor-car dashing through," said Billy, cheering up. "Lots of motor-cars, *all* dashing through, with men inside what have letters for Lord KITCHENER."

"All right," agreed Dickie, pulling himself up into the Zeppelin.

Billy proceeded to "dash through" with great vehemence and much snorting of engines.

"You sound like a train," remarked Dickie.

"Well, p'r'aps I am a train now," said Billy the versatile. "There's a station in *my* village."

Dickie hummed gently up aloft.

"I'm the Zeppylin making noises," he said; then added with extraordinary courtesy: "Coming!"

And he did come, not forgetting to shout "Bang!" as he reached the ground, which was harder than he had expected. He also bit his tongue rather severely.

"You didn't bounce much," observed Billy, callously.

Dickie withheld his speech for several seconds.

Then he said, "I've had enough. Let's go in."

"No, I want to be a bomb again," pleaded Billy. "You see if I can't do it."

When their mother came out to fetch them in to tea, she was welcomed by two small ragamuffins owning between them four grazed knees, two pairs of scratched hands, a bumped forehead, a swelled lip, one whole pair of knickerbockers, and a couple of perfectly cheerful countenances.

"My *dear* children!" she exclaimed; "what have you been doing to yourselves? Oh, your knickers, Billy!"

"We've been bombs," they explained; "but it's difficult."



INJURED INNOCENCE.

CITIZEN OF KARLSRUHE. "HIMMEL! TO ATTACK A PEACEFUL TOWN SO FAR FROM THE THEATRE OF OPERATIONS! IT IS UNHEARD OF. WHAT DEVIL TAUGHT THEM THIS WICKEDNESS?"

[Airmen of the Allies have bombarded Karlsruhe, the headquarters of the 14th German Army Corps. The town contains an important arsenal and large chemical, engineering and railway works.]



Sergeant (drilling company). "LEFT—RIGHT—LEFT—RIGHT—LEFT——LEFT——LEFT——"
Mother. "WE MUST KEEP IN STEP, MOLLIE."
Mollie. "YES, WE MUST. I CAN DO THE 'LEFT—RIGHT,' BUT I CAN'T MANAGE THE 'LEFT—LEFT.' HOW *DO* THEY DO IT?"

HOW I CAUGHT EDWARD.

In tackling a trout that has evaded capture for a large number of years, the first thing to do is to find out what methods of fishing he has been brought up to, and then use care to avoid all of them. In such a case the fisherman's only chance is to fish all wrong. Accordingly the first thing I did when I engaged Edward, the famous Fraddingford trout, at the Two Vergers Hotel (they used to hire him out at a special extra charge of one shilling for the day) was to creep to the bank above his hole and try to fetch him a crack with the landing handle. As it happened, he observed me, and I missed him. I had no intention of maiming him, but it was important to do everything possible to lead Edward to suppose I had no intention of trying to catch him, and I knew that to attempt to slog him with the landing handle would put him off his guard.

Much more than this was however necessary. I tied a handkerchief to my rod so that Edward should think I was out flag-flapping with the boy scouts; and I sat on the edge and splashed my feet in the water, while from time to time I tore a sod from the bank and pitched it in. I saw a dog, and called him up and threw him in on top of Edward, and made him swim about a bit and bark, and in fact I did all I could think of to raise in Edward a false sense of security. In this I was successful; Edward was completely misled. So I caught him.

The flies I caught Edward with were five in number. "Five" because five were a great deal too many according to Edward's ideas; and not more than five because I was afraid of infringing the rule printed on his tickets, which said that he was only to be taken "by fair fishing with the artificial fly." It is difficult to say which fly caught Edward the most; each played a useful part in getting a purchase on him and so tangling the cast about him that his chance was hopeless; but my own favourite was the Green Wag-tail. I do not, however, overlook the part played by the hook. The fact that the hook is the most essential component of an artificial fly seems to be entirely ignored by most writers on fishing. A nice sharp hook is of course of first importance, but only experience can teach what patterns of hook a trout favours most under different conditions of light and temperature. Much knowledge, however, may be acquired by studying the old hooks which are to be found embedded in nearly all fish taken from popular waters.

While I am on the subject of trout-flies I should like to call attention to a fly which I have observed in hair-dressers' shops on warm afternoons in the late summer. I have named this fly the Tickler, and in my opinion it would form a particularly deadly lure and should never be absent from any well-lined fly-book, for I am convinced that no trout would allow a fly of such pertinacity to remain at large.

In concluding this account of how I caught Edward, I should like to ask if any of your readers can tell me whether it is in any way possible to stuff a fish and eat it too. I may say that I am very fond of a nice fat fish, no one more so, and I feel besides that as a sportsman it is my duty to eat the fish I catch and admire its flavour. It comes hard, when one catches a big fish and wants him stuffed, to have to forgo the hearty meal of which the thought has nerved one's purpose throughout a long day.

MOSES.

I MUST begin by affirming that this is a true story.

Everyone who ever idled in Paris in the good days when the world was happy must have passed now and again across the Gardens of the Tuileries and stopped to watch that engaging old gentleman, M. POL, conversing with his friends the sparrows. Whether or no in these dark times M. POL still carries on his gracious work of charming the birds I cannot say; he was looking very frail when last I saw him, a year and more ago; but that his influence still persists is proved by the extraordinary events which I am about to relate, and which, as I said before, and shall probably have to say again, are true. One must not claim too much for M. POL or underrate the intelligence of Moses. None the less I feel strongly that, had it not been for M. POL's many years of sympathetic intercourse with those *gamins* of the air, the Parisian sparrows, and all his success in building that most difficult of bridges—the one uniting bird and man—the deeds of Moses might never have come before the historian.

"Moses?" you say, "who is this Moses?" The question is a very proper one and it shall be answered.

Let us begin at the beginning. In the city of Paris, in an *appartement* not very distant from the Étoile or Place of the Arc de Triomphe dwell two little boys. They are American boys, and they have a French governess. In addition to this they are twins, but that has nothing to do with Moses. I relate the fact merely to save you the trouble of visualising each little boy separately. All that you need do is to imagine one and then double him.

Well, after their lessons are done these two little boys go for a walk with their governess in the Champs Élysées, or the Parc Monceau, or even into the Bois itself, wherever, in fact, the long-legged children of Paris take the air; and no doubt as they walk they put a thousand Ollendorffian questions to Mademoiselle, who has all her work cut out for her in answering, first on one side and then on the other. That has nothing to do with the story either, except in so far as it shows you the three together.

Well, on one morning in the Spring one of the little boys saw something tiny struggling in the gutter, and, dragging the others to it, he found that it was a young bird very near its end. The bird had probably fluttered from the nest too soon, and nothing but the arrival of the twins saved its life.

"*Voilà un moineau!*" said Mademoiselle, "*moineau*" being the French nation's odd way of saying sparrow; and the little creature was picked up and carried tenderly home; and since sparrows do not fall from the heavens every day to add interest to the life of small American boys in Paris this little bird had a royal time. A basket was converted into a cage for it and fitted with a perch, and food and drink were pressed upon it continually. It was indeed the basket that was the cause of the bird's name, for as one of the twins, who was a considerable Biblical scholar, very appositely remarked, "We ought to call it Moses because we took it out of the water and put it in a thing made of rushes." Moses thus gained his name and his place in the establishment; and every day he grew not only in vigour but in familiarity. After a little while he would hop on the twins' fingers; after that he proceeded to Mademoiselle's shoulder; and then he sat on the desk where the boys did their little lessons and played the very dickens with their assiduity.

In short Moses rapidly became the most important person in the house.

And then, after two or three weeks, the inevitable happened. Someone left a window open, and Moses, now an accomplished *aviateur*, flew away. All befriended birds do this sooner or later, but rarely do they leave behind them such a state of grief and desolation as Moses did. The light of the twins' life was extinguished, and even Mademoiselle, who, being an instructor of youth, knew the world and had gathered fortitude, was conscious of a blank.

So far, I am aware, this narrative has not taxed credulity. But now comes the turning point where you will require all your powers of belief. A week or so after their bereavement, as the twins and their governess were out for their walk, scanning, according to their new and perhaps only half-conscious habit, with eager glances every group of birds for their beloved renegade, one of them exclaimed, "Look, there's Moses!" To most of us one sparrow is exactly like another, but this little boy's eye, trained by affection, did not err, for Moses it truly was. There he was pecking away on the grass with three or four companions.

"Moses!" called the twins; "Moses!" called the governess, "Moses! Moses!" moving a little nearer and nearer all the time. And after a few moments' indecision, to their intense rapture Moses flew up and settled in his old place on Mademoiselle's shoulder and very willingly allowed himself to be held and carried home again.

And there he is to this day.

This is a free country (more or less) and anyone is at liberty to disbelieve my story and even to add that I am an Ananias of peculiar distinction, but the story is true none the less, and very pretty too, don't you think?



Facetious Slacker (as he notes wording on bill). "ANY CHAWNCE O' GETTIN' THE JOB, GUVNOR?"

Newspaper Seller. "NO WORRY AT ALL, MATE. MY SECERTARY AT THE CORNER THERE 'LL SIGN YE ON WIVOUT ANY DELAY."

From a description of the New Derby:—

"The sky was a bright, burnished blue; everything was quivering in the heat; it was an ideal day for a picnic and all the people were pinkicking."—*The Times.*

It sounds a painful way of spending a holiday, and very bad for their boots.

"By the light of the moon I saw the door in the wall open gently and the heads of some of the albino women appear through the overture."

"*The Holy Flower*," *by Rider Haggard.*

Waiting to join in the chorus, we suppose.

"War map of German East Africa lithographed in Four Colours. This is the most reliable Map of German S.W. Africa ever offered for sale."—*Advt. in "Cape Times."*

This is a result, we suppose, of General BOTHA'S success in altering the map in the latter region.



A NEW WAR-TIME CADDIE.

Player (two down at the turn). "I'M VERY MUCH ANNOYED WITH YOU, CADDIE, FOR NOT WATCHING MY BALL AT THE LAST HOLE. THE LOSS OF THAT BALL MEANS A VERY SERIOUS THING IN A MATCH OF THIS KIND."

New Caddie. "DON'T YOU GO WORRYING YOURSELF ABOUT A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT, SIR. QUITE LIKELY, IN THE COURSE OF OUR WANDERING OVER THIS GROUND, WE SHALL COME ON ANOTHER, AND, MARK YOU, A BETTER, BALL."

THE REST CURE.

IF I were the sole dictator and protector of the State
And untrammelled arbitrator of all causes small or great,
With no shade of hesitation I would cheerfully proceed
To the prompt elimination of the Folk We Do Not Need.

Though the proverb is emphatic on the merits of "Stone Dead,"
I should not be so fanatic as to knock them on the head;
But, as quite the very best cure of the ills that we abhor,
I'd condemn them to a rest cure till the finish of the War.

First, it goes without the saying, all the scribbling men of straw
Who are always busy slaying England's foemen with their jaw
Should no more be tolerated when they rave and rage and ramp,
But be speedily located in our Soporific Camp.

Next I'd take the politicians who can only growl and grouse,
With the rancorous rhetoricians who exasperate the House,
And the candid friends of Britain who, whenever we have won,
Are invariably smitten with compassion for the Hun.

Then I'd add the precious rollers of each other's petty logs;
Foreign policy "controllers," pettifogging demagogues;
All the "copperheads" whose mission is to cavil and embroil,
And to crab the Coalition, since it halves the Party's spoil.

Finally, without compunction all the novelists I'd seize
Who've usurped the critic's function; and, to cure their fell disease,
And to purge their souls' disquiet of the tyranny of tracts
I'd confine their mental diet to MACDONALD'S stream of facts.

This is only a selection of the folk I'd like to see
Placed, to better our protection, safely under lock and key;
Alien enemies give trouble, yet it has to be confessed
We are menaced with a double danger in the native pest.

"It has been ascertained that the Kaiser visited Hartmannsweilerkopf in order to encourage the Guardsmen, and that after the stubborn resistance of the Germans by the Cameroons he retired to a high plateau in the centre of the colony and sat down."
Hong Kong Daily Press.

Further details of the KAISER'S movements from the same veracious authority are awaited with interest. Meanwhile we understand that his favourite song for the moment is "The March of the Cameroons Men."

"I met Mr. John Redmond in the outer lobby on Thursday and he looked terribly cross. What had upset him? By the way, I missed the familiar flower from his button-hole. He was wearing the small bow-tie which Mr. Balfour has made so familiar."
Weekly Dispatch.

But do not draw the hasty inference that Mr. BALFOUR had previously pinched Mr. REDMOND'S button-hole.

THE RECRUITING EYE.

THE idea started with Mrs. Minter. Indeed, I think I may say that she is solely and entirely accountable for the business from beginning to end, and as several members of the Corps seem to think that someone ought to be made responsible I do say so. For I know that it will not trouble Mrs. Minter one little bit. She is the sort of woman who suggests things, starts them with enthusiasm, and then somehow forgets. She has a limpid conscience, a vivid eye, a way with her, and an abounding popularity.

"I think the Corps perfectly splendid," she declared after the inspection. "Only, oh, why don't hundreds more join?"

"They ought to," said Wright with conviction. "Or, at least, they ought to turn up stronger when they have joined. At Tuesday's drill, Platoon 6 was forming fours out of two men. It damps the enthusiasm of recruits when they find that they are practically the same in every formation."

Mrs. Minter flashed an appreciative musical-comedy smile, but I suspect that technicalities do not appeal to her.

"We are agreed, then," she said. "Now I have an idea. Listen."

Of course we listened. I don't think that I have mentioned Mrs. Minter's voice yet, but it has to be taken into account.

"It's just this. You can all have a most tremendous influence. You see, you're *doing* something. And so you can say to anyone, 'Why aren't you doing something too?' And you'll get no end of recruits."

It sounded beautifully simple; and Mrs. Minter looked simply beautiful. Carstairs voiced the general apprehension.

"It's a bit awkward, don't you see, Mrs. Minter. We don't actually *know* what another fellow may be doing. Of course with fellows one really knows it's different. But generally speaking it's a bit awkward, don't you see?"

Carstairs may not be a stylist, but we felt that the argument was sound.

"I've thought that all out," said the lady airily. "That's really just what my idea gets over. You don't *say* anything. You just look. It could be made most tremendously effective. You are marching along the road, don't you see, doing your bits, and standing watching you as you pass are heaps and heaps of slackers who ought to be either with you or, if they are eligible, in the army. You don't *say* anything, but as you pass you just *look*. You can put a most frightful lot into a look if you really try. You must be surprised and hurt and incredulous and disappointed and reproachful and—yes, just a teeny bit appealing, and here and there one of you catching someone's eye and then turning away quickly as though it was really *too* much, and a few friendly and encouraging, and some quite too saddened to do anything but march bravely on. It would be ever so much more fetching than the thrilliest poster if it were properly done."

"It would want a bit of doing," said Bowring moodily. Bowring is a left guide and saw where he would be in it.

"Naturally it would need arranging, but I will help you all I can. The great thing is to get the right kind of expression for the right kind of face. Now, Mr. Beeching, for instance . . ."

You think we jibbed, but then, of course, you don't know Mrs. Minter. She impartially distributed expressions suited to our faces. I will say nothing of myself except that for show purposes there is a tendency to encourage me to become an even number in the front rank. But, as Mrs. Minter remarked, grim determination can be as artistically portrayed as any of the subtler shades of emotion. She was very nice about it.

A couple of days later we had a route march. Owing to a rather late change in orders, while a few men brought their rifles and turned up in uniform the great majority did not. Still we were pleased with the day. We put up a great tramp, including Murber Bridge, Little Chimpington, Brookleigh and Sturton Much—villages in which a volunteer corps is something of a novelty, I should imagine, by the way the natives turned out. It was an opportunity, and loyally we responded to Mrs. Minter's instructions. We flattered ourselves that a recruiting sergeant following our line would have had an easy thing that day, and we openly regretted that we should never know the actual result of our effort. We were mistaken.

I dropped in to see Wrathby yesterday—he is our Quartermaster. There were half-a-dozen other people there, all strangers to me, and one or two of them, I found, strangers to the Wrathbys also. A placid old lady was achieving momentary importance by some narration when a word caught my ear—

"It was quite a sensation for Little Chimpington . . ."

"Little Chimpington!" I exclaimed.

"Mrs. Gapper lives there," explained the lady who had brought her.

"Sensation" sounded promising. What is termed a *dénouement* was evidently impending. I made sure of the alignment of my tie.

"I was speaking of a gang of those terrible German spies who were marched through the village recently," explained Mrs. Gapper for my benefit. "It is a mercy that the Government is interning them at last, for a more desperate type of men one could not imagine. Fortunately they were kept well under control by a few of our own soldiers, who marched by their sides with loaded rifles; but the glances that the prisoners cast in our direction as they were hurried by showed us plainly, now the masks were off, what we might expect at their hands."

"When was this?" I found myself asking huskily.

"Last Saturday—only last Saturday. I can see their faces yet. Such looks of malice, vindictiveness, brutal cunning, hopeless despair and baffled treachery I feel that I shall never be able to forget."

"You are quite sure that they *were* Germans?" asked her friend. "There seems to have been a doubt."

"My dear! With faces like that what else could they have been? Besides, they were branded."

"Branded!" It was Wrathby's voice, shrunk to a whisper. He also had heard and been drawn into the *dénouement*.

"Yes; everyone had to wear a wide red band round his arm with the letters A.E.D.C. on—Alien Enemy Detention Camp, of course."

* * * * *

There is a motion down for the next meeting of the Committee of the A—ton Emergency Defence Corps to substitute for the existing brassard one of the more conventional type. It is understood that it will be carried unanimously.

The Ideal Lodger.

"WANTED, superior Furnished Apartments, good neighbourhood, for Gentleman who gets all his meals out, sleeps out, pays for his washing, and calls once a week to settle his account."—*Hull Daily Mail.*

"A girl—quite a pretty girl, dark eyed, dark haired, high coloured, with anxious violet-blue eyes—came softly in."—*The Penny Magazine.*

Most of us only possess one pair, and it seems needlessly extravagant to use so many eyes at once. Why not save the violet-blue ones for Sunday?

From a parish magazine:—

"We regret to say that the Church gates, which have been on our mind for some time, have finally fallen to pieces."

Well, that ought to relieve the pressure a little.

THE LITTLE INCONVENIENCES OF WAR.



"WE SHALL PROBABLY HAVE IT ALL TO OURSELVES, AND WE CAN HAVE A QUIET KNOCK ROUND."



"HEAVENS! THE LOCAL VOLUNTEERS."



"YOU CAN'T GO YET, MAN! THE LINE IS STRAIGHT OVER THE SCOUT-MASTER."



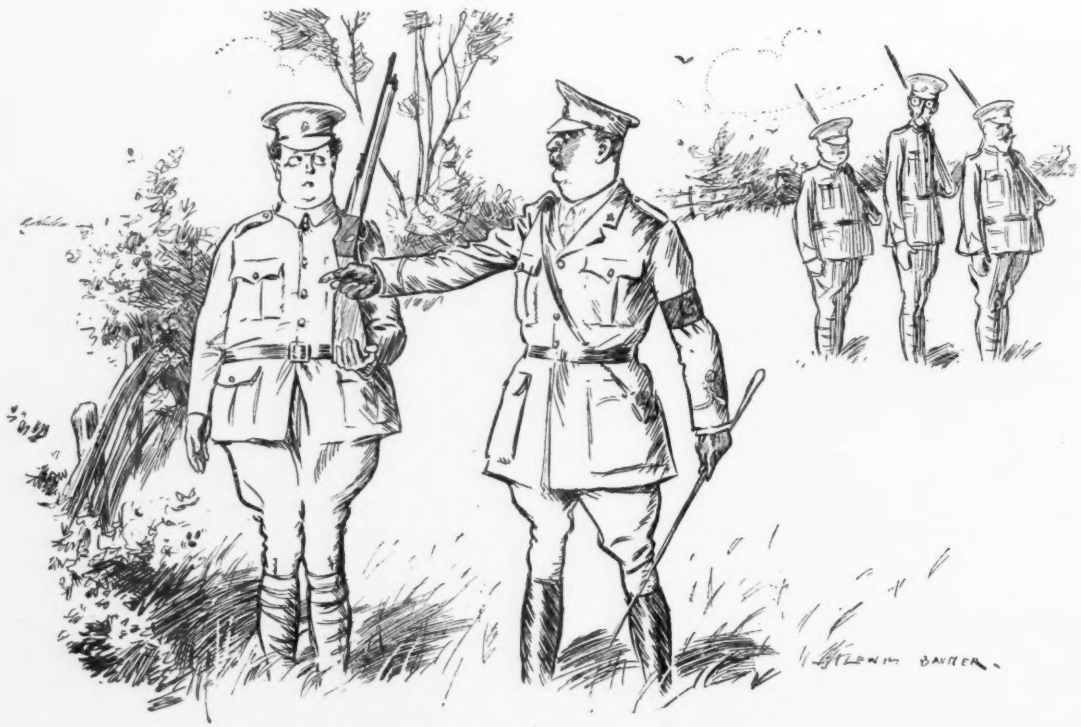
"GREAT SCOTT! YOU 'VE HIT A GUIDE-MISTRESS."



"IT'S NO GOOD, OLD BOY—I'M TOO NERVOUS."



"IT COMES TO THIS, OLD CHAP—WE SHALL HAVE TO JOIN SOMETHING."



A FIELD DAY WITH OUR VOLUNTEERS.

Officer (who has not lunched). "NOW, SIR, YOU 'VE GOT TO STAND HERE AND KEEP A SHARP LOOK-OUT ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. BUT YOU 'RE ON NO ACCOUNT TO SEE THE ENEMY TILL HALF-PAST TWO."

THE WOODS OF FRANCE.

MIDSUMMER, 1915.

NOT this year will the hamadryads sing
The old-time songs of Arcady that ran
Down the Lycæan glades; the joyous ring
Of satyr dancers call away their clan;
Not this year follow on the ripened Spring
The Summer pipes of Pan.

Cometh a time—as times have come before—
When the loud legions rushing in array,
The flying bullet and the cannon roar,
Scatter the Forest Folk in pale dismay
To hie them far from their green dancing floor
And wait a happier day.

Yet think not that your Forest Folk are dead;
To this old haunt, when friend has vanquished foe,
They will return anon with lightsome tread
And labour that this place they love and know,
All broken now and bruised, may raise its head
And still in beauty grow.

Wherefore they wait the coming of good time
In the green English woods down Henley way,
In meadows where the tall cathedrals chime,
Or watching from the white St. Margaret's Bay,
Or North among the heather hills that climb
Above the Tweed and Tay.

And you, our fighters in the woods of France,
Take heart and smite their enemy, the Hun,
Who knows not Arcady, by whom the dance
Of fauns is scattered, at whose deeds the sun
Hides in despair; strike boldly and perchance
The work will soon be done.

To you, so fighting, messengers will bring
The comfort of quiet places; in the din
Of battle you shall hear the murmuring
Of the home winds and waters; there will win
Through to your hearts the word, "Still Pan is king;
His Midsummer is in."

A Little Learning.

"A WOZZLEITE'S 'NEUGMA.'—Apropos of our recent 'Turnover' by 'A Wozzleite' a correspondent writes:—'Lest any of your readers should need a bit of hustling as regards their 'Humanities,' I may point out that there is a pretty instance of what grammarians call 'Neugma' in what 'A Wozzleite' wrote about Mr. Johnson: 'The Secretary was Mr. Johnson, our organist, who is always ready to accompany anything, from "God Save the King" to the young ladies home from the choral class.'

'Neugma' is when one meaning of a word is made to accompany another meaning. It is a playful practice indulged in by Virgil (Aen vi., 680, 682, and 683), and very frequently by Thomas Hood and Captain Basil Hood."—*The Globe.*

It seems to us that the correspondent and the printer between them have rather over-hustled the Humanities. Zeugma we know, and also Syllepsis, but what is "Neugma"?



THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

[M. VENEZELOS has been returned at the head of a party commanding an overwhelming majority.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 14th of June.—With ordinary course of legislation blocked this Session there has been so little work to do that House has met only three days a week. Arrangement highly popular with country Members, who, with Monday thrown into usual week-end recess, are enabled to see something of their families at home. Variation arranged for this week. Second Reading of Budget Bill put down for to-day. This one of the events of a Session. On such occasions CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER is accustomed to deliver important speech leading to extended debate. To-day Members with one accord put aside private engagements; hurried down to House in anticipation of important discussion.

Occasion chanced to find that eminent traveller, COLUMBUS VASCO DA GAMA MAGELLAN JOSEPH WALTON, Bt. in Scotland. Had prepared elaborate and convincing speech upon CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER'S financial proposals. Situation embarrassed by reason of restricted train service north of the Tweed on the Sabbath-day. CHINESE WALTON, as he is called for short, not the man to be beaten by trivial obstacle like that. By organisation of motor-cars making connection with train bound South arrived in town early this morning.

Got down to House in good time to secure corner-seat immediately behind Treasury Bench, a favourable position for delivery of epoch-making speech. As soon as Questions were over, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, with characteristic modesty seated low down on Bench, picked up his despatch-box and passed on to seat opposite brassbound box usually occupied by Minister in charge of current debate.

Orders of day called on, SPEAKER recited first on list.

"Finance (No. 2) Bill; Second Reading."

Then a strange thing happened. Reminiscent of historic fight between the Earl of CHATHAM and Sir RICHARD STRAHAN. MCKENNA, having been privily informed of intention of Member for Barnsley to make a speech, sat waiting for CHINESE WALTON. CHINESE WALTON, longing to be at him, sat waiting for CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. Meanwhile the SPEAKER, above all things a man of business, observing that no one rose to open debate, put the Question, declared it carried in the affirmative, and the Budget Bill for 1915, involving unparalleled expenditure, passed its critical stage without a word spoken.

Business done.—Budget Bill read a second time. House adjourned after an hour's sitting.



REGINALD ATLAS MCKENNA,
The Record Cash Lifter.

Tuesday.—House crowded in every part in expectation of speech from PRIME MINISTER on moving new (the fifth) Vote of Credit. Anticipation more than realised on highest level. Expecting one speech Members charmed with two. Remarkable by contrast in conception and style. The first evidently carefully prepared. When greeted by hearty cheer that testified to enjoyment of full sympathy of the House, later acknowledged—"to me a source of strength and a stimulus to more efficient performance of arduous duties"—PREMIER laid on box a sheaf of notes. Frequently referred to them during speech that did not occupy more than half-an-hour. In no degree embarrassed by the tie. A blind man listening would not have known that he had provided himself with assistance of notes.

The second speech, in its way quite distinct, was necessarily delivered on spur of moment. It arose upon brief debate following harangue by DALZIEL, who in absence of organised Opposition is making close study of the Candid Friend. PREMIER adroitly seized opportunity, not designedly provided, to make two happy hits. A little difficulty about appointment to Irish Lord Chancellorship at one time threatened rupture with Irish Nationalists. This afternoon, JOHN DILLON, whilst reserving to his Party the right to criticise the new Ministry on its merits, declared they would always be controlled by honest and sincere desire to aid it in carrying the War to a triumphant issue. With grateful acknowledgment the PREMIER tactfully sealed this pledge, "given on behalf of the Irish Party by one who has for many years been one of its most distinguished leaders and spokesmen."

Another difficulty arose upon appointment of ex-General CARSON to the Attorney-Generalship. Naturally resented by Home Rulers, of whom he was the most dangerous opponent. PREMIER now disclosed the fact that when the post was first offered CARSON declined it, tardily yielding to strong pressure put upon him.

General impression that these two speeches have effectually dispelled cloud of dislike, displayed chiefly on Liberal benches, that gathered round Coalition Government. Its position in the House and the country distinctly strengthened.

The M'NEILL (not SWIFT, but RONALD) still on the war-path, hunting after German princes and barons who have during times of peace and amity possessed themselves of residential estates in this country. Here, for example, is Prince MÜNSTER, late of Maresfield Park, Sussex, Aide-de-Camp to the KAISER, now at the Front assisting in



A MARESFIELD NEST.

DISCOVERY OF VALUABLE CATTLE AT MARESFIELD PARK BY MR. RONALD M'NEILL.



Ex-Policeman (finding Germans hiding in wood). "NOW THEN—PASS ALONG THERE, PASS ALONG!"

gassing his former hosts and neighbours. M'NEILL wants to know whether this property, with a valuable herd of cattle in the park, is preserved intact for the enemy owner, or whether its conveniences and resources are being utilized for war purposes?

HOME SECRETARY, whose guileless appearance, remarkable in an ex-Attorney-General, gave added point to his remark, said that the PUBLIC TRUSTEE, who is administering these things in the national interest, informed him that there is no such herd of valuable cattle in the park as pictured by the fond fancy of The M'NEILL.

"There are," he added, "four cows of the ordinary kind, and they are doing their utmost for the benefit of British subjects."

Business done.—Vote of Credit for 250 million agreed to without murmur.

Wednesday.—In debate on Vote of Credit UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR by remarkable statement added to mystery that broods over supply of Munitions of War. "There have," he said, "been no cases of shortage of high explosive bombs since February. At present moment there is an ample supply with ample reserve."

Business done.—Vote of Credit passed Report Stage. Budget Bill nearly through Committee.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Lord NEWTON is a precious asset. Is accustomed at intervals too widely separated to enliven dull debate by sparkling speech, the brilliancy of its flashes of humour intensified by stony solemnity of countenance. A sound Party man, sure to be found in right Lobby when division in progress, he does not hesitate upon due occasion to gird at noble Lords on his own side, even though they be seated on one or other of the Front Benches.

LANSDOWNE never openly resented this freedom. Bided his time for making the retort courteous. It came with opportunity of nominating members of his following to a share of offices in Coalition Government.

He made Lord NEWTON Paymaster-General.

The little joke, excellent in conception, has its lamentable aspect, since henceforward the candid critic, seated on Ministerial Bench, will find himself tongue-tied. Pith of joke lies in circumstance that whilst NEWTON is dignified by name and office of Paymaster-General, suggesting lavish distribution of unlimited financial resources, he himself remains without a salary. By one of the incongruities of the British constitution the PAYMASTER-GENERAL is himself unpaid.

Possibly in extreme development of Communistic principles shewn in the pooling of Ministerial salaries the forlorn condition of the PAYMASTER-GENERAL may not have been overlooked. If anything has been done it is by voluntary contribution, not by State provision.

Business done.—LLOYD GEORGE reappearing on Treasury Bench in new guise as Minister of Munitions loudly cheered from both sides. Progress in Committee with Civil Service Votes.

Love's Captives.

"A pretty local wedding was solemnised at —— Parish Church yesterday . . . Later Mr. and Mrs. —— left for Cardiff en route for the Devonshire coast. Prisoners of War."
Pembroke County Guardian.

All, of course, is fair in Love and War, and this similarity may have led to a confusion between them on the part of the compositor.

Corrections to Indian Army Regulations, Medical, recently issued:—

"Para 17, page 5, line 17, add the following:—

An engagement is also terminated by the marriage of a lady nurse."

This putting of an end to betrothal is among the many regrettable effects of wedlock.



A BERLIN PROBLEM.

Wife. "OTTO, WHERE ARE WE GOING FOR OUR HOLIDAYS THIS SUMMER?"
Otto. "WELL—ER—THERE'S TURKEY."

AT THE FRONT.

IT is hard for the most insensible of men to look on at this war unmoved for long. We have looked on at it for months and months and months from a haunt of ancient peace known for some obscure antiquarian reason as a firing line; and now we are to be moved; to-morrow, or the next day, or, to sum up all the possibilities in the word of the historic despatch, "shortly." Indeed, the Sergeant-Major even now approaching with his indestructible smile may bear the details that we are to follow. The Sergeant-Major is a great man for a detail. Nothing escapes him. Three weeks ago measles stole into our midst like thieves in the night. The S.-M. had them before you could say "Bosch."

Pending the push-off, we anti-asphyxiate ourselves. There used to be some doubt among N.C.O.'s supervising as to whether the impedimenta supplied for that end were inspirators or perspirators. Eventually they compromised on "gas-bags." Only nine patterns have so far been issued, but the more cautious of us wear all these simultaneously, so if Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9 fail, 2, 4, 6 and 8 may prove efficacious.

Preparations for the trek are in train. Each Platoon Commander—in view of the fact that men who have lived nine months in ditches may have mislaid the use of their feet—has written out slips permitting No. 000 Private Blank to fall out and report at Dash with all possible expedition. Now our Mr. Mactavish is a very thorough officer, and he was determined that no one was going to catch *him* out through his having too few of these backsliding permits. But when I found him engaged on the sixty-fourth, the strength of his platoon being forty-seven, I felt compelled to demand some explanation. He seems to have assumed that some men might fall out twice. To me, the assumption that men whose feet have given way will pick up a taxi somewhere and overhaul you just for the pleasure of falling out again, appeared rash.

Since the foregoing was indelibled, we have walked a great walk—seven leagues, no less. At intervals, we bivouac in odd bits of Europe that happen to be unoccupied when we stumble on them. Some are crowded with horrible dangers. Never shall I forget seeing Private Packer wake up from his afternoon sleep to find himself practically in the act of being bitten by a ferocious cow. Springing up with a loud cry, he threw the officers' kettle at the savage ruminant; whereas by all the best traditions he should have continued to smile. Fortunately the cow (like President WILSON) was too proud to fight.

The trek has been a great disappointment to those who were looking forward to writing home brave accounts of "how I marched forty miles on a biscuit and a cough-lozenge?" When we got to our first bivouac three of us had just made a frugal meal of malted milk tablets and melted barley sugar when the Mess-Sergeant loomed up with the news that lunch was served. My appetite was so impoverished by previous indulgence that I gave up after the third course. But the coffee and cigars were admirable.

We are now billeted in a wood. The billets make excellent fuel, and there are no wild animals except beetles, which, though large and highly coloured, appear quite pacific. The glow-worms glow of an evening and help out the embers of the moribund fires, which are strictly doomed to die with the daylight. Round these embers Mr. Atkins stands in groups and renders with every variety of modulation and idiosyncracy, but with united cheerfulness, his famous patriotic number, "I want to go home." The stars are in their heaven and Mr. Atkins is not downhearted.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GREEN FLAG."

IF one is permitted to judge of a man by the kind of woman he attracts, the character of *Lord Milverdale* (or *Peter*, for short) is an interesting enigma. For some reason best known to himself (like most of the obscurities in a play it happened before the curtain rose) he had married a rich and spiteful vulgarian. On the other hand, for his second love he had selected in *Janet Grierson* a woman of exceptional sweetness and refinement. The domestic complications which followed upon the discovery of this diversion of his affections compelled him to withdraw to America, and it was from there that he wrote to *Janet*, inviting her (with cable-form enclosed) to join him by the next liner. Naturally one was intrigued about the personality of a man for whose heart there was competition between two such opposite types, and it was very regrettable that a respect for the dramatic unities prevented Mr. KEBLE HOWARD from gratifying our curiosity by letting *Peter* appear on the stage.

In his unavoidable absence, *Lady Milverdale* relentlessly pursued her husband's lover, and would have been well content to break up the happy home of another couple—*Sir Hugh* and *Lady Brandreth*, friends of both parties—if by sowing unwarrantable suspicions against her rival she could have got her revenge. You will gather that our sympathies were not encouraged to take the side of morality, and that the injured woman had no chance with us as against the disturber of her peace. But Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER would never have lent himself to the defeat of virtue in however repellent a guise, and in the person of *Sir Hugh Brandreth, K.C.*, after using his forensic gifts to dissuade *Janet* from joining her lover, he succeeds in finding a passable solution of things, though he never exactly readjusts our disordered emotions.

The degeneration of comedy into farce is a frequent subject of critical attack; but here it was the farcical element that revived us. The First Act had gone rather tamely, and in the opening of the Second some of us only listened to Mr. BOURCHIER'S sound homilies on the after-effects of lawless elopement with the respectful toleration due to the accepted generalities of common experience. It was then that the arrival of *Lady Milverdale* in *Brandreth's* chambers, hot on the track of *Janet*, gave opportunities for a game of hide-and-seek, in which, after some diverting acrobacy, the huntress is tracked down by her quarry. And so the play was saved.

It was a charming irony that assigned to Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, of all



SAPPING THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Lady Milverdale . Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER.
Lady Brandreth . Miss KYRLE BELLEW.

unlikely people, the part of serpent in the original Paradise of the *Milverdales*. For myself I made no attempt to believe that a wrong thought could ever



A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

Mr. BOURCHIER (*Sir Hugh Brandreth*) in full peace-paint.

have found accommodation in her nice head. To hear her urging, with that gentle voice of hers, the desirability of breaking the seventh commandment was to listen to an innocent child pleading for the right to play with its favourite toy. The fact—deplorable, if you like—is that Miss BRAITHWAITE was never meant to be anything but her charming self, though within those limits her moods can vary all right, as in the startling change by which she totally forgets her tragedy in the sudden joy of scoring off the other woman. This thankless part was played with sacrificial devotion by Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER, who to the odious qualities of a scandalmonger was asked to add the ridiculous affectation of a woman who had climbed into a world to which she did not belong. Her ignorance of the proprieties went so far that she called at her husband's club for his letters; and the strange thing was that the hall-porter obliged her. At which of Mr. KEBLE HOWARD'S fashionable clubs is this kind of outrage permitted?

Mr. BOURCHIER was excellent in the little that he had to do; but it was almost too easy for him. As for Miss KYRLE BELLEW, who played *Lady Brandreth*, her angularity will wear off with time and teaching; but she must try to dress for the part she plays, having no need to advertise her native piquancy. Miss BARBARA GOTT, as a garrulous housekeeper, kept the First Act alive, and Miss MAY WHITTY, as a mother and an afterthought, was useful in the Third Act, to which her natural ease of manner brought a refreshing air of probability.

The title of the play, *The Green Flag*, had nothing to do with the Nationalists, and implied no competition with the Union Jack. It was a symbol taken from the railway, and was waved by the K.C. as a caution to *Janet*.

Mr. KEBLE HOWARD has not committed a masterpiece. His titled people smack a little of that Suburbia in which he has specialised. But the play should have a decent run for the sake of the farcical business of the Second Act.

O. S.

P.S.—I regret that in a recent notice of *Armageddon* I did Mr. MARTIN HARVEY an injustice in attributing to him the unfortunate change in the Scene where *Joan of Arc* was made to address the English general, and not, as in the original text, the French General. Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS writes to inform me that he himself suggested this alteration during rehearsal.

"MR. AND MRS. PONSONBY."

"Surely, you would not let your wife come between us!" says the lovely but naughty *Mrs. Chesterton* to the infatuated *Jim Ponsonby* in Mr. WALTER HACKETT'S new farcical comedy. The remark is typical of the

spirit of the play. There are only seven characters, and six of them are at one time or another engaged in pronounced flirtations with somebody else's spouse. I wonder if *Williams*, the *Ponsonbys'* solemn-faced butler (Mr. EDWARD DUGGIE), was able to keep track of the amorous permutations and combinations in which his master and mistress were involved in the course of three Acts. My own recollections of the plot are somewhat hazy—perhaps because I laughed so much—but I remember that *Jim Ponsonby*, in order to find time to make love to *Mrs. Chesterton*, accused his wife of flirting with *Dick Trevor*; and that *Mrs. Jim*, though quite innocent of any such intention, was gradually converted to a belief that she was really in love with *Dick*. The principal agent in this conversion was her disreputable papa, *Horatio Billington*, who assured her that "the Billingtons are all like that," and proceeded to illustrate the family failing by inviting *Mrs. Chesterton* to a *tête-à-tête* supper. On his advice, too, *Jim*, in order to arouse his wife's jealousy and so to recover her affections, makes violent love to *Mrs. Trevor*. That brings *Dick* to his bearings, and eventually leads to a restoration of the *status quo* all round.

Played by an inferior company I can imagine this kaleidoscopic study in conjugal frailty being absurd and unpleasant. Handled as it is by the accomplished performers at the Comedy Theatre it is wholly unobjectionable, and goes with unchecked brightness and zest. As the husband-lovers—the one a mixture of priggishness and excitability, the other by turns forward and lethargic—Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS and Mr. SAM SOTHERN are well suited; while Mr. FRED KERR plays the elderly *roué* with easy certainty. Miss LYDIA BILBROOKE looks very handsome as the fascinating *Mrs. Chesterton*. The chief burden of the piece falls on the plump shoulders of Miss MARION LORNE, who sustains it admirably as *Mrs. Ponsonby*. A slight American accent gave additional point to her lines, while her varied facial expression would make her fortune as a film-actress. L.

The 500th performance of that delightful play, *Potash and Perlmutter*, at the Queen's Theatre on the 24th, will be a matinée, of which the entire receipts are to be devoted to the funds of the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park.

"The Hand that Rocks the Cradle."

"In Bangalore one 6 H. P. A. C. Sociable Cycle Car, in good order till lately driven by a lady."—*The Madras Mail.*



"I DON'T 'OLD WITH THIS 'ERE VACCINATION, MRS. GREEN. WHAT 'S VACCINATION DONE FOR MY LITTLE TOMMY? SINCE I 'AD 'IM DONE 'E'S 'AD WHOOPING-COUGH, CHICKEN-POX, MEASLES—IN FACT, EVERYTHINK BUT SMALL-POX!"

THE KHAKI WEDDING.

THE bride would capture every heart
  At wedding routs, when peace was rifer;
The bridegroom played a thankless part,
  He seemed the merest cipher;
But khaki 's now the only cry
Where once the lady filled the eye.

Eclipsed, she flaunts no gorgeous dress,
  No costly veil, no sheath of lilies,
No orange blossoms, less and less
  Of silk and satin "frillies";
She dresses on a modest plan
To leave him every chance she can.

'Tis well: the lack of fine array
  Best fits a sacrificial altar;
Her man to-morrow joins the fray,
  And yet she does not falter;
Simple her gown, but still we see
The bride in all her bravery.

"Situation Mousekeeper or good Plain Cook, age 43; good reference; now disengaged."
Portsmouth Evening News.

Nothing doing. So few people want a menial who keeps mice.

"Mr. Milton Rosmer . . . has also had hopes of reviving 'She Stoops to Conquer,' but it is as difficult to play Sheridan in a theatre as it is to play Mozart in an opera house, such very special art being required."
Pall Mall Gazette.

But why turn down GOLDSMITH?

"Mohamed Khalil, who is incarcerated in the prison of the Native Court of Appeal, is reported to be viewing things in a spirit of stoic bravado. He asked for a barber yesterday morning while he has sent out to purchase bootlaces and a collar stud."
The Sudan Herald.

Ah, but wait until the collar-stud rolls under the chest-of-drawers. That will take the bravado out of him.

THE ENCOUNTER.

THIS is not my story. It was related to me by Hattersley, who is a dog-owner and a dog-elevator. That is to say, he elevates dogs to a superhuman position, which, in my opinion, they are not qualified to occupy. I'm all for dogs, so long as they are kept in their proper places, in a kennel or a stable or something of that kind; but Hattersley has them everywhere—on beds and chairs and sofas. He spends part of his time in teaching them elementary tricks with biscuits or lumps of sugar, and takes up the rest by giving long accounts of their extraordinary sagacity in detecting character. Dogs and children, he says, are like that. They always know in one sniff who likes them and take their measures accordingly. However, I didn't mean to set out all Hattersley's theories on dogs, but to let him tell one of his dog stories. When you've heard it you'll know what kind of man he is. So here goes, in Hattersley's words as nearly as I can remember them:—

"There's only one weak point," said Hattersley, "about dogs, and that is their insistence on being taken for walks. You can't fob them off with a stroll in the garden. If you try, they lie down and refuse to follow you and display no interest whatever in your proceedings. They *will* go outside the grounds. I can't take my pack of three Pekinese and one Great Dane out on our country roads on account of the Dane's capacity for sudden pouncing on other dogs. He means no harm, poor beast, but he disconcerts and angers other dog-owners, especially ladies, and if the other dogs resent his pounces he naturally fights. It is a point of honour with him. Besides, the Pekinese either stroll defiantly along the crown of the road, thus interrupting all traffic and giving occasion for violent language from motor-cars, or they push their investigation into the nature of grass-tufts to such a point of prolonged particularity that they get left far behind and have to be retrieved and carried after shouts and whistles have been spent on them in vain. These things being so, I have, in the matter of dog-walks, concentrated on a path along the bank of a river, where there is no traffic of wheels, and where on most days other pedestrians and other dogs are so few as to be scarcely noticeable. Here I exercised my dogs until I came to have a sense of private ownership over this particular walk.

"So things went on quite comfortably for some time. But one morning I chanced to walk along my sacred path meditating I know not what trifles and entirely absorbed in them. The Pekinese were following their own devices. The Dane was pacing by my side, and my hand was fortunately on his collar, when I felt a sudden tension and looked up. A hundred yards away, but coming towards me, my startled eyes beheld a tall military-looking lady conducting, at the end of a strong lead, a massive and monstrous bulldog. At the same moment she saw me and we both stopped. I failed to restrain the Pekinese; they made a combined rush and were all round the advancing bulldog in a moment. He did not seem to be aware of their existence, but with eyes glaring fearfully and with foaming mouth he was straining at his lead in a violent endeavour to get at Hamlet, who, on his side, seemed to be consumed with an equal fury. I must mention that Hamlet has a special distaste for bulldogs. In early life, before he came to me, he had lived on intimate terms with a dog of that breed. He consoled himself for that temporary friendship by trying to massacre every bulldog he met. The situation was serious, for we were on a narrow path which at this point was bounded on one side by the river, on the other by a row of willows and a wide ditch.

"'This,' shouted the lady, 'is terrible.'

"'It is,' I said, 'highly inconvenient.'

"'My dog,' she said, 'is most good-natured with little dogs, but he always flies at big dogs, and he can't bear Danes.'

"'Hamlet,' I said, 'is just like that. He detests bulldogs.'

"'If you wouldn't mind going into the ditch,' she said, 'we might get past.'

"I feel that the situation is worthy of one of Mr. BELLOC'S battle-plans; but I have no skill in these, and must ask you to imagine the features of the ground and the movements of two commanders whose ardent desire was not to collide but to avoid one another. Both of us were all but tugged over, but at length we accomplished our manœuvres and got past, and after reciprocal apologies we were able to resume our walks, the Pekinese being with immense difficulty persuaded to abandon their new playfellow.

"We met again on the following two mornings, but in a more open patch of country, where the lady was able to fetch a wide circuit in a meadow. She cowered down in the grass three hundred yards away until the danger was over; but the Pekinese of course tracked her down and seemed determined to plunge down the throat of her animated canine gargoyle. Obviously this sort of thing couldn't go on. On the fourth morning we met again on the confined path. This time Hamlet gave a wrench, the bulldog made a bound, and in a lightning-flash the two were rushing at one another's throats. The lady averted her eyes, I held my breath, and in anticipation I beheld us collecting the tattered remnants of what had once been dogs. Crash! They met; but, instead of setting to work to devour one another, they began to gambol round, to yap with pleasure, to pursue one another in short circles and altogether to give the liveliest signs of joy. The relief was extraordinary. The apprehensive lady raised her head. 'They must have known one another,' she said; and indeed it was so. We discovered that these were the very two dogs who had spent their childhood together. They had known it all the time, and had strained and panted for reunion while we strove to keep them apart. I assure you dogs are better and more intelligent than men. After that we could meet without fear."

That is Hattersley's story. For my own part I don't quite see why he makes such a point of it. What strikes me is this, that Hattersley, who has known dogs all his life, thought they were purple with passion, when as a matter of fact they were wild with joy.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

THE Italian Blue Cross Fund of the Rome Society for the Protection of Animals is in great need of funds for the establishment of hospitals for horses wounded in the War, for the provision of veterinary surgeons and the supply of ambulances and drugs. This is the first appeal that Mr. Punch has made for our new Allies, and he hopes that some of his readers will kindly send gifts in aid to Mrs. GRAHAM-HARRISON, 36, Sloane Gardens, S.W.

"Sociable young fellow required to go half-shares in season's expenses in fully equipped river camp, age about 25 to 30, good thing for someone suitable."—*Advt. in "Daily Mail."*

There are several other camps ready to welcome sociable young fellows of this age; "good thing for someone suitable."

Alone they did it.

Extract from Battalion Orders, Tipperary, June 17th:—

"To-morrow being the Centenary of the Battle of Waterloo, in which the R. Innis. Furs. was the only Regiment that took part, the afternoon will be observed as a half-holiday by the Brigade."



Sergeant (to recruit wandering about at the will of his horse), "'ERE, YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' THERE, RIDIN' UP AN' DOWN LIKE A GENERAL?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *The Soul of the War* (HEINEMANN) Mr. PHILIP GIBBS writes with that sympathy, perception and distinction which by diligent use of his deft and careful pen he has trained us to expect. He is at his worst in such passages as "I went out to aid them but did not like the psychology of this street, where death was teasing the footsteps of men, yapping at their heels." Red, whether of flags or trousers, is never mere red to him, but always "blood-red." And he lets himself be decoyed into patches of irrelevant purple—tiresome snares of his trade. "Heavens!" you seem to hear him say, "if this agony of war, this tragic blend of heroism and bestial savagery is not to move a man to eloquence will anything ever on God's earth?" And yet despite this reasonable plea it remains true that he is at his best where most direct and artless, and that there is some faint lapse from taste in fine writing about such infinitely poignant realities. That said, one can praise unreservedly both the matter and spirit of this book. And indeed both make such criticism seem rather too frigidly academic. Mr. GIBBS does not write as the complacent journalist reporting unique "stories." He gives both sides of his picture, the expected and the other: the courage and resource of men and the high glory of battle, the nausea and despairing depression, the occasional failure of the shattered spirit, the insurgent brutality, the haunting perplexity that shadows even the stoutest and most inspiring patriotism—"Why kill—or be killed by—men against whom I have (or had) no possible quarrel?" Passionately he wants us others never to let these dreadfully futile things happen again, and invites us to share the blame for a system which makes it possible. And this without assuming that there is anything else to be done now but bring a murderous group to justice, or without failing to recognise that to have yielded to the menaces of their power and insolence would have been a worse thing for the world than even the horrors it has found. It is not a book for the faint-hearted or the empty-headed—if there be any such left. The others should read it for its truth, its sincerity and the candour of its criticism.

If, as I suspect, *Hyssop* (CONSTABLE) is a first novel, it contains ample promise to make me expect considerable things from Mr. M. T. H. SADLER in the future. I say this because, while the present volume is agreeable enough—though the plot, which only develops in the final chapters, is grim and hardly for everybody's reading—it is obvious that the author is as yet by no means fully master of his art. As with many young writers, his power of observation has somewhat intoxicated him; detail, he has yet to learn, is for the novelist a good servant that can easily become a tyrant. For example, Mr. SADLER has remembered and recorded practically everything about the life of a modern Oxford undergraduate; but though the result is a wonderfully faithful presentation, it might well provoke impatience in those who have no personal associations to help the interest of the picture. It is too like a bound volume of *The Isis*. Through four-fifths of the book he records minutely the characters and trivial actions of *Philip Murray* and his undergraduate friends in order to prepare the effect of the one big event at the end. Occasionally, circumstance has given to some of this detail an unexpectedly poignant value. I found myself arrested, for example, by

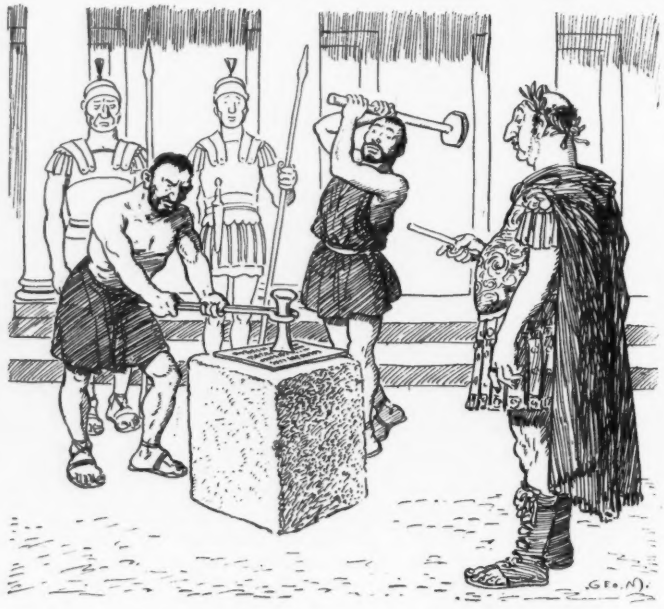
the skill with which a foreign railway station at night had been caught, with "the whistle of the pneumatic breaks" as the express comes to halt above the low platforms; one of the sounds that seem to echo now out of the happy unrecoverable years. Occasionally the detail is simply superfluous. "Philip left his hat and stick in the white panelled hall, denied the necessity of washing his hands immediately, and followed Laddie . . . into the garden." That is what I mean by hinting that when Mr. SADLER discovers what to leave out we shall all be the better for it.

In these days of massive trilogies, when your novelist demands at least four hundred pages in which to bring his hero's career up to the point where he is informed by his private-school master that he has passed the entrance examination for Harrow, it is a refreshing change to come seeks consolation with a fellow-artist and friend of ten years' standing, while *Rosamund*, after the divorce proceedings, returns to England and marries *Philip*, and is now being thoroughly bored by that excellent but limited young man. Miss BOTTOME has all the talents. She draws characters that step out of the pages and walk before one; she establishes atmosphere with an economy of words almost miraculous in these long-winded days; and she contrives, without straining for epigram, to insert in every chapter phrase after phrase worthy of the reviewer's best compliment—the pencil-mark in the margin.

When I found myself confronted with a volume of very short stories over the signature of "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" I was at first inclined to suspect that the limitations of such a medium would not allow scope for the exercise



IN THESE DAYS A TREATY, BEING ONLY WRITTEN ON PAPER, IS EASILY DEALT WITH.



BUT IT WAS A MORE TROUBLESOME MATTER IN THE TIMES OF BRONZE TABLETS.

across a book like *The Captive* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), opening in the middle of the story with an almost cinema-like abruptness. Miss PHYLLIS BOTTOME is no believer in the leisurely type of novel. The story snatches you up and whirls you along, and you have no more chance of getting out of it than if you were in Niagara Rapids. Miss BOTTOME has hit on an ultra-modern problem as the basis of her latest story: what is to be done with the woman who is sufficiently advanced to be bored with the sheltered life yet too conventional to fit comfortably into the life that is broader and more vivid? This is the fate of *Rosamund Beaumont*, who flies from the conventional, as represented by *Philip Strangeways*, to the unconventional, in the person of *Pat O'Malley*, the impecunious artist of Rome. There was that in her which prevented her settling down "in endless English comfort, by county folks caressed"; but, on the other hand, she did wish *Pat* would dress for dinner, and, while she made no real objection to his friends, she "only wanted to know who people were, and if they *must* have them running in and out at all hours, as if they kept a station waiting-room." In the end *Pat* very naturally of that delightful author's special and peculiar gift. You know what I mean. That involving of the reader in a maze of absurd but severely logical intrigue that keeps him breathlessly pursuing laughter through chapter after chapter. In a sense I was both right and wrong, chiefly the latter. Though there are some stories in *Minnie's Bishop* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) that practically anybody else could have written, there are also others that show Mr. "BIRMINGHAM" at his best. Especially would I wish to record my delight in three quite exquisite little sketches of character—"Onnie Dever," the story of a barefoot fisher-girl who became the leading lady in an American dress emporium; "Bedclothes," which tells how a curate, smothered in conventionalities, obtained relief; and one other, a thing of the tenderest and most delicate art, which I will leave you to identify for yourself. A word of warning: do not be put off by the fact that for some obscure reason the author has chosen to name his volume after a story that, though it comes first, is a long way the feeblest in the collection. There are others that for wit and wisdom in a little room will make ample amends.



FLAG DAY. THE PATRIOT'S PROGRESS.

CHARIVARIA.

THE *Tägliche Rundschau's* message to the KAISER is, "Harden your heart!" More reinforced concrete?

* * *

The Archduke EUGENE of Austria has assured his officers that they will spend Christmas in Venice and Milan. As a matter of fact, we understand, they will be sent further south.

* * *

Extract from an article in *The Egyptian Mail* describing the ceremony of Selamlik in Constantinople under the present Sultan:—"My last recollections of a Selamlik go back to the times of ABDUL HAMID. How the scene has lost in splendour! Instead of the brilliant mass of gorgeously uninformed infantry and cavalry, a few hundred soldiers in khaki. . . ." Still, less gorgeousness and more information probably mean an increase in efficiency.

* * *

The CHIEF RABBI has announced his intention of going to France to visit Jewish soldiers serving there. He is also said to be anxious to investigate the report circulated by a misprinter that the men in the trenches burrow like rabbis.

* * *

A systematic study of the cracks in the buildings of the Tower of London is to be undertaken weekly for a period of twelve months, at the suggestion of the principal architect in charge of the Royal Palaces. It speaks well for the moral regeneration of our criminal classes in these days that several of our leading cracksmen are said to have offered their services for the good work.

* * *

Mouth-organs have so often made life impossible that we were glad to read last week that one had saved the life of a Canadian at the Front.

* * *

"Now," says Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, "we know pretty accurately what the enemy's reserves of men are—at least of men at all useful for his purpose, and excluding the boys and middle-aged people whom popular journalism summons up to swell his figures." Our experience of the average middle-aged German is that he swells his own figure.

* * *

In a paragraph on the opening of the general angling season a contemporary reports, "Big barbel are jumping freely in the Thames." It is really very silly of these fish to be so nervy seeing that no enemy submarine has yet penetrated the river. Their *confrères* in the high seas must be greatly tickled.

* * *

A German machine gun and a trench mortar captured in France have been buried by the Army Council in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution.

* * *

An interesting result of the rumour that the sale of lamb and veal is to be prohibited has been noticed by observant persons. Staid old sheep have been seen frisking about and cutting the most absurd capers, while elderly cows have been observed nuzzling yet older ones, in the hope that the butcher will not realise that they have grown up.

New Light on Magna Carta.

"Few people in Egham, no doubt, thought of Tuesday, June 15th, as the 700th anniversary of the signing of Magna Charta on the island of 'Runingmede,' between Windsor and Staines, which is in the parish of Egham. Many of us, however, have a notion of what that Charter meant to England and our forefathers, and it is well to remember the day. Seven hundred years ago one of the fickle Stewarts was met by that bold band of Barons.

Imagine the scene: King Charles is handed the document, and in the language of the day, politely but gently was he impressed with the need for such a Charter and advised probably that it would be all the better for his health if he signed it."—*Surrey Herald.*

It was on this occasion that KING CHARLES, the well-known "Stewart," remarked (as recorded by SHAKSPEARE):

> After my death I wish no other herald,
> No other speaker of my living actions
> To keep my honour from corruption
> Than such an honest chronicler.

"The Germans are now turning their attention to T.N.A.—tetra-nitro-aniline—an even more powerful explosive than the famous T.N.T. It is hinted, however, that we are not behindhand in regard to this point.

GET A BOX TO-DAY."

Yorkshire Evening Post.

This advice is not only dangerous but, in view of the needs of our soldiers at the Front, most unpatriotic, and should be unhesitatingly rejected.

Motto for Mr. D. A. THOMAS, who is to be sent to the U.S. and Canada to discuss the question of munition contracts on the spot:—*Bis D.A.T. qui cito D.A.T.*

TO ONE WHO TAKES HIS EASE.

LOOK in your heart! make inquisition there
Of service done in this supreme of hours—
What sacrifice for England's sake you bear,
To what high use or humble put your powers!
If, pleading local duty's louder call
Or weight of years that checks the soaring wing,
You are excused the dearest gift of all,
What of the next best thing?

No doubt the War has touched you—that we guess,
And so have some of your importunate friends;
From time to time you post them, when they press,
A little cheque for charitable ends;
You have reduced your tribute to the hunt,
Declined to bring the family to Town,
Discharged your second footman to the Front
And shut a tweeny down.

Hearing that each is bound to do his bit
In that estate where he is set by Heaven,
You trouble less about your trousers' fit,
And eat six courses in the place of seven;
Upon your pint of champagne still you count,
But later drinks you temperately dock
(Because at clubs the alcoholic fount
Closes at ten o'clock).

A hundred needs cry out to such as you
For willing labour—watches of the night,
Shells to be filled, a turn of work to do
That sets a good man free to go and fight;
But tasks like these entail a lack of rest;
They put a strain on people's arms and backs;
And you've enough to bear with rents depressed
And all that super-tax.

Well, if you're satisfied, then all is said;
If, sheltered close and snug, you shirk the blast,
Immune in idleness of hand and head,
False to your cause, disloyal to your caste,
When gallant men from yonder hell of flame
Come back awhile to heal the wounds of war,
And find you thus, you'll hear no word of blame,
But they will think the more. O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXIV.

(*From the German Ambassador at Washington, D.C., U.S.A.*)

ALL-HIGHEST MAJESTY,—I have carried out to the best of my ability the commands conveyed to me by VON JAGOW and BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, which I have treated as coming from the most serene and in-the-topmost-degree infallible mouth of my most gracious Emperor himself, and I am grieved to report that the result so far has been nothing of the smallest value to the German cause. This is the more regrettable because I have spent an infinity of labour in counteracting the designs of the malevolent and in representing the acts and opinions of your Majesty in the best light that circumstances would permit. In these circumstances I include DERNBURG, who is now happily removed from this country. He was, if I may venture to say so, a sore trial to me during his stay here, and I cannot rejoice sufficiently over his departure, tardy though it was.

I must tell you quite frankly that the sinking of the *Lusitania*, from which we all hoped so much, has not hitherto produced the anticipated results. Indeed, the American people, as you may judge from the newspapers which I send herewith for your Majesty's inspection, have shown and are still showing a most unreasonable and obstinate anger on the subject. The stories I have put about as to the ship's being armed they openly say they do not believe, and thus they make an unforgivable imputation against my good faith (which does not, of course, matter) and against the veracity of your most transparent Majesty, which is acknowledged by all Germans to be beyond reproach. Mr. WILSON, the President, has spoken to me on this matter with inexplicable feeling. "We cannot admit," he said, "that Germany has the right to destroy American citizens engaged in their lawful business, but we go further and declare that this atrocious act is against the laws of humanity, which even Germany is bound to respect." That was disagreeable, and I was compelled to use the utmost tact in continuing the conversation. I reminded the PRESIDENT that there were many American citizens of German race, who, in case of a difference between Germany and the United States, would undoubtedly range themselves on the side of Germany; but the PRESIDENT calmly replied that this remark showed that I had not properly understood the sentiments of American citizens, no matter what their race might be. "They are," he said, "American citizens first and all the time. Why," he continued, "you have only to consult the newspapers or attend gatherings of citizens to realise that those who are called German-Americans are at this moment tumbling over one another with the most genuine protestations of unswerving loyalty and devotion to America. If you build on these, and believe they will support the lawless acts of your Government, I can only assure you that you are profoundly mistaken." Somehow I felt that it was just possible that he was right in his estimate. It would be a melancholy disappointment to us, and I think with sorrow of all the money we have spent to such small purpose.

In the course of further conversation I happened to allude jocosely to the use of asphyxiating gas by our ever-victorious army, but the PRESIDENT took me up very sternly and said this was no laughing matter, but a shocking example of inhuman cruelty. I ventured to contest this opinion, declaring that death by such means was really in itself quite pleasant, whereupon Mr. WILSON asked me if I was anxious to choose it for myself and what would be the inscription on the tombstone. "You remind me," he said, "of the man who left directions in his will as to the disposal of his body in case he survived his own decease." What is one to do with such a man, who cannot appreciate the value to humanity of the epoch-making inventions of German chemistry? Our interview then ended, and I cannot say that it left me satisfied with the present attitude of the American Government and the American people. They are a stiff-necked lot, and are, no doubt, jealous of the triumphs of Germany in peace and war. At any rate, I cannot but feel that my stay here is not so useful as we had hoped; but it is no fault of mine. If people will mistrust your Majesty's intentions and show a malignant disposition, how is an Ambassador to deal with them?

Yours in all lowliness, VON BERNSTORFF.

Age-Limit Again Extended.

"The Gordon Highlanders. — 500 Men Wanted immediately. Duration of War. Age 19-400."—*South Wales Echo.*

"They had no use for compulsion or conscription. They would never bow their necks to the yolk of coercion."—*Daily News.*

Not even if the shell burst close to them?



IN THE EASTERN ARENA.

[It was the policy of the *retiarius* to retreat in order to gather his net together for a fresh cast.]

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXII.

MY DEAR CHARLES, — Five days' leave for Henry. O beauteous prospect! Five whole days and nights of liberty and indiscipline, England and no ruins! Five fours are twenty, five twos are ten and two's twelve: a hundred-and-twenty glorious hours of crowded life with never a "Stand to arms!" Nobody shall inspect me or anything that is mine; I will inspect nobody and nothing. There shall be no barbed wire, no bully-beef tins anywhere. All around me shall be peaceful, refined, decadent, effeminate; silk socks, for instance, possibly of the mauve kind; the green squash hat, the patent leather shoe, even the umbrella. Shall I continue to carry all I possess upon my aching back? No; a taxicab shall carry me; and a messenger boy, following at a respectful distance, shall carry my gloves and evening paper. I will spend many of those precious hours watching real hot water gush out of a real tap, and I've a good mind to shave off my moustache for the time being.

There shall be no order or method in my comings and goings; I will saunter, possibly even slouch. Fair English women shall adorn the thoroughfares along which I pass; no coarse male hands shall tamper with my food; enamel ware and large grimy hands shall disappear; I will revel in white tablecloths, clean napkins, bright silver; in coffee and correspondence served on trays. "Spotless evening dress" and real beds shall reassert themselves in my life. The rising and setting of the sun shall be no concern of mine; at the former I will be sleeping, at the latter dining. I will be no man's master and no man shall be mine; my afternoon I will spend in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, drinking delicate tea from frail china cups (with saucers to them, ye gods!) gossiping scandalously, or trifling flippantly with things that don't matter. I will wash me a hundred times a day; the Turkish Bath shall be my second home; sardines and all other things that inhabit tins shall be taboo; milk shall come straight from the cow and no Swiss middleman shall have had a hand in it; light in any degree required shall be had for the mere pressing of a button, and breakfast shall be at a reasonable hour.

Upon consideration, all other programmes are a wash-out; I will do nothing all the time.

Such are the orders I have issued to myself during this, the last tour in the trenches, before I go. My leave is in my pocket; my very ticket is in my cigarette-case. Life, these last days, has been one whirl of gay anticipation; I wait here for the relief to come. For the fourth time in four days the sun has returned to his accustomed west. "Lucky beggar," say I, a fellow-feeling making me wondrous kind.

In the telephone dug-out sits the signaller, quarreling with his *confrère* at the other end of the line, and repeating undeterred his spirited "Akk, akk, akk." Barbed wire in all fancy designs stands everywhere, patiently awaiting darkness so that it may emerge and join its kind outside the parapet. The senior captain sits in the mess hut struggling with reports and returns, certificates and lists of trench stores. The junior captain prowls as ever in search of the least untidiness in the demesne (what a curse he'll be to his wife when he goes on leave!). As usual the subalterns congregate and resettle European affairs and rearrange the end of the war for an early date. The latest rumour floats round the boys: "Turkey's hostility has given in; Austria's ammunition has given out; we are for home and light guard duties at Buckingham Palace this day fortnight." The inevitable slice of bacon frizzles over the brazier; breakfast in the trenches may begin at dawn, but it is not over by dusk. My pet irrepressible hurls threats at the enemy over the way; the answering bullet bespatters irritably the top line of our sand-bags. At his enplacement the sergeant of the machine gun section lays his aim for his customary twenty or thirty rounds at eventide, and explains for the hundredth time that the parts of the gun which recoil are technically known as the recoiling parts, the parts which don't recoil as the non-recoiling parts. His audience show their appreciation by gently humming songs about aged mothers and canteens.

To my happiness my servant puts the last touch with a cup of soup. "One of these days, William," say I, "you will get a D.C.M." "D.C.M., Sir?" he queries. "A distinguished conduct medal," I say. "More likely, Sir," says he, "a district court-martial." My smile prompts William, ever a sympathetic subject, to gossip. Had I heard of the local parson? No. William gives me the facts. "He couldn't serve himself, Sir," says he, "or said he couldn't, so he mounted his organist on his own best horse and despatched the pair of them, with his compliments, to the nearest Yeomanry Recruiting Office." A true raconteur, William pauses before making his point. "The Yeomanry people expressed their thanks, Sir," says he, "keeping the horse but returning the organist."

After all, the world is a good place, even this Flanders corner of it, and I have a smile of welcome even for the orderly who brings me from the Adjutant one of those familiar notes which wear such important envelopes but have usually such insignificant insides. I open it and read . . .

This is a true incident, Charles—they all are. I have been accused of making light of tragedy in these letters; in this case, however, I am only leading up to the horror of the thing. The contents of the note are: "Brigade message runs:—All leave cancelled, except in the case of those who have already gone. For your information." For my information!

It is past weeping for, a long way past swearing about. Things have never so suddenly become sordid and vile for me, especially the ubiquitous sandbags and chloride of lime. My temper is black; tinged with purple. I want to abuse somebody, hit him, kill him. The orderly, knowing the contents of the note, has gone. William, knowing me, has also withdrawn. I am about to help myself to two bombs from the trench stores, with a view to destroying my immediate surroundings, when my eye falls on the machine-gun, with its new belt in, all ready to fire. I advance upon it; the anger flashing from my eyes awes the section. With no man's leave or licence I sit down behind the gun and, raising the safety catch and depressing the button, I loose off without pause 250 passionate fiery rounds, *meaning every one of them* . . .

Amongst my fellows is a better-educated private who in civilian life is apparently a poet. His life also is at this moment one overwhelming burning grievance against things at large. His last day in the trenches has been one of that peculiarly offensive kind which, occurring in the life of every private at some time or other, consists of duty upon duty, task after task. His last straw is also a message just arrived: a verbal message from his platoon-sergeant to the effect that the first twenty-four hours of his rest will be spent on headquarters guard. Being either unaware of my presence or else aware of my inner feelings, he gives vent to verse, which, however little he may mean it or however emphatically it would have been suppressed by me in other circumstances, I now take a wicked delight in reproducing, without, of course, endorsing its sentiment:—

"How all authorities intrigue
To make my life one long fatigue . . .
Oh, *Gott strafe* all the Powers that be,
From Sergeant Birch to the G.O.C."

Your dismal HENRY.



THE HORRORS OF WAR IN THE WEST-END.

New Club Waitress. "LOOKS QUITE TASTY, DON'T IT?"

COMMERCIAL MODESTY.

["In business affairs always understate rather than overstate your case. Moderation leads to conviction."—Sir GEORGE RIDDELL on "Philosophy in Business" in *Success in Business and How to Win It.*]

My brothers, if you're anxious to amass a modest pile
And spend the evening of your days in gentlemanly style,
Remember that the surest way of raking shekels in
Is to shun all overstatement as the chief commercial sin.

Thus, if you run a restaurant, it's eminently crude
To insist upon the flavour and the richness of your food,
Far better tell your customers that, if it isn't nice,
It's cheap, it isn't nasty, and it's filling at the price.

Then if you're implicated in the dairy-farming trade
Let the praises of your products be not arrogantly made;
And though your butter be the best that ever yet was seen
Describe it as "a substitute for high-class margarine."

Again, if you should cater for the smoker's daily needs,
Avoid exaggeration of the virtue of your weeds,
Confine your panegyrics to the statement that their match
Is not to be discovered on the finest cabbage-patch.

Supposing you're a tailor, you would simply play the fool
If you stated that in cut and fit you superseded P**L*.
No, it's better to be moderate in adjectives and nouns,
And say, "Our suits are equal to the choicest reach-me-downs."

Or if your bent is musical and you aspire to shine
In the realm of oratorio or the operatic line,
You'll never give the enemy occasion to rejoice
By claiming the possession of "a not unpleasing voice."

The plan is not a modern one; grammarians, as we know,
Described it as *meiosis* many centuries ago;
And the Greeks from long experience found no better way than this
To propitiate the vengeance of a watchful Nemesis.

In fine, eschew superlatives; temper self-praise with damns,
And let your trumpet's note recall the gentle bleat of lambs;
"Come buy, come buy!" should be your cry, "but don't expect too much:"
Self-underestimation is the true commercial touch.

A correspondent observes that the telegraphic address of the Ministry of Munitions is "Explocoma, London," and hopes that the "coma" refers to the past and not to the present state of those who look after these commodities. We understand that the reference is to the future, and expresses Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's anticipations of the effect of his new shells upon the enemy.

"Achi Baba is described as a small 'Gibraltar,' and one officer remarked that the British soldiers were being asked to take positions which, if held by the British, would be unmistakable by anybody else."
Daily Sketch.

This is the sort of position that obviously ought to be "masked."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

THE CHANGING OF THE OLD ORDER OF THINGS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The sinking of all political differences, the fusion of parties, and all that sort of thing, is altogether splendid from *one* point of view, but, my dear, there's *another* side to the picture—the *social* side. I put it to you—*how* is Society to survive if we're all to be dear friends, not criticising anybody and not finding fault with anything? Life will lose all its snap, and Society may as well be wound up by the LORD CHANCELLOR, or whoever it is winds up bankrupt concerns, and its goods sold for the benefit of its creditors. It's all very well to talk of the lion lying down with the lamb, but of course it makes life a *distinctly duller* business both for the *lion* and the *lamb*.

For instance, Mr. Arkwright and the Duke of Clackmannan have not only been prominent in opposite camps; their political hostility extended to their private life. It was the *funniest* thing to see them when they met at people's houses and *had* to speak! Stella Clackmannan, who simply adores the Duke, and Mary Arkwright, who thinks her husband easily the greatest man there's ever been, took sides with all their hearts, and enjoyed an almost *perfect* enmity. Oh, the dear little pinpricks and the innumerable small *ruses de guerre* that made their lives bright and snappy! Once, when it was Stella's turn to lecture at the Garden Talks of the Anti-Banalites, Mary Arkwright asked her what she was going to talk to us about; and Stella, who was dabbling in Oriental mysticism just then, said her subject was, "Which is the more desirable state of being—Nirvana, or the Final Negation of Moksha?" "Ah," said Mary, "then I read a meaning into that delightful frock of yours, duchess dear; the deep folded waistband is meant to suggest a *lifebelt*, as you're *sure* to get out of your depth!"

Stella got a bit of her own back the week after, however. You remember that marvellous boy, Popperitzky, who played the flute with his mouth and sang to it through his nose, and sent London quite wild? Mary Arkwright had secured him for one of her big affairs at their official home, and, while he was actually *on his way* to Upping Street, Stella had him kidnapped to Clackmannan House to play and sing to *her* crowd.

Clackmannan never opened his lips in public or private without attacking George Arkwright, and George Arkwright used to speak of the Duke as "a surviving relic of the monstrous and effete old feudal system," and now these two are colleagues in public and friends in private! The newly-created Minister for Remembering Things, with £5,000 a year and a seat in the Cabinet (the duties are to think of everything that *other* State Departments have *forgotten*) is no other than the Duke of Clackmannan, and he and George Arkwright are always *conferring* together and dining together! Stella C. and Mary A. have buried everything even *remotely* resembling a hatchet; they're for ever consulting about war-bazaars and matinées, and it's "Mary, dear, I meant to fix the *25th* for my concert in aid of Wobbly Neutrals Who Can't Make Up Their Minds, but I thought I'd ask first if *you* want that date;" and it's "How very thoughtful of you, dearest! No, I've nothing at all for the 25th."

I saw them driving together in the Park yesterday, and as my car passed theirs I called out, "Hallo, Coalition; you both look rather dismal." "No wonder," Mary Arkwright called back; "each of us has lost her best enemy!"

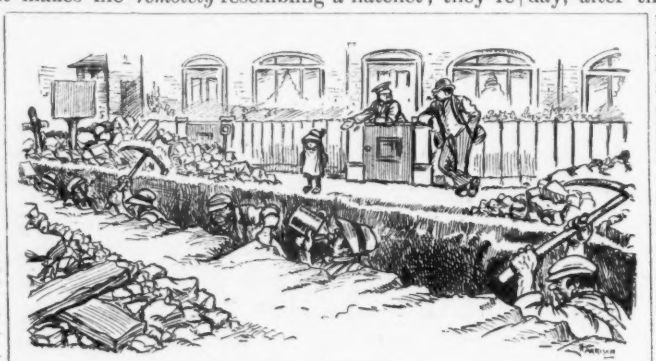
People are whispering quite an amusing little storyette about Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, and the Alamode Theatre. The Alamode has long specialised in *jeunes premiers;* its leading men have always been acknowledged beauty-boys, postcard heroes and matinée idols. And of the whole series Lionel Lestrange (some people say his real name is Sam Hodges) was the biggest draw. His wavy hair, his eyebrows and his dazzling socks and smile were quite *national property*, and no *jeune premier* ever had *half* so many notes of admiration! Popsy, Lady R., and others of our frisky juvenile-antiques have always patronised the Alamode; indeed, Popsy has been so important there that the manager used to consult her about a new "find," and be guided by her verdict; for, as he once said, "What Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, says to-day about a young actor the matinée-girl will say to-morrow."

From the first she was quite *éprise* of Lionel Lestrange. Two or three times a week her curls and binoculars (the latter always at her eyes and always fixed on Lionel) might be seen in the Ramsgate box, and she grew so pointed in her attentions that it's said the rest of the company nicknamed Lestrange "The Dowager Earl!" And then one day, after thinking it over for about ten months, our postcard hero suddenly realised that his country was at war and wanted him, and he shed his bright socks and his stage smile and got into khaki. There was wailing and gnashing of teeth among the patronesses of the Alamode. But a successor soon bobbed up. "Mr. Claude Clitherow" was billed to play lead in *Boys will be Boys, vice* Lionel Lestrange gone to play a *man's* part elsewhere.

The first night went off well. The new star twinkled all right. The house was full, and innumerable feminine whispers went about, "What a darling Claude Clitherow is!" "Handsomer than Lionel Lestrange—or at least quite as handsome." Popsy, Lady R. sent for the manager in the interval, had the new boy presented to her, and took him out to supper after the show.

Shortly, however, there began to be rumours. And Popsy, who was completely off with the old love and on with the new, went flying off to see the manager of the Alamode one day in a flaming fury—"Have you *dared* play such a trick on the public, Morris Jacobson? I *thought* Claude Clitherow's face was somehow familiar to me! Yes, I see it's true!" "Hush, my lady," pleaded Jacobson, tearing his black ringlets in an agony; "don't give me away! I was at my wits' end! All our attractive young men are enlisting. Yes, it's true. Claude Clitherow is Daisy Bell of our chorus."

The Ramsgate box and almost all the other boxes at the Alamode are To Let now! Ever thine, BLANCHE.



NO CHANGE.

Tommy (to neighbour). "THIS IS A BIT OF 'ARD LUCK. 'ERE I'VE BEEN INVALIDED 'OME AFTER TWO MONTHS IN THE TRENCHES, AND THIS IS THE BLOOMIN' OUTLOOK I'VE GOT!"



"WHAT HO, CHARLIE! ANOTHER LITTLE GASOMETER?"

AS BETWEEN TERRIERS.

OF course I still believe in him; I always shall; I can't help it; I'm his dog. But I must say that I find him lately just a little hard to understand. Other dogs' masters go out by themselves every day—leaving their dogs to amuse themselves as best they can. But *my* Master—ah! *he* was different. We were inseparable; roaming the country in the spring and summer; rowing on the river or loafing in the garden—Master trying to "brace himself for work," which he generally started by electric light about my bedtime. And in the winter we dozed together in the studio; or I stole chestnuts off the stove whilst Master smoked and whistled and forgot them. It was a perfect life. He called it "drawing for *Punch*." And then, about two months ago, he suddenly went wrong . . .

He came into the hall at lunch-time, after one of his rare visits to the City without me; said he'd got no further use for bowler hats, so stuck his on my head, and from inside it I heard him declaring how they'd "taken him at last—barnacles and all." The rest of that day he did nothing but talk about the "Linseed Lancers." I thought he might recover in the night, but the next day he went off to town again and came back dressed in four different shades of yellow and a puppy's drinking basin upon his head.

The third day, after a rather elaborate farewell, he again deserted me, and *didn't come back*. I waited for him at his bedroom door, knowing his ways of life and notions of bedtime. Later, I searched his studio—and the family gave me talk I couldn't understand. Two days, three days, still no Master. Then I went out to look for him.

It was late in the evening at the "Foaming Bowl" (a sort of lending library Master used to call at) that I was recognised and taken home; but black-and-tan terriers don't give in easily.

The family was very nice and sympathetic, so I wagged my tail to show them that I'd find him yet, and, O rats! the very next day there was Master, back view, four shades of yellow and puppy's drinking basin all complete, walking ahead of me. I dashed after him, and landed in the old way, with my two front paws bang in the middle of his back. But it wasn't Master; and not even when I once sat upon a pen-and-ink sketch (wet) had I been called such names before. But still we don't give in, we black-and-tans. It didn't take me long to tumble to the fact that any one of the yellow-brown suits walking the streets might possibly conceal my Master. I had to search them *all*.

The family got quite stuffy when I was brought home every night by a different policeman. But still I persevered; until one day I suddenly encountered rows and rows of possible Masters marching down the High Street. I don't remember just how many I examined, but I do know that by the time the band was rearranged and the trams were able to go on again I had decided to give up looking for Master, and stay at home and wait.

* * * * *

He came back. He comes back every other week now for an hour or so. Says he's a "terrier" himself and that I ought to be the Regimental Pet. But I'm afraid the post must be already filled, for I heard Master tell a man the other day that the R.A.M.C. Regimental Pet was a leech, specially trained to crawl at the head of the band, and salute by rearing up on its tail.

I wish that leech would get distemper.

"U29 sunk by H.M. ship —— intimated sunk by Mr. Balfour June 9."—*Glasgow News.* The new FIRST LORD has quickly justified his appointment. Even Mr. CHURCHILL never equalled this performance.

ON THE SPY-TRAIL.

VII.

A LOT of people have told Jimmy that he ought to exhibit his bloodhound, Faithful, so Jimmy asked the milkman the proper way to send it to a show.

The milkman said it depended upon the kind of show, but in any case Jimmy would have to give warning first. He said he was going to see a friend of his who was a dog-fancier, and if Jimmy liked to bring Faithful he would take them with him in his milk carriage. Jimmy says they found the dog-fancier sitting fancying outside his house with a pot of beer. He was a very fat man, Jimmy says, and spoke with a husk. He thought a lot of Faithful when he saw him; he called his wife to have a look at him. He asked her if Faithful reminded her of anyone. She saw the likeness at once; it was her Uncle Joe.

"His side-whiskers to a T," the dog-fancier said.

The milkman told Jimmy afterwards that Uncle Joe was not very popular with them.

The dog-fancier looked hard at Faithful and asked Jimmy if he collected postage-stamps as well. But when Jimmy told him of the German spies that his bloodhound had tracked down he was so pleased that he wanted to do something for Faithful, and he decided to drink his health, when suddenly they heard old Faithful on the spy-trail again.

You see Faithful had discovered that when the back of the milkman's carriage is unfastened, it hits the road with a bang if you jump inside and push at it. Faithful is a good pusher, Jimmy says, and it made the milkman's horse jump three feet out of its sleep, and that jerked the back of the carriage up and banged it on the ground again. Jimmy says it made the dog-fancier and the milkman want to start off in a great hurry to go and see, good gracious, what it was, and the milkman started first because the dog-fancier stopped to choke over his beer—it was the husk that did it, he said.

By the time the milkman reached the road, Jimmy says his bloodhound had worked the milkman's horse up into a mad career.

Jimmy says he was afraid lest Faithful might get run over, and the milkman said he was afraid lest he mightn't. They were very hot on the trail, Jimmy says, and you could hear the back of the milk carriage flapping quite nicely against the road; it never missed once. Jimmy says the milkman had never seen his horse on the spy-trail before, and as he ran he told Jimmy in confidence that if he had known this would have happened he would not have come out, and Jimmy was to catch him doing it again, my word.

Jimmy says they had only run a mile when they came across some signs of Faithful's progress; it was a motor-car which had pushed its nose into a ditch, and the chauffeur showed the milkman how you did it. He said he had just avoided the milk-cart when a black rabbit suddenly bolted across the road and upset his nerve. Jimmy says bloodhounds are like that when they are on the trail; they appear inhuman, and it's because of their lust for blood. There were two ladies in the motor-car, and they asked the milkman to come back and help when he had caught his horse.

Jimmy says when they returned the chauffeur was under the car worrying; they could hear him doing it. They heard him tell the two ladies not to stand there like a couple of fools, but to—— and then the ladies started to cough violently, and the chauffeur mumbled something about asking for the coupling tools, and would the milkman help him for half-a-crown, because he had broken his petrol pipe?

The chauffeur was surprised to see Faithful; he crawled out to study his face. "I thought it was a black rabbit," he said, and then, because Faithful wagged his tail, he tried to *strafe* him with a spanner.

But Jimmy says Faithful knows all about spanners, he always has one eye fixed on things like that whatever else he may be doing with the other. Faithful liked to see the chauffeur hide himself under the car; he found him again quite easily, and then it was Faithful's turn to hide.

Jimmy says the milkman helped the chauffeur a good deal; he asked him what the petrol pipe was for, and wouldn't it do if he put a piece of cork in it, and what would happen if the motor-car started while he was like that. He told the chauffeur he had a cousin who was a blacksmith, but give him cows.

Jimmy says the milkman would have helped the chauffeur a lot more, but, when he pointed to the carburetter and asked if that was where they put the electric in, the chauffeur was very rude.

Jimmy says one of the ladies got a camp-stool out of the car, and when she sat down Jimmy says she stuck both of her feet out straight in front of her, and then hitched her dress to prevent it bagging at the knees, and then seemed to remember something, for she laughed. Jimmy says that when she saw him looking at her she asked him if he would like sixpence, and then tried to find her dress pocket. Jimmy says he felt funny all inside whilst she was fumbling for her pocket, because he knew Faithful had done it again, and it was a spy dressed up like a woman.

Jimmy says he had to get over the hedge without being seen, and then he ran as hard as he could to ask the dog-fancier his opinion. Jimmy says the dog-fancier's opinion was two mastiffs, a double-barrelled gun and a policeman, and when they got back they found old Faithful playing at "all round the mulberry bush" with the chauffeur, who had mended his petrol pipe and was trying to lever the car out of the ditch.

Jimmy says the policeman warned them that anything they cared to say would be used as evidence, and then he had to ask the chauffeur to go more slowly, because he couldn't write shorthand.

Jimmy says it made the real lady sit down in the road and have some hysterics, and the chauffeur told her he didn't see anything to laugh at except the policeman's silly face.

Jimmy says the chauffeur looked at the mastiffs and asked the dog-fancier if he was going rabbiting; it made the milkman very happy, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says the man dressed up in woman's clothes turned out to be a spy who had escaped from a concentration camp, because they got some authorities who could swear at him. Jimmy says that when the magistrate heard that there was only one camp-stool, and that the German spy sat down on that himself, he said the real lady must be the German's wife, and it turned out he was quite right.

Jimmy says the chauffeur might have got off, but the milkman told how he had called the other two a couple of fools, and that proved they were friends.

Jimmy says old Faithful was so pleased with himself that he wanted to wrestle both of the mastiffs catch-as-catch-can, and he kept daring them to come out of their collars at him until their necks began to look like hedgehogs.

Jimmy says Faithful sat up that night telling another dog all about it over the wireless telephone, until some one switched the other dog off.

From a tea-shop advertisement:—

"Our sanguinary expectations have been more than realized, and each day adds new admirers permanently as visitors."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

Under the distressing influence of the War even our most innocent traders seem to be out for blood.



HUMOURS OF A REMOUNT CAMP.

"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER."

MANUAL EXERCISES

AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

WE are a Rifle Brigade. Of course we haven't any real rifles nor are we really a brigade. But on account of our designation we do things differently from the common infantryman, and most of us do them differently from any kind of soldier.

For the purposes of our business of a Rifle Brigade we are possessed of a number of obsolete weapons, dating from the year 1870, nicknamed rifles. They are cold uncompanionable things, but, out of consideration for the feelings of the enthusiast who acquired them, we quite often take them about with us. Luckily there are more men than weapons and the laggards are compelled to parade without arms. Until the occasion to which I am about to refer I have always succeeded in being a laggard.

It happened just before Whitsuntide. The parade was unusually small and I was compelled to appear complete with rifle. I admit that the thing made me nervous, but I dragged it forth with an assumed air of nonchalance and stood at ease with *éclat*. The Serjeant-major who was in charge of the parade suddenly barked at us, and from sheer fright I arrived at a position something resembling what I believe is technically known as "the order." In the pause that ensued I ascertained that my short ribs had only been contused and not broken by the end of the metal tubing.

"Shoulder—arms!" yelled the Serjeant-major. I really believe that I should have done that too if the metal projection called the foresight had not entangled itself in my coat. This made me late on the movement, and the Serjeant-major scowled at me. I was cross about it too because the piece of my coat which was hanging on the weapon was a material part of the garment. The movement not having been entirely satisfactory, we were directed to "order arms" again. I endeavoured to make up for my previous laxity by extra smartness, but misjudged the position of the little toe of my right foot. Its contact with the butt end of the rifle caused me to exclaim and I was severely reprimanded for talking in the ranks.

I confess that "Present arms!" had me beaten, but I did my best. I wriggled the weapon into what, as far as I could judge from a side-glance at my neighbour, was a correct position. But when the Sergeant-major's eye lit on me I had a feeling that all was not well. He strode silently but relentlessly in my direction. A person of less courage would have dropped the treacherous instrument and fled, but not I. Recalling the fact that I was an Englishman and a soldier, I tenaciously stood my ground. The Sergeant-major paused for a moment in front of me, and then he spake. I will say this for our Sergeant-major—he is thorough. I never remember a finer example of his thoroughness. When at length his breath failed him he sighed regretfully, and, with an air of patient resignation, adjusted my hands into a strained position which seemed to cause him satisfaction.

I "sloped" the thing on the proper shoulder and got hold of the butt with the proper hand. One would have thought that this would have pleased even a sergeant-major, but he was quite annoyed because I hadn't got the trigger business facing the way he liked.

"'Ow many drills 'ave you done, Sir?" Being no arithmetician I couldn't help him, and he looked suggestively at the recruit squad drilling in the corner. Then he bethought him that one fine day the hat would go round to provide a suitable gratuity for kindly



OUR VOLUNTEERS.

"MY HUSBAND BELONGS TO THE AUTHORS' BRIGADE. THEY'RE GETTING ON SPLENDIDLY—IN FACT, I BELIEVE THEY'RE GOING INTO A THIRD EDITION."

sergeant-majors, and he only sighed again and passed on.

When next we were due to "order arms" I tried to take a surreptitious look to find out where my toe might be, but the Sergeant-major at once made it clear that this was against the rules of the game. However, I missed my own toe all right, but the man next to me had to fall out. I was sorry about it, but if a man can't lose a little thing like a toe nail without all that fuss he isn't fit to be a soldier. Fortunately the Sergeant-major and I were agreed on that point, so the incident passed off without much unpleasantness.

As every soldier knows (and I learned that night), the incidents I have described are "manual exercises." Having done with them we passed into more congenial and familiar paths of drill, at which, when unhampered by a rifle, I am no worse than some of the others. Being a Rifle Brigade it is incumbent on us to march with the rifle at the "trail." Everyone knows that to get the rifle to the "trail" you give it a cant forward and seize it at the point of balance. Well, I missed it. This was due to the fact that the backsight bit out a large portion of my first finger. I admit that this caused some slight delay in the execution of a somewhat intricate manœuvre. You cannot all in a moment pick up a rifle and replace a portion of your finger in an indifferent light. I explained to the Sergeant-major that if I had waited till the end of the parade to execute my repairs the pieces of my finger would have got cold and might not have amalgamated properly, and that the result might have been the loss of my services to the corps for quite a time.

If I had known that you cannot conveniently "right about turn" with a rifle at the "trail" the injury to my neighbour's knee would not have occurred. What he and the Serjeant-major said were both out of order. The man had no more right than I to talk in the ranks, and it wasn't the Serjeant-major's knee that was damaged.

Thenceforward until the end of the drill my neighbours gave me more room and I did better, but I can't say that I really got on friendly terms with that implement. Still, there was no sustained ill-feeling between the Sergeant-major and myself. After the fourth pint he gave me some private and confidential hints about the use of the rifle which, if he was right about them and I can remember, may come in handy.

From "To-day's Diary" in *The Daily Express*, June 19th:—

"Mr. Bonar Law speaks at Shrewsbury School speech-day.

'Oh! Be Careful' (revival), Garrick Theatre, 8."

But a perusal of the COLONIAL SECRETARY'S speech shows that there was really no cause for anxiety.

Lieutenant-Colonel ——, just posted to the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles, was latterly serving with the 1st Reserve Regiment of Cavalry and is a retired major of the 5th Dragoon Guards. He has won many distinctions in the Soudan and South Africa, and was fatally wounded in the latter campaign."
Kentish Gazette.

Like CHARLES II. he seems to have been an unconscionable time in dying, but with more advantage to his country.

"The association of Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson with the Admiralty Bard is regarded here as a masterly move."—*Rangoon Times.*

Our congratulations to SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.



THE NEW CAPITALIST.

BRITISH WORKMAN. "COME ON, MATE. HERE GOES FOR A DOLLAR'S WORTH OF STAKE IN THE COUNTRY. EVERY LITTLE HELPS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 21st.—When just now the new CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER walked up to Table carrying folded sheet of foolscap paper purporting to be copy of War Loan Bill, the hearty cheer that greeted him suggested that the nine hundred millions he had been talking about was to be divided among members of the House in addition to humble salary of £400 a year ruthlessly charged with income-tax. On the contrary, it meant that we and our constituents are, for purposes of the War, to provide colossal sum unheard of in the story of nations. What pleased the House was the clever construction of the scheme and the clear manner in which it was expounded.

It was MCKENNA'S first appearance as Chancellor of Exchequer. Handicapped by succession to one of whom it might be said (omitting local allusion which supplies one of the most delightful *non sequiturs* in the language),

> Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
> And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks.

He did not attempt to compete with predecessor in those touches of genuine eloquence that from time to time uplift a prosaic business statement. Beginning without exordium he ended without peroration. Occupied only an hour in making clear as noonday to dullest apprehension a proposal equally prodigious and minute.

Whilst PRIME MINISTER was still Chancellor, he emancipated Budget speech from thraldom of old tradition which, handed down from heyday of DISRAELI and GLADSTONE, prolonged delivery over a minimum of two hours, with purple passages of sustained eloquence and the introduction of at least one quotation from Greek or Roman poet, which invariably drew emphatic cheer from classical scholars below the Gangway. This afternoon ASQUITH'S favourite disciple, dealing with intricate financial subject, whilst equalling the lucidity of the Master, even excelled him in severity and simplicity of style.

The speech punctuated with approving cheers, culminating in demonstration when, preliminary Resolution by common consent passed through all its stages, the Bill based upon it was "brought in.'

If House of Commons truly represents national feeling the War Loan will be a stupendous success.

Business done.—Bill read a first time, authorising raising of War Loan unlimited in amount. Understood that CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, a man of



THE LORD HUGH QUERY.

moderate views, will be satisfied if nine hundred million sterling be forthcoming.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—House in rather awkward predicament to-day. Since his elevation to Woolsack the EX-SOLICITOR-GENERAL has found himself in invidious position. Though LORD CHANCELLOR, permitted to preside over proceedings in what is sometimes called the Upper Chamber, he was not yet a peer. To-day, invested with peerage, Lord BUCKMASTER OF CHEDDINGTON took the oath and was fully installed in office.

Proceedings attendant upon swearing in of new peer preserve quaint ceremonial going back to Stuart times. The novice, fully robed, is brought in by two noble lords also wearing the red gown of a blameless peerage. Having presented him to LORD CHANCELLOR seated on Woolsack, to whom on bended knee he hands a roll of parchment engrossed with patent of his peerage, his sponsors lead him to Table and watch over him as he signs Roll of Parliament. Then GARTER KING-AT-ARMS appears on scene, clad in all his ancient panoply. By circuitous route he leads the way to back-bench below Gangway on Opposition side. What would happen to the British constitution if the group proceeded thither by shortest way Heaven only knows. Possible catastrophe is by GARTER KING'S strategy sedulously avoided.

Arrived at their destination the new peer and his escort, at bidding of GARTER KING, seat themselves. At another signal, turning towards the Woolsack, they thrice salute it by gravely raising their cocked hats. The LORD CHANCELLOR, who has also possessed himself of a cocked hat usually worn askew on top of full-bottomed wig, returns the salute. Thereupon the three red-gowned peers rise and, conducted part of the way by GARTER KING, quit the House by the door behind Woolsack, presently returning clothed in common-place twentieth-century garb.

To-day difficulty alluded to inevitably took place at stage of ceremonial where the new peer salutes the LORD CHANCELLOR on the Woolsack. On historic occasion JOHN BRIGHT informed House of Commons that he "could not turn his back upon himself." LORD CHANCELLOR seated on back bench below the Gangway could not render obeisance to himself simultaneously occupying the Woolsack. However there was the Woolsack, immemorial, immovable. Thrice the new LORD CHANCELLOR with inflexible gravity saluted its august irresponsive presence and straightway proceeded to sit upon it.

Business done.—Commons, after brief conversation congratulatory of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, read War Loan Bill a second time.



"ASQUITH'S FAVOURITE DISCIPLE."



Persevering Volunteer (wrestling with bugle in remote spot). "AH-H-H-H—GOT IT AT LAST!"

House of Commons, Wednesday.—In a speech occupying nearly two hours' delivery, unusual length in active war time, the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS explained his scheme of obtaining sufficient supply at earliest possible moment. Fairly full House recognised scope of plan and systematised vigour with which it is already set afoot. Only criticism offered is that it comes into existence ten months too late.

This, as SARK says, is the easiest form of criticism, pleasing to the critic as implying that had he been in charge of the business such prompt commencement would have been achieved.

JACK PEASE, free from trammels of office and the pledge of secrecy that seals lips of Cabinet Ministers, made clean breast of the matter. Whilst benevolently "begging the House not to regard the new departure as reflection on the sins of the SECRETARY FOR WAR or the omissions of the late Government," he admitted that at beginning of the War "we had no idea" of what would be wanted in the way of munitions.

ARTHUR MARKHAM, *l'enfant terrible* of debate, noting this admission, observed that there were a good many lamp-posts in Whitehall. Who deserved to be hanged on them he was not prepared to say. Incidentally, with an eye obviously fixed on a particular lamp-post, he asserted that "the cardinal mistake that Lord KITCHENER made was that of concentrating in his own hands the work of the War Office, down to the smallest details."

Captain GUEST, home on brief leave from the Front, his khaki uniform looking uncommonly fresh considering ten months' service, made simple eloquent appeal for more munitions.

Business done.—LLOYD GEORGE brought in Bill providing for increased supply of munitions. The Central European Powers are, he said, turning out 250,000 shells a day. "If we are in earnest," he added, amid loud cheers, "we can surpass that enormous production."

Thursday.—Sitting chiefly engaged in discussing Local Government Vote. WALTER LONG in moving it mentioned that twenty-nine years have elapsed since he first went to the Board. Returning to his early love finds her much changed.

In course of conversation, HAYES FISHER quite incidentally mentioned that next week a Bill will be introduced authorising a system of National Registration. Scanty audience greeted momentous statement with feeble cheer.

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

"The Government was investigating the cause of the great increase in the export of yarns to neutrals."—*Egyptian Gazette.*

"Wolff's Bureau," beware!

MY LADY'S GARDEN.

My lady's little garden
  Was fair of old to see:
Here foxgloves grew of every hue,
  The sweet, though lanky, pea,
The mignonette and pansy—
  All blooms that smile or smell
With many a name, I own with shame,
  I've never learned to spell.

I loved my lady's garden
  In those dear days gone by;
It helped me drown the thought of town
  And dull old care defy;
Amid its Summer fragrance
  I'd sit out eve until
All earth was dumb save for the hum
  From Philomela's bill.

To-day my lady's garden
  Exhales an air of gloom,
A sombre green pervades the scene
  Where blushed full many a bloom;
For oh! this former pleasaunce
  On which I set such store
Is crammed with "veg." from edge to edge
  To help her through the War.

"Wanted, a competent Madrasi Ayah to take charge of a baby of 10 months, who can speak English and Hindustani."
The Statesman.

This precocious infant should require some looking after.



Sergeant (instructing in the use of respirators). "SQUAD! IN—HALE! EX—PIRE!"

AT THE PLAY.

"MORE."

AT the Ambassadors Theatre (*bijou*) there is a sort of intimate gaiety lacking in the larger Halls of Revue. One is reminded of the Follies, but rather regretfully. For though the company gives you "odds and ends" of fun there is little enough either of wit or humour in the words. A duller monologue than that of *The Author* (represented by Mr. MORRIS HARVEY) in search of an Idea can seldom have been composed; though Mr. GRATTAN disarms criticism by his frank admission of hopeless vacuity.

A parody of something stupid should not only be stupid itself, but should reproduce the particular stupidity of the original. And Mr. GRATTAN'S burlesque revues fulfil admirably these requirements. A smaller man might have been tempted to import some alien element of cleverness; but Mr. GRATTAN avoids this snare. His imitations are a triumph of banality. The trouble always is in these cases that some of the audience will insist on enjoying the banality on its own merits, mistaking it for a product of creative art. This is very unfair to the author, yet I do not think that Mr. GRATTAN resents it. He does not even mind your being distracted from the excellence of his imitations by the rival claims of the ladies who interpret them.

Apart from these burlesques, to which the best of the humour was contributed by Mr. LEON MORTON, and the precocious little Miss BETTY BALFOUR, whose aplomb is superb (I wish there had been more of it), we had the usual clever imitations of actors' voices, done in the dark, though that did not help me to recognise Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER'S vocal methods; and an excellent scene of an Italian restaurant, where Miss IRIS HOEY illustrated the commanding superiority of her sex when it comes to a question of securing the attentions of a waiting staff. In justice to the male with whom she competed it should be said that his test took place in a British tea-shop.

There was also a pretty scene from the crinoline period, and yet another burlesque, of melodrama this time, not too subtle. A good deal of Miss ALICE DELYSIA met the eye in most of the trifles that went to make up the evening's medley. Altogether we amused ourselves very passably, and indeed I blame myself for not having laughed more.

O. S.

"German efforts to recover Hell 1915 in front of Neuville have failed."—*Daily Chronicle.*

They were more successful in Belgium, 1914.

Ministerial Candour.

The SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY on the taxation of War-profits, as reported by *The Daily Mail*:—

"The delay was due to the desire of the Treasury to devise a scheme which would take in everybody."

"We are officially informed that the President of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries has appointed a Departmental Committee to consider and repor wha seps should be be taken, by legislation or otherwise, for the sole purpose of maintining and, if possible, increasing, the present production of food in England and Wales."—*Daily Chronicle.*

The Committee evidently have to face a considerable shortage of "t."

"More than a thousand Germans were boycotted, following an abuse of the white flag."
Yorkshire Evening Post.

We have an idea that this apparently mild punishment was quite effective, and that these particular Germans will not offend again.

"Reconstruction will be of a most drastic description. Unionists have been offered half seats, but the Cabinet will probably be smaller and will be really a War Council as departments not connected with war will be executed."—*Indian Daily Telegraph.*

Mr. ASQUITH, happily, did not find it necessary to be so drastic as that.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is pleasant to watch Mr. F. S. OLIVER in *Ordeal by Battle* (MACMILLAN) hammering upon the noses of his and his friends' enemies, or gaily drawing the fangs of his particular black beast, the political lawyer, and to reflect on the charming appositeness of that honoured pseudonym *Pacificus*. But in truth one cannot jest about this profoundly serious book. Here is a writer who is abundantly justified by the result in breaking the silence of that loyalty which constrains even the most talkative and critical of us plain men—a writer who can classify and summarise his political thinking in swift phrases which have the bite of epigram with a wit and precision Gallic rather than British. Yet not its wit or its lucidity but the fire and sincerity of it make this book. Of necessity hurried, it is neither hasty nor glib. Behind it lie the thoughts of strenuous years. There is anger in it, but not a mean or a cheap stroke. With more truth than such heroic simplifications usually possess he sets before us the German system as, essentially, the domination of that always baleful thing, the priesthood in politics—that is of the highly skilled and drilled "pedantocracy" with its irrevocable dogmas and surrender of all critical judgment; our own British scheme as, in effect, the creation of the dominant lawyer, not so much corrupt as corrupting; cognisant rather of precedents, ordinances, appearances than of realities; adroit in debate, hectoring in cross-examination; a seeker rather after verdicts than truth; hesitating in action; a man not of affairs but of aspects of affairs. Neither party is spared. Some distinguished personalities are faithfully dealt with. He pleads that we have been given (are being given) the stone of lawyerism when we hunger for the bread of leadership. He criticises with a welcome frankness the incredibly futile reticences, the unmeasured distrust of the people, the empty-smooth phrases of the politicals—such, for instance, as "the triumph of the voluntary system." If we win it will not have been any triumph of what may reasonably be denied the attribute "voluntary" and is most certainly not a "system." "The triumph of the voluntary system," said a French officer "is a German triumph; it is the ruin of Belgium and the devastation of France." Perhaps if there be any spleen in this book it is directed against those who not merely ridiculed but denounced the great soldier who warned them of this "calculated" war and the price of averting it. Do they make any amends, register any confession of mistaken judgment? Let me as one who humbly fought in their camp and murmured their shibboleths answer regretfully for them. They do not. Mr. OLIVER makes us see ourselves as we are seen. His book is a flame that will burn away much cant and rubbish; it will "light a candle which will not soon be put out."



Rural Constable. "NOW THEN, COME OUT O' THAT. BATHING 'S NOT ALLOWED 'ERE AFTER EIGHT A.M.!"

The Face in the Water. "EXCUSE ME, SERGEANT, I 'M NOT BATHING; I 'M ONLY DROWNING."

It is not usual to notice books of verse in these limited columns, but the appearance of *1914 and Other Poems* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON) seems an occasion on which a departure from this rule may fittingly be made. Of this little volume, which contains the last things written by RUPERT BROOKE, it can be said at once that no one who cares for the heritage of our literature should omit to read and possess it. Inevitably from the circumstances in which the collection has been made it includes work of unequal value, some of which perhaps the poet himself might have wished to amend. But of the best of it, and especially the five already famous sonnets with which it opens, one can only repeat a criticism made upon their first appearance: they will rank for ever among the treasures of English poetry. Even to-day we can be grateful that the writer lived long enough to leave behind him a memorial of such dignified and noble beauty. Not that the book is all solemnity. No record of RUPERT BROOKE could forget his laughter; it sounds delightfully through the buoyant audacities of "The Fish's Heaven;" more gravely through "The Great Lover," where he tells over the list of pleasant things that have delighted him, much as WHITMAN might, but less laboriously. To generations unborn RUPERT BROOKE will become a tradition, another figure in the group of poets whom the gods loved and crowned with immortal youth. "The worst friend and enemy is but death," he wrote, facing with happy courage a fate of which he seemed to have fore-knowledge. To himself death may have come as a friend indeed, but to us as an enemy whom it is hard to forgive.

A long study of tales of crime and detection has led me to the proud conclusion that I am not easily to be baffled by their mysteries; so it is incumbent upon me to confess that Sir A. CONAN DOYLE, in *The Valley of Fear* (SMITH, ELDER), has fairly and squarely downed me. The first of his tales is called "The Tragedy of Birlstone," and here we have as rousing a sensation as the greediest of us could want, and *Sherlock Holmes* solving the problem in his most scientific manner. In the second tale, "The Scowrers," the scene of which is laid in America, we have the story of a society which devoted itself to murder and crime, and we discover why *Mr. Douglas*, a Sussex country gentleman, was concerned in the Birlstone Tragedy and was also a doomed man. "The Scowrers" is rather overcharged with bloodshed for my taste, but in spite of this I can only praise the skill with which a most complete surprise is prepared. Respectfully I take off my hat to Sir ARTHUR. In addition let me say that dear old *Watson* is actually allowed a short but brilliant innings, for I can imagine no finer achievement on his part than to score one off *Sherlock*, and this for a fleeting moment he is permitted to do. (Cheers.)

"The editing of *King Edward VIII.*, in the series of the 'Arden Shakespeare,' published by Messrs. Methuen & Co., London, at 2s. 6d. net per volume, has been committed to Mr. C. Knox Pooler."—*Scotsman.*

Is not this perhaps a little previous?



THE INCORRIGIBLES IN HOSPITAL.

IN the first bed on the left as you come into the ward was a red-haired trooper of five-and-twenty, with a cradle to keep the clothes off his wounded leg.

"Yes, Sir," he said to my greeting; "knee-cap for me, an' rather a mess of it. I haven't quite decided whether I'll have the leg off, or just go about with a stiff 'un. I'm leavin' that for the doctor. It's *his* funeral, after all, ain't it?"

"I hope it won't be a case of amputation," I said. Then, waving my arm vaguely, "And what is it like out there?"

"Firs'-rate, Sir! *Firs'*-rate, if it wasn' for those bloomin' *allymets* what they deals out for matches. When I got this bit o' shell in the knee it hurt me for a bit, but I soon got picked up, an' I was all right enough till the Red Cross chap says, 'A smoke?' '*Par demmy*,' says I, knowin' a bit o' the lenguage. So what does he do but give me one o' them *corporals*, an' lights a sulphur *allymet*. That all but put *my* little light out, I'm tellin' yer. But I didn' let on, o' course, an' as soon as I got down to the Base Hospital I could get civilised wax vestas, so that was all right. But them *allymets*—they must ha' 'sphinxiated hundreds of our pore fellers, I give yer *my* word!"

I dispensed cigarettes of the peculiar kind that Tommy seems to love best, produced an illustrated paper, and after shaking hands went along to the next cot.

"Well," I said, "and how are you?"

"Oh, fair to middlin'. I was in luck's way right up to Noove Chapel, but after that the on'y jam we ever got was plum, an' you can get pretty tired o' plum jam if you 'ave enough of it, even without a bullet through the blessed 'ip."

"War 's war," I remarked limply.

"That 's right enough, Sir. But jam 's jam, an' if Lord KITCHENER knew the old reg'ment was restricted to plum jam—well, there 'd be *somebody's* number up at daylight to-morrow, I bet! Some of the 'Ighland reg'ments was gettin' black currant, *an'* strawberry, *an'* damson, whereas we was pinned down to plum all the while. Mind, Sir, I don' mean t' grouse, but 'ow anybody with any pertence to knowledge o' strategy an' ta'tics can expec' a man to fight 'is ugliest on *plum* jam—well, it can't be done, Sir! Otherwise you might say that this 'ere war is bein' conducted in a very businesslike fashion, an' K. can't look to everything 'imself, it 's on'y fair to admit."

The next man's face was swathed in bandages. Only his eyes could be seen as I approached him, but there was an opening through which he could speak, though thickly.

"Oh, *I'm* all right, Sir!" he said. "I 'm as right as rain now, though I 'd ha' chosen some other kind o'

knock-out if I 'd 'ad the choice. You see, Sir, when I lef' Aldershot at th' beginnin' of August I was what you might call engaged to a young lady wot was in the saloon bar at one o' the best 'ouses in the command, and she 'd made me promise 'er that I 'd grow a moustache. Well, after about a week it stood straight out from my lip, and I says to myself, 'She 'll find this inconvenient,' I says. So I took th' advice of our Colours, an' 'e told me that it was a case o' givin' it rope. 'It 'll be all right, Clarke,' 'e says, 'if you let it go. After shavin' the lip for a few years the 'air always comes a bit stubborn-like, but if you let Nachure take its course, it 'll smooth down an' lie flat, an' there you are.' He said, did Colours, that I had tons o' seed, and as soon as the crop got a decent length it would soften up an' be a credit to th' comp'ny.

"Well, when we gets over th' water, the first time I had a chance of lookin' at myself in a glass I sees that th' ol' moustache is doin' great. An', Sir, in five weeks it was a-curlin' round into proper formation, as you might say, an' I could twis' th' ends up, an' there wasn' one of our orficers what had a better kiss-me-quick nor what I had. So I writes home to my girl, tellin' her th' news, an' promisin' t' have my photo took at the firs' opportunity. You may laugh, Sir, but when a girl 'as set her heart on anythink like a moustache she 'll *have* it, no matter what happens!

"Well, I goes on with th' trainin' of it, an' I ain't ashamed t' say that there wasn't a better moustache in our Brigade! An' then, jus' as I 'd about decided that I was prepared t' face the beautyscope, an' git a picture took, them bloomin' 'Uns enfiladed our line o' trenches one mornin', an' knocks me head over heels. That was nothink, as you might say; but, when the bearer-party picks me up, one of our drummers says, 'Your moustache 'as disappeared, Clarkey, ol' sport!'

"I puts my hand up to my mouth, what feels a bit sore an' cold, an' blow me if half my top lip ain't gone! My *teeth* was there all right enough, but half the lip had gone. Oh yes, they 've patched it up all right, but they had to take a bit o' stuff off my shoulder to do it, an' nothink won't ever grow on *that*. At leas' that 's what the R.A.M.C. officer said. Now ain't that enough to break a man's 'eart? *Ain't* it, Sir?"

I said that it was hard lines, but he might have lost worse than a moustache.

"I 've no doubt you *mean* well, Sir, but you ain't married, *I* can see. You ain't nobody's 'usband. You ain't even nobody's *fiancy!* An arm or a leg, now—well, that 's on'y a regrettable incident, as you might say, but to lose your only moustache, after all the trouble o' bringin' it up in the way it should go, after greasin' it with vaseline an' wipin' your mouth after ev'ry mouthful o' corfee, an' takin' care ev'ry time you lights a fag—why, I 'd twice as soon 'ave 'ad my 'ead off, an' chance it!"

Everywhere the same story—grumbling (or, in their own charming *argot*, "grousin'") about trifles like a lost pipe, and making child's play of injuries little less than fatal. If you doubt my word, load yourself up with cigarettes, bar-chocolate, and illustrated papers, and turn into the first military hospital you find, and you shall understand why Mr. Punch was right in calling them "The Incorrigibles," God bless 'em!

By the way, talking of Mr. Punch, I think I must have seen him that day at the hospital. For I noticed a venerable gentleman with a hump at his back handing a book to one of the Red Cross nurses. He had a brave smile, though his mouth twitched a little, and I overheard him say, "This is a little present, my dear young lady, for your gallant patients; and I hope they 'll find some of my love for them in its pages." And when he had gone I looked to see the name of the book; and it was Mr. Punch's

One Hundred and Forty-Eighth Volume.





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